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DESPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

NO. I.—CAMPAIGNS IN INDIA.

Our readers are no doubt aware, that a collection of Lord Wellington's despatches has been for some time past in process of publication. Six volumes of the work have already appeared, and as the documents they contain reach only to the latter part of 1810, it is probable that at least an equal number will be required for its completion. Golonel Gurwood, the editor, is well known to be one of the most distinguished officers of his rank in the service, and having gained his honors under Wellington, may be supposed to discharge his duties *con amore*. The volumes before us prove that he is fully qualified for the task he has undertaken. His own contributions are always marked by good taste and sound judgment, and the prefatory notice of the state of India, at the period of Lord Wellington's arrival, is, just what it ought to be, clear, concise, and comprehensive.

Though the work be announced simply as a collection of "despatches," that title affords a very inadequate idea of its contents. In fact, it contains not merely the despatches—taking the word in its ordinary signification—but the whole mass of Lord Wellington's letters relative to the public service which it has been found possible to recover.* Of those contained in the volumes already published many are of course official, but the great majority are of a nature strictly private, and communicate his impressions of passing events with a freedom only to be expected in the confidential intercourse of friends. It is needless to say how much this entire

The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G., during his various Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, from 1799 to 1818. Compiled from official and authentic documents, by Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood, Esquire to his Grace as Knight of the Bath. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1834-6.

* We have been informed within these few days, that Sir Frederick Adam has discovered Three Volumes of His Grace's Letters in his own handwriting in the Mysore Residency. These letters embrace the period immediately subsequent to the Duke's taking command of Seringapatam in 1799, up to his illness at Bombay in 1801. They are all addressed to Colonel Barry Close, and there appears to be only one of them which has found its way into print. Some of these are of the highest interest, and they all afford proof, it is said, of the versatility and extent of the Duke's capacity.

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absence of premeditation, enhances their interest and value. We read with the gratifying consciousness of being admitted to the full confidence of the writer, and are often placed in a situation to observe the entire progress of his plans, from the first moment of their conception to that of their execution. We learn how he wrote, how he felt, how he acted, under circumstances of high and singular interest, and are enabled to trace the progressive development of those qualities which have led to the acquisition of the highest honors attainable by a British subject, and the most splendid reputation in Europe. By the military student the work will be found full of the most important instruction, which he could hope to obtain from no other source. He will find in it a lofty example of high talents devoted to high objects—of dangers braved—privations cheerfully submitted to—difficulties encountered and overcome—an activity that never tired—and a professional zeal which shrank from the performance of no duty however irksome and laborious. Nor will the statesman find the time unprofitably spent which he devotes to these pages. Be his pretensions what they may, we are sure he cannot read of the negotiations conducted by Wellington with consummate skill; of the important and complicated interests he was often called on to arrange or to protect; or observe how completely his military operations were guided by the most subtle and comprehensive views of political expediency, without gaining some valuable knowledge and some enlargement of thought.

But apart from such considerations, and regarding the work merely as a collection of historical documents illustrative of events of the highest interest and importance, it would be difficult to over-estimate its value. History in general can deal only in results, and whenever it attempts more, the truth of its conclusions is even proverbially admitted to be precarious. To military history, in particular, the observation is applicable in its broadest extent. The latter will be found in many instances to be little more than a system of ingenious conjecture. The reason is obvious. Even where we are in possession of a minute and authentic record of the proceedings of two hostile armies (a circumstance which rarely happens), our conclusions as to the motives which produced them, must frequently be dubious and imperfect. The decisions of a commander are necessarily influenced by many transient circumstances which, born of the moment, pass with it, and leave no trace of their existence. Rumors often false—anticipations not realized and never recorded—and a multitude of petty but important facts which never reach the historian, constitute, in many cases, the only key by which the circumstances of a campaign can be satisfactorily explained. Without a knowledge of these, the records of war afford but scanty instruction, and an imperfect lesson. The premises reasoned from are necessarily imperfect, and of course little reliance can be placed even on the most logical deductions from partial truth.

It is not, however, in the public despatches of a general that we can look for the minute and circumstantial details so essential to accurate judgment. They can be discovered only by examination of his private records,—where such exist,—and his secret and confidential communications with the higher officers of his army. Possessing these valuable materials, however, we are placed as it were on an eminence which commands the whole events of the war, and are enabled to decide with accuracy on the merits of the general.

There are probably, however, very few generals who would feel solicitous that the world should be furnished with a knowledge so capable of being used as an instrument of offence. The power of scrutiny which it must necessarily carry with it is felt to be too severe. Even where their operations have been successful in result, many generals are conscious of errors and miscalculations, towards which they are by no means desirous that public attention should be directed. To military men, at least, the assertion will not seem incredible, that victories have been gained by a fortunate mistake, and blunders on one side have been occasionally successful, through greater miscalculations on the other. In such circumstances, of course, the victor has the prudence to wear his honors in silence. He writes no history of his achievements—he publishes no documents connected with them—he

communicates no gratuitous particulars for the gratification of inconvenient curiosity. The laurels acquired by one error, he takes care not to endanger by another. His papers, therefore, are burned, or consigned to the most obscure corner of the bureau, and the world is left to form its own estimate of his services, and discriminate as best it may, between merit and good luck. Under such circumstances, the decision, as might be expected, is all in his favor. England rings with his praises. He receives the thanks of Parliament—is invested with stars and ribbons—and when he is gathered to his fathers, St. Paul's is graced with a monument to his memory, in which Chantrey represents him resting on a cannon, with the true lineaments and bearing of a majestic warrior.

It is probable that the sketch we have just drawn savors somewhat of caricature. At all events, we wish merely to state, that whatever peril in ordinary cases may attend such disclosures, by the publication of the present work we are put in possession of every document which can illustrate the public life of Wellington. It cannot fail to be regarded as a remarkable and memorable circumstance, that the man whose aristocratic contempt for popular opinion had been made the subject of invective by every Radical newspaper in the kingdom, should thus voluntarily place himself at the bar of the public, and demand judgment. He says, "in the first enthusiasm of triumph, you bestowed honors on the man by whom it had been achieved; I now, after a lapse of years, afford you the means of judging whether these honors have been merited." There can be no reason, therefore, why the final award on the services of Wellington should not be delivered. He acknowledges the authority of the tribunal. He challenges the fullest investigation of his claims. There exists no doubt as to the authenticity or validity of the evidence adduced. If the reputation he enjoys be founded on a false and hollow basis, he has himself furnished ample means by which the imposture may be detected. He voluntarily subjects every action of his public life to the most rigid and unsparing examination. He asks no favor, and will accept of none; he demands only that which is the birthright of every Englishman—justice—and where is the man who would deny to Wellington that which is accorded to the meanest criminal?

It is inconceivable that such an appeal should have been made by a man already in the evening of life; covered with honors; satiated—if ever man was—with applause; with no remaining ambition to be gratified, unless from the proud consciousness, that there was nothing in his past life that demanded either coloring or concealment. No man has been more the object of malignant abuse. Mobs have assailed his life, and mob orators his principles and character. And what is his answer? The proudest ever made by a great man to his calumniators.

He lays open the record of his services, he discloses every particular connected with them, and lets in the broad light of day, that every transaction in which he has borne a part, may be seen by all, in its true colors and proportions. This is Wellington's reply. How nobly does it befit the man?

The work, indeed, might, without impropriety, have been entitled "Memoirs of the public life of the Duke of Wellington," for from its contents alone, might be compiled a biography far more authentic and minute, than we can ever hope to possess of any other warrior or statesman. There exists no man whose life is so completely historical, so thoroughly and inseparably interwoven with the great events of his time, as that of Wellington. The part allotted to him has not only been uniformly great, but played on a great stage. In tracing his career, therefore, the reader has not to wade through a mass of uninteresting details, such as are usually necessary to illustrate the progress of subordinate merit to distinction and reward. To his noble birth, and the political influence of his connections, Wellington was perhaps indebted, in the first instance, for the opportunities of distinction he enjoyed; but for the manner in which he turned these opportunities to account, he was indebted to no one but himself. Under no circumstances is it conceivable, that talents like Wellington's could have failed in raising their possessor to the highest distinction. But even in the commencement of his career he owed nothing more to patronage, than does

the sculpture who is employed on some high work of art. The marble may be found by others, but it is to the skill and genius of the artist that we are indebted for the statue.

Had Wellington been deficient in those great qualities which raised him to pre-eminence, no private or family influence, however powerful, could have retained him in those high and responsible situations which he successively held. The interests at stake were too vast to be trifled with, and the certain consequences of failure too disastrous to admit of the most important powers being confided to hands incapable of wielding them with effect. Lord Wellington arrived in India at the moment of a great crisis. The fate of our whole possessions in the East depended on the issue of the Mysore war. Among the native powers, Lord Wellesley could discover only virulent enemies, and lukewarm allies ready to become enemies on the first symptom of weakness or disaster. Such were the political circumstances under which the public life of Lord Wellington may be said to have commenced. To the development of talents like his they were highly favorable, but not so to the advancement of imbecile mediocrity. It is in tranquil times, and in sheltered places, that the latter most flourishes, and spreads its tiny blossoms to the sun. On the mountain top it is uprooted by the first storm.

Notwithstanding the unquestionable interest and importance of the work, we fear it is impossible to expect that it should become popular in the ordinary acceptation of the term. To understand its contents, and follow out the inferences to which they lead, the reader must bring to the perusal a very considerable degree of knowledge. He must possess accurate information of the geography of the seat of war, its difficulties and resources, and bear in mind, not only the relative position of the different portions of the army to the enemy, but to each other. All that part of the documents which relates to military movements, necessarily presupposes such knowledge in the reader, and it is of course impossible to form any judgment of the qualities they display without thoroughly understanding the circumstances under which they were written.

To acquire information so extensive, however, and continually to bear in mind the very numerous details which press on the attention in reading these volumes, is a task which by few men will be found easy, and by many, one demanding more labor than they have leisure to bestow. The work, too, is voluminous and expensive, and though its claims, arising both from the author and the subject, are too powerful and peculiar not to secure for it a place in every library, it is impossible to expect (unless the march of pocket should keep pace with the march of intellect), that its contents will ever be very widely diffused among that numerous and increasing portion of the commuuity, yclept "the reading public."

It shall be our object, therefore, in this, and many other articles by which we intend it shall be secured, to obviate, as far as possible, the difficulties to which we have alluded, and furnish such a commentary as may fully illustrate the import of the copious extracts which we shall lay before our readers. Regarding the subject as one which should be held sacred from party feeling, we shall avoid, in the execution of our task, touching on any matters merely political. It is only through his military career—which may be considered to have terminated with the second expulsion of Napoleon—that we propose follow him; and we trust that in contemplating the triumphs of our common country, and rendering justice to the great mind by which they were achieved, men of all parties will for a time cast aside their prejudices, and forgetting that they are Whig or Tory, remember only that *they are Englishmen.*

Before entering on the task we have undertaken, we think it will not be found uninteresting to take a short review of the circumstances of Wellington's early life. Commencing, therefore, *ab ovo*, be it known, that Arthur Wellesley, the third son of the Earl of Mornington, was born on the first of May, 1769. At the usual age he was sent to Eton, and being intended for the army, was subsequently removed to the Military Academy at Angiers in France. In 1787, he received his first commission as ensign of infantry, and rose by rapid steps to the rank of colonel. In 1794, he sailed in command of the 33d regiment to join

the army of the Duke of York in the Netherlands. The issue of this unfortunate expedition is well known. The Duke retreated, followed by the enemy, and several severe encounters took place. The campaign terminated by the re-embarkation of the troops in the spring of 1795. During the retreat, Colonel Wellesley commanded a brigade, and on several occasions was engaged with the enemy. During these inglorious operations there were of course few honors to be gained; but his conduct was such as to attract the applause of Sir James Crag and several other generals of distinction. The fact is interesting, as it enables us to discern the first dawning of that reputation which subsequently filled the whole horizon with its light.

After his return to England, Colonel Wellesley did not long remain in the enjoyment of inglorious ease. The 33d regiment was ordered to the West Indies, and sailed with that destination. After being six weeks at sea, however, the fleet was driven back by tempestuous weather, and the regiment relanded. In a few weeks it embarked for India, and, with its commander, reached Bengal in February 1797.

It is evident, we think, from the facts above narrated, that from the very commencement of his military life, young Wellesley devoted himself with zeal and ardor to the duties of his profession. He was no holyday soldier; he did not belong to that numerous, and, we fear, increasing class, who seek in the army merely an agreeable mode of passing a few years, and quit it whenever they are ordered to an unpleasant station, or succeed to fortune by the death of a relation. Such men regard the service as a pastime rather than a profession. Their lot is not permanently cast in it, and they look upon its duties as things to be performed when necessary, and avoided when possible. Very different from that of such men was the course of Wellington's early life. He entered the service with the true spirit of a soldier. We have seen that in Flanders his zeal and exemplary conduct were conspicuous: That he embarked for the West Indies, and subsequently accompanied his regiment to the East. It thus appears that even at an age when the love of pleasure is predominant in most men, he did not shrink from the dangers or hardship of the service, but was determined to seek distinction wherever it could be found.

When Colonel Wellesley arrived in India the Company's territories were in a state of profound peace. But the peace was treacherous, for never were our Eastern possessions in a state of greater peril than at that moment. Lord Wellesley, who arrived at Calcutta in the spring of the following year as Governor-general, fortunately possessed not only the sagacity to discover the secret machinations of the native powers, but the wisdom and decision to disconcert them. It becomes necessary that we should here briefly advert to the political events which gave rise to the second Mysore war, in order that the reader may fully understand the military services to which his attention will subsequently be directed.

The war of 1789, though it had greatly diminished the power of Tippoo Sultan, had neither converted him into a safe friend, nor deprived him of the power of becoming a formidable enemy. He had been compelled, it is true, to cede nearly one half of his territories to the Company and their allies, but he still ruled with absolute power over a country nearly two hundred thousand square miles in extent, with a revenue and population equal to maintaining an army of 150,000 men. Tippoo was a man of bold and martial temperament, though not of high talents, and the blow which fell on him at the termination of the former war in 1792, seems to have irritated him almost to madness. From that time his whole soul was occupied with schemes of vengeance, and he waited only for a favorable conjuncture to employ all his great resources in attacking the British. His territory was most favorably situated for the hostile purpose he entertained. The Mysore country occupied a central position between our settlements, and might be said to command their communication by land, while by a sudden irruption into the Carnatic, he could at any momen place Madras in a situation of great peril. Judging by the contents of the papers which fell into our possession by the capture of Seringapatam, this was the favorite project of Tippoo, and to promote its

success he had secretly kept up a friendly communication with the Nabob of the Carnatic, and of whose good wishes he felt secure.

Though the British Government in India were of course aware of Tippoo's character, and regarded him with some jealousy, still they appear to have been by no means apprehensive of any immediate demonstration of hostility from Mysore. For some time previous the Sultan had been occupied in reducing some refractory Poligars, and was therefore supposed to be in no condition to molest any of his neighbors. In case of aggression, however, there were few of the native powers whose fidelity could be relied on. Our chief ally, the Nizam Soubahdar of the Deccan, had, in a recent war with the Peshwah, suffered great reverses, and retained in his service a corps of 14,000 men, commanded by a French adventurer named Raymond, and the subordinate officers of which were likewise French. These men were all eager partizans of the French Republic, and wore the tricolor cockade. It was even expected that they would quit the French standard at Hyderabad, the capital; and the Nizam, though personally faithful to his alliance with the Company, was of too feeble and irresolute a character to free himself from the domination of these mercenaries.

All remained calm, however, when Lord Wellesley arrived at Calcutta. A slight difference, it is true, had arisen with the Sultan, relative to some frontier districts of little value, which he alleged had been unwarrantably occupied by the Company. On investigation the claim was discovered to be just, and the first communications of Lord Wellesley announced that these districts should be restored. The intentions of the Government, therefore, were decidedly pacific, but a circumstance at this moment occurred, by which the political aspect of India became entirely changed. A proclamation by General Malartic, governor of the Mauritius, reached Calcutta, which announced the arrival of two ambassadors from the Sultan of Mysore, proposing an offensive and defensive alliance, for the purpose of expelling the English from India. The authenticity of this document was at first doubted, but was soon abundantly confirmed. General Malarctic had issued an invitation to all French citizens to join the standard of Tippoo, and it was speedily ascertained that a considerable number had actually been conveyed to Mangalore by a French frigate. Intelligence also reached Calcutta, that the Sultan had despatched envoys to Zemaun Shah, the sovereign of Cabul, urging him to invade the British territories from the north.

Lord Wellesley no sooner became aware of the hostile intentions of the Sultan, than he adopted the most vigorous measures to prevent their execution. He immediately sent orders to General Harris, the commander-in-chief at Madras, to assemble all his disposable force in the Carnatic, and proceeded in person to Fort St George, in order to be nearer to the scene of action, and thus accelerate the arrangement. From thence he again wrote to Tippoo, expressing surprise that his former communications had remained unanswered, and threatening dangerous consequences in case he should not instantly furnish a satisfactory explanation of his intentions. Even this letter, however, drew forth no response, and the business of military preparation went vigorously on, notwithstanding the apprehensions of many of the most experienced officers, who assured Lord Wellesley that an immediate war with the Sultan must expose the Madras territory to imminent danger.

At this period the political horizon was dark beyond precedent. The Sultan had largely increased his army, and was a formidable enemy. The French in Egypt were in the full career of success. Zemaun Shah threatened invasion from the north. The army of our chief ally the Nizam was officered by French mercenaries, who, on the breaking out of hostilities, would undoubtedly join the Sultan, and the fidelity of the Nabob of the Carnatic, whose territories would most probably become the scene of immediate war, was not to be depended on.

Lord Wellesley, however, was not appalled, and the policy with which he met these dangers was distinguished by its wisdom and boldness. By negotiations with the Nizam, he succeeded in obtaining the consent of that sovereign to the disbanding of the corps of Raymond, and to a treaty containing a stipulation that all the French serving

in his army should be sent to Europe. To enforce the execution of this arrangement, he moved an additional force into the Deccan, and a mutiny having fortunately broken out in the French corps, it was immediately surrounded and disarmed. No bloodshed occurred, and Lord Wellesley had the satisfaction of perceiving that one of the dangers he had most dreaded was at once happily removed.

At length, the preliminary arrangements being complete, on the 3d of February, the Governor-General issued an order for the advance of the army into the Mysore territory. The invasion took place simultaneously from different points. General Harris, with the main body of the army, entered from the Carnatic. General Stuart, with the Bombay force from the west; while two corps, amounting together to about 9000, and commanded by Colonel Brown and Colonel Read, advanced from the southern districts of the Carnatic and the Baramahl. The whole strength of the invading force may be estimated at 55,000 men.

The Sultan, alarmed by these powerful and combined demonstrations of hostility, at length endeavored to temporize. He wrote to Lord Wellesley, consenting to receive a minister charged with the proposals of the British Government, a measure to which he had hithero refused his consent. But the concession came too late. The season for military operations had arrived, and further delay would have been at once impolitic and dangerous. It would have secured to Tippoo another year of impunity, and enabled him to consolidate and perfect his means of resistance. General Harris, therefore, was directed to continue his movement on Seringapatam, and the Sultan was informed that any further proposals he might be desirous of making must be addressed to General Harris, to whom full powers as a negotiator had been delegated.

The Sultan, thus attacked on all sides, seems to have been stricken with a presentiment of his approaching fate. It is certain, at least, that he displayed little of that skill and activity, so remarkable in his conduct of the former war, when it required the utmost efforts of Lord Cornwallis and his army to bring the war to a successful termination.

The advance of General Harris was slow, for his army was encumbered with materials for siege, and delays were occasioned by the failure of the carriage bullocks, which died in great numbers during the march. It was the 27th of March before the army reached Mallavelly, where the army of Tippoo became for the first time visible. It was drawn up on some high ground, and manifested a disposition to attack. An engagement ensued. Colonel Wellesley's brigade, consisting of the 33d regiment, and some battalions of the Nizam's infantry, formed the left of the army, supported by the regular cavalry under General Floyd. The King's troops were stationed on the right. Tippoo, observing an opening between two brigades, immediately attempted to penetrate with his cavalry. The British, on the right, however, succeeded in outflanking his left, and no bad consequences resulted from the movement. The right of the Mysore army was strongly posted on a rocky height. Against this, Colonel Wellesley advanced in *echellon* of battalions, supported by the cavalry. The enemy advanced to meet the attack, but were soon driven back in disorder, and General Floyd, taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded, charged with his cavalry, and their confusion became complete. The conduct of the 33d regiment during this engagement was admirable. They charged gallantly with the bayonet, with complete success.

General Harris, instead of taking the usual route to Seringapatam, crossed the Cauvery at Sosilay. In the former war, Lord Cornwallis had been unable to discover a practicable ford to the southward of Seringapatam, and had been compelled, in consequence, to make a long detour to the north. This movement, therefore, disappointed the calculations of the Sultan. It is difficult otherwise to account for his total inaction at this critical juncture. He fell back on his capital; and, on the 5th of April, the army of General Harris took up its position for the siege. The ground selected was opposite the western face of the fort. The right was posted on elevated ground, gradually declining

towards the left flank, which was covered by the aqueduct and the river Cauvery. The aqueduct was of considerable importance as an intrenchment. For some distance it took an easterly direction, and then turned off towards a tope or thicket, which afforded cover to the enemy, and enabled him to keep up an annoying fire of rockets on the camp. There were also several villages in front, from which it was deemed proper to dislodge him. We extract the following letter, which was found among the papers of the late General Lord Harris:—

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Camp, 5th April, 1799.

"I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favor to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines, and show it to me. In the mean time I will order my battalion to be in readiness.

"Upon looking at the tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me, that when you get possession of the bank of the Nullah, you have the tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I will be ready.

"I am, my dear Sir," &c.

The tope alluded to in the above letter was the same which Colonel Wellesley led a column to attack after nightfall. It consisted of the 33d regiment and a native battalion; and Colonel Shaw, with the 12th regiment, and two sepoy battalions, at the same time advanced to drive the enemy from the villages. The attack of Wellesley on the tope failed, and Colonel Shaw, with great difficulty, was enabled to retain possession of one of the villages. All military men are aware that the success of night attacks is uniformly precarious. In the present instance, the enemy fired under cover, and the 33d regiment, in particular, suffered severely. The extreme darkness of the night rendered the smallest disorder in the assailants an irreparable misfortune, and Colonel Wellesley, finding it impracticable to carry the tope, judiciously confined his operations to causing a diversion in favor of Colonel Shaw. Admitting, therefore, that the attack failed, the following extract from Lord Harris's private journal proves that, in his opinion, not the slightest blame attached to the conduct of Colonel Wellesley:—

A literal extract from the private Diary of Lieut.-General Harris, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army marching in the Mysore country in the year 1799, *between the* 4*th and* 8*th of April.*

"*4th April.* Commissioned General Baird to form a party of not less than the flank companies of his brigade, supported by the picquets, to beat up a tope in front of the ground the picquet was on, and said to have had parties of men with arms assembling on it. It appears to me, from the report, they are only intended for rocketing; but our beating them up, instead of their attempting us, will have the best effect, for if our intelligence is true, his whole army are in a complete state of terror; of course we should keep it so.

"*5th April.* Marched to Seringapatam; rocketed a little on the march. Took up our ground nearly for the siege. Concluded the arrangement for detaching General Floyd and General Stuart. Formed parties for the attack of the post occupied formerly by the Bombay troops, and the tope of Sultaunpettah. Lieutenant-Colonel Shawe to command the detachment for the Bombay post; Colonel Wellesley that of the tope, as being composed of his own people. Remained under great anxiety till near twelve at night, from the fear our troops had fired on each other. Lieutenant-Colonel Shawe very soon reported himself in possession of the post; but a second firing commenced, and as he had previously sent to know what had become of the two native battalions, I could not be satisfied but that, in the dark, they had mistaken each other. It proved

that all the firing was from the enemy, his majesty's 12th regiment scarcely firing a shot the whole night. Near twelve, Colonel Wellesley came to my tent in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the tope. It proved that the 33d, with which he attacked, got into confusion and could not be formed, which was a great pity, as it must be particularly unpleasant to him. Altogether, circumstances considered, we got off very well. General Baird's expedition of last night so far answered our expectations, as he fell in with a small party of the enemy's horse, and cut up eight or ten of them, which will tend to prevent their plaguing us with rockets, I trust. He missed his road coming back, although one would have thought it impossible; no wonder night attacks so often fail.

"*6th April.* Determined to make another attack on the tope, Lieut.-Colonel Bowser's and Halyburton's corps, with the Scotch brigade (supported by the 25th dragoons and 2d regiment native cavalry, on seeing the Sultan's cavalry appearing from the fort), were destined to assist in this service, and, with scarcely any opposition, carried it.

"*Sunday, the 7th.* Yesterday evening walked down to the advanced post with Baird and Macleod. Found it very strong against so contemptible an enemy as we have to deal with; and such as may, with a little trouble, be made very strong against any. How fortunate thus to find a good parallel prepared to our hands! The fort fired a great deal yesterday, with no other effect than furnishing shot to us. A long line of cavalry seen coming out of the fort about twelve; reported at three, by Colonel Wellesley, to have come more round our right; and that he had therefore ordered the battalions we spoke of when looking what they were about, on the road which leads to Periapatam. Our foraging party coming in fast; but this cannot be their object, and they would move more rapidly than they have done. Great many of us much fatigued. Beatson, among the rest, very much relaxed and weak. Our duties pretty severe; but if the whole is not pressed on with vigor we shall fail; for no doubt there will be more difficulties to overcome than we yet foresee.

"*Monday, 8th.* Visited the post taken possession of by Colonel Wellesley on the 6th instant. Found it a continuation of the Nullah which makes Shawe's post, but not so favorable in that part for keeping hold of. Directed a burnt village, on a rise above the Nullah, to be made the right hand post, by barricading the streets and cutting down the walls to six feet, thickening them next the fort, and putting a banquette within. Brisk cannonade from the fort. Colonel Close brought Dallas and Hart to speak about the bullock drivers, &c."

On the following day, General Harris directed three simultaneous attacks to be made, with a view to drive the enemy from the whole line of his outposts. That on the Sultaunpettah tope was again entrusted to Colonel Wellesley. On this occasion it was completely successful. The other columns likewise succeeded in dislodging the enemy on the right and left, and by these assaults General Harris was enabled to occupy a strong connected line, formed chiefly by the aqueduct, and extending from the river to the village of Sultaunpettah.

We insert the following notes and letters, because they afford evidence of the general activity and vigilance displayed by Colonel Wellesley in the discharge of his duty. They are interesting, too, as Colonel Gurwood justly observes, from the illustration they afford of the degree in which even the details of the army he commanded were conducted by General Harris:—

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Camp, 6th April, 1799.

"I find that by moving Malcolm's corps to the rear a little, and by an arrangement of my posts on my right and rear, I shall be able to protect Meer Allum, the brinjarries, the park, and the cavalry from any attempts that may be made by horse and rocket boys, which alone seem to me to be destined to annoy us in that quarter.

"I shall now go out and see what support I can give to my post at Sultaunpettah, and will report to you on my return.

"I am, dear Sir," &c.

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Camp, 7th April, 1799.

"I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me know whether you think the guards for the outposts can now be reduced a little, as between foraging parties and outline picquets we have not men enough left to give a relief. The outline picquets were not relieved this morning for want of men. You were talking yesterday of looking at these posts this afternoon, and if you have an inclination, I will go with you at any hour you may appoint. I think I can show you a situation where two embrasures might be opened in the bank of the Nullah with advantage, and that would add to the strength of the post.

"I am, my dear Sir," &c.

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, 3 p. m., 7th April, 1799.

"A body of horse, of about seven or eight hundred, has passed, and is getting round by my right and your rear. They keep clear of our picquets, and are most probably a reconnoitring party.

"They have some few straggling footmen with them, but I have seen no infantry.

"I am, my dear Sir," &c.

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Camp, 7th April, 1799.

"I have the pleasure to inform you, that the foragers are coming in fast, well loaded with forage, and I have therefore ordered the battalion to stay where it is, ready to turn out, (as battalions are now scarce articles) not to move till further orders.

"The body of cavalry has passed our right flank, and seems inclining rather to its left. It appears more like a line of march than a body intended for a *coup de main*, as there are with it bullocks and baggage of different kinds. At all events, it can do our right no harm, as, excepting by the high-road, which Malcolm's corps will cover as soon as it will have moved, no cavalry can approach us.

"I am, my dear Sir, &c.

"I see the cavalry has come more round our right, and I have therefore ordered the battalion on to the high-road, whence it will afford protection to the foragers coming in, as well as to the rear of our camp, should they be inclined to molest it."

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Camp, 7th April, 1799.

"I have drawn back the battalion, as the foragers are come in, and the cavalry have disappeared. As soon as Schoey's brigade will have taken up its ground, we shall have four field-pieces, at least, bearing upon that road; when I shall have an opportunity of looking at it again. I will let you know whether they will be sufficient, and what will.

"I have fourteen 6-pounders, of which eight are out of the lines at the outposts and picquets.

"I am, my dear Sir," &c.

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Camp, 7th April, 1799.

"Since I returned home, I have received a report from the outposts in Sultaunpettah, that some infantry had passed this evening in the same direction in which the cavalry passed this morning; and there are some persons in this camp who say they saw guns pass likewise.

"I have not yet received a report from my picquets in my front; when I do, I will let you know what it is.

"At all events, I am prepared for him, if his attack is directed against this flank of your line, whether it be made by day or by night. I do not intend to relieve the outposts until after it is ascertained whether or not he intends to make his push here: if he does attack us here, he will probably attack the outposts at the same time; and, in that case, we must depend upon your line for the support of our posts.

"I am, my dear Sir, &c.

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-Colonel Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Camp, 7th April, 1799.

"The field officer of the day was at the picquet in my front till sunset; saw cavalry pass, but no infantry or guns.

"I am, my dear Sir," &c.

The operations of the siege were pushed on with all practical expedition. Seringapatam was not fortified according to the principles of European science, but there were bastions connected by lofty straight walls of great strength and thickness. The north-western angle was selected as the chief point of attack. As the siege advanced, Tippoo made fresh overtures to General Harris, but these were rejected. Subsequently to the commencement of the war, circumstances had come to the knowledge of Lord Wellesley, which made him decide on the utter subversion of the power of the Sultan. The sentence of deposition, therefore, had gone forth against Tippoo and his dynasty, and General Harris would listen to no terms short of unconditional submission. The following letter will show that Colonel Wellesley took his full share of the labors of the siege:—

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, 7 A.M. 3d May.

"We did all our work last night, except filling the sand-bags, which could not be done for want of tools: I shall have them filled in the course of this morning, and there will be no inconvenience from the delay, as it was not deemed advisable last night to do more than look for the ford; and it is not intended to do any thing to it until the night before it is to be used. Lieut. Lalor, of the 73d, crossed over to the glacis, I believe, on the left of the breach. He found the wall, which he believes to be the retaining wall of the glacis, seven feet high, and the water (included in those seven feet) fourteen inches deep. It is in no part more so, and the passage by no means difficult. Several other officers crossed by different routes, but none went so far as Lieut. Lalor. All agree in the practicability of crossing with troops. The enemy built up the breach in the night with gabions, &c., notwithstanding the fire which was kept up upon it. It was impossible to fire grape, as our working party was in front of the five-gun battery, from which alone we could fire, as we repaired the other.

"Lieut. Lalor is now on duty here with his regiment; but if you wish it, he will remain here to-night, and try the river again.

"I am, my dear Sir, &c.

"I have not heard any thing of the 12-pounders ordered to a new situation by the general orders of yesterday."

On the 3d of May, the breach was reported to be practicable, and preparations were made for the assault on the day following. In order to avoid exciting the suspicions of the enemy, the troops were stationed in the trenches before daybreak, though the time chosen for the attack was the hour which succeeds mid-day, when it is the uniform custom of natives of warm climates to indulge in a *siesta*. Experience had shown that the besieged were always more vigilant during the night than in the sultry period of noontide heat.

The storming party, under command of Major-General Baird,* consisted of 2,500 Europeans and 1,900 native infantry. This force was divided into two columns. The right was commanded by Colonel Sherbrooke; the left by Lieut.-Colonel Dunlop. Each of these divisions was headed by a forlorn hope; that of the right, under Lieutenant Hill of the 74th, and that of the left by Lieutenant Lawrence of the 77th. Colonel Wellesley remained with his brigade in the advanced trenches, prepared to support the assault whenever his assistance might be required.

At one o'clock, the silence that reigned in the trenches was broken by the voice of Baird:—"Come, my brave fellows," he exclaimed, "follow me, and show yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers!" The columns were instantly in motion; this breach was carried after a short struggle, and the British color was planted on the summit of it, by a brave sergeant of the forlorn hope, whose name was Graham. The left column encountered a more vigorous resistance. Traverses had been cut; and the enemy defended them successively with the most determined bravery. The assailants were checked in their progress, and in all probability all their efforts to advance would have been unavailing, had not a narrow opening, left for the passage of

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* We shall gratify thousands by giving here the admirable Inscription (written by Theodore Hook) on the obelisk erected on the Hill of Tammy-Haslle, by Lady Baird.

IN HONOR AND TO THE MEMORY OF
GENERAL SIR DAVID BAIRD,
BART., G.C.B. & K.C.
THIS COLUMN WAS ERECTED
A.D. 1832.
TO INDOMITABLE COURAGE IN THE FIELD,
HE UNITED
WISDOM AND PRUDENCE
IN THE COUNCIL.
A BRAVE BUT GENEROUS ENEMY,
HIS VICTORIES WERE EVER TEMPERED BY MERCY:
AND WITH HIS ARDENT LOVE OF GLORY
WAS BLENDED
THE TENDEREST CARE FOR HIS GALLANT AND DEVOTED FOLLOWERS.
THE DETAILS OF HIS PUBLIC SERVICES ARE RECORDED
IN THE ANNALS OF HIS COUNTRY:
HIS PRIVARE VIRTUES ARE EMBALMED IN THE HEARTS OF HIS FRIENDS.
HONOR AND DUTY WERE THE GUIDING STARS OF HIS DESTINY:
PIETY AND CHARITY THE LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS MIND.
HE FELT NO JEALOUSIES. HE HARBORED NO RESENTMENTS.
HE KNEW NO GUILE.
IN THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS
HE AT LAST FOUND
REPOSE AND HAPPINESS IN DOMESTIC LIFE;
FORGETTING THE CARES AND TURMOILS OF HIS EVENTFUL
AND BRILLIANT CAREER:
AND IN THE EXERCISE OF EVERY SOCIAL AND CHRISTIAN VIRTUE,
HE DIED BELOVED AND LAMENTED,
AS HE HAD LIVED
HONORED AND RENOWNED.

the workmen, been fortunately discovered. By this, the traversers were flanked, and the enemy was driven from them with great slaughter. It was here that Tippoo fought, and by his presence animated the courage of the troops. He was a brave man, whose virtues and vices were alike barbaric, and it is impossible, we think, not to feel some interest in his fate. We are sure, therefore, our readers will thanks us for the following extract, from the admirable letters of Sir Thomas Munro.

"His repulse at Seringapatam seems to have discouraged Tippoo so much, that he gave very little interruption to the march of the grand army. As it approached, he fell back, and shut himself up in his capital, placing his dependence upon the seige being raised for want of provisions in camp, and upon his holding out till the Cauvery should fill, and make the carrying on of any farther operations against it impracticable. He seldom went to his palace during the siege, but spent most of his time sitting behind a cavalier, or visiting the ramparts. He did not go towards the breach,—the state of it was concealed from him by his principal officers; but one of his servants, impatient at hearing the false reports brought to him, called out to him that there was a breach, and that it would soon be practicable. This intelligence seemed to rouse him,—he resolved to see it with his own eyes; and therefore, on the following morning, which was that of the day previous to the assault, he went early to the spot; he viewed with amazement the condition in which it was, he shook his head, but said nothing; he returned to his old station behind the cavalier, where he remained sullen and buried in thought, as if conscious that his doom was now fixed, seldom making any inquiries about what was doing, and driving away with an angry answer whoever came to ask him for orders. Bigot as he was, his apprehensions rendered him superstitious enough to induce him to invite the aid of Hindoo prayers and ceremonies to avert the evil which threatened him, and to call for a Hindoo astrologer to draw a favorable omen from the stars. With a man of this description he spent the last morning of his life; he desired him to consult the heavens. The man answered, that he had done so, and that they were unfavorable unless peace was made. He was ordered to look again, but returned the same answer. Tippoo gave him money, and desired him to pray for him, and then drank water out of a black stone as a charm against misfortune.

"When the assault commenced, he repaired to the outer ramparts; but being driven from them, he fell as he was returning into the body of the place, in a passage under the inner rampart called the Water-Gate, his horse falling at the same time; and his palankee being thrown down, the road was choaked up, and almost every soul in the gateway slain. Though he had got a wound in the leg, and two or three balls in the body, he was still alive, and continued in this state above an hour. One of his servants, Ragoo Khan, who lay wounded beside him, asked his leave once or twice, when parties of soldiers were passing, to discover him, but he always commanded him to be silent. At last a soldier who was passing in quest of plunder, and at whom it is said he attempted to cut, shot him through the head: the ball entered the right temple, and passed through the left jaw. It was for a long time thought that he had concealed himself in the palace: and while parties were searching it to no purpose, in order to put him to death for the murder of nine Europeans who had fallen into his hands on the 5th of April, the Killedar reported that he had been seen lying in the Water-Gate. As it was now dark, a party was sent with lights to search for him. After dragging out a great number of bodies, he was at last found half naked; he was known by his long drawers, and by some marks about his person. He was drawn from amidst a heap of slain, among whom his legs were twisted, and carried to the palace, where he was laid on a palankeen, and exposed to view all next day, in order that no doubt might remain of his death; and in the evening he was buried with military honors in the cypress garden, by the side of his father. With him fell at once the whole fabric of his empire, for the very means he had taken to strengthen it hastened its downfall."

After the capture of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley being the next for duty, assumed the command within the city. It need scarcely be stated, that he exerted his utmost efforts to prevent pillage, and excess of every kind. Cowle* flags were displayed in every quarter of the town, and Colonel Wellesley went himself to the houses of the chief inhabitants with safeguards. Several of the soldiers were executed for plunder, and the example was most salutary in its consequences. In a few days order was restored, and the inhabitants regained their confidence. We give several letters written at this time.

* Cowle means truce, amnesty, protection.

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Ten A. M., 5th May.

"We are in such confusion still, that I recommend it to you not to come in till to-morrow, or, at soonest, late this evening. Before I came here, General Baird had given the treasure in charge to the prize agents. There is a guard over it, and it appears to be large.

"As soon as I can find out where the families of the great men are, I will send guards to take care of them. At present I can find nobody who can give me any information upon the subject. I have here now the 12th, 33d, and part of the 73d, and the 2d of the 5th, 2d of the 9th, and 2d of the 7th. These troops ought to be relieved this day as early as possible by two regiments of Europeans and three of sepoys.

"I am, dear Sir," &c.

"There are some tigers here, which I wish Meer Allum would send for, or else I must give orders to have them shot, as there is no food for them, and nobody to attend them, and they are getting violent."

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Half-past twelve.

"I wish you would send the provost here, and put him under my orders. Until some of the plunderers are hanged, it is vain to expect to stop the plunder.

"I shall be obliged to you, if you will send *positive* orders respecting the treasure.

"I am, my dear Sir," &c.

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Seringapatam, 5th May, 1799.

"Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad; and until the provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order, or indeed safety.

"There are, at this moment, sepoys and soldiers belonging to every regiment in our camp, and General Stewart's in the town.

"It would surely be advisible to order the rolls to be called constantly, and to forbid any people to leave camp.

'For a few days likewise it would be very advisable that the officers of the army should suspend the gratification of their curiosity, and that none but those on duty should come into the town. It only increases the confusion and the terror of the inhabitants. Till both subside in some degree, we cannot expect that they will return to their habitations.

"I am, my dear Sir, &c.

"I hope the relief is coming, and that I shall soon receive orders respecting the treasure."

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Harris.*

"My dear Sir, Seringapatam, 6th of May, 1799.

"Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their houses fast. I am now employed in burying the dead,

which I hope will be completed this day, particularly if you send me all the pioneers.

"It is absolutely necessary that you should immediately appoint a permanent garrison, and a commanding officer to the place; till that is done the people will have no confidence in us, and every thing must be in confusion. That which I arrange this day, my successor may alter to-morrow, and his the next day; and nothing will ever be settled. A garrison, which would be likely to remain here, would soon make themselves comfortable, although it might be found convenient hereafter to change some of the corps first sent in; but these daily reliefs create much confusion and distrust in the inhabitants; and the camp is at such a distance, that it is impossible for the officers or soldiers, or sepoys, to get down their dinners.

"I shall be obliged to you, if you would order an extra dram and biscuit for the 12th, 33d, and 73d regiments, who got nothing to eat yesterday, and were wet last night.

"In hopes that you will attend to my recommendation to send a garrison in to-morrow, I will look out for a place to accommodate one or two battalions of Europeans, and three or four of sepoys.

"I am, my dear Sir," &c.

In pursuance of the recommendation contained in the preceding letters, General Harris appointed a regular garrison for the captured city, and bestowed the command on Colonel Wellesley. The duties he was thus called on to perform were of a very complicated and delicate nature. The complete overthrow, not only of Tippoo's government, but of his dynasty, and the dispersion of all the public authorities, left him without subordinate functionaries, and made it necessary that he should regulate the details of every department. The office, therefore, was one evidently of the highest trust and responsibility; and though Colonel Wellesley's appointment led to a remonstrance on the part of Sir David Baird, who considered himself to possess a preferable claim, yet there can be no reason to doubt that General Harris, in appointing Colonel Wellesley, was influenced not only by the purest motives, but the soundest judgment.

Shortly after this period, a commission* was appointed by the Governor-General, consisting of four members, Colonel Wellesley being one. The arrangements for the removal of the family of the late Sultan were particularly confided to Colonel Wellesley. "The details of this painful, but indispensable measure," wrote the Governor-General in his instructions, dated 4th of June, 1799, "cannot be intrusted to any person more likely to combine every office of humanity, with the prudential precaution required by the occasion, than Colonel Wellesley; and I therefore commit to his discretion, activity, and humanity, the whole arrangement, subject always to such suggestions as may be offered by the other members of the commission."

Subsequently to the partition of the Mysore territory, Colonel Wellesley was appointed to command those portions of it which became subject to British authority. The command was an independent one, for he received orders direct from the supreme government, and made his reports to the same quarter. In forming arrangements to secure the internal tranquillity of the ceded districts, Colonel Wellesley had full opportunity of displaying the sound judgment which always distinguished him. He availed himself, whenever practicable, of the knowledge and experience of Tippoo's former functionaries, by re-appointing them to their offices; maintaining even them, at the same time, the strictest vigilance. Under his superintendence, the comfort and prosperity of the people of the ceded provinces visibly improved, and his mild, firm, and impartial administration of their affairs, forming, as it did, a striking contrast to the tyranny under which they had formerly suffered, secur-

* The members of the commission were Lieut.-General Harris, Colonel Wellesley, the Hon. H. Wellesley, and Lieut. Colonel Barry Close—Captain Malcolm and Captain Munro were appointed secretaries.

ed him their gratitude. He personally visited every part of the provinces under his command, repaired roads and bridges, and opened new communications, whenever they promised to be beneficial. In short, the prosperity of these provinces was promoted by every measure which a powerful intellect, prompted by strong benevolence, could suggest.

The tranquillity of Mysore, however, was for a time prevented by the irruptions of a freebooting adventurer named Dhoondiah Waugh. This man was a robber, but any one forming an idea of his character and vocation from the petty villanies commemorated in the Newgate calendar, or lives of the highwaymen, would be grievously mistaken. European robbers are mere dealers in rapine by retail, and rarely rise to a dignity exceeding the murder and pillage of a single individual or family. But Dhoondiah was a marauder on a scale much more magnificent. He led to the task of plunder a body of 5000 horse, and laid whole provinces under contribution. In short, the individual in question was one of those adventurers who, in the East, have so often subverted empires and founded dynasties. In India nothing is more remarkable than the rapid growth of a predatory force. A single bold adventurer without property, save that of his horse and sword, often forms the nucleus for a whole army of freebooters. Dhoondiah is a case in point. During the reign of Tippoo he committed depredations in the Mysore, was made prisoner, and subsequently liberated by the Sultan, on condition of serving in his army. Either from force or policy he submitted to the ceremonies of the Mahometan faith, but Tippoo having probably detected him in some treacherous project, or being suspicious of his fidelity, again secured his person, and after the capture of Seringapatam, he was found in a dungeon heavily ironed. By a most injudicious exercise of clemency all the prisoners were set at liberty without inquiry of any sort, and Dhoondiah fled, accompanied by other fugitives like himself, without a home, a country, or a master. With talent and energy sufficient to excite confidence in these around him, he became leader of the lawless band, whose strength was daily receiving fresh accessions. He ravaged Bednore with great cruelty, and had already become of such importance, that two strong detachments of the army, commanded by Colonel Stevenson, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, were sent after him. Dhoondiah crossed the Toombuddra, but not without the loss of 600 of his followers. Having entered the Marhatta territory, the pursuit was given up, as strict injunctions had been given that none of the Country's troops should cross the frontier.

At this period Colonel Wellesley was appointed to the chief command of the troops serving above the Ghauts,* and he immediately prepared to continue the hostilities against Dhoondiah, who still remained secure and unmolested in the Marhatta territory, whence the Peshwah showed no disposition to dislodge him. On this state of things the resident at Poonah was directed to remonstrate, and endeavor to gain the Peshwah's consent to the entrance of the Company's troops into the Marhatta territories in pursuit of his formidable marauder. After great difficulty, this consent was obtained, and Colonel Wellesley determined instantly to follow and attack him. He soon found, however, that the task of exterminating this band of ruffians was by no means an easy one. The troops were harassed by marches and counter-marches, and it required all the activity and perseverance of Wellesley to bring the campaign to a successful conclusion.

In June he crossed the Toombuddra, and on the 21st carried Ranny Bednore by assault. He then proceeded to clear the Nuggur country of Dhoondiah's cavalry, after accomplishing which, and receiving the supplies necessary for his army, he advanced to Wirdah. On the 11th of July, he crossed the river and constructed a redoubt for the protection of the boats, and the security of his communication with the rear. Information having been received that Dhoondiah was advancing to offer battle, Colonel Wellesley occupied the town of Savanore, into which he threw his baggage

* *Ghauts*, ranges of mountains which separate the upper or table land in the Deccan and Mysore, from the lower countries bordering on the sea to the east and west.

and encamped in front of it. The king of the two worlds, however (for such was the title assumed by this most magnificent of cut-throats), after reconnoitring the position of his opponent, did not venture to attack, but fell back to Hangal, whither on the 14th he was followed by the British. Dhoondiah, however, did not wait for their arrival, and when the town was carried by assault, he was found to have escaped.

Colonel Wellesley continued the pursuit to Luckmasur, but this town also had been abandoned by his majesty of the double hemisphere. The pursuing army, therefore, retraced its steps to Savanore, which it reached on the 17th, and on the day following Colonel Wellesley effected a junction with the Marhatta force under Gocklah. The following letters to Sir Thomas Munro, written in the unreserved confidence of friendship, continue the narrative of events, in a manner far more interesting to the reader.

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Munro.*

"Dear Munro, Camp at Savanore, 20th July, 1800.

"I was joined last night by Gocklah's cavalry, and expect to be joined this day by that under Chintamun Rao. This materially alters my situation as it stood in regard to Soonda. In order to get the corps from Hillcah, it must now come to me; and on its route, it may as well clear out Budnaghur, and all that country. I have sent orders accordingly; and if guns are wanted for Budnaghur, they will be furnished from a redoubt which I have upon the Werdah, which is about seven miles from Bancapoor.

"Send orders by express to your people, to use every exertion to supply the wants of the corps, and afterwards the same exertions to forward supplies to my troops. I wrote to Mungush Rao this day upon the subject.

"Believe me, yours most sincerely.

"P. S.—I have just received your letter of the 15th, and I shall be obliged to you if you will delay the sale of your rice for a short time."

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-Colonel Close.*

Camp, right of the Malpoorba, opposite Manowly,
"Dear Colonel, 31st July, 1800.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I have struck a blow against Dhoondiah, which he will feel severely. After the fall of Dummul and Gudduck, I heard that Dhoondiah was encamped near Soondootty, west of the Pursghur hill, and that his object was to cover the passage of his baggage over the Malpoorba, at Manowly. I then determined upon a plan to attack both him and his baggage at the same time, in co-operation with Bowser, whose detachment, however, did not arrive at Dummul till the 28th, and was two marches in my rear; but I thought it most important that I should approach Dhoondiah's army at all events, and take advantage of any movement which he might make. I accordingly moved on, and arrived on the 29th at Allagawaddy, which is fifteen miles from Soondootty, and twenty-six from this place. I intended to halt at Allagawaddy till the 31st, on which day I expected Colonel Bowser at Nurgoond; but Dhoondiah broke up from Soondootty, as soon as he heard of my arrival at Allagawaddy, sent part of his army to Doodwaur, part towards Jellahaul, and part, with the baggage, to this place. I then marched on the morning of the 30th to Hoogurgoor, which is east of the Pursghur hill, where I learnt that Dhoondiah was here with his baggage. I determined to move on and attack him. I surprised his camp at three o'clock in the evening, with the cavalry; and we drove into the river or destroyed every body that was in it, took an elephant, several camels, bullocks, horses innumerable, families, women, and children. The guns were gone over, and we made an attempt to dismount them by a fire from this side; but it was getting dark, my infantry was fatigued by the length of the march; we lost a man or two; and I saw plainly that we should not succeed; I there-

fore withdrew my guns to my camp. I do not know whether Dhoondiah was with this part of the army; but I rather believe he was not. Bubber Jung was in the camp, put on his armor to fight, mounted his horse, and rode him into the river, where he was drowned. Numbers met with the same fate.

"One tandah of brinjarries, in this neighborhood, has sent to me for cowle, and I have got the family of a head brinjarry among those of several others. I have detained them but have sent cowle to the brinjarry. I hear that every body is deserting Dhoondiah; and I believe it, as my Mahrattas are going out this night to attack one of his parties gone towards Darwar. They were before very partial to my camp. I have a plan for crossing some Europeans over the river to destroy the guns, which I am afraid I cannot bring off; and then I think I shall have done this business completely. I am not quite certain of success, however, as the river is broad and rapid.

"Believe me," &c. &c.

"P. S.—I have just returned from the river, and have got the guns, six in number. I made the Europeans swim over to seize a boat. The fort was evacuated. We got the boat and guns, which I have given to the Mahrattas."

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Munro.*

"Dear Munro, Camp at Soondootty, 1st August, 1800.

"I have received your letters of the 22d and 23d. I have sent orders to the commanding officers of Hullihall and Nuggur to furnish ammunition, in moderate quantities, on the requisition of your amildars; in any quantities you please on your own. Do not press Hullihall too much, as I know they are not well supplied there. Take what you please from Nuggur. I have taken and destroyed Dhoondiah's baggage and six guns, and driven into the Malpoorba (where they were drowned) about five thousand people. I stormed Dummul on the 26th of July. Dhoondiah's followers are quitting him apace, as they do not think the amusement very gratifying at the present moment. The war, therefore, is nearly at an end, and another blow, which I am meditating upon him and his brinjarries in the Kittoor country, will most probably bring it to a close. I must halt here to-morrow, to refresh a little, having marched every day since the 22d July; and on the 30th, the day on which I took his baggage, I marched twenty-six miles, which, let me tell you, is no small affair in this country.

"My troops are in high health and spirits, and their pockets full of money, the produce of plunder. I still think, however, that a store of rice at Hullihall will do us no harm; and if I should not want it, the expense incurred will not signify.

"Believe me," &c.

"*Extract of a Letter from Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Munro.*

"Dear Munro, Camp at Kittoor, 7th August, 1800.

"I arrived here on the 5th. Dhoondiah had gone even to the sources of the Malpoorba, where he passed, and his baggage is following him. Colonel Stevenson is after them, and will cut off part of the tail, I hope. I have halted here in the neighborhood of a bamboo jungle, to make boats, which I must have upon the river, in order to keep up my communication with my rear."

"*Extract of a Letter from Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Munro.*

"Dear Munro, Camp on the Malpoorba, 16th August, 1800.

"I wrote to you on the 7th, and informed you of the manner in which Dhoondiah had escaped. A detachment from Stevenson's corps followed his

track, and the road was covered with dead camels, bullocks, and people; but we got hold of nothing. Bowser has since crossed the river Malpoorba, and has advanced to Shawpoor; and he tells me, that he found many dead cattle and people of all ages and sexes on the road. The people of the country beyond Shawpoor plundered 4000 brinjarries. I am now employed in crossing the Malpoorba, and I hope to be prepared to advance in two or three days. I shall leave something on this side, in case Dhoondiah should double back."

"Extract of a Letter from Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Munro.

"My dear Sir, Camp at Yellahaul, 1st Sept. 1800.

"Unfortunately the Malpoorba fell on the 24th; and Dhoondiah crossed it in that night and the next day, at a ford a little above the junction with the Kistna. Lieut.-Colonel Capper was then at this place; and although I had desired the Mahrattas to push on for the very place at which Dhoondiah passed, and Colonel Capper entreated them to attend to the orders I had given them, and promised to follow with all expedition, they would not move from the camp. If they had occupied that place, Dhoondiah could not have passed there; he must have returned to look for another ford higher up the river, and would then have fallen into my hands. He is gone towards the Nizam's country; and left behind him, on the north side of the Malpoorba, a tandah of ten thousand brinjarries, which I have got. I likewise took and destroyed five excellent guns and carriages, some ammunition, tumbrils (Company's), arms, ammunition, &c. &c., which he had left in charge of the Jalloor poligar.

"I have crossed the river, and I am going to the Nizam's country immediately."

"Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Munro.

"Dear Munro, Camp at Yepulpurry, 11th, September, 1800.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I gained a complete victory yesterday, in an action with Dhoondiah's army, in which he was killed. His body was recognised, and was brought into camp on a gun attached to the 19th dragoons. After I had crossed the Malpoorba, it appeared to me very clear, that if I pressed upon the King of the Two Worlds, with my whole force, on the northern side of the Dooab, his Majesty would either cross the Toombuddra with the aid of the Patan chiefs, and would then enter Mysore; or he would return into Savanore, and play the devil with my peaceable communications. I therefore determined, at all events, to prevent his majesty from putting those designs in execution; and I marched with my army to Kanagherry. I sent Stevenson towards Deodroog, and along the Kistna, to prevent him from sending his guns and baggage to his ally the Rajah of Soorapoor; and I pushed forward the whole of the Mahratta and Mogul cavalry in one body, between Stevenson's corps and mine.

"I marched from Kanagherrry on the 8th, left my infantry at Nowly, and proceeded on with the cavalry only; and I arrived here on the 9th, the infantry at Chinnoor, about fifteen miles in my rear.

"The King of the World broke up on the 9th, from Malgherry, about twenty-five miles on this side of Raichore, and proceeded towards the Kistna; but he saw Colonel Stevenson's camp, returned immediately, and encamped on that evening about nine miles from hence, between this place and Bunnoo. I had early intelligence of his situation; but the night was so bad, and my horses so much fatigued, that I could not move. After a most anxious night, I marched in the morning, and met the King of the World with his army, about five thousand horse, at a village called Conahgull, about six miles from hence. He had not known of my being so near him in the night,—had thought that I was at Chinnoor, and was marching to the westward with the intention of passing between the Mahratta and Mogul cavalry and me. He drew up, however, in a very strong position, as soon as he perceived me; and the victorious army stood for some time with apparent firmness. I charged

them with the 19th and 25th* dragoons, and the first and 2nd regiments of cavalry, and drove them before me till they dispersed, and were scattered over the face of the country. I then returned and attacked the royal camp, and got possession of elephants, camels, baggage, &c. &c., which were still upon the ground. The Mogul and Mahratta cavalry came up about eleven o'clock; and they have been employed ever since in the pursuit and destruction of the scattered fragments of the victorious army.

"Thus has ended this warfare; and I shall commence my march in a day or two towards my own country. An honest killadar of Chinnoor had written to the King of the World by a regular tappal, established for the purpose of giving him intelligence, that I was to be at Nowly on the 8th, and at Chinnoor on the 9th. His majesty was misled by this information, and was nearer me than he expected. The honest killadar did all he could to detain me at Chinnoor, but I was not to be prevailed upon to stop, and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me the road, who manifested an inclination to show me a good road to a different place. My own and the Mahratta cavalry afterwards prevented any communication between his Majesty and the killadar.

"The brinjarry bags must be filled, notwithstanding the conclusion of the war, as I imagine I shall have to carry on one in Malabar.

"Believe me," &c.

In the interest of the preceding letters will be found ample apology for the space we have devoted to them. On their contents it is unnecessary to offer any observations. The following extract of a letter, however, from Major (afterwards Sir Thomas) Munro, does so much honor to the writer, and shows so clearly the high estimate he formed of the importance of the operations against Dhoondiah, and the brilliance of the victory in which they terminated, that we insert it as a fitting termination to the present article.

"*To Colonel Wellesley.*

"Dear Colonel, Barkoor, 22d Sep. 1800.

"I am so rejoiced to hear of the decisive and glorious manner in which you have terminated the career of the King of the World, that I can hardly sit still to write; I lose half the pleasure of it by being alone in a tent at a distance from all my countrymen. On such an occasion one ought to be in a crowd, to see how every one looks and talks. I did not suspect when I left you in the Tappore, past two years ago, that you were so soon after to be charging along the Kistna and Toombuddra, murdering and drowning Assophs and Nabobs, and killing the King of the World himself. You have given us a very proper afterpiece to the death of the Sultan. A campaign of two months finished his empire. and one of the same duration has put an end to the earthly grandeur, at least, of the Sovereign of the Two Worlds. Had you and your regicide army been out of the way, Dhoondiah would undoubtedly have become an independent and powerful prince, and the founder of a new dynastry of cruel and treacherous Sultans, but Heaven had otherwise ordained, and we must submit."

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* Afterwards the 22d light dragoons.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE, PRINCE OF CANINO, AND FRIEDRICH VON RAUMER, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE, AT BERLIN.

Does the reader ask what these two names have to do with each other? What possible connection can subsist between the revolutionist, the democratic Prince, the republican brother of that great military usurper who turned a republic into an empire, and the loyalissimus Professor of History, &c., at the Berlin University? These are fair and reasonable questions, which we might be perplexed to answer satisfactorily, had we not, in the years of our youth, of our inquisitive idleness, attended some few courses of natural philosophy. From our recollection of the physical experiments we then witnessed, we derive the explanation of the obscure metaphysical impulse that induced the combination, which is this: We apprehend that the names or individualities in question, appear in conjunction, actuated by the same principle upon which bodies, in opposite states of electricity—positive and negative, vitreous and resinous, or whatever be the proper terms in these days of ever changing nomenclature—irresistibly attract each other. If we keep clear of those commonplace contrasts, the idiot and the genius, the honest man and the knave, &c., where shall we find any more striking than that presented by Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, and Professor Von Raumer?

The Prince—for we, who are neither republicans nor equalitarians, whether the equality be that of licentious anarchy, or of slavery under despotism, must needs give precedency to the princely title, more especially when the precedency of talent accords with that of—not birth, but created social station.—The Prince, then, born a petty Corsican noble, was, as he himself has told us, a boyish democrat; and, although the horrors of the French Revolution speedily disgusted him with democracy, he remained—to us, who saw him indistinctly looming in the distance, through the bewildering mists of blood, a very prosopopoeia of Jacobinism—he remained really a sturdy republican, through all the allurements of power tempting him during his brother's empire—which empire, despite his opposition thereto, he still affects to regard and justify as a mere temporary dictatorship, necessary to make an end of the Revolution and its woes—through, what might be harder to resist, a seemingly ardent love for that imperial brother's person, admiration of his genius, and proud delight in his triumphs; and his brother's fall having, naturally enough, generated no love of legitimacy, he remains a conscientious republican to the present day. Yet this republican Bonaparte frankly declares, both in his memoirs,* and in a pamphlet,† published last year, that, upon visiting, or rather residing in England, he discovered a constitutional monarchy to be nearly the best of republics. Not a constitutional monarchy after the fashion of that of the Barricades, where the antagonist principles of monarchy and democracy being placed in the lists for a combat *à l'outrance*, one or the other must gain a decided victory, but our English, old-fashioned, *Magna Charta*-constitutional monarchy, wherein a powerful hereditary peerage balances and controls alike the crown and an elective House of Commons; which Lucien Bonaparte considers to form the true and proper republican institutions, such as they must be, to encircle, temper, and support a kingly crown.

Now, though our own original prepossessions were, we need hardly say, unfavorable to Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, to the brother of the ambitious conqueror and tyrannical enslaver of the Continent, to the republican who accepted the title of prince, let us frankly add that this is what we like—a boy passionately impelled by the passions and prejudices rife during his boyhood,—a man thinking for himself—right or wrong, —adhering to the opinions he has

* 'Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte. Prince de Canino.' 8vo. London: 1836.

† 'Reponse de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, aux Mémoires du General Lamarque.' Imprimé par Schulze, Poland Street, 1835.

adopted through good report and evil report, through temptation and persecution, and preserving through the whole, even to an age but too often hard and cold, the feelings of human nature and of early family affection.

Turn we now, although we have not by any means done with his republican Imperial Highness, to his opposite pole, the Berlin Professor.

Friedrich Von Raumer is, we apprehend, best known in this country by those letters upon England, upon the social condition and political institutions of the English nation,* which Mrs. Sarah Austin has translated for the benefit of such of her countrymen, as not knowing, need to be made acquainted with themselves. No small portion of the mass, we apprehend, therefore, will be entitled to claim her services, and we trust equally able and willing to remunerate them. But had these letters upon England been all Herr Von Raumer had written, had we known him only as a loyal Prussian legitimatist, queerly metamorphosed into an English Radical, of a surety we should never have devoted even these few lines to commemorate his mistakes and misrepresentations; nor, even had the contrast he offers to Lucien Bonaparte provoked a smile, as it occurred to us, should we have dreamed of placing his name side by side with that of the really able Prince. But Raumer is more than an observer of England through the spectacles or the eyes of Mrs. Austin and the Whig Ministry. He is a diligent, lucid, and judicious historian, and, as such, necesssarily attracts our attention, professing ourselves, as we do, zealous lovers of history.

Professor Raumer first became known to us as the diligent writer of a voluminous and valuable history of the Hohenstauffen or Swabian emperors.† Upon the laborious research, the critical acumen, and the general historical talent displayed in this performance, it is needless for us to enlarge. It is a work of too great magnitude to be incidentally discussed; and its merits and defects have long since been made known to the British public by two elaborate *critiques*—written, as we have understood, by critics totally unconnected with each other; the first in the pages of the Foreign Quarterly Review, the other, some years later, in those of the Quarterly Review. The only point connected with this history that we, at present, feel ourselves called upon to notice, is the conservative, or rather legitimatist character which it every where discovers. The first of the two reviewers alluded to, has observed that Raumer is one of the very few modern historians who favor the Ghibellines; and he does this, not only with regard to Germany, where the question lay only between rival families, or, at most, between the empire and the Papal See; but with regard to Italy, where even we, who profess ourselves Ghibellines, must acknowledge that it bore the appearance of lying between liberty, or at least independence, and a foreign yoke. We say bore the appearance, because we think with the reviewer, that, inasmuch as the German Emperors were, or claimed to be Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, and were certainly the regular and lawful successors of Charlemagne, Italy was not only an integral, but the essential part of their empire, Germany being the accessary. Still, the fact being that those emperors were Germans who, with the exception of Frederick II., and, perhaps, of his father Henry VI., resided almost entirely in their native Germany, visiting Italy only in pomp, to receive the Imperial crown, or in arms to assert their authority, the feudal and federal connection of the Peninsula with the empire bore, to superficial observers, the character of subjugation to a foreign yoke. The Guelph insurrection of the Lombard cities against Frederic Barbarossa was in many respects, analogous to that of the Anglo-Americans against the distant mother country; it was the insurrection of conscious strength, deemed, in the case of the Lombards somewhat rashly, equal to the maintenance of independence against a remote sove-

* 'England in Jahre 1835.' Von Friedrich Von Raumer. 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin: 1835. Raumer's England in 1835.' Translated by S. Austin and E. Lloyd. 3 vols. 12mo. London: 1836.

† 'Geschichte der Hohenstauffen und ihrer Zeit.' (History of the Hohenstauffens and their Times.) By F. Von Raumer. 6 vols. 8vo. Leipzig: 1825.

reign. As such remote sovereign must, in the nature of things, govern his more distant subjects less paternally, less judiciously than those immediately under his own eye—especially in early times of imperfect communication—the insurgents had plausible if not sufficient grounds to allege in their justification. And thus, although it be mere school-boy declamation to revile the two Frederics as ambitious and usurping conquerors, it is very natural that enthusiastic lovers of liberty should passionately embrace the Guelph cause, the cause of fair and polished Italy, against barbarous Germans.

Raumer in his history, on the contrary, pleaded the cause of lawful sovereignty against insurgents for liberty and independence. Now, whatever such conduct might have implied in a politician, we viewed it only as the conduct of a man of letters, and as such it appears to us, in the midst of the march of intellect, of schoolmasters abroad, of *la jeune France*, of *das junge Deutschland*, and what not, as a remarkable instance of moral courage, and we inquired who this bold advocate of legitimate authority might be. We learned that Friederich Ludwig George Von Raumer was a Prussian of noble family, who had been destined and trained for official life, for the career of a statesman, had early merited and obtained the good opinion of his superiors; and had held various small posts; and was so favored by Prince Hardenberg, that he received him into his family, as well as office, in order to fit him for the highest stations, and that his passion for historical studies had induced him to abandon these flattering prospects, and solicit, in lieu of a ministerial portfolio in reversion, and some under-secretaryship in possession, the appointment of professor of history at the University of Breslau, which university he has since quitted for that of Berlin. We likewise learned that the King of Prussia, with a truly royal patronage of learning, when Raumer's historical labors require that he should travel in search of information, not only gives him leave of absence from his professional duties, but defrays the expense of his journey.

These details, at once so characterestic of the enthusiastic Teutonic nature, and so strikingly discrepant, as well from old German feudalism as from continental passion for office, certainly did not lessen our interest in the noble historian, and we looked with confident desire for more fruits of his diligence. Some few publications of his appeared, we believe, from time to time, which did not reach us, but the year 1831 gave birth to two works, which we eagerly sought. These were two sets of letters from Paris, the one relative to the dead, the other to the living.*

The former of these sets of letters, which though last published—in fact written after the Professor's return to Berlin—we mention first, both because it was the first of the two that we saw and because it constitutes a part of his historical labors, and is known to the English public, as translated by Lord Francis Egerton, under the title of "Illustrations of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.' Of these historical letters I will, therefore, suffice to observe, generally, that they contain the fruits of Raumer's researches in the Parisian libraries, materials upon which to form, or by which to rectify historical opinions, but which to our old-fashioned notions, would have been more fitly, though perhaps less lucratively, incorporated in the notes or appendix to Raumer's history, now in course of publication, for the sake of which he sought them, than in this independent form. In these Berlin letters, however, we still find, as far as the nature of the anomalous composition or rather compilation, admits, the same ultra-conservative disposition to defend all lawfully constituted authorities against insurrection and innovation, which first attracted our notice, Thus the historian has discovered and published documents justifying Philip II. of Spain from the accusation under which he had long labored, of having poisoned his eldest son and his third wife. This eldest son, begging pardon of all the poets who have sung

* *Briefe aus Paris zur Erläuterung der Geschichte der* 16 *und* 17 *Jahrhunderts.* 2 bde. Leipzig, 1831. *Briefe aus Paris im Jahre* 1830. 2 bde. Leipzig, 1831.

the virtues and mourned the fate of Don Carlos, from Otway, Schiller, and Alfieri, down to their latest successor, our tragical Home Secretary, appears to have been, if not actually an idiot or a maniac, a youth whose passions were extravagant and unbridled to a degree so nearly approaching to frenzy, as clearly made it the duty of the king, if he could not cure him, to exclude him from the succession, for the sake of the millions of subjects who might otherwise have been the victims of his follies and vices. Don Carlos further appears to have died in confinement of a fever brought on by his own intemperance. If Philip II. were jealous of his French Queen, it must surely have been with some one more captivating in mind and body than her stepson.

The second set of Parisian Letters, entitled "Letters from Paris in 1830," professes to be a collection of the letters written by Herr Von Raumer to his family and friends, communicating to him his opinions relative to the manners, literature, theatres, philosophy, religion, and politics of the French metropolis, as he found them, during a residence of five months, four of which immediately preceded the notorious, if not glorious, Three Days, during which days he was absent upon excursion.

In these letters we could not but observe some little inconsistency in the writer's political opinions as they refer to the past or the present, to Germany, perhaps we should say Prussia, and every other part of the habitable globe. Here we found that the historian who justified the most severe and arbitrary measures of Frederic Barbarossa, who considered the struggle of the Lombard cities for liberty and independence as rank rebellion, viewed his Gallic contemporaries with different eyes, reprobated, as blind and lawless obstinacy, Charles X.'s endeavors to maintain the ministers of his own choice, thought the French would have been justified in every measure of passive resistance, such as non-payment of taxes, and the like, and that they took a perhaps wiser, because more quickly decisive course, in the very active resistance of the Three Days. Nay, we found an obscure intimation of treachery towards his master on the part of Marmont, unaccompanied by any intimation of distaste or disapprobation.

Still Raumer was evidently supported under this slight attack of the liberalist epidemic by innate habitual German sound sense and right feeling. He saw the faults of both parties of the opposition and the people, as well as those of the Government. He condemned and ridiculed the Brussels parody of the Parisian Three Days—he laughed at the arrogance of the Belgians, who, always subjected to a foreign yoke, always intolerant Catholics, affected to look down upon the long self-emancipated Protestant, all-tolerant Dutch, as slaves, tyrants, and bigots. He saw that, not in Prussia only, but every where, the spirit is more important than the form of a government. Nay, he even carried this monarchical opinion too far, at least for us, who incline to think that moderately free forms may gradually generate a free spirit. We shall extract a few passages to this effect from the Paris letters, partly as an apology for our own individual foible for an author who *could* write the letters from England, and partly as a contrast to, and a sort of corrective of some of the absurdities which actually astounded us as we perused those English letters. In a letter, dated March 13th, 1830, he says, speaking of the King of the then undivided Netherlands, not without truth perhaps, but somewhat reminding us of the well-known professional defensive suggestions of the tanner, woolstapler, &c. of the besieged town.

"It were more effective against the evil [of factious clamor] than censors, juries, or punishments, did governments understand how to gain the good opinion and active services of the better *literati*. Whilst every pert jackanapes writes against them, they most mistakenly hold it superfluous to employ a single well-disposed author to develope and defend the better cause. Every where soldiers more than enough, but no intellectual champions." * * *

"*March* 29.—I maintained against V., that every nation required its own appropriate guarantees of liberty, and that the abstraction which sought to establish every where the same forms, directions, and instruments, fall into inanity and perversion. * * *

"*June* 22.—I believe that the false overweight, the immoderate irritability and restlessness of the democratic element in the legislature, can be lessened and cured only by giving a greater scope and influence to this same democratic element in its proper lower sphere. Municipal and provincial councils draw off the blood from the head, and again prepare it to return thither in due and moderated circulation. Extravagant as it may sound, I am convinced that, in France, the strengthening of this right democracy would produce a a wholesome weakening of the diseased and dangerous democracy, and that all else is quackery, which will not effect the desired object." * * *

"*August* 7 (*after the glorious days*). —Some four hundred people, not rabble, mostly students and youths of that class, made their way into the Chamber of Deputies. They demanded, not merely the expulsion of the Villele Peers from the Chamber of Peers, but the abolition of the hereditary peerage, and of all privileges whatever. One party among the Deputies would gladly have employed force against these riotous reformers. But how can you on Friday punish as rioters the very persons whom on Tuesday you extolled as the deliverers of their country, as patterns for all nations and all times? * * * What is worse is that some of the Deputies sided with the four hundred politicians, and thus further encouraged them. Others argued against their views." . . . .

This is followed by such an anti-democratic argument, which, whether original or condensed from those of the more rational Deputies, it were superfluous to extract. We shall end these specimens of our historian's still remaining good sense, even whilst laboring under the revolutionary contagion in the years 1830 and 1831, with a passage that contains a sort of political confession of faith, as also what may be called a prophetic foresight of the results of the Three Glorious Days to French liberty, the writer of which we should never have conceived obnoxious to the Radical or Reform fever, at least to the degree to which he has since sickened of it. With respect to prescient apprehensions expressed, it will be remembered, that, even in 1832, when the book was published, Louis Philippe was far from having attained to his present despotic power.

"*Sept.* 8.—Through their revolutions, for and by main force the French have reached the highest grade of legal institutious, and have triumphed over the absolutists of the school of main force. Should they, in the arrogance of victory, sink back into that region, the fault will be theirs, and will not fail of its punishment. But I deny that they have now, with all their thinking and doing, established themselves upon the pinnacle of social civilization. That king and people can grow together, blending into one existence, that free gifts and sacrifices can be of greater worth than negative opposition, that the fructifying sun of love can and must shine upon the defensive pillar of law and right, these are things which, to them, appear incredible, impossible. Even the most judicious of the *Doctrinaires* would fain hammer their edifice together out of more tangible materials. Thus, in our father-land, the life and existence of king and people are actually established in a loftier holier region. There, monarch and citizen—like husband and wife, parent and child, brotners, or sisters—ask not about their rights whilst love reigns. Yet it is true that should, which God forbid! our nation become seditious, or a king tyrannical, we might find that the legal element was inadequately developed in our political life."

Who would not, from all this, have inferred, as we did, that, in the eyes of Professor Von Raumer, the mixture of chartered rights and constitutional feelings, such as it existed in this country before we were seized with the mania of improvement, would appear to be the true and just medium between French theory and German sentiment? But before we proceed either to speak of our disappointment in this respect, or further to trace our Professor's literary career, we feel tempted to say a word or two upon the party designation, *Doctrinaire*, respecting which, some of our readers may possibly be as much mistaken and perplexed as we ourselves were, French scholars as we fancy ourselves, until we were enlightened by a French friend. We had imagined that *doctrinaire* must answer to theorist; and there we were in the right, but even

by that just conclusion we were misled, inasmuch as a French theorist is altogether different from an English theorist. We Britons are accustomed to call him a theorist who logically carries out his principles or opinions, unalloyed, to their impracticable extremes. Now, in France, such extremes are held to be what is most natural and simple; hence, in politics, despotism and republicanism are thought plain, natural opinions, whilst the theorist, the *doctrinaire*, is the philosophical politician, who endeavors to steer betwixt those extremes, taking the good, and shunning the evil of of both. Should we then translate a *doctrinaire* a practical man?

To return to our professor. When the letters from Paris, written at Berlin, were published, he applied himself sedulously to the composition of his second, and far more considerable historical work, the necessary preparation for which had called him to Paris. This is a History of Europe, from the end of the 15th century, of which five volumes have now appeared, reaching little beyond the middle of the 17th century, consequently about half, and that the least complicated half of the whole undertaking. Of the research and labor requisite for the composition of such a history — as Raumer writes history—not superficially, compiling from a few popular historians in the several countries, but with deep and patient investigation of all sources of information, and with as patient, almost as toilsome, and more arduous, critical comparison of the collected materials and clashing statements, it is impossible to think, without feeling profound respect for the author who devotes his time, thought, his very life to such a task. Of the history itself we shall not here speak further; it is yet, more than his History of the Hohenstauffens, a work far too important to be criticised incidentally, and we need not say that we have here neither space nor time to discuss its character as it ought to be discussed. Besides, as with respect to the past, the writer's political views are unchanged, this history scarcely comes within the subjects here treated; and it will be enough to say that it fully confirms our original respect for the historian of the Hohenstauffen Emperors.

Nearly two years ago, the same pursuit of historical information, that took Herr Von Raumer to Paris in 1830, brought him to London, to explore the British Museum, and the State Paper Office. He there reaped a harvest as abundant as the former, and used his London in the same extraordinary way as his Parisian harvest; to wit—he published two more volumes of appendix, as an independent book. All we shall further observe, relative to this portion of his visit, dedicated to old MSS. and their repositories, is, that Raumer's physical sensibility to heat and cold strikes us as somewhat peculiar. In the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris, which is never warmed save by the summer's sun, as Raumer himself complainingly states, the historian had caught a cold, so violent, that producing intestinal inflammation, it had nearly terminated his labors with his life; and in his letters from London, he speaks of similar perils, from the yet colder atmosphere of the reading-room at the British Museum, as having been avoided only by vigilant watchfulness over his sensations, and hurrying away from this scene of chilly danger when they indicated cause of apprehension. Now, as the said reading-room is heated throughout the season by a hot air apparatus, and that to a degree which we, individually, have often found inconvenient, and which induces a universal uncloaking of the readers, we know not how to explain our Professor's chilliness, unless we suppose that, having heard much, both of the superior liberality of all French public establishments, and of the alleged illiberality of the English, he took it for granted that our reading-room must be the coldest, and shivered, as some have died, under sensations originating solely in a prepossessed, prejudiced imagination.

But it is of his letters concerning living England, of the impression produced by the appearance of this country upon the loyal Conservative Prussian, so different from that which our previous knowledge of his opinions had led us to anticipate, from that which the very same appearances produced upon the Republican brother of the England-hating Emperor Napoleon, that we are to speak, our object being to solve, if

possible, the mystery of such inconsistency. Perhaps one word may explain the difference last mentioned. The Prince of Canino resided long, observed, and thought for himself;—the Berlin Professor ———. But let us state facts rather than pronounce judgment, and the same explanation may help us to read both riddles.

We know that Herr Von Raumer came hither strongly recommended to the fair and talented translator of Prince Puckler Muskaw; that he was by her introduced to all the Whig *literati*, to all the Whig Mæcenases, to whom her pen and her politics had introduced herself; and, moreover, from his Paris letters, that he was of a temperament not unsusceptible of the influences, skiey and other, amongst which fate might chance to throw him. All this we knew before hand. Nevertheless, we felt that we were so thoroughly acquainted with the historian's political principles and sentiments, even as they appear in those very Paris letters, that we could not entertain a doubt but that our constitutional monarchy, such as it once was, must be so exactly to his taste, unless, indeed, he should think it too free, too democratic, that we opened his *England im Jahre* 1835, anticipating regrets of every recent change which had tended to assimilate this country to theorizing, centralizing France. What words can express our surprise, when instead, we read, as the fruits of the Professor's own inquiries and observations, a speech of my Lord John Russell's upon one political question, a speech of Mr. Spring Rice's upon another, a speech of Mr. Poulett Thompson upon a third, &c. &c., merely a little Germanized, and not a single word or remark that could be called original, if we except the very original idea of doing justice to Ireland, by converting every starving cottager into an independent landed proprietor; that is to say, robbing Peter not to pay, but to give alms to Paul?

Is, then, the word of the enigma simply this, that Raumer had no time to observe for himself relations and conditions that lie less upon the surface here than in France, and therefore listened instead of looking? If so, of England in 1835 not another word; for why should we trouble ourselves to take at second-hand, in German or English, translated back from German into the original language, if not into the original words, what we can so easily get, spick and span new, from the Whig statesmen and orators, and ladies and gentlemen, from whom Professor Von Raumer received his observations, views, and opinions?

Will it be asked, why, then, have we written so much about this Prussian, we must not, will not say rat, but seduced changeling? For two or three reasons—*First*, we wished to explain and excuse, to those who knew nothing else of Herr Von Raumer, our regard and respect for an author who could write such silly letters; *secondly*, we wished to show the inconsistency of his objectionable, borrowed opinions, with those which are the offspring of his own unbiassed intellect; and *lastly*, and chiefly, we were moved by a patriotic desire to point out to the Conservatives of England a striking illustration of the remarks contained in the first extract we made from the Paris Letters. Alas! We doubt no Tory Lords were duly impressed with the necessity of enlisting on their side the opinions and active exertions of the able Berlin Professor. We doubt no Tory Ladies wooed him to their brilliant *soirées*, or, if they sent the foreigner an "At Home," troubled their heads about him, beyond the reception, smile, and welcome, when he came. And lo! the result! Professor Von Raumer, during the few hours which, for two or three months, he daily dedicated to the business of exploring, understanding, and appreciating England and the English, could observe and think only by the organs of his Whig friends, admirers, and instructors. May Tories profit by experience, and not in future make over learned foreigners wholly to Whigs and Radicals!

Let us now turn to a more gratifying theme; the views of the able Republican who so differently appreciates this country—whose political opinions have been so materially modified by his observations of England and the English.

Having already contrasted him as a politician with Professor Von Raumer, and that under various aspects, we should now speak of the Prince of Canino as an author. But various difficulties start up in our way. In

this capacity he was first known to us as a poet, and as such we wish not to speak of him. We are no admirers of French poetry, revolutionary or monarchical, romantic or classic. We must even confess a lurking suspicion that the French language, so superlatively colloquial, is utterly incapable of genuine poetry; for which reason we frankly challenge ourselves as unfit to sit in a poetic jury upon the Prince of Canino's *Charlemagne*, and, we believe, other epics.

As a prose writer we know him chiefly by the already mentioned volume of memoirs lately published, and which, we must confess, whilst affording us very considerable satisfaction, has likewise occasioned us much disappointment. We had impatiently awaited these promised memoirs, in which we had expected to find Lucien Bonaparte's version of the 18th Brumaire—his views respecting his brother's conversion of the republican consulate into the empire; further, respecting this same brother's policy, domestic and foreign; and when this first volume was placed in our hands, we read on, incessantly looking for the writer's incessantly announced comparison of the 18th Brumaire and its results with the Three July Days and their results. We reached the end of this first volume, and found that all these objects of historical, political, and literary desire were to occupy the second volume. We asked for the second volume, and behold you it is to be published or not, perhaps written or not, according as the reading world shows itself deserving thereof by its reception of this first volume, which stops immediately prior to Napoleon's return from Egypt.

What is this as a contribution to the history of our times? What is it as a literary composition? A mere exposition of the subject of the great drama, scarcely entering upon *le nœud de l'intrigue*—a fragment. How should we form a critical or historical opinion upon such a fragment? We cannot even attempt so vague a task, and shall merely select a few detached passages out of this first volume, illustrative of the Prince of Canino's political opinions, as modified by, or educed from, the evils, the vicissitudes, the catastrophes that he has witnessed—in which he has participated. Those opinions, we would fain hope, considering the democratic character, and Bonapartean blood of the writer, may not be without weight with such politicians as would scoff at Tory reasonings as the drivellings of dotage, or the empty and unmeaning words of hypocrisy or tyranny.

The first passage we select may be no unuseful lesson to well-meaning incipient demagogues touching the seductions of popularity, the unanticipated influence which the passions of their hearers may exercise over their deliberately preconceived intentions. Lucien Bonaparte relates his being sent, whilst a mere youth, on a mission to France by the Corsican republicans, when the long revered Paoli preferred English to French liberty; and his introduction as a Corsican republican to the Jacobin Club, upon his landing at Marseille. We should say, that not having met with or heard a good character of the English translation of these memoirs, we translate for ourselves.

"I was called to the *tribune* before I had considered what I should say. I exclaimed that the nation was betrayed in Corsica, and that we came to invoke our brethren's aid. . . . I had meant, I wished to spare Paoli; but the acclamations of the galleries increased in proportion to the violence of my language, and for the first time I experienced the power of the hearers' passions over a public speaker. Hurried away by the shouts, the agitation of the galleries, I presently said every thing that could further inflame their passions. I no longer confined myself to soliciting prompt succors against the common enemy—I painted Paoli as having betrayed the national confidence, and returned to his native island only to surrender it to the English, whom I did not spare. . . . At midnight the sitting broke up.

"Solitude and sleep calmed my spirits. The image of that Paoli, so long the object of my veneration, arose, disturbing my soul with emotions that resembled remorse. I recollected my conversations with him at Rostino. I had just poured forth, unpremeditatedly, the very reverse of what I had for months heard from his revered lips; and ferocious execrations of Paoli had responded to my

passionate oratory. I had been associated, for my mission to Paris, with men whose repulsive aspect, savage expressions, and blackguard deportment had disagreeably surprised me. * * *

"Next morning these Marseillois deputies came and led me to a coffee-house to breakfast. We passed through *la Cannabriere*, the principal street of Marseille. I admired its length, its superb edifices. It was thronged with men, women, and children, all elbowing their way forward; and I asked one of the friends and brothers whether it were a holiday? He answered placidly, 'No, it's only a score or so of aristocrats making their somerset (*qui font la culbute.*) Dost not see them?' I looked as he pointed; I saw the *guillotine*, red with blood—at work. The wealthiest merchants of Marseille were there undergoing decapitation! And the crowd, so long fed by them, was parading in *la Cannabriere* to enjoy the spectacle! The shops were full as ever of customers—the coffee-houses were open—cakes and gingerbread were in request as at a fair! This was what I saw the first time I walked in the streets of Marseille, and what I can never forget!"

This sight, following so close upon his remorse-awakening efforts of eloquence, seems to have cured Lucien Bonaparte of his puerile Jacobinism, and he gives an account of his successful exertions to rescue provincial victims during THE TERROR; as what we are used to call the times of terror is now yet more expressively termed in France, preceded by a statement, than which we do not recollect to have seen any more briefly impressive of the horrors of anarchy.

"Who shall dare to say what he would have done if driven to the infernal alternative of those days—*kill or be killed?* * * * Young men!—read the history of ninety-three, not in the pleadings of rhetoricians falsely calling themselves historians, but in the columns of the inexorable *Moniteur*. Read patiently. Then will you, like your fathers, shrink in horror from the rule of the multitude. Under the despotism of one man, or of several men you risk falling a victim. Under a democratic despotism that risk is centupled; but you incur another, beyond comparison more dreadful—*That of becoming the executioner.*"

But our main interest in these memoirs lies, as before intimated, in the opinions of the able, statesmanlike writer respecting forms of government and constitutions, those opinions being modified by, if not wholly founded upon his own experience; and doubly valuable from the original democratic and republican tendency of Lucien's inclinations. We cannot but hope that this generally known tendency may lead to the book's being extensively read, among the reformers and revolutionists* of the present day, especially those of the continent, and yet more especially of France, a country that now sets the fashion of liberty and constitutions, as it has long done of caps, coats, and cookery. Would the French Republicans listen to and profit by the words of that true and original Brutus, Bonaparte—the name adopted by Lucien when Christian names were exploded as aristocratic—who was so long held up to admiration as the very *beau idéal* of a Republican, we strongly opine that we should no longer hear our own British radicals sneering at what they are now pleased to designate as "the twaddle about balance of power in the constitution." It is not, indeed, in our pages that we expect those who need such lessons will study them: but we may here cheer the drooping spirits of readers, for whom the name of the Prince of Canino has no charm, by showing them the wisdom that the staunch Revolutionists has derived from experience. Of the various constitutions that succeeded each other in France, prior to the 18th of Brumaire, he thus speaks:—

"The Republican Directorial Constitution offered more guarantees to public security than the monarchy of ninety-one. Let us compare the bases of those two codes. As to the code of ninety-three, which separates them, it was nothing but an absolute democracy, as such, utterly inapplicable to a great nation."

"In 91, the sovereign or legislative power was concentrated in one

* Meaning, of course, M. Thiers and Co.

single body, which was to be entirely and at once changed every second year. [This view of the Legislative Body, of the National Assembly as a despotics overeign in opposition to the debilitated and helpless Executive Power, is just, and strikes us as original.]

"In 95, the sovereign power was divided between two bodies, one-fifth of which was annually changed. Now what is the concentration of the sovereign power, whether in an individual or a body, but despotism? What is the frequent and complete change of the depositary of this sovereign power, whether an individual or a body, but anarchy?

"The constitution of 91 was a confused medley of depotic and anarchical principles. It merely translocated the despotism or legislative unity. It changed a hereditary for a biennial master. The new master was more absolute than the old, because he had not been opposed by parliaments (French,) by nobility, by clergy, or by provincial states. On the other hand, the biennial change of this absolute sovereign kept every question unsettled, at least incessantly mooted anew. We might every second year pass from a monarchy to a republic, from a republic to a monarchy. A burst of enthusiasm, a decree extorted by fear, was all sufficient for the change." * * * "It placed a baseless, unsupported throne, in opposition to an omnipotent, ever-changing sovereign. It gave to the shadow of a king neither the initiative of new laws, nor the right of dissolving the legislature, whilst the suspensive *veto* for two years could only enable him to incur the vengeance of the absolute master."

And this constitution of 91, so clearly and argumentatively condemned by Lucien Bonaparte, is the constitution *par excellence* which the Spanish Extraordinary *Cortes* of Cadiz, after having seen its failure in France nearly copied in 1812, which Portugal and Naples imitated at second hand, and which, after a second failure, though in an inverse sense,* in all those countries, has been revived with but little modification, and forced upon the *de facto* Queens (if Queen's *de facto* they still are) of Spain and Portugal.

We thought to have here terminated our extracts; but we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of here inserting this enlightened foreign Republican's view of the English Constitution, to which we alluded some pages back.

"In England, I have seen how well a *really* constitutional monarchy suits a great nation. We here behold, if not the best, yet a good and happy Republic, not in a *programme*, but in practice and in morals,—the legislative power wisely divided amongst three authorities, each of which exercises unshackled its proper prerogative,—the executive power possessing full latitude for doing good, neither having nor seeking any for doing evil,—the judicial power so independent, that the obscurest person, like the greatest wealthiest lord, like the meanest or the most illustrious continental exile, feels perfectly secure under the guarantee of the jury, which no sacrilegious touch can pervert, of domiciliary inviolability, which no villany may profane. The elective branch of the legislature, chosen by eight hundred thousand electors out of a population of twenty-five millions, which, if far from universal suffrage, approaches five times nearer to it than our electorial law. Lastly, the House of Peers, accessible to every citizen, too powerful and too enlightened to yield to the allurements of the Court or the clamor of the multitude. These hereditary magistrates have for a *century and a half* been the defenders of the charter, the immortal work of their ancestors. Their tutelary supremacy will long remain the palladium of British liberty, provided they cease not to resist inflexibly the overflowing torrent of popular opinions, which nothing short of a social convulsion could satisfy; provided they do not forsake their own appropriate territory to defend themselves weakly upon that of their adversaries, but, influenced by state reasons, consider every new law proposed relatively rather to its probable action upon the constitution, as a whole, than to that

* Its first appearance ending in anarchy, its second in the restoration of absolutism.

theoretic perfection, which often deceptiously insinuates into the body politic a fatal germ of dissolution, masked under the seductive appearance of a salutary amelioration. Should the patrician robe ever be less revered than the kingly crown, than the elective chamber * * * were not that to deny Old England, and demolish the very basis of that charter, yet unrivalled in the Old World, [hear this ye modern scoffers at *Magna Charta*,] the vital force of which resides in the *equal* independence, the *equal* respectability, and the *equal* inviolability of King, Lords, and Commons."

There is much curious matter in this volume besides our extracts; such as the Prince of Canino's acknowledgment of Mr. Pitt's great abilities as a statesman; his assertions that both Napoleon's returns to France, as well for the 18th Brumaire as for the Hundred Days, were altogether unconcerted with, and unexpected by, his partisans at home; his frank avowal, apparently without much sense of shame, of the manœuvring, the factious trickery, practised by himself and friends in the councils, prior to the first of those returns, whether preconcerted and unexpected, or not, for the purpose of overthrowing the Directory, if not the Directorial Constitution, as inefficient, and the like. But we have already said, to review Lucien Bonaparte's Memoirs, in such a fragment as this first volume, is impossible. We confidently look for a second, because we are convinced that the idle complaints of disappointment, uttered by those who were silly enough to expect a second edition of the gossip of Madame Junot, and the Prefect du Palais, in the memoirs of a philosophical republican statesman, must be felt by the Prince of Canino, as a mere topic for ridicule; such murmurs cannot possibly damp his inclination to prosecute a work, the value of which, making due allowance for the probably unconscious coloring of partiality and prejudice, is, and must be, duly appreciated by all historians and reasoning politicians. For our own part, we anticipate with some pleasure and much impatience, the offering our readers such a review of these memoirs as they deserve, when we shall obtain, in the second volume, a complete portion of the whole.

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Edinburgh, 9th December 1836.

Sir,—In Blackwood's Magazine for this month there appears a letter from Mr. Henry Cranstoun, in which he calls attention to an inaccurate statement, and to an omission which he had found in a book published by me nearly six months ago, called Schloss Hainfeld.

The *inaccuracy* consists in my having ascribed to the late Lord Ashburton some pecuniary assistance, for which, it appears, the late Countess Purgstall was indebted to her own family, at the period of her son's death, the distressing circumstances of which are alluded to at page 37 of my work.

The *omission* relates to my not having mentioned Mr. Cranstoun's name in my narrative, nor adverted to the nature and extent of his intercourse with his sister, the late Countess.

There are other topics dwelt upon in Mr. Cranstoun's letter; but as they relate to remarks in a publication which is not mine, and to opinions for which I am not responsible, I shall confine my observations to the above two points.

With respect to the pecuniary aid lent to the Countess, I have only to remark that, in the conversations with her from which I drew my information, I was quite unconsciously led into the above mistake, by confounding her descriptions of the distress and difficulties she went through at the time of her son's death, with those she had to struggle with at subsequent periods of her life, when the considerable legacy, mentioned by Mr. Cranstoun as having been left her by Lord Ashburton, proved of such importance to her.

As to the *omission*, I have to observe, that as my purpose was merely to give an account of the visit which I and my family, at her own earnest entreaty,

paid to the late Countess Purgstall—and as I had no intention whatever of giving a history of her whole life—still less of entering into the details of the private intercourse which took place between her and her connections in this country—I felt that it would be more delicate not to touch at all upon those purely domestic topics, which had reference to the surviving members of her family in Scotland.

So far, indeed, was I from imagining that, by adopting this course, I should displease Mr. Cranstoun, I was, until very lately, under the fullest conviction that he would give me credit for proper delicacy in maintaining this reserve. Accordingly, I learned, only towards the end of last month, and greatly to my surprise, that in thus confining my narrative strictly to the details of my own visit with my family at Hainfeld, my purpose had been misapprehended. I then learned—also for the first time—that I had inadvertently been led into the error above alluded to respecting pecuniary affairs.

Immediately upon obtaining this information (which was some days before the Magazine appeared, and before I had any knowledge of its contents), I cancelled the page of my book in which the inaccuracy occurred, and substituted, in all the unsold copies, another page, containing the note given below,* in which the error pointed out to me was corrected, and the omission, which I understood was complained of, supplied.

I need scarcely add, that I regret exceedingly having been led, however unwittingly, into statements or omissions which should have given a moment's uneasiness to any one connected with the late Countess, to whom I became so deeply attached, that it will ever be a source of happiness to me that, by a train of such unlooked-for circumstances—by her considered quite providential—I was enabled to watch over the latter days of so estimable a person.

I regret also that nearly a month must elapse before I can set myself right with the public. But I conceive it better to make use of the widely circulated and enduring medium of communication selected by Mr. Cranstoun for his appeal, than to print my answer in the transient journals of the day.

I have the honor to remain

Your most obedient humble servant,

BASIL HALL.

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* "After a considerable portion of this edition had gone into circulation, I was made aware that the above statement contained a material omission, which I hasten to supply.

"It ought to have been mentioned that, at the trying period of her son's death, the Countess's two brothers not only went from this country to cheer her by their presence, but by pecuniary aid essentially relieved her embarrassments at that moment; while the assistance derived from Lord Ashburton, above alluded to, was due to a legacy left her some years afterwards.

"I was led unconsciously into the above error, by confounding the Countess's description of her difficulties, at the time alluded to, with those which took place at a later period of her history."—*Schloss Hainfeld, 2d Edition*, p. 37.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. III.

The Frenchman has the happiest art of any man alive, of taking the pleasant part of any matter to his bosom, and totally dismissing the remainder. The rage for Egyptian trophies is the very last that we should conceive a national taste in France. Egypt once might have been a land of promise to the "Grande Nation," when M. Savary wrote every Parisian coterie into raptures with its rosewater, pavilions, and poetry, and every Parisian cabinet into frenzy with its gilded prospects of superseding all the British colonies, and stripping England of India by a march across the isthmus of Suez: or when M. Bonaparte carried his thirty thousand *braves* to found an empire in the East, take the Grand Turk by the beard, and give every barber in Paris the choice of a harem and a throne, Egypt might have sounded well in the native ear; but since the days of old Abercromby, and *his* style of managing the *braves*,—it might be presumed to have lost some of its attractions. Quite the contrary. Egypt in France is still "Notre Egypte." Aboukir, the 17th of March, the fate of the invincibles, and the *finale* of the "Armée de l'Orient," are completely wiped out of the picture, and Egypt and victory, the land of romance, of Napoleon and the *savans*, is as fresh and favored in the national fancy as it was on the day when the grand charlatan himself left Toulon to exhibit his cups and balls before Turk and African on the classic shores of Alexander and Cleopatra.

The obelisk of Luxor is now at last erected in Paris—in the centre of the finest square in Paris — which square it entirely disfigures, and for which disfiguration we are by no means grieved. Let no Parisian *savant* practise the small sword for our bosom on reading this. We have no possible desire to throw him into a state of belligerency. Let no hero of the *demisolde* curl up his moustaches on hearing our opinion, and threaten us with his pistol for our liberty of speech. We have not the slighest intention of going to war for the glory of the rencontre; but we do not hesitate to say that we regard those removals of ancient monuments as an offence to good taste, good sense, and good feeling, and that there we are not sorry to find them turn out in disappointment. The obelisk, while it stood among the ruins of the ancient Egyptian palace, was a striking memorial of memorable times. It was appropriate to the spot—it gratified the sense of fitness — it stood a fine monument of great, wise, stirring, and strange things that had occurred actually around the spot where it stood. It virtually formed a part of the historic evidences of the country, and to the man of science, scholarship, and cultivated imagination, it furnished the feelings which belong to the actual view of any relic of the mighty past, in the scene where all the living evidences of its greatness have gone down to the dust. But what can those feelings have to do with the "Place Louis Quinze" in Paris; the solemn solitude of the desert with the bustle of fiacres and fishwomen—the sacred characters of science and religion with the jangle of hurdy-gurdies and the prattle of holiday pedestrians — the dim and time-bleached record of the dead of thousands of years ago with the spruce impertinences of plaster-walls and the flattering sculptures of a Parisian palace-garden?

It is true that England has brought away Egyptian monuments; but it is to be remembered that those monuments were actual captures from the French-Egyptian army, and were already removed from their original position. It is true that she has the Elgin marbles; but let it be remembered that if she did not possess them, they would probably be not now in existence, as the Turks were daily shooting them down with their muskets, breaking them down for their buildings, or burning them into lime. If England have gone beyond this, we as freely protest against the principle in her case as in any other. But France has led the way, is the great remover, and has not yet learn-

ed, keen as the moral lesson was, the propriety of leaving the great works of past genius, power, and wisdom to their original possessors, or to the land which covers their graves. To restore the obelisk to its old and natural site in the palace of Luxor is now, of course, hopeless. Yet to that site it ought to be restored. It is only there that it can ever suitably stand, can ever add to the grandeur of the surrounding scene, or can ever call up any one of that host of thrilling and true ideas which belong to the sight of noble monuments on their own soil.

The disappointment of the Parisians, on the whole, might be anticipated. The expense of bringing the obelisk from Egypt was immense, and the stone cuts but a poor figure after all. The hieroglyphics go for little in the citizen eye, to which they are merely grotesque scratches covering a long brown mass of uncouth form. It is about seventy feet high, and about seven feet in diameter at the foot. It now looks bare and barbarian, and, in the eyes of the French, would have been infinitely outdone by a brick pillar well plastered over, with a fawn or a fiddler at the top. At Luxor, however, it once stood on a porphyry base, covered with suitable sculptures of Ammon, the Nile, Anubis; and with its sister monolithe, for there were two, and this, the smaller, probably caught the approving gaze of many a lotus-eating philosopher of the days of Egyptian renown. Moses and Aaron may have marked the hour by its shadow as they stood waiting in the courts of the great king; and Pharaoh himself may have taken an oracle or an omen from it before he let loose his cavalry on the frightened multitude of Israel. But now it is a mere impediment to the erection of a Maypole, and will probably make way in the next revolution for the statue of Lafayette or some other charlatan who will tell the Parisians that they are the finest people on the surface of the globe. A little mortification, too, occurred in the attempts to raise the stone. The French engineers of every kind have a habit of pronouncing themselves the first in the world; yet, in the face of the world, and, what was much worse, in the face of the idlers of Paris, all the *élite* of the engineers were hard at work for weeks raising scaffolds compiling machinery, and piling stone upon stone—and all in vain. In this way they built an inclined plane large enough for the rampart of a first-rate fortification, and costly enough to have made Louis Philippe sick of his enterprise. Yet no sooner was all brought to the test, than machinery refused to move, ropes to pull, steam-engines to drag, and the obelisk to get upon its feet. Some awkward accidents, too, befell the populace, who had crowded too near, for the pleasure of giving their opinions on the performance. Some were killed by the fall of ladders and pullies, some were mutilated; and the whole affair was rapidly falling into disfavor, when, after about three weeks of toil and tribulation, the pillar was at last got up. The populace had a day of gazing; and the monument, if the spirit of its sculptor haunts its sad and sepulchral height in our days,, may have the satisfaction of knowing, by the negligence of the passers-by, that its quarrel with the spoilers is more than avenged.

Ireland was once the land of bards. But its harps have twanged deplorably out of tune since the rebellion of "the ever glorious 98," the rout of Vinegar Hill, and the hanging of priests Murphy, Roche, and the other embryo cardinals, who expected to take the short way to Rome, by getting on horseback pike in hand. That period was fatal to the whole generation of patriot rhymers. The Inishowen stills have vainly tried to keep up the national genius by the spirit of the bogs; the Corn Exchange is content with prose gone mad; the Trades' Unions regard the faculty of talking nonsense as quite equivalent to either reading or writing. And since Captain Rock sings no more, the highwaymen, pickpockets, and patriots of Ireland are condemned to perish without their fame. How many load the prisons, the prison-ships, or the scaffold, thus defrauded of their honors, is beyond our calculation.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi."

And doubtless many of those who have finished their career in Sydney, or in the hulks have wanted only opportunity to rival the laurels of the Great Agitator himself. In the unadorned

spot which has received for so many generations the sons of the road on their last journey from the door of the Dublin jail, lies the dust of many a hero and statesman, well worthy of a niche in the gallery of the Papist Parliament, now, by the proclamation of our Sovereign Lord the People, assembled in the Corn Exchange.

"Some gallant rifler of his landlord's chest,
Some generous slayer of the parson's brood,
Some loyal rebel by his bishop blest,
Some son of Rome, baptized in flame and blood."

But though the "voice of Song," as Ossian phrases it, is mute in a general way, there are brilliant occasional tributes of national gratitude to the great names of modern times. We quote the following popular Ode to the "Representative of all Ireland." Scotsmen are bound to acknowledge the compliment paid to them in adopting their excellent old "John Anderson, my Joe."

THE AGITATOR.

"O'Connell Dan, my joe Dan, when first we were acquaint,
Your pockets they were lonesome, Dan, you had not got the rent;
But now, my dainty joe Dan, they're never known to fail,
You always can new line them, Dan, by shouting out 'repale.'

O'Connell Dan, my joe Dan, you'll never mind the rub]
You got by Burdett's letter to the 'Mems' of Brookes's Club;
For even if horsewhips flourished, Dan, upon your front or rear,
Yet every kick a patriot gets makes pence and farthings here.

O'Connell Dan, my joe Dan, how nice you 'did' the Jew,
As Cobbett 'did' the Baronet, before he bade adieu.
All masters must have scholars, thus Raphael bore the birch,
The purse is the true proselyte for you and Mother Church.

You told the Christian Jew, Dan, in honor of your nation,
He'd never vest his cash, Dan, in a sweeter speculation;
And when the Pagan peached, Dan, for want of the supplies,
You showed that blockheads may be rich, but patriots use their eyes.

O'Connell Dan, my joe Dan, you fought the Factory cause,
And Poulett Thompson trembled, like a mouse, within your jaws,
But Potter, though a dumb dog, yet hit upon the scent,
And pulled you over, tail and all, by a patriot argument.

O'Connell Dan, my joe Dan, you scorned the rogues of Derry,
Because they dared with Ireland's groans at dinners to make merry;
And though old Ireland hails you, Dan, her member black and blue,
The Williamites within their walls, Dan, might dismember you.

O'Connell Dan, my joe Dan, my song will soon be done,
May you and Captain Rock, Dan, together stir the fun;
The Melbournes, Mulgraves, Russells all, may fawn, and fear, and hate,
You've 'twenty thousand' reasons, Dan, why you should agitate.

O'Connell Dan, my joe Dan, keep all your joints complete;
If you were hanged to-morrow, Dan, Lord John would lose his seat;
Will Lamb would to his lambkin go, lean Grant unto his kale,
And Plunkett to the parish, Dan—so long life to the 'tail.'"

Poetry has, of old, made pretensions to prophecy, and Pope seems to have had a clear view of the 19th century. Lashing the infidels and dunces of his own age, he prepared the scourge for the Reformers of ours. A radical meeting has been lately held in Bristol, proving to its heart's content the right of the rabble to do what they please, and promising them also the power, by

the help of the friends of "liberty all round the world." The illustrations furnished by Bristol must have been peculiarly appropriate, and we can fancy the effect of the harangues among the ashes of the Bishop's Palace, or the ruins of Queen's Square.

"But where each science has its modern type,
History its pot, philosophy its pipe;
While struggling rhetoric repines to show,
Dishonest sight! its breeches rent below,
Embrowned with native bronze the Ranter stands,
Henley himself, in unwashed face and hands;
How heavy nonsense trickles from his tongue,
How thick the periods, neither said nor sung.
Still break' the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
While common sense and common ears complain;
Proceed and prosper, war with mankind wage,
A wondrous full-grown Zany for thy age.
O worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest where monkeys were the gods;
But Fate with butchers bade thee rise and fall,
Our mother tongue to murder, hack, and maul,
And bade thee, on the thistle formed to graze,
Bray, snort, and grovel all an ass's days."

Dunciad, b. iii.

An orator, who seems to have sat for the picture, thus addressed the Bristol meeting. We have never met a richer example of the figure of speech called

NONSENSE.

"We are at length approaching another and a better era, the genuine dawning of a brighter, of which the earliest rays already streak the horizon; as we are favored to behold the birth of its bursting splendors—(cheers). The sun of Europe is, indeed, about to arise, that it may go down no more; it shall culminate, but never decline!—it will gild every cloud, and ultimately disperse it! it will outshine every obstacle in its paths! it will illuminate every land and every shore, until the whole globe revolves in its glory! It will go forth in the fulness of its power, as at once the source and the emblem of its own mighty principles of light, and life, and love—principles so vehement, so expansive, so brilliant, and so magnificent, that they would consume themselves amidst their own fires, were they not instinct with celestial vigor, and rolling upon the axles of immortality!—(Great cheering). There is a time coming, after which never, never more shall the mind of man be fettered and chained!—no more shall the press, with its ten thousand voices, be gagged and bound!—no more shall the golden key of knowledge be wrenched from the grasp of intellectualized humanity!! Then shall no dungeon yawn for victims—no prison doors be barred upon a preacher too zealous, or a philosopher too enlightened for his age—no prostituted justice shall deliver its sentences of legal murder, nor the scaffold wait, amidst the pomp of death, for the blood of the last patriots of their country!—(Cheers). And how, as to mere human instrumentality, shall this be brought to pass? Why, just because the grand principles of liberty will have been acted out in their perfection and completeness—because knowledge and experience will have imparted practical wisdom through all classes—because the throne of freedom will have been reared upon the ruins of all that is base, and the consummation of all that is beautiful in the universe!—and, above all, because religion, delivered from every fetter and manacle, shall work her wondrous way, and open up through the vistas of time a view into those invisible realities by which we are at every moment surrounded! This will be the result of a real reformation; and every man who promotes it is a friend, and they that oppose it are enemies to the very noblest interests of their species!"

Upon which, the paper says, the orator sat down "amidst long and loud cheering." We are quite charmed by this proof of the patience of the patriots under their present deplorable condition. What! with the principles of liberty unknown in the land; with the ten thousand voices of the press "gagged and bound;" with knowledge denied to them—or, in the orator's own phraseology, "the golden key wrenched from the grasp of intellectualized humanity," whatever that may be; with the dungeon yawning for innocent victims; with justice so prostituted, that murder is made legal, and the scaffold, in all the pomp of death (we have the orator's

word for it), is waiting only for "the blood of the last patriots of their country ?" We are only astonished that they did not dissolve into universal tears: "Oh, 'tis so moving I can weep no more!" was the pathetic outcry of the stage heroine. It would admirably have answered the Bristol orator's appeal to their sensibilities; but may not we be permitted to ask what has been the use of the Reform Bill? We are pronounced gagged, fettered, victimized, manacled, and betrayed by prostituted justice. What is to help us in this dismal condition? The orator, like Dr. Slop, has his panacea—"the instrumentality of the grand principles of liberty" rolling upon, we presume, "the axles of immortality." And this is the stuff that Radicalism talks, and to which Radicalism listen, yet calls itself rational?

We are not fond of seeing Lord John Russell rise up with the preface —"*Mr. Speaker*, I have the honor to move that a commission," &c. &c. &c. Lord John's commissions, by some curious fatality, generally being best known by the number of individuals salaried, and the inordinate amount of their salaries. But we should make an exception in favor of a commission to inquire the grounds and reasons why the metropolis has such a love for being burned. During the last twelve months the firemen reckon no less than 664 fires in London alone! many of them of great magnitude, and probably on the whole, destroying property to the amount of a million of money. This itself is a sufficient ground for inquiry, A million of pounds sterling yearly sent into smoke and cinders! A million of money, spread in agriculture over any county of England, would turn it into a garden; a million of money would carry a hundred thousand laborers to Canada; a million of money would build five hundred churches, and thus go further to extinguish feuds and follies than a million of soldiers; a million of money would set half the pauperism of Ireland to work, and strip rebellion of its best ally. Yet this sum, vast as it is, is suffered to pass away, like so much dust, into the elements; so much utterly lost to all the uses of man. The subject is well worth legislative interference, and the time of the honorable House, and its committes, would be infinitely better employed in finding some remedy for this perpetual calamity, which amounts to a national loss of the interest of twenty-four millions a-year, than in listening to dull debates on municipal bodies which had been better unborn, or deciding on the merits of Mr. Joseph Hume's plans for the further gullibility of mankind.

Some expedients have been adopted, but their failure shows only that we have gone in the wrong track. The firemen of the different insurance offices have been combined into one body—"brigaded," as the rather affected phrase is—and put under the superintendence of intelligent officers. The men, too, have been armed cap-a-pie in all the accoutrements which are supposed fittest to go to war with the "destructive element," as the newspapers poetically and invariably term it. Powerful engines are provided; and the unhappy persons who lie awake on their too luxurious couches, counting the hours of which the Irish paviour, the English postman and the city watchman knows nothing, is often started by the roll of their swift yet heavy wheels, and may fairly imagine himself in the centre of a siege, with all the parks of artillery thundering in the assault. The firemen are active; every street is a fount of rushing and gushing waters; the Thames lies ready to reinforce them all; and yet every week exhibits a space devoted to conflagration which would make a review-ground for a battalion, and whose ruins would build a village.

The fault lies in the system of building. An old law has provided, that in the city of London no house shall be built unvisited by the city surveyor to ascertain its substantiality, and no house shall be built without a party wall. This law, inefficient in the city, is apparently altogether set at defiance in that ten times greater world of brick and mortar which constitutes the metropolis. But more than the old law is required in both. Why shoud not the Legislature interfere to prevent the use of a style of building which actually, like Packwood's razors, made to sell, seems made only to burn. Nothing would be easier than to build houses incapable of being consumed—at least fur-

ther than the apartment in which the fire broke out. Iron is finally cheaper than wood; as it is more manageable, more permanent, stronger, and infinitely more secure. The joists, the stairs, and all the more solid parts, might be made of iron, and of iron modelled and wrought into every shape of strength and convenience; the floors might be made of sheet-iron, and made of a smoothness and elasticity amounting to a new feature of elegance and enjoyment; the doors, the cornices, the ceilings, all the conspicuous portions of the apartments might be iron, easily decorated and moulded into every classic ornament —sometimes taking the hues of the marbles, sometimes of the metals, sometimes of the finer woods—and, in all, uniting beauty, permanence, and especially safety against fire. When we see steam-boats built of iron, and actually cheaper, lighter, and more rapid than those built of timber; when we see the most beautiful of all bridges, that look less like strong and almost indestructible means of transit over great rivers than fantastic networks thrown from rock to rock, as romantic ornaments of the landscape,—we can feel surprise only at the singular neglect of obvious means, when the result of that neglect is so fatal to property, and often to life. All that gives additional security to human existence is not merely an addition to human happiness, but a benefit to the state. The life of man is the most important possession of man; and the community sustains a loss in every instance of the individual being swept away, peculiarly in the vigor of his powers—in his being reduced to beggary, in his being compelled to abandon his habitual business, in the mutilation of his limbs, or in his being driven from his country. If we are to be told that the loss by fire is relieved by the insurance offices: it is true that the individual may be saved from ruin, and this is undoubtedly a fine result of the expedients of civilization, but the money is not the less lost to the nation. The insurer loses though the insured escapes;—the fire has destroyed a portion of the national property, which nothing can restore. It is annihilated.

For those reasons we should wish to see the Legislature direct its attention to the remedy, and look for the remedy in the use of the more permanent material. We have not a doubt that the next generation will laugh at our folly in trusting life and property to one of the most frail, as well as most inflammable of all substances, and regard us as much more ridiculous in our negligence than we now regard the ancestors who slept under thatched roofs, and covered their floors with rushes; both only less combustible than gunpowder.

But we might not be limited to a single metal, nor to any metal. Of all the products of human art, glass is the simplest, the most ductile, the most universal, and the most beautiful. It can be made wherever sand and seaweed are to be found; it can be moulded into every form, and it can take every hue of sky, plant, or metal. The interposing necessities of a government which lives on the mercy of the Humes and Roebucks (we are almost ashamed to mingle our topic with such recollections), have compelled the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with palpable reluctance, to pronounce that cheap newspapers are the primary want of the state; and he has therefore continued his taxes on some of the most important articles of life, in evident fear of the frown of the Humes. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer had left the newspaper readers, of whom there was certainly no deficiency in the land, to pay for their newspapers, the few pence which had hitherto been found no obstacle to their penetrating every corner of the land and the world, he would have been enabled to relieve the glass manufactory of all incumbrance, and have given us the full enjoyment of this most brilliant of all human productions. It is remarkable, that superior as the system of decoration seems in the Continental capitals to the general style of England, that decoration resolves itself chiefly into two materials, silk and glass, and the glass certainly the more prominent. The mirrors, the lustres, the dessert services of the foreign mansion constitute the superiority which first strikes the stranger's eye. But all this we should have in unrivalled excellence. if the industry and admirable skill of our manufacturers were not checked by the Excise. Thus the cheap newspapers, whatever light they may throw on the lucubrations of the alehouse and the gin palace, undoubtedly deprive

us of an enjoyment at least to the full as harmless. But they do more; they actually disable the Englishman from rivalling the foreigner in a product of universal demand, and in which England, already superior in the excellence of the product, would inevitably soon command the market of the world. The village politician's penny saved, is thus ten thousand times its value lost to the manufacturer, and through him to the country.

Yet the uses of this incomparable material might extend to much more than luxury. Those uses might be available to every species of building, and almost to every thing that the building contained. Fanciful as it may sound at this time, nothing would be easier that to build walls of glass, as thick as we now build them of stone, and much more durable; to supersede our dark, heavy, and perishable roofs of wood, slate, and tiles, by sheets of glass which could be made of any magnitude, of any thickness, and perfectly impenetrable to all the effects of weather. Glass may be made more solid than stone. The glass hemispheres fixed in the decks of our ships to throw light below, bear the rolling the ships guns, over them without a flaw. The most dazzling architecture might be thus in the power of the builder; roofs of every shape and elevation, Gothic, Greek, and Roman; the arched, the concave, the lofty dome, might be constructed with almost the facility of a fabric of snow, but with a permanency all but indestructible. A new element would be thus introduced into architecture, light, boundless, flowing, perpetual. The finest effects of coloring might be produced in the most endless variety. We might sit under cupolas of seeming emerald and chrysolite, gaze on walls and pillars glittering as diamond, and receive the full glory of the skies through sheets of chrystal radiant with all the hues of heaven.

We admit the strangeness with which all this may sound in the general ear. Let our houses of glass be talked of as a dream. But all this dream will yet be realized. And might be realized within the next dozen years, but for the absurd and base impediments thrown in the way of all national improvement by ignorant, venal, and brute faction. Any one of those most meagre-minded and most miserable of men who live on the breath of popularity, would not lose a rabble shout, the chance of being carried into Parliament on the shoulders of a troop of drunkards and paupers, or even a newspaper paragraph, to pave the streets of London with gold. The manufacturers and citizens of England should know who are their true enemies; who throw the real obstacles in their progress; who cheat, cajole, impoverish, and degrade. One Jacobin would do more mischief to the very populace whom, in his hypocrisy, he courts, and in his arrogance he scorns, than the most undisguised despot, from Nero to Napoleon.

But we are already actually making use of metals in building, and in a very curious and advantageous way. We are not merely forming the whole of the rich and complicated tracery of our church windows, and other windows on that scale, of iron, thus very much diminishing the expense, and almost entirely extinguishing the labor, for these frames are merely cast, but we are building our chimneys of zinc, a metal remarkably ductile, and almost indestructible. In our cold climate chimneys are essential. In our damp and foggy climate those chimneys must be high. And in our stormy climate chimneys built of brick must be not merely high but massive. But this height and massiveness together are expensive, and what is worse, hazardous. He who has listened to the groaning and racking of the pile of chimneys in a huge English mansion, on some night

> "When the sky it is dark,
> And the winds are abroad,"

will not require much evidence to prove that a weight of three or four tons nodding over his pillow is not among the incentives to repose. A mass of this size, decayed by time and overthrown from its base by one of our winter gusts, has often plunged from the top of the house through every floor to the botton. The terror felt in sleeping under what is phrased a "stack of chimneys" in a high wind, was once one of the most frequent and most natural in our gusty winter. Yet by the simple use of a metal so tenacious and yet so light, as to be capable of being raised in tubes of great length without giving way, or breaking through the roof in case of their being thrown down, the old terror is removed in every instance where the

new expedient is applied, and a few years more will probably see it wholly removed. It is to matters like these that a truly patriotic government should, could, and would apply itself. We have newspapers enough, radical inflammation more than enough; if ten thousand copies of Mr. Hume's best speeches were published at the "reduced rate" of the ten thousandth part of a farthing a-piece, the world would have only so much more nonsense and nausea. But premiums for great discoveries (things which seldom reward the *first* discoverer), suggestions to point the track of ingenious men towards discovery nationally useful, public aid, where the discovery is incontestably useful, and acts of the legislature directing the habits of the people into their readier and more extensive adoption—those would be benefits on which no doubt could exist, efforts in which the public would join with cordiality, and therefore with irresistible effect; steps in national advance, each growing wider and loftier in a progress, to which there absolutely appears to be no limit in either the powers of man, the nature of things, or the will of Providence.

The death of Bannister, the comedian, Jack Bannister, as all the world fondly called him, has caused great regret in a large circle of acquaintance. As a comedian, he had ceased to exist twenty years ago, and the rising generation could know nothing of his delightful performance, for delightful it was. There was no constraint, no effort, no error. Every look was characteristic of the part, and yet every look of the actor seemed to be the every day look of the man. His conception was admirable. The preparation which the artificial actor makes for a point and a plaudit seemed never to enter into his thoughts; the jest, the point, or the sentiment, came from his lips with the apparent unconsciousness of one to whom they were the simplest of all possible things. But no man winged his wit with happier dexterity, or guided it to the heart with finer knowledge of nature.

Bannister had the advantage of being a handsome man; his figure was good, his face intelligent, and his eye a ball of brilliant fire. Yet his line was limited. He wanted elegance for the man of fashion, and finish for the fop; but as the easy English humorist, the Englishman of middle life, of middle age, and of middle fortune: the man of independence, oddity, or originality, and pleasantry, he was altogether unrivalled. He could adopt the generous, the grave, and even the melancholy; but the restless vivacity of his eye, and the almost irrepressible gladness of his smile, showed that his province was the eccentric, the good-natured, and the gay. It is gratifying to know that he made a considerable fortune, and was enabled to enjoy his retirement in something not far from affluence; though he often blamed the memory of his ultra opulent relative, Rundell, the millionaire jeweller, for not leaving him enough to keep a coach. He possessed, however, what the millionaire could not leave him, health, spirits, good looks, and the use of his legs to the last. The gout touched him now and then, but it was with the tenderness of an old friend come to remind him occasionally of the pleasantries among which they first made acquaintance. Bannister was constantly seen taking his exercise in the streets, and enjoying the scenes which make London a perpetual panorama, with the animation of one who defied old age.

Bannister was a wit himself as well as the instrument of the wit of others. Some of those recollections still remain. In giving them here, it must be remembered how much is necessarily lost in losing the look, the tone, and the moment. One day, as he was walking with the celebrated Suett, a fellow on the top of a coach cried out, "Hope you're well, Master Dickey Gossip." Suett, not prepared for the acquaintanceship, said, peevishly, "What an impudent ruffian!"—"He seems one of the profession, however," said Mr. Bannister. "Don't you see he is upon the *Stage?*"

A shoemaker in Piccadilly, determined to astonish the world, had put up a motto from Euripides, over his window. Bannister happened to be passing with, I belief, Porson. "That is Greek," said Bannister. "What! are you acquainted with Greek," asked the Professor, with a laugh?—"I know it by sight," was the happy reply.

On the night of Mrs. Siddons' retirement from the stage, she withdrew, much affected with the sympathy of the audience; but, as the curtain fell, one of those sounds followed, from some enemy of the great actress,

which penetrates the ear amid a thousand plaudits, and for its susceptibility to which George Colman said the stage was originally called a *Histrionic* profession. Siddons caught the tone, and turning startled to Bannister, asked, "Can that be *a hiss*?"—"No," said Bannister, "it is a hys-teric."

The irritability of Matthews was proverbial. He was generous in giving his personal assistance to his brother actors; but it required dexterity, and the fortunate moment, to escape at times an angry reply. An actor once pressed him to play for his benefit at Drury-Lane. "What could I do?" said Matthews, recounting the circumstance to Bannister. "The blockhead knew I was to play at the English Opera-house on the same night; I could not split myself."—"I don't say that," observed Bannister, "but the poor fellow's idea probably arose from his seeing you, as I have done, play *in two pieces* on the same night."

Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The *barrel* organ," interrupted Bannister.

A farce, from the French, was performed, under the title of "Fire and Water."—"I predict its fate," said Bannister. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate?" said Bannister. "Why, what can fire and water produce, but a *hiss*."

On the French flight from Moscow, some one said, that the French would be very lucky dogs to escape, with Platoff and his Cossacks after them. "Much luckier dogs they would be," observed Bannister, "to escape, in their old style, with the *plate-off* before them."

The accounts from Constantinople are startling. The plague, breaking out violently in the autumn, still continues ravaging that most unhappy of all capitals. Nine thousand deaths a week! are the frightful calculation; but the misery may be beyond all calculation. What must be pangs of hunger and nakedness in the midst of the universal panic? How many wretched human beings must be at this hour lingering in the last agonies of desertion and famine, even where disease has not broken out among them? The first terror of the plague must have the effect of destroying all commerce, all the common resources, of labor, all the intercourse by which men aid each other in the common casualties of life. Even the provisions of the city must fail, or be greatly circumscribed, from the natural fear of the country people and traders to approach this huge cemetery—a cemetery in all but the silence and rest of the grave. What cries of unspeakable anguish, misery, bodily and mental pain, terror for the fate of children, horror at inevitable death, the madness of that excessive agony which totally masters human endurance, or suffers reason itself to exist only to add the hideous prospect of the morrow to the present misery.

It is a remarkable fact, and one that is perhaps connected with more than physical circumstances, that the plague *never* dies out of the regions of Mahometanism. If it is not in Morocco, it is in Algiers; if not in Algiers, it is in Alexandria; if not in Alexandria, it is in Constantinople. It may move from place to place, but it never quits the land of the Mahometan. This is not to be explained on the common grounds of the predestinarianism, which renders the Moslem careless of precaution, or the ignorance which deprives him of medical resources. Both undoubtedly have their effect; but they are inadequate to account for the almost perpetual presence of the most terrible of all diseases. The Christian nations bordering on the Mediterranean are nearly as careless, are as much predestinarians, so far as neglect goes, are scarcely less ignorant of medicine, and are to the full as squalid in their persons, and as unwholesome in their food, yet the plague has not visited even Malta this quarter of a century, though more African than European, and almost within sight of the land of Mahometanism, in its most barbarian condition; nor Sicily, though proverbial for the mixture of all kinds of population, their squalidness, their recklessness, and their ignorance. It is no superstition to regard this perpetual recurrence as a judicial punishment of the perpetual offence to Heaven that exists in the nature of Mahometanism.

Yet while we recognise the high hand which punishes national crimes

by national sufferings, we are undoubtedly not the more discharged from the duty which enjoins us to alleviate every calamity of human nature, as far as it may be in our power. A letter in that very able and valuable paper, the Standard, puts this question in a point of view which seems to be unanswerable. We willingly take advantage of its authority.

After some general remarks on the ravages of the pestilence at this moment in Constantinople, it calls on British benevolence to consider how far it might be enabled to lighten this deplorable calamity. The number dying are represented to exceed a *thousand* a-day! But, says the letter, "the still more unhappy part of the case is, the condition of the families of the dying and dead. Famine, nakedness, and all the miseries of desertion and destitution, must be their universal lot. The horrors thus experienced in the present ravages of this most horrible of all the scourges of man must be indiscribable." It then urges the especial interposition of that class of persons whose connection with the country, and knowledge of circumstances, at once calls upon them, and is likely to render their assistance most available.

"We have large trading concerns with the Levant. Many of our principal merchants are making fortunes by this trade, which, of late years, has greatly increased. Would it not be becoming in those men to relieve, in some degree, the miseries of the lower population of Constantinople—to assist the famishing with food—to supply the sick with medicines—and, not less usefully, to introduce among them some employment of that medical science, which, under God, preserves Europe from all excesses of all epidemic disease? It is true that the objects of this benevolence would be Turks, and Turks are infidels. But we pray for them in our church service, and, if our prayer is not mere words, it implies a desire and a duty to relieve them, Turks and infidels as they may be, when the relief is within our means. It is also true that we have distress at home; but the plague is so tremendous an affliction, that all others are trifling in comparison." The writer proceeds to press this duty upon the Englishman as a matter of gratitude for the past protection of his country from this dreadful misfortune or even as a shield from its possible future ravages; concluding with the words—"I am neither a foreigner nor a merchant. I can have no direct interest in any measures of relief to the miserable population of Islamism. But, as a man, I feel for human beings—as a Briton, I feel for the honor of England—and as a Christian, I acknowledge the responsibility of showing that the faith of Christ is a religion of good-will to all mankind. I have no doubt that if a subscription were opened, under any respectable names, and soon, it would amply succeed."

We think so too; and we think that it ought to be begun without delay. The calamities of nations, like the calamities of individuals, are probably in all instances Divine inflictions for some failure of virtue; but, like the calamities of individuals, they are doubtless also intended to have the result of calling us to a sense of commiseration for the sufferers. A few thousand pounds sent in the hour of distress to the unfortunate population of Constantinople, and judiciously applied by an European committee there, might make the whole difference to multitudes, between life and death, restoration, and the most agonising of all wretchedness. Who can tell what might be the effect of this sudden benevolence in softening, at a future day, even the prejudices of the Mahometan? Of one thing, at least, we are certain, that it would benefit ourselves, and perhaps, too, our country, in some other return of tenfold the value. Donations given from motives of genuine benevolence will have a record higher than the frail memory of man.

Mr. Green and his balloon have at last accomplished their object—passed the seas, swept over the cities, topped the mountains, and, alighting beyond the Rhine, astonished the whole Hun and Sclavonian population before they had taken the night caps from their heads or put their pipes in their mouths. This is the triumph of ærostation. So far as yet appears, Mr. Green might have gone to Constantinople, Crim Tartary, or China without stopping, if his fowls, cheese, and cigars would have held out. He might have crossed the Pacific, made the circumnavi-

gation of the globe, and dropping in Vauxhall Gardens, might have indulged the amateurs with a bird's-eye sketch of every sovereign of the earth at his favorite pastime for a week.

It is impossible to regard this voyage, even curtailed as it has been, but as a very remarkable exploit. Yet its first-fruits to Mr. Green's countrymen were great fears that he and his balloon had gone to "that bourne from which no traveller returns." In the multitude of reports which floated even with more rapidity than the balloon itself, it was said that the intention of the voyagers was merely to show the possibility of crossing to Calais. In that case, we should have heard of them within a few hours. Their diligence, too, in dropping letters and parachutes to tell us of their proceedings every couple of hours, gave the idea that they were anxious to communicate the most immediate intelligence. But when twenty-four hours passed, when we had begun to reckon, not by hours, but by days—when a week had nearly passed, the public curiosity was changed into alarm. The late hour at which the balloon had ascended, plunging it into night before it could cross the sea—the uncertainty of its direction afterwards through the night—the confusion produced by the various reports of its arrival—and, above all, the violent wind from the south-west, which, within twenty-four hours of their departure, swept the whole Channel, producing many wrecks, and which, if it had caught the balloon, would inevitably have shot it up the Northern Ocean, or torn it into fragments at once, produced an extreme fear that the æronauts had either been flung into the sea, or, what would be a still more melancholy fate, were whirling along over the waste of waters, hopeless of return, and finding themselves doomed to die of famine, cold, and despair. No condition could be conceived more unhappy than that of being whirled along over an almost boundless ocean, seeing, day after day, nothing below them but the waves, in which they must be buried at last, and reproaching each other with the rashness of their attempt until they died, feeding on their own flesh, half frozen, raving with thirst, mad, and miserable.

We never remember to have observed more real anxiety among the public than on this occasion. But, luckily, those formidable speculations were thrown away; and while all England was conjecturing, the intelligence arrived that Mr. Green and his companions were feasting in the midst of all the good things of the Rhineland, promenading in a German paradise, hanging up their balloon under the gilded roof of a German palace, and equally amazing and delighting the German politicians five hundred miles off, by showing them the "London papers of *yesterday*."

The facts of the case are, that a balloon can be constructed sufficient to carry from ten to twenty persons at the rate of the wind itself, for whatever time they may lay in provisions. In this instance, which is to be considered merely as a first experiment, three persons were carried nearly 500 miles within 17 hours, with perfect ease, and might probably have gone on, with the same ease, until they had devoured the last of their "dozen fowls," and been forced to descend merely to recruit their stock; and if they had gone on at the same rate, they might have dined in the sunset clouds a mile over the golden steeple of the giant Cathedral of Vienna, or taken their supper and showered their fireworks, like a descending constellation, over the gardens of the Seraglio.

We understand that Mr. Green doubts of the future possibility of steering the balloon. That it is beyond our power at present, is admitted. But what steers a bird? What enables that flourishing voyager, a crow, to steer perfectly at his will, from field to forest, and make turnings among the branches, that would raise the envy of the Jockey Club? What steers and carries the wild swan, as heavy as an infant, a thousand miles ahead through the tempest and *against* the tempest? The united action of the wings and the tail. The buoyancy of the balloon would render the wings unnecessary, except for addition to the steerage power. The true and only difficulty to be mastered is, that of enabling the balloon to go faster or *slower* than the wind; for it is only in such cases that the rudder can have any thing to act upon. The steerage of a bird and of a fish exhibit the power of direction in a surrounding element. The means are complete in both, but varied, from the circumstances of the

animal. The bird derives its buoyancy from the wing; the tail, whose chief or only purpose is steerage, scarcely aiding that buoyancy, and being scarcely movable but in the lateral direction required for the steerage. The fish is generally buoyant by its nature. The tail supplies at once its progress and direction, and it is therefore a powerful and peculiarly active instrument. Either would answer the purpose of the balloon. But its buoyancy brings it nearer to the fish than the bird. Its requisite would be a rudder of such length and force as at once to accelerate (or retard) and guide. This rudder might be a long frame, with a wheel or vane kept in rapid motion at its end. For this some modification of the steam-engine would be required; but we have overcome so many of the difficulties of the steam engine, that we are not entitled to doubt much of ultimate success even here. Still, as we observed in some former mention of this subject, we may doubt strongly of the value of the boon if it were general, and have strong fears of the perils of an invention which would make fortifications and natural boundaries useless as means of protection; lay nations almost wholly at each other's mercy, or even at the mercy of malignant individuals; render war a scene of terrible and unavoidable surprises; and divest peace of all security, not merely from the sudden attacks of neighbor nations, but from the most remote and savage. Still it is to be remembered, that for every dangerous invention there has hitherto been found a counterpoise; and that the more dangerous the invention, the more forcible, active, and comprehensive, and therefore the more capable of being turned to good it is. The first contemplations of the devastating strength of gunpowder must have been full of terror; it was pronounced a curse; the musketeer was always refused quarter; and the inventor, monk though he was, was regarded as little less than an especial instrument of Satan. Yet gunpowder has since been one of the great civilizers of the earth; one of the great protectors of mankind from savage hostilities; and even the great restrainer of massacre in the field. More men perished in on day, in many an ancient battle, than now fall in a campaign.

But even in its present condition the balloon may be of service, though scarcely in our country. We are too near the sea, and too liable to sudden shifts of wind. In England, except in the very centre of the country, wherever the balloon ascends it has water within its horizon: half an hour's shift of the gale from the south would have carried Mr. Green inevitably into the North Sea. It is in the spaces of the great continents where this danger is not to be dreaded, and where the wind blows for days or weeks together from the same point, that the balloon might even now be of admirable service. Thus, in India, in case of a Russian invasion, a balloon from the frontier, or from the Himmeleh, might convey the intelligence to Calcutta with the most important celerity. Thus, in case of an European war, a balloon from Alexandria might carry the despatches across Arabia, to Bombay, with a speed which might not merely enable the Indian Government to be on its guard, but to strike the most instant and decisive blows. In passing the Tartar deserts, or in penetrating into Africa, the balloon might make all the chief difficulties disappear, arising, as they do, from the sultriness, the sands, the scantiness of provision, the deficiency of transit, and the wars, treacheries, and extortions of the savage kings. In the mean time, we congratulate Mr. Green and his companions. If it be fame, as Horace says it is—"Volitare super ora hominum," he has amply secured his renown.

We always regarded the "Cheap Press" cry as a genuine piece of Whiggism, for which, in the language of honest men, there was but one expression, however humble—Humbug! The whole scheme has turned out the reverse of all that was intended. The great Conservative newspapers have *not* been crushed, but have risen, like giants, refreshed. The little Radical papers have risen, only to be crushed. All the Radicals were in a riot of triumph at the prospect of being able to get rid of stamps, those fetters and manacles of mind, and so forth; but their emancipation

would not bring them sense, or skill, or knowledge, and without something of those they could not find readers content to pay for even the cheap press. The whole mushroom brood, born of the mire of Radical folly, and woked into ridiculous existence by the sunshine of Whig patronage, have gone the way of poor Lord Althorp's fame, and the only result is, the loss of half a million of pounds sterling to the nation,—a larger sum than Mr. Spring Rice and all his coadjutors would sell for, if they were sent talents and all, to take their chance in any slave-market from Madagascar to Columbia, "the land of the free!"

The subject is wide. But we restrict ourselves for the moment to one instance where the remission of the stamp has been of service at once to the community and to the revenue. But this is not in the case of the cheap sedition, but in the case of the Almanacs. The Almanac is useful to every body, a circumstance in which it differs largely from incentives to assassination, lectures on Atheism, calls for "bread or blood," and vulgar libels on the Lords. The difference is already sufficiently marked by the result. John Bull may be a sullen animal, but he knows the distinction between the useful and the worthless; he may suffer talkers by profession to talk Whiggism, but he is a good sound Tory in his heart, and he shows it by regularly dropping the Whigs and their profligate nonsense without any ceremony whatever. Thus, though the Radical papers should be as cheap as the dust, he leaves them to perish, while the generation of Almanacs has become boundless as motes in the sun—is, like them, constantly rising before the eye—is, like them, of all shapes, sizes, and colors—and, like them, often gilded and glittering. We now have them at all prices, beginning with the popular penny Almanacs for the trader, the politician, the poet, the sailor, the stargazer, the gentleman, the lady, the courtier, the citizen, the lawyer, the lover, the punster, and the philosopher. The multitude of them is so prodigious, that the Government duty on the mere paper is said much to exceed the former stamp.

And thus undoubtedly a good has been done, though it as undoubtedly never entered into the heads of those wise personages, who singing their old chorus of "Ca Ira," longed only to see new editions of "Insurrection made Easy," and "Every man his own King." We have been led to speak of those useful little publications by having just met one of them, in the shape of a collection of pleasantries. Time, like adversity, brings us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. But we were not prepared for this curious combination of the merry and wise, of the chronicle which reminds us of the flight of our years, and of the wit which makes us forget its existence. This work is the "Comic Almanac for 1837; or, an Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest." The engravings, from sketches of oddity, absurdity, and character, by Cruickshank. Every month has its appropriate engraving, with verses equally suited to the scene. July has its mad dog, with the following metrical receipt for that formidable phenomenon:—

HOW TO MAKE A MAD DOG.

"Tie a dog that is little, and one that is large,
To a truck, or a barrow, as big as a barge;
Their mouths girded tight with a ragged old cord (or
They'll put out their tongues), by the magistrates' order;
So you'll save them the trouble of feeding, I think,
And the loss of your time by their stopping to drink.
If you've nothing to draw, why, yourselves let them carry (sons
Of she dogs); or else they'll be drawing—comparisons.
With a stick or a kick make them gallop away,
The faster the gallop the hotter the day;
More than all, don't allow them their noses to wet, it
Will keep them alert, by the wish they may get it.
All pleasure must end when they drop head and tail,
And their muzzles are frothed like a tankard of ale;
Turn them loose in the road with a whoop and a hollo,
And get all the boys and the boobies to follow.
'Tis a piece of high sport for the rabble you'll find,
With the mad dogs before, and the sad dogs behind;
Till they bite the king's lieges, and peace is restored
To you by the doctor, to them by the cord.'

But the song for August is more sentimental, and as such, more suited for the month, when every thing melts but the hearts of overseers, Old Bailey Counsel, bronze statues, and Poor-law Commissioners. The story is a sailor's love scene, or ship romance.

"Guy Davit was a sailor bold,
As ever hated France;
And tho' he never cared for gold,
He struck to the main chance.

Susanna Sly was what they call
A servant of all work,
Made beds, baked pies, cleaned shoes, hemmed shirts,
Blacked grates, and pickled pork.

Young Guy was born upon the Thames,
Off the Adelphi strand;
And so the water, do you see,
Became his *father land*.

'Twas there he served his time; and none
On vessel, boat, or raft,
More honest was, altho' twas known
He loved a little *craft*.

At last he weathered twenty-one,
Youth's cable then let slip;
He stept out of his master's boat,
And his *apprentice-ship*.

Next year, the first of August came,
He trimmed so well his boat,
And plied so well his oars, he won
Old Dogget's badge and coat.

'Twas then Susanna saw him first,
Then first felt Cupid's dart;
The young toxopholite had hit
The bull's eye of her heart.

So Sue set up her best mob-cap
At Guy, to win his heart;
For some folks Love makes slatternly,
And some folks he makes *smart*.

But Guy was a Conservative
(At *Whitehall* stairs his station),
And so, he did not choose to yield
To any *mob's* dictation.

Then Sue a true love-letter wrote,
But Guy seemed not to heed it,
For not a line in answer came;
For why?—he could not read it.

Then Susan tendered him her hand,
Love made her blush and falter;
Thankee, says Guy, but I prefers
A cable *to a haltar*.

For he of foreign shores had heard,
And wonders there that be,
So cutting short his love with Sue,
He sailed away to *sea*.

Sad Susan saw her sailor start
On board a ship of war,
Which raised her love to such a *pitch*,
She vowed he'd be a *ta*

So, taking to a sailor's life,
She joined the merry crew,
And round the world, through storm and strife,
She did her Guy pursue.

And she and he became sworn friends,
The question she half-popping.
Till one day Guy confessed he liked
A pretty maid at Wapping.

Then Susan home like lightning flew,
And played so well her part,
In likeness of a captain bold,
Sue won that fair maid's heart;

And following her advantage up,
(So dazzling is ambition),
Our captain soon on her prevailed
To *altar* her condition.

The wedding o'er, away she went,
To Guy the tidings carried,
And gave to him the newspaper,
That told his love was married.

Then Guy a loaded pistol took;
I'll kill myself, he cried;
Before I'll ever *side* with Sue,
I'll be a sui-cide.

When Susan heard him say these words,
She at her brains let fly;
And down *he* sank, a corse, by Jove!
And down *she* sank—*by* Guy."

In sketches which profess to give the features of the man, we must not omit that most remarkable of them all, the extraordinary change of the public spirit from depression to exaltation; from submissiveness, under the dictation of Whiggism, to fearlessness under the inspiration of English good sense; from Radicalism to Conservatism. The great public meetings, all Conservative, which have already distingushed England, have had no rival in the most memorable eras of public feeling. While all seemed verging on the ruin of the Constitution, it has suddenly sprung up with renovated vigor. The Radical, a few months ago so defying and so insolent, is now the man who hangs the head. The Republican, for we have madmen among us who agitate for a Republic, dares no longer utter a word;

and the Revolutionist, who, uniting the infidel with the robber, openly proclaimed the coming of the day of overthrow, now will not venture to stand forth and be seen, even in the most rabble gathering of the suburbs—while Conservatism comes forward with her thousands and tens of thousands, the virtuous, the known, the honored, the intelligent of the land, followed too by the loyal multitudes of those humbler classes who were once regarded as the sure allies of subversion.

In that timely and important publication, the "CONSERVATIVE," put forth by the great Conservative Association of London, we find the remark made on those meetings, that they have exhibited not merely manliness and British spirit, but also unexpected ability and constitutional knowledge.

"Among the speeches on those occasions," says The Conservative, "we find individuals whose names were hitherto unheard of in public life or literature, coming forward with strong evidence of their fitness for the achievements of both. But England has *never* fallen short of the necessities of the day of trial. When the hour comes for the struggle, she will always be seen casing her limbs in the armor hung up in her halls since the last triumphs of the Constitution; and those limbs, too, will be able to bear it. Even those trials may be permitted for the express purpose of urging this most favored of all kingdoms to the periodic exercise of her strength. The foundation may be suffered to sweep the land, only to teach us to build the rampart, and thus reclaim a broader shore for posterity. The tempest may hurry away the surface of the soil, only to awake us to the exhaustless depths of treasure which lie below. We have seen in the most heated and ambitious assemblages of Europe, the Chambers, the Cortes, the Clubs, no specimens of general ability equalling the spontaneous eloquence and knowledge displayed by even the humbler ranks in the Conservative meetings. This then is the time to save ourselves. There must be no relaxation, no security, *no surrender*. We speak it solemnly, as in the presence of the nation, and of a higher power than the nation, that we regard the empire as exposed to perils which nothing but an exertion of all its virtues, guided by all its wisdom, under God, can avert. We are in the hands of a Government which is itself in the hands of a faction, and *that faction is Popery!* It is no longer a choice of party, but a struggle for existence. The Lords have hitherto stood between us and ruin. But what is to stand between the Lords themselves and ruin? Let faction once triumph, and we are undone, rich and poor alike; Churchman and Presbyterian alike; landowner and merchant alike;—hopelessly undone; Protestantism stricken to the heart, and popery avenging its long exile on the people, the religion, and the Constitution of the empire."

In an article in the same paper, on the late Glasgow election of the Lord Rector, as an evidence of the loyal feeling of the College, it observes, that nothing could be a stronger test of the change of public opinion, from the circumstances of the individuals proposed.

"There is not a Scotsman, Minister, or Radical alive, who could come forward with more advantages for favoritism than Sir John Campbell in a canvass in Glasgow. In two of his qualities he had a measureless superiority over Sir Robert Peel. As a native of the country, and rising to the highest station of the English Bar, all national prejudice must be on his side. As a member of Government, and possessing the patronage that necessarily belongs to a Minister, the reflection, that a son of Scotland was a man of great English influence, could at least do him no harm, nor indeed ought to do him any. Sir John, too, had not suffered the public recollections of himself or his office to die away; for within the month he had been promenading Scotland, attending public dinners, and making long harangues; the whole operation probably having this election in view as much as Ministerial apology. *But Sir John was a Whig-Radical*—one of that Cabinet which had bound itself neck and heels to the footstool of faction. This settled the question at once. Though Sir Robert Peel's name was not proposed until the last moment, and though he appeared neither in person, nor by substitute, the Englishman and the Ex-Minister swept before him all the influence of the Scotsman and the master of patronage, and Sir Robert Peel was elected by a majority of 100—321 to 221.

"It is true that this was but an affair

of students; yet many of those students, equally from knowledge and years, are to be regarded as men, and all capable of forming a much clearer judgment of public men and things than nine out of ten of the general constituency. The especial point of view in which we quote the transaction, is for its evidence, and most satisfactory evidence, of the recovered state of national feeling. The Radical journals will talk, of course, of the results as a matter among boys. If it had turned out otherwise, we should have heard nothing but panegyrics on the public spirit of the Glasgow College, and triumphs in the Radicalism of the rising and educated generation. But the students have shown that their studies have been wisely directed, that their principles are those of honest men, and that they will not sacrifice truth to nationality, honor to patronage, nor religion to faction. The mere election may be a thing of the hour; but the mind which it has exhibited deserves to be a solid source of congratulation to every well-wisher of the Empire."

In all this we fully agree. The election of Sir Robert Peel for the Lord Rectorship has done honor to the College. Scotland has among her sons many a gallant, many a learned, and many a noble name [illegible] that honor or any oth[illegible] choice of the Ex-minister on [illegible]casion must show in its strong[illegible] light the sincerity of the rising you[illegible] of the country in the cause for which Scotland struggled so long, so bravely, and so triumphantly. She will not be a slave, whatever hand may attempt to fix the manacle; she will not be a hireling, though the bribe should come from a son of her own; nor will she stoop to degrade the purity of her religious faith, by suffering it to follow, even in gilded chains, the car where Popery and Superstition move in triumph over the civil and religious liberties of mankind. We regard the whole transaction as not merely, in the words of the "Conservative," "giving evidence of the renovated state of national feeling," but, as what we next value, doing honor to Scotland. We shall soon have Sir Robert Peel among us, and then we shall see how the genuine spirit of our country can sympathize with his eloquent championship of the Constitution.

SKETCHES AMONG THE POOR.

No. I.

In childhood's days, I do remember me
Of one dark house behind an old elm-tree,
By gloomy streets surrounded, where the flower
Brought from the fresher air, scarce for an hour
Retained its fragrant scent, yet men lived there,
Yea, and in happiness; the mind doth clear
In most dense airs its own bright atmosphere.
But in the house of which I spake there dwelt
One by whom all the weight of smoke was felt.
She had o'erstepped the bound 'twixt youth and age,
A single, not a lonely woman, sage
And thoughtful ever, yet most truly kind:
Without the natural ties, she sought to bind
Hearts unto hers, with gentle, useful love,
Prompt at each change in sympathy to move.
And so she gained the affection, which she prized
From every living thing, howe'er despised—
A call upon her tenderness whene'er
The friends around her had a grief to share;
And if in joy the kind one they forgot,
She still rejoiced, and more was wanted not.
Said I not truly, she was not alone,
Though none at evening shared her clean hearth-stone?

To some she might prosaic seem, but me
She always charmed with daily poesy,
Felt in her every action, never heard,
Then as the mate of some sweet singing-bird,
That mute and still broods on her treasure-nest,
Her heart's fond hope hid deep within her breast.
  In all her quiet duties, one dear thought
Kept ever true and constant sway, not brought
Before the world, but garnered all the more
For being to herself a secret store.
When'er she heard of country homes, a smile
Came brightening o'er her serious face the while;
She knew not that it came, yet in her heart
A hope leaped up, of which that smile was part.
She thought the time might come, ere yet the bowl
Were broken at the fountain, when her soul
Might listen to its yearnings, unreproved
By thought of failure to the cause she loved;
When she might leave the close and noisy street,
And once again her childhood's home might greet.
  It was a pleasant place that early home!
The brook went singing by, leaving its foam
Among the flags and blue forget-me-not;
And in a nook, above that sheltered spot,
For ages stood a gnarled hawthorn-tree,
And if you passed in spring-time, you might see
The knotted trunk all coronal'd with flowers,
That every breeze shook down in fragrant showers;
The earnest bees in odorous cells did lie,
Hymning their thanks with murmuring melody;
The evening sun shone brightly on the green,
And seem'd to linger on the lonely scene;
And if to others Mary's early nest
Show'd poor and homely, to her loving breast
A charm lay hidden in the very stains
Which time and weather left; the old dim panes,
The grey rough moss, the house-leek, you might see
Were chronicled in childhood's memory;
And in her dreams she wander'd far and wide
Among the hills, her sister at her side—
That sister slept beneath a grassy tomb
Ere time had robb'd her of her first sweet bloom.
O Sleep! thou bringest back our childhood's heart,
Eere yet the dew exhale, the hope depart;
Thou callest up the lost ones, sorrow'd o'er
Till sorrow's self hath lost her tearful power;
Thine is the fairy-land, where shadows dwell,
Evoked in dreams by some strange hidden spell.
But Day and Waking have their dreams, O Sleep,
When Hope and Memory their fond watches keep;
And such o'er Mary held supremest sway,
When kindly labors task'd her hands all day.
Employ'd her hands, her thoughts roam'd far and free,
Till sense call'd down to calm reality.
A few short weeks, and then, unbound the chains
Which held her to another's woes or pains,
Farewell to dusty streets and shrouded skies,
Her treasur'd home should bless her yearning eyes,
And fair as in the days of childish glee
Each grassy nook and wooded haunt should be.
  Yet ever as one sorrow pass'd away,
Another call'd the tender one to stay,

And where so late she heard the bright glad mirth,
The phantom Grief sat cowering at the hearth.
So days and weeks pass'd on, and grew to years,
Unwept by Mary, save for others' tears.
As a fond nurse, that from the mother's breast
Lulls the tired infant to its quiet rest,
First stills each sound, then lets the curtain fall
To cast a dim and sleepy light o'er all,
So age grew gently o'er each wearied sense
A deepening shade to smooth the parting hence.
Each cherish'd accent, each familiar tone
Fell from her daily music, one by one;
Still her attentive looks could rightly guess
What moving lips by sound could not express.
O'er each loved face next came a filmy veil,
And shine and shadow from her sight did fail.
And, last of all, the solemn change they saw
Depriving Death of half his regal awe;
The mind sank down to childishness, and they,
Relying on her counsel day by day
(As some lone wanderer, from his home afar,
Takes for his guide some fix'd and well-known star,
Till clouds come wafting o'er its trembling light,
And leave him wilder'd in the pathless night),
Sought her changed face with strange uncertain gaze,
Still praying her to lead them through the maze.
They pitied her lone fate, and deemed it sad,
Yet as in early childhood was she glad;
No sense had she of change, or loss of thought,
With those around her no communion sought;
Scarce knew she of their being. Fancy wild
Had placed her in her father's house a child;
It was her mother sang her to her rest;
The lark awoke her springing from his nest;
The bees sang cheerily the livelong day,
Lurking 'mid flowers wherever she did play;
The Sabbath bells rang as in years gone by,
Swelling and falling on the soft wind's sigh;
Her little sisters knelt with her in prayer,
And nightly did her father's blessing share;
So, wrapt in glad imaginings, her life
Stole on with all her sweet young memories rife.
I often think (if by this mortal light
We e'er can read another's lot aright),
That for her loving heart a blessing came,
Unseen by many, clouded by a name;
And all the outward fading from the world
Was like the flower at night, when it has furled
Its golden leaves, and lapped them round its heart,
To nestle closer in its sweetest part.
Yes! angel voices called her childhood back,
Blotting out life with its dim sorrowy track;
Her secret wish was ever known in heaven,
And so in mystery was the answer given.
In sadness many mourned her latter years,
But blessing shone behind that mist of tears,
And as the child she deemed herself, she lies
In gentle slumber, till the dead shall rise.

ALCIBIADES THE MAN.

Scenes XIX—XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

Φοβηθέντες γὰρ αὐτοῦ οἱ πολλοὶ τὸ μέγεθος τῆς τε κατὰ τὸ ἑαυτοῦ σῶμα παρανομίας ἐς τὴν δίαιταν, καὶ τῆς διανοίας ὧν καθ' ἓν ἕκαστον, ἐν ὅτῳ γίγνοιτο, ἔπρασσεν, ὡς τυραννίδος ἐπιθυμοῦντι πολέμιοι καθίσταντο, καὶ δημοσίᾳ πράτιστα διαθέντα τὰ τοῦ πολέμου, ἰδίᾳ ἕκαστοι τοῖς ἐπιτηδεύμασιν αὐτοῦ ἀχθεσθέντες, καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτρέψαντες, οὐ δι' μακροῦ ἔσφηλαν τὴν πόλιν.

Thucyd. VI. 15.

"For most men, alarmed by the extravagance of his personal expenditure, and by the greatness of spirit he displayed in every thing in which he bore a part, became hostile to him, as one that aimed at tyranny. And though, in his public capacity, he managed the war excellently, yet being individually disgusted with his pursuits in private, and so committing the conduct of affairs to others, IN NO LONG TIME THEY OVERTURNED THE STATE."

Not Hobbes.

Pardon, for once, an Attic quotation—duly rendered for the sake of rural gentlemen—at the head of our last Alcibiades!

Our *last*:—melancholy category! Except it be shaving, tooth-drawing, speaking at public dinners, being roasted by Lynch Law, and a very few *et ceteras*, there is nothing we should much like to do, to be, or to suffer, for the last time. But the last of any thing superlatively good—the last pirouette of Taglioni—the last morsel of green fat in our second plate of turtle—the last page of Captain Marryat's last sea-novel—the last sentence in a Nox Ambrosiana *O noctes cœnæque Deûm*!)—the last drop of that imperial Tokay, which cost us just a guinea per glass at the sale of old Q's. drinkables—such last things as these are nothing else than so much purgatorial agony. Imagine, then, our predicament as, with pensive grace—a drooping head—a twinkling tear—an unsteady hand—a pre-eminently bad pen—we sit down to copy the finishing strokes of a picture that has gained, and merited, universal admiration.

Farewell, Son of Clinias!—foremost of Athenian names—essence, thrice-distilled, of the Grecian idiosyncrasy—magnanimous voluptuary—loveable hero! Freshly hast thou lived and moved upon these speaking pages. In the multitude of thy thoughts—as thou flittest from shore to shore of the boundless Invisible—has a pleasing consciousness of renovated fame warmed thee once again with something like a human sensation?

Farewell, Timandra—"tender and true!" Faith unchangeable was thine! "Love strong as death" sustained thee. The instinct of self-devoting heart was thy guide. Beautiful Pagan!—we know nothing of thy errors—but here is a garland for thine urn?

Farewell, image of Meissner—"shape or shade! whate'er thou art,"—evoked by us from the dark gulf of oblivion! Strong has been the breath of thy inspiration; mighty the effect of that mysterious *afflatus*. Like the Pythoness when her hour was come, we have reeled beneath it—powerless, at some moments, to distinguish between our own effusion and the dictates of the god.

But no farewell to thee, Christopher, Cock of the North!

"Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt!"

i. e. "Lucky old Boy, thou shalt still retain thy country contributor!" Ever since anno Domini 1818, when our first anonymous offering, *a Night in the Catacombs*, graced thy columns, we have had the highest opinion of thy taste. Various, throughout the intervening years, have been thy moods towards us. Sometimes that benevolent smile, which melts the souls of prudes—sometimes that lion-like knitting of the brows, whereat bull-dogs go into hysterics—once the awful crutch was half-uplifted—but lo! when the shuddering public thought

to see us crumble into dust—a victim—we started up, brisker than ever, a confederate?

Without farther preface, we will rush into the bowels of our plot.

Ninety-six moons had waxed and waned since Alcibiades sailed from the Peiræus. Often had his inmost soul sickened with the longing to revisit the land of his fathers. Often had his friends implored him to return—were it only for a day. And yet he had *not* returned. Partly he trusted not yet his loving countrymen. The *general*, with an army to back him, they might land at a distance: the *citizen*, once more within their grasp, they might bring to a reckoning at home. Partly too, to his mounting spirit, a *restoration* without noise and splendor seemed out of proportion to his long banishment, and the manifest injustice he had suffered. But now—at last—there was such a clustering of bright stars in his horoscope, such a combination of favorable circumstances, that his doubts disappeared, and even his vanity felt satisfied.

The reduction of BYZANTIUM—we might have touched up some grand scenes out of that business, had it so pleased us—had crowned a series of brilliant exploits, thronging on each other's heels, since he relieved Tissaphernes from the anxiety of looking after his safe custody. Even the frigid Mr. Mitford warms in summing up the proud catalogue of his services. "When the forces first placed him at their head, Athens scarcely commanded more territory than its walls enclosed; revenue was gone, and the commonwealth depended for existence upon its fleet, which was at the same time dispirited and mutinous. He had restored loyalty to the fleet; he had restored dominion to the commonwealth; he had destroyed the enemy's fleet; and, under his conduct, the navy of Athens again commanded the seas: and, what was not least among the services, his successes and his reputation, without solicitation or intrigue, had conciliated the adverse satrap Pharnabazus, and opened probable means for checking those sources of supply to the enemy, the failure of which would restore to Athens certain superiority in the war."

Moreover, the sovereign People had now confirmed him, with Conon and Thrasybulus as his colleagues, in his post of general. "Enough!" cried Alcibiades, "for Athens, ho!" There was a trifle of some 24,000 pounds, or thereabouts, collected by him in Caria, after quitting Byzantium, which would not, he thought, make him the less welcome.

Thucydides, son of Olorus, again we devote thee to the infernal gods for leaving an unfinished history! What cramp of hand, what costiveness of soul, forced thee to stick fast in the twenty-first year of the Great War? You, who have dashed off, in four breathing and burning sentences, the SAILING FOR SICILY—you, in whose living words we yet hear the "warning trumpet blown"—the herald's leading voice—the universal prayer—the vows on shore—the pæan on the waves—you, in whose vivid tints we yet behold the teeming goblets—the golden and the silver cups—the poured libation—the galleys "racing to Ægina"—why, in the name of Pluto and of Proserpine, did you not paint, on another canvass, the LANDING OF ALCIBIADES AT ATHENS? To be sure we have Xenophon—the Attic bee—as a substitute; but 't istoo true that neither "as a political reasoner"—according to the judgment passed by a very lenient Rhadamanthus—nor as any thing else, we will take the liberty of adding—"do the masculine energy and weight of Thucydides revive in the parallel passages of Xenophon." He has made marvellously little of the landing. He tells us more of what was *said* than of what was *done*. There is a certain Duris of Samos—with the blood of Clinias in his veins—who gets up a better show for the occasion: but he is generally supposed to lie like a Yankee skipper. So we must give up "the oars keeping time to the flute of Chrysogonus, who had been victorious in the Pythian games"—"Callipides, the tragedian, attired in his buskins, magnificent robes, and other theatrical ornaments," and "the admiral-galley entering the harbor with a purple sail"—we must dispense with all this tissue of glittering embroidery, and be content with what we can spin for ourselves out of the raw material—duty paid—in Plutarch.

With captured shields, with trophies of Persian armor, with the spoils of

continent and islands, was every ship refulgent. In the rear of the Athenian galleys came the vessels taken from the enemy; the figure-heads of others, whose less precious fragments were weltering on the deep, were displayed in triumph; two hundred in all might be counted by eager eyes upon the shore. Shouts of jubilee resounded from the conquerors. Garlands fluttered. Music pealed. Old Ocean seemed oppressed beneath his burden, yet proud to bear it. The crowd on land—row behind row—were beckoning, exclaiming, hurraing. Look at those impatient fools—splash they go into the water—depth six fathoms neat—spluttering and puffing away to greet friends and kinsmen, for the sake of pressing them to lip and bosom—some ten seconds sooner than their neighbors.

But still—in this general rejoicing the Son of Clinias took as yet no part. He was standing, with a serious air, on the deck of his own galley. Leaning on his staff, he threw observant glances all around him. Slowly he steered for the Peiræus; appeared undetermined whether to disembark or not; and when Antiochus exultingly pointed to the cheering multitude, he coldly shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Not the first time that the blush of a fair morning has heralded the coming storm."

But now came flying from all sides the wreaths of flowers and of laurel towards *his* ship; now rose from every quarter of heaven the cry: "Welcome, noblest Alcibiades! welcome, thou greater than great Pericles!" Now among the groups on shore he espied his cousin Euryptolemus, and many a staunch friend besides,—their hands stretched out, inviting him—their voices distinctly heard above the din of a whole people—their strength at his service—if need should be. "To hesitate longer were a scandal for the son of Clinias!" he said; and sprung to land.

And from that moment he seemed to be the only one who had landed. Upon him alone all eyes were riveted. Him alone did the thousands of his fellow-citizens surround. Brothers, fathers, husbands—who could think of *their* return, when there was ALCIBIADES to gaze at? He passed on through crowded streets, detained every moment by embraces. To kiss the very hem of his mantle was something worth fighting for. Those near him were covering his person and his path with flowers: the distant could at least make use of their voices. The seniors pointed him out to their children. The matrons, with a sigh, remembered their youth; the virgins, with a smile, bethought them of *their*. The striplings were praying to die early, so they might *but* resemble him. The men devoured him with admiring glances. Tears of ecstasy were streaming from a myriad of eyes.

What followed on that memorable day—the council—the assembly—the speech—we leave to your quick conceptions. Our reporter was present as usual; but at this instant we are not in the vein to *extend* his abominable hieroglyphics. Suffice to remind you that things went well. The people's most gracious majesty, says Xenophon, would not have borne any opposition to their favorite. Nothing would content them but a new title for the nonce; and Alcibiades went forth from the Pnyx, hailed by 20,000 mouths—smelling strongly of garlic—PLENIPOTENTIARY-GENERALISSIMO. And yet there was one drawback.

If we *have* a weakness—an hypothesis not altogether nugatory—it is to be, as the once redoubtable Daniel O'Connell used to tell us of himself, slightly superstitious. Should we see a magpie, *spit* we must, though the lady of our love were hanging on one arm and the ghost of an ancient Persian on the other. Sooner than get out of bed without left leg foremost, on a winter morning, we would lie there—three hours beyond our indispensable allowance. And if we *did* once cut our nails upon a Friday, do we not recollect, with a shiver, that the worst news we ever heard reached us by express that evening? No wonder, then, that when we first read an English Plutarch—immediately after the Footstep, Shakspeare's historical plays, Robinson Crusoe, and Pope's Iliad—our ingenuous little heart, already fondly attached to Alcibiades, used to throb strangely at the following expressions:—"Amidst this glory and prosperity of Alcibiades, some people were still uneasy, looking upon the time of his return *as ominous*, for on that very day was kept the Plynteria, or *purification* of the goddess Minerva. It was the 25th of Tharge-

lion, when the Praxiergidæ perform those cermonies *which are not to be revealed*, disrobing the image and covering it up. Hence it is that the Athenians *of all days reckon this the most unlucky*, and take the greatest care not to transact business on it. And it seemed that the goddess did not receive him graciously, but rather with aversion, since *she hid her face from him.*" You may believe it or not, as you please, but there were some of these sentences that always made us blubber.

"We knew
That the dark presage must be true!"

Alcibiades himself, when Anytus—as some confoundedly good-natured friend or other is sure in such cases to do—pointed out to him that evening the unfortunate coincidence, did not half like it. "It was *shame*," he said, "*shame* that made the goddess hide her countenance—*shame* for having exiled her dearest son so long—*shame* for her children's fickleness, which alone prevented me from coming back seven years ago, laden with the spoils of Syracuse." But there was a nervousness in the impatience wherewith he hurried Anytus away, to spread abroad this explanation of the matter, that showed how he was affected by the omen. And, though Timandra, as beautiful as ever, rejoined him at that evening's banquet, he could not drive it from his mind. It haunted his dreams.

Let us dispel them! Imagine the glorious sunshine of a morning in Athens. Those beams, whose naked effulgence would glare too fiercely on luxurious eyes, are tempered by hangings of a roseate hue. But they give light enough to discover the interior of a superb apartment. Mark that richly decorated couch. One of its occupants has been for some time in a waking trance. And now he saws the air with an angry gesture, as if waving off some invisible intruder on his privacy. Hush! he has startled the beautiful being that lies beside him.

Scene XIX.

Alcibiades—Timandra.

Tim. (*waking*). What's this? Thou already stirring? And wak'st not me?

Alc. Mine *eyes* alone were wakeful—my *soul* was dreaming.

Tim. And what the visions that were sweeping before it? Pleasant ones, no doubt.

Alc. Not altogether.

Tim. Ingrate, with *Timandra* at thy side! (*With a piercing glance*). It must have been then, that thou again art weary——

Alc. Nay, no suspicions! My visions came not from *this* side.

Tim. Whence, then? What cares could still find their way to thee? Hast thou not recovered *all*? Country and home, wealth and dignity, kindred and (*tenderly embracing him*) friend?

Alc. All—yet something still disquiets me.

Tim. May I know it?

Alc. Nay, 'tis but idle tattle, I could have wished hidden from myself. To think that my levity should have forgotten this Plynteria! To think that Anytus had better grounds for his solicitude than I allowed him to suppose!

Tim. Canst thou possibly be serious? Concern thyself about such a piece of superstition! Thou that scarce believest in *gods*, alarm thyself at the wrath of a *goddess!*

Alc. (*gravely*). Timandra! Thou heardest yesterday my prayer to Minerva, and wouldst have me doubt of her existence?

Tim. 'Twas because *others* heard it thou spak'st so! Do I need *teaching* to penetrate the sense of your Eleusinian secrets? or to read the language of thy heart, which likes as few *superiors* as may be? By Juno, Socrates

must have meant no good by his dear pupils when he appealed to *omens* and backed himself by prodigies.

Alc. Did all mind them as little as I do, a drop of rain would scarcely break up an assembly, or a diseased liver quell the courage of ten thousand men. But since such things *will* happen—since I cannot help remembering *that* panic which preceded the Sicilian War—hard enough to quiet at the time, and amply justified, in vulgar estimation, by the issue—I am any thing rather than indifferent about this accident—I even tremble more perhaps than any Athenian of them all for its consequences.

Tim. Consequences! What? you really imagine——

Alc. O, I know the people! The highest claim upon their friendship has that Leader, who seems to be also the friend of Heaven. Fearless, at his word, will thousands rush upon destruction. His guardian Power, they deem, will blunt the hostile arrows and palsy the foeman's arm. But with quaking hearts do they follow an Agamemnon if a Calchas forebode him wo. Let a bird but rustle, they flee from an imaginary ambush—let the least mischance befall them, their first thoughts are treason and surrender. And therefore—(*he pauses for two moments, as if arrested by a sudden thought, and then leaps hastily from the bed*). Ha, I have it! I have the antidote! Rejoice, Timandra, I have it—and I owe it to one word of thine! (*Clasping her with transport*).

Tim. By Pallas and by Venus, I tremble for thy brains! This couch seems safe no longer.

Alc. (*smiling*). Fear not. In an *ecstacy* I was, but not quite a delirium. How strange those flashes of the soul, that dart forth with incredible celerity, and work with so much the more power! Wonderful, that over some projects we often brood for years, while others, in the very moment of conception, spring up at once to maturity! See now—a thousand and a thousand times has the word *Eleusis* fallen on my ear as an empty sound. Even now I had but a passing consciousness that thou hadst used it, and yet—but, no, no! many a design is poor enough in the *telling* that is brilliant and momentous in the *doing*. Farewell—four hours already has it been day for the rest of the world. 'Tis time that I too think of my day's business. (*Kisses her thrice, and hastens away*).

Tim. (*Gazing after him*). Wholly, utterly the same as ever! Gold may waste away through time, but *his* stamp remains unworn! Incomprehensible being! A voluptuary without parallel, and yet so active that before noon he will match and overmatch the day's work of the most abstinent ascetic. And I too, silly one! Faithless to all others, and faithful only to this faithless one! With joy would I plunder all the millions upon earth but to enrich this sole one with my booty, if he would take it. Destiny, destiny! I feel how wisely our poets sing when they sing of thee as the *inevitable!*

And so, as Xenophon tells us in less than a score of words, the first exploit of the new Plenipotentiary was to celebrate the *Eleusinian Mysteries* with all their ancient pomp and land-procession, instead of sneaking along the coast by sea, as the Athenians had been hitherto forced to do, ever since Agis and the Spartans had hung over them at Deceleia. Nor was the spectacle, we dare say, a whit the worse for the turn-out of the whole Attic forces to protect it. It was a classical crusade—valor championing religion. Better device there could not be for stopping envious mouths, and putting the *Plynteria* out of heads that seldom carried *two* ideas at a time.

Now is Alcibiades more popular than ever. Polite requests are made to him—according to Plutarch—"that he will at once abolish the privileges of the people and the laws, and quell those busy spirits who would otherwise be the ruin of state."

We will give him credit for declining this policy on patriotic principles. It looks at least very like it, that, within three months of his appointment to autocracy, he sailed once more from the Peiræus against the revolted isle and city of Andros. Here the Lacedemonians had a force to aid the rebels. They waited under arms to encounter the Athenian chief. It was his last victory, and *this* his last appeal to soldiers who adored him.

"To inflame your valor I might number up more topics than the Heaven has stars to show or the ocean islands. Your duty to the land of your fathers—your former trophies—your swelling hopes—on a thousand themes like these I might expatiate. But I pass them by. Our CAUSE breathes its own exhortation, and ye will listen to it. One thing alone, I beseech you, one thing ponder well! I, once the leader of your enemies, speak from an experience no Greek has ever had before me. For an *Athenian* to be daring is twofold more glorious than for a *Spartan*. No wonder if the Spartan greet with indifference or with joy the death of a soldier! What does he lose, in losing life, but a load of pain and toil? But since ye have a better lot on this side of the grave, a higher praise must follow you beyond it, when in the spirit of a nobler self-devotion ye are brave in the right place—and that right place is HERE?"

With a joyous clashing of their shields, and a still more joyous shout, the warriors answered him. The thunderbolt descends not more inevitably upon the oak it shivers than the Athenians rushed upon the foe.

The longest summer's day has its meridian point at which the sun begins to take its downward course, and oft we hail that point with glad emotions, gratefully anticipating the balmy cool of eve. But, O! how different it is to mark the zenith of a great man's destiny, to see the light of *his* glory suddenly stand still, and soon "towards Heaven's descent sloping its west'ring wheel." We have reached that point in the life of Alcibiades.

The victory at Andros was *not* followed by the capture of the town. And "whenever," says the Bœotian biographer, "Alcibiades happened to fail in what he undertook, it was suspected to be from want of inclination, not from want of ability. They thought nothing too hard for him." He was the martyr of his own genius. Fortune, so often his *friend*, would not be his *slave*.

Murmurs from the shores of Attica were wafted to him on the wings of Zephyr. He heard them and laughed. "Pallas herself," he exclaimed, "is subject to *Fate*. Would they have the *protected* mightier than his *protectress*?" His *words* were in earnest—not so was his *laughter*.

We must patch again with Plutarch. "Lysander, the Lacedemonian admiral, out of the money he received from Cyrus, raised the wages of each mariner from three oboli a-day to four, whereas it was with difficulty that Alcibiades paid his men three. The latter, therefore, went into Caira to raise money, leaving the fleet in charge of Antiochus . . . . Expressly commanded by Alcibiades to let no provocation from the enemy induce him to hazard an engagement, yet"——

We will not forestall Scene XX. Only observe that its *place* is Miletus, its *time* evening, and the persons *Alcibiades*, *Timandra*, *Alexion*, *Menander*, with other friends and guests at the table of the chief.

SCENE XX.

A BANQUET.

Alc. Nay, midnight is still far off, and we must greet it when it comes. But this one goblet more, my brothers! 'Tis the last of my Syracusan wine.

Tim. (*laughing*). The *last*? That alters the matter. See, I claim a second filling of the cup I have emptied already.

All. And we follow the beautiful Timandra.

Tim. 'Tis but fair, too, that these last cups ring clearer than the rest when we join them. Cheerily, my friends, cheerily! (*They join cups all round*).

Alc. The word was never more in season. To be plain with you, my

brothers, to-day ye have not altogether contented me. Even this burst of mirth, to which Timandra roused you, broke off too suddenly. All my efforts seemed to fall on you like sparks upon damp tinder. The very plaudits you now and then bestowed sounded not as coming from the heart.

All. No! no!—the son of Clinias for ever!

Alc. Not to me, but to our absent friends be this cup devoted—to Antiochus before them all!

Men. (*in spite of himself*). O that he could hear of it!

Alc. Hear of it he shall—through my lips and yours.

Alex. Ah!

Alc. (*surprised*). Thou sighest!—Wherefore?

Tim. (*laughing*). A sigh for the Carian maid he loves and leaves behind.

Alc. Take her with thee, friend; take her with thee! If love cannot win her, try stratagem. Rapes are not yet out of fashion; commodious are our ships, and the berths may be—widened.

Tim. You think then of an early start.

Alc. Perhaps the day after to-morrow.

Tim. And are pleased with the result of your commission?

Alc. Never more entirely. *Moderation*, as you know, is not the peculiar fault of my desires. Yet this time I beheld my wildest wish surpassed. Six ships and one hundred talents I bring with me—one hundred talents more, and twelve armed vessels follow in the course of a few days. —Ha! how Antiochus will stare and my army shout!

Alex. Ah!

Alc. (*fretfully*). Again that sigh! Tell me, I adjure ye, what is the matter? I have sworn a yet more deadly hate to sorrow than to Sparta.

Tim. Even when calamities befall thyself?

Alc. Even then—by all the gods—even then!

Tim. Well then, I will put thee to the proof. Let us see whether this oath were more serious than thy common love-vows. Son of Clinias, known to thee is that decree of the immortals, whereby rebuking human pride, they have linked, from all eternity, mischance with prosperous fortune; and therefore——

Alc. Ha, what is this? A curse on thee, Timandra—a curse upon our love, if thou torment me more with this prefatory phrasing! Speak, what is it? Be *terrible*—if so it must be—but be *brief!*

Tim. Right!—'Tis only my sex such words of preface might beseem. *Thine* is of sterner stuff. Be then a MAN!—lift up that goblet brimming full, that we may see whether thy heart throbs not, thine arm shakes not, when I tell thee—eighteen ships thou here bestowest on the Athenians; but fifteen has Antiochus—mean while—lost. Thou art mute!—Lift up the goblet, I say, without one shudder, that we may discern in thee the man and the unmovable hero.

Some. (*hiding their faces*). Ye gods!

Alc. (*in a solemn tone, having first glanced round the circle, then fixed his eyes upon* TIMANDRA). I lift the goblet, and I shake not. I lift it—and may each drop that *falls* be fire for ever in my soul! Yet I deny it not, thy speech hath pierced my heart like arrows.—Fifteen ships lost by Antiochus!—How was it?—Who brought this dreadful news?—Is't sure?—Is't undisputed?

Tim. Not more certain are thy life and my love. A messenger despatched from Samos brought it. He would have burst in upon thee while yet engaged with the Milesian council—I kept him back.

Alc. And why?

Tim. Because I knew not if this intelligence were yet proper for *all* ears; because I thought 'twould be more supportable by thee, after a merry feast and glowing wine had given thee new force and spirit to endure it. At least this *used* to be thy way of thinking.

Alc. Used to be, and *is!*—But, where are the letters?

Tim. Nowhere.

Alc. How?—and Antiochus——

Tim. Writes not.

Alc. (*disturbed*). *Writes* not?—not at all? Fixedly thou gazest on me—unspoken works are hovering on thy lips. Timandra, I adjure thee—speak! tell! conclude!

Tim. Antiochus forgot thy counsel—challenged, with a portion of his fleet, Lysander——

Alc. Ha, the senseless—but no! he is still my friend. Go on!

Tim. And Lysander came; at first with a few galleys, that held Antio-

chus engaged; then forth came the whole Spartan fleet in line of battle. The Athenians hastened to support their countrymen. They fought bravely, but in broken order. The Spartans conquered. Fifteen ships they have taken; of the crews but few were captured.

Alc. Still one ray of hope! Kind Timandra, I thank thee.—But Antiochus?

Tim. Proved himself worthy of thy heart. His disgrace and his errors he was not able to—(*hesitates*)—

Alc. (*in agony*). Timandra—by all the gods—was not able to do *what?*

Tim. Survive.—He fell like a hero, who could err, and expiate his errors!—fell in the thickest of the fight!

Alc. (*with a cry of despair*). Antiochus *dead!—dead!* He, my first friend and my last! O then, away with hero pride, and hero calmness! Nature thou triumphest.——Antiochus *dead!* Dreadful Jove!—now do I believe in thine omnipotence. This bolt smites deep—through heart and brain.—(*Springing up*). Brothers, farewell!

All. Whither, Alcibiades—O, whither?

Alc. (*turning round*). True! that I had forgotten. To-morrow we depart! See ye to that, my friends. Give ye the orders. Sobs would choke me, did I myself essay it. (*Rushes out*).

Tim. (*calling after him*). Whither? Do these tears dishonor thee? Did ever tears of pity misbecome a man—that thou wilt not shed them in our company?—Stay! Stay!—He hears me not.—I never saw him thus: but I must follow him—must sound in his ear *who* and *what* he was—that Athens may still preserve her guardian, we our friend.

To any one that may venture in the lapse of ages yet unborn to take up this subject after Meissner and us, we recommend matter for four most superior *Tableaux* between the preceding scene and that which is about to follow. In one let Timandra—not pour unheeded consolation into her lover's ears—but "chastise him with the valor of her tongue," until all his soul be roused to vengeance. In another, let the baffled man be seen, having come back from Ephesus to Samos, after a vain attempt to provoke Lysander to the combat: let him receive a letter from Aspasia (we have half a mind to try our own hand upon *that*), announcing that his ruin is again plotted at Athens, and warning him to flee: let him hint to Timandra, and the friends that still adhere to him, that he has a refuge prepared in Thrace. A third should show *the flight* begun:—let Alcibiades and Timandra have the boards to themselves in the first instance—but Diophantes, too fond of *both* to forego their company, contrives to be included in the party. A fourth may bring the exile to his Thracian castle, near Bisanthe. And once there—stand aside, good Mr. Merriman—we must buckle to this gear in our own proper person.

Scene XXI.

Morning—The Chamber of Timandra.

Timandra—Diophantes (*entering*).

Dioph. Too early, perhaps.

Tim. Not for me, but certainly for him. (*Pointing to the open door of an adjoining room*). Look you here! *There* he is, still sleeping away like one entranced. Nearer yet! I know well the depth of his slumbers: Even our prattle will not rouse him.

Dioph. Therefore still less will this. (*Snatching a kiss*).

Tim. (*struggling*). 'Twere a good deed to wake him *now*—and you deserve I should.

Dioph. Deserve it *not*, you mean. Is the *friend*, after days of absence, not worthy of at least one kiss, when the *lover* gets ten? Besides, him—for whom I would willingly pour out my blood to the last drop—whom never word nor thought of mine deceived—him in one single point I could betray with easy conscience.

Tim. Excellent!—And that point is?

Dioph. Love! It would be but paying him back in his own coin—no more. O Timandra, not *equal* to thee—for how could that be possible?—but at least *like* thee was the damsel I once found in his arms, and who until that hour had reposed in mine. Only by way of retaliation——

Tima. (*austerely.*) I am in earnest, Diophantes, when I tell thee—back! You men appear to think you must babble of nought but love, when you find us alone. Come now, rehearse me your adventures.

Dioph. Has he not done that already?

Tim. How should he, when you returned so late at night, and he is still asleep?

Dioph. (*enthusiastically.*) O Timandra, what a man is that! Numberless, says some one or other with truth, are the wonders of nature: but, at the same time, boundless is the space she has to work in. How narrow, on the contrary, is the lodging of this spirit, and yet, by the eternal powers, its wonders too are infinite.

Tim. Very true, and by me readily admitted! Only, what incites thee at present to this Pindaric eulogy?

Dioph. Experience of the last eight days. Lo now, I had known him already in good fortune and in bad, in war and in jollity, in feasting and in exile; among Spartans, Athenians, and Persians. He was never the same, and yet always like himself. Simple, compared to him, were the colors of the rainbow, and yet would he seem as smooth and limpid as the waters of some breezeless pool. But now—*now!* O, by the gods of Greece, his last part was not his easiest.

Tim. What then *was* he playing? That of Thracian, without doubt.

Dioph. And to what perfection!—Here, too, the first of all! First at the court of Seuthes, as once at the court of Tissaphernes. You remember how we laughed, when he exchanged the graceful garb of Attica for the barbarous raiment of these parts—arming his back with bow and quiver, his thigh with a Thracian scymitar. But you should have seen him when he entered the prince's hall in this costume: then would you have owned that even such rusticity sat nobly on him.

Tim. O I do believe it—believe it readily.

Dioph. Proudly, as is the fashion of the country, did Seuthes eye him. Not longer than one second looked he so. *Then* was astonishment his first, admiration his second emotion. He advanced to meet him; offered him hand and lips; and the Son of Clinias returned the pressure and the kiss, as if he had received—not a special favor, but a common salutation. The prince placed him next himself. Their talk was of war and of the chase. Every sentence that dropped from the mouth of Alcibiades was uttered in wisdom, and strengthened by experience. In order to display his treasures, Seuthes ordered the horses to be brought forth. In them, as you know, consists the Thracian's greatest wealth, and in training of them his highest art. Hence you may guess how beautiful were the horses of Seuthes. Alcibiades pronounced on them with a look and tone of an adept; above all the rest he rated one of them, that trod the earth with a majesty—glanced round him with a fire—as if he had been wont to draw the chariot of the war-god himself to battle.

Tim. (*smiling.*) O keep to prose, my good Diophantes!

Dioph. He too—thy lover—generally so sparing of his praise, was now extravagant in the expressions of his admiration. "And yet it is only his shape," answered Seuthes, "that determines me to keep him. It is impossible to break the animal. I myself have never mounted him: one only individual will he bear as rider."—"And this individual?"—"Is the man who bred him."—"Ha! a peculiarity," cried Alcibiades, and his cheeks already glowed;—"that makes this noble creature yet nobler in my eyes! Seuthes, Seuthes, I ask thee but a single favor. Suffer *me* to mount him."

Tim. May I pass for more mendacious than Cassandra, if I foresaw not this request.

Dioph. Seuthes gravely shook his head; all we Greeks pressed anxiously round Alcibiades; with the most emphatic earnestness I adjured him, in the Persian tongue, not to draw upon himself such needless danger. He laughed, and remained unmoved. "Seuthes," he said, "hadst thou described to me this horse as quite untameable, my entreaty had been frenzy, or at least fool-hardiness. But the horse that endures *one* rider, will en-

endure yet more—of such as he finds worthy to cross him. No doubt but that lordly animal would amble meekly under *thee*. But since thou seekest not to prove him, allow me to show my hardihood—with one condition, nevertheless—that the groom he has been accustomed to carry shall first bestride him."

Tim. How fine the compliment! and how wise the condition!

Dioph. Seuthes assented. The groom mounted the horse. Closely did Alcibiades observe how he curbed and governed him. As soon as his own turn was come, he approached with a friendly air; caressed and praised him much and long. The animal appeared to understand the compliment. More proudly did it arch its neck, pawed the ground, and loudly neighed. With a bound the daring rider was on its back—and sharply at first did the courser prove his horsemanship!—rearing, plunging, wheeling round and round, were the least of its furious efforts. Firm he sat, as if horse and man were one. In a few minutes the contest was over, and the noble animal went under him more tamely than under its accustomed trainer. Then pealed from every side the shout of admiration. He received it with as much indifference as if——

Tim. O, well do I know the impostor's cunning! His heart was throbbing with delight; but not an inkling of *that* upon his countenance! Was this the same horse he brought back with him?

Dioph. The very same. As soon as he dismounted, Seuthes insisted he should keep what he alone could manage. He declined it long. "Only on condition he said at last, "that I may fight on him, in the next battle, by thy side. *Against* thee I dare not be so mounted. He would know and shrink from his old master." Then for the second time did the prince throw his arms round the neck of his friend. "A covenant?" he cried, "long wished and gladly hailed!" Again rose the shouts of the circle, while thus the chiefs embraced.

Tim. A glorious triumph!

Dioph. And not long his only one. Sumptuous was the feast that Seuthes spread before us. But the Thracian luxury—as you must know—lies more in drinking than in eating. They hold him the best man on such occasions who drains the deepest bowl. With wild and terrible cries they pass it to their neighbors. What a contrast to our jocund meals, where the myrtle-branch and song go round, where even the lowest note of a Timandra's silver voice is not unheard! To the rest of us Athenians, what they called *mirth* and *raving*. He alone, far from showing wonder by even a look, caroused, revelled, rioted, as if, instead of the pupil of Aspasia, he had been a semi-barbarian. Not a cup did he allow to pass him. For Anacreon's songs he howled out some Thracian gibberish. In noise, nonsense, and horse-laughter he left them all behind him.

Tim. I see him before my eyes.

Dioph. The banquet seemed to us to be over, when up rose a Thracian; in stature half a giant, and in mind a whole savage. It was more like a wine-cask than a goblet that he heaved up, with a mighty effort, in both hands. "Noble Alcibiades!" he exclaimed, "thou hast borne thyself this day more manfully than ever Athenian did before thee. Pledge me but in *this*, to the health of King Seuthes, and I will confess—*thou deservest to have had Thracia for thy birth-place.*' We all laughed loud at this challenge. Alcibiades only smiled. "Drink it out," said he, "and I follow thee." No sooner said than done. A wretch perishing of thirst drains not more greedily his first cup of water, than did the Son of Clinias that monstrous bowl. More quickly yet he had filled it again, and cried, "forget not, my friend, that King Seuthes has a QUEEN." All eyes were fastened on him in amazement. What a shout there was, when a second time he set down the vessel empty! With an uncertain hand the Thracian seized it: with one almost *trembling* he poured in the wine. He applied his lips to it but suddenly—the goblet tumbled, still half full, out of his grasp, and the toper fell senseless to the ground, while our friend rose up unflustered, and marched off with a firm step to his chambers.

Tim. A hero-feat, that would not have shamed Father Bacchus himself!

Dioph. *Now*, we thought, every glory had been won that can be won in Thrace. The sequel showed us there was yet another. It must be

known to you, by report at least, with what devotion these half-Greeks worship the fair. From the chase to the goblet—from the goblet to the dame—from the dame to the chase again. Such is the everlasting circle of their joys. Twice had King Seuthes proffered Alcibiades the loveliest damsels of his court. Twice had he refused the gift.

Tim. Refused! Refused them! By the Doves of Venus! a piece of continence incomprehensible in him.

Dioph. So thought we Grecians too. All the Thracians stared at one another, wondering whether this were virtue or disdain. On the third day, as we were resting awhile from the chase, the king's nephew—his successor, perhaps, since Seuthes is childless—began with a smile:—"In all things, hitherto, has Alcibiades conquered us; showing that the liar Fame spoke truth for once, when she rumored him the first of Greeks. One thing only I am still curious to know."—"Which is?" Whether our damsels think as favorably of him as those of Athens did of yore."—"No wonder," replied the Son of Clinias, with a modest air, "if they thought otherwise. Many a south wind, and many a north, have blown over my hair and cheek since then—making the one whiter and the other browner. And yet it lies entirely in thy choice to prove what even in this respect my guardian genius has done for me."

Tim. Ah, the traitor! He knew but too well how little he risked in the trial? I could almost—almost bid thee hold thy peace, to spare me the shock I see is coming.

Dioph. This once, perhaps, you see too fast. My story ends differently from what you might believe.

Tim. Really?—O then end it, end it!

Dioph. We all demanded eagerly what proof he meant. He put us off with one jest and another. But when King Seuthes himself, at the renewed banquet, questioned him:—"Well then," he answered, "bind the beauties of your court by a solemn oath to speak the truth. Then let each of them mark upon a tablet the name of him who, if her choice were free, should be her chosen cavalier. 'Tis a dangerous sort of ostracism after all, and very possibly a fatal one for me. But what will one not venture for the sake of one's curious friends?" A burst of laughter thanked him for this good-humored proposal. Now, guess yourself, Timandra, how many, out of fifteen maids and matrons—after a world of blushing, smirking, and shamming modesty—at last with trembling fingers, traced out the name of your favorite?

Tim. The half of them at least.

Dioph. More yet! *Thirteen* wrote down his name. The two exceptions were the queen, and a bride of the day before. The envious murmurs of the men could hardly be restrained. Their lips just muttered a curse; their eyes flashed daggers. He alone, who seems to have made a league with calmness, and a perpetual truce with fear, looked round him with a quiet glance. "Let none of my friends be disconcerted!" he said; "let none apprehend from *me* the loss of his loved one! This manifold attachment affects me too deeply to let me offend any of these beauties by the choice of her sister. Let *equality*—since *preference* is impossible—be the lot of all; and to part—dear as it may cost me—be my duty!" And so he left the chamber, before our astonishment could vent itself in words.

Tim. (*After a short pause*). May my hair turn to the locks of Medusa, if there be not some mystery in this! *He* play the continent! *He!*—Ha, by the immortals, more insatiate than he are scarce the ocean and the grave; and now—(*shaking her head*)—had you really no suspicion, no trace of any track? Speak, Diophantes, speak openly with me!

Dioph. Suspicion enough, and yet not one clear ground for positive conjecture. His *tone* was strange enough. I have heard the same from him when his words had a covert meaning; But *what*?—That continued dark to me, and all.

Tim. O thou art dissembling?—dissembling to thine own loss. Discover to me more!—Discover to me all?—And thy reward——

Alc. (*from the next room, while he springs laughing from his bed*). Nay, fair Timandra, 'tis impossible for Diophantes, much as he may wish it, to earn the reward this time! To me, to me alone, must you betake yourself, if you would learn the rest.

Tim. (*at first a little embarrassed,*

but soon recovering herself). You confess then, there is something still to learn?

Alc. (*entering the apartment*). O yes, and the best of it all, if I mistake not. Thirteen of thy sex—my herald has already told me so—thirteen wrote down as heart and oath constrained them; but know, even of the two that traced a different name, one at least was forsworn.

Tim How?

Alc. My virtue seemed to thee unaccountable? Say, could one make choice out of the *court* of King Seuthes, when the *Queen herself*——

Tim. (*with emotion*). The Queen herself!—the wife of Seuthes!—Lycoris, so renowned for charms and chastity!

Alc. Herself! (*Jeeringly*). Dost comprehend now, good Diophantes, the meaning of my *tone*, and of the reverential salutation, with which I honored the Queen as I departed? Dost thou remember the blush, with which she thanked me *then*, and for my toast the day before?

Dioph. (*striking his forehead*). Where were my eyes not to see it?—Where my penetration not to fathom it?

Alc. I know not, unless both eyes and mind were too full of the image of—Timandra.

The two years spent by Alcibiades in Thrace were not barren of events. How *could* they, when *he* was an actor? But he, whom we have followed through great wars with Sparta, Athens, Persia, need hardly be exhibited victorious over half-barbarous hordes. Yet fain would we put off the final scene, the inevitable catastrophe. "The precious hour of parting lingers still." Let us take one more conversation with Timandra; and if the opening soliloquy remind you of a grand passage in Schiller's Robbers, all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought. And Schiller made use of it *last*, that's all."

Scene XXII.

Early in the Morning.

Alcibiades (*at an open Window*). Timandra (*asleep on a Couch*).

Alc. (*while the sun is rising*). Beautiful even here! Even in thy rising over Thracia's rugged peaks the fountain of life and light! Hailed by the choir of birds—encircled by clouds of gold—fair as a bride, and fiery as a bridegroom! (*A long pause—his ardent look grows grave*) Thee to resemble—Thee!—that was the very *boy's* first wish and proud design. Through every vicissitude of fortune, amid the glitter of prosperity, above the tempests of mischance, to maintain an undecaying splendor; to be *alone* among men, as thou in the universe—this, this was my purpose—bold and hard to be achieved, but not at least unworthy. (*Another long pause*). And have I fulfilled it until now? *Fulfilled* it!—In the eyes, perhaps, of my fellow-mortals. But in mine own?—Not one of thy beams, thou incomprehensible glory! not one issues from thee in vain. On what have a thousand of my energies been squandered? On *what*—nay! nay! away from the abyss of recollections! I tremble at the depth beneath.—O Pericles!—O Socrates! Socrates! Did *ye* ever feel like this?

Tim. (*still half asleep*). What ails thee beloved? Didst call on me?—(*Rousing herself*). What! thou already awake?

Alc. Already. And have been for a long time.

Tim. And why so long? I knew not of any urgent business.

Alc. O, for years there have been certain days that weigh heavier on me than any business. On these——

Tim. Hold there, Son of Clinias!

That speech begins exactly like the one with which you bade farewell to Dionea—the only dame on whom I sometimes think with jealousy. Am *I* also to tremble?

Alc. Tremble not! Never was I less inclined to such a parting than now. Yet it is true, beloved Timandra, days of a certain kind have for me something so awful, so disquieting, that I myself cannot comprehend it. A tempest rages in my blood; a deep gloom overspreads my imagination. At every stone that falls, at every helmet that glitters, at every cloud that lowers or breaks, my soul begins to spin the thread of its thick arising fancies;—a visionary thread, but one which often stretches further than the real one that rescued Theseus—while it *involves* me in a labyrinth, instead of guiding me *out* of its windings.

Tim. Dreamer! And is it one of these days to-day?

Alc. Ay!—and not without a cause. With this day my fortieth year fleets away, whither all the rest have flown irrevocably. After many of these fugitives I have gazed attentively enough; but after none so thoughtfully as this.

Tim. And wherefore?

Alc. O, 'tis a momentous year this fortieth! the *middle point* of even the most protracted life. To-day, methinks, I resemble some wayfaring man, who has long toiled up hill—his eye fixed upon the summit. At last he turns him round, and, lo! before him lies, in renovated tints, each scene he wandered through—every green tract, that called forth his smiles—every steep pass and trembling quagmire, through which he strained with pain and fear. Now, for the first time, he perceives *where* he made his deviations—*where* he chose the rougher path—*where* he might have rested in a grateful shade, and forgot to do it. Displeased, he shakes his head; and yet 'tis a solace to mark that his view has been often clear, and his route well chosen—to remember how swift have been his steps—how many hazards he has conquered—how high he has attained. The comparison may be old; but I feel that it is true for me.

Tim. And may I venture to ask which emotion is the strongest on thy retrospect—contentment or regret?

Alc. Dost thou know, that in thy very question there lurks reproach?

Tim. As plain as the *vanity* in thy reply.

Alc. Wo to poor Homer, and to all the poets of the olden time, if the expounders interpret their meaning no better than thou mine! Yet, why should I deny, that on many passages of my career, I look back with gladness—on some with a feeling which stern censors might entitle *pride*? And still a single point of my life, a single one, will often make complacency and self-congratulation vanish, and force me, amid hurraing crowds to think—ONE voice is wanting here; and more than a thousand heralds would *that* voice be worth.

Tim. Ha! the living image of AMBITION! Nine-and-ninety bow themselves to earth before him: he regards only the hundredth, who omitted the homage. Half a world had Cyrus already conquered; but even for the deserts of the Scythian Queen his insatiable spirit lusted still.

Alc. A flattering allusion! There *have* been moments in my being when it would have been sufficiently appropriate; but for the present thou dost me wrong. If I ever had an honest grief, an emotion of my soul derived from a pure source, it must be that which has often already swelled within me, and now more overpoweringly than ever.—(*With great warmth*). O, take away one stain—but one—from my life, and boldly will I meet the Areopagus of future judgment, or even an Egyptian tribunal for the dead!

Tim. (*with increasing earnestness*). And this point—this stain? My curiosity mounts higher and higher. Appease it, I beseech thee.

Alc. (*smiling*), Exert thy faculties, and guess.

Tim. The aspects of thy life are too manifold for *one* to display itself preeminent above the rest. Was it, peradventure, thy faithlessness towards my sex?

Alc. (*laughing loud*). Ha! excellent!—to see how every one supposes what concerns himself to be the weightiest thing for others! No, Timandra; as to trifles of that description my conscience is perfectly easy.

Tim. (*offended*). Then it was never so with more injustice! Canst thou

reckon up the crimes, the frauds, the perjuries that lie upon thy soul? Dost thou count as nought the remorse of the corrupted, the curses of the deceived, the tears of the forsaken, the——

Alc. (*interrupting her*). Gently, gently, good Timandra! Thou art speaking in thine own cause, and, in such cases, exaggeration is an epidemic malady.—*Deceived* or *Deceiver!* Such is the eternal rule in playing the game with you. With the first spark of life Prometheus breathed love into our hearts; and in the same moment Venus herself prescribed this law, which will endure as long as the difference of sexes.

Tim. Admirable indeed! Wonderfully witty and keen!

Alc. Nay, nay! Only *true*, and nothing more!—However, I myself, I deny it not, did at first occasionally fret and feel unhappy about the sighs of a Nais, the tears of a Glycerium, the mild and moping melancholy of a deserted Dionea. But when I weighed the benefits I had heaped on them against the injuries; the blissful moments I had given them—the requited tenderness of their passion—the flattered pride of their womanhood;—when I reflected on the facility with which you console yourselves, the charm you find in variety, the necessity that one of the two parties should be the first to cool—tranquil, tranquil then became my spirit, and I betook myself, with benevolent eagerness, to the task of blessing a new object.

Tim. Of *blessing!*—Odious mockery! Insupportable vanity!

Alc. (*offering his hand with a smile*). And yet *beloved* of thee!—Is it not so?—O ye yourselves love not those deities ye can only adore and never rail at!—Mark me, Timandra! Were the intercourse with thy sex to be my cause of condemnation—the burning spot upon my soul—'twould tell much heavier against me in *another* point of view.—That the man, on whose yes or no, in the assembly of the people, the fate of Greece has oft-times hung; who has oft-times held in his sole hands the weal or wo of his country—that this man should have often withdrawn himself too soon from council, in order to sink the sooner in a maiden's arms; should have often made the people wait on him for hours, in order to luxuriate longer on a bed of roses; should have often, in the embrace of a Timandra, wellnigh forgotten that there were such places as Sparta and Argos, Miletus and Persepolis;—by the gods! on seasons like to-day, a self-reproach of *this* kind will often rise out of the abyss of the past, and would press too hard upon me, were it not for the consoling thought, that nature designed to make in me the perfect model of *man* as well as *hero*. Of Miltiadeses, who beat their enemies; of Themistocleses, who saved their country; of individuals great in war, and noble in peace, we had already our full share. From all these the son of Clinias was meant to be distinguished—by his weakness no less than by his strength.

Tim. A very peculiar sort of consolation! From flowers you suck poison; but from rocks you squeeze out honey. Truly, if on every article of accusation you choose to play self-advocate with like adroitness, it will be more than ever a puzzle to me to guess what *can* be giving uneasiness to so *tender* a conscience.—(*Reflects for a few seconds*).—Is it, perchance, the war with Sicily, in which you, and you alone, plunged your country?

Alc. Indubitably not! On *that* I still look as the crowning point of my youthful enterprises—the most speaking proof that Pericles bequeathed me his spirit.

Tim. But was it not this war inflicted wounds on Athens that are bleeding still? Was it not in this that thousands of thy brethren fell—unrevenged—unburied to this hour? Was it not this prepared the way for Sparta's victories, and made the Athenian rule be feared and hated by universal Greece?

Alc. It did all this. It was more pernicious to my country than the plague that cut off Pericles. But mark you, not through *my* fault! I had promised the Athenians success and glory; I would have heaped upon them both; but I included *myself* in the bargain. The blame of subsequent reverses—the seas of wasted blood—O cast that load on those who tore me from the arms of victory! *They*, because a few square blocks were chipped by scoundrels—because

the heads of lifeless images were defaced by rioters—*they* sought to strike her living head from Athens; they hoped to shroud their envy in religion—their spite beneath a cloak of pious frenzy—*they*—O think on them no more my soul! *Mine* already was Massena—*mine* in a few moons thereafter Syracuse! Mounted were the first steps of a renown that soared into infinitude—of a power that would have thundred laws o'er every sea and land!

Tim. It may be, then, that advice Tissaphernes, which——

Alc. (*interrupting her with some heat*). O no, Timandra, no!—proceed not to recount what I did afterwards! Seek not a fault in this—that I brought an ungrateful country to the brink of ruin—that I taught Persia to know her interest, and Sparta her strength. The two words, self-preservation and necessity are sufficient for my exculpation. But back, back into my youthful years must thou go, wouldst thou discover the weak point I lay bare to the rebuke of posterity—or, should that prove a mild tribunal—at least to the scourge of my own conscience!—(She gazes at him without catching his meaning). O Timandra, daughter of the Graces, rememberest thou not the man, who once gave shape in stone to those thy guardian-goddesses, who since has served them with such rare fidelity, who taught them an alliance with wisdom and with virtue?—the first, the noblest, the best of mortal beings?

Tim. Dost thou mean SOCRATES?

Alc. Whom else could I mean?

Tim. Indeed!—Twofold more bright thine eyes are sparkling, thy cheeks are glowing——

Alc. And sevenfold more strongly beats my heart!—Mark me, Timandra; I can forgive thee, if thou laughest at the heat with which I name the son of Sophroniscus; since thou knowest his outward form alone, and nature has made that hideous. But O, he is like those wooden figures of Silenus, ugly and unseemly to behold without, but full within of the fairest images of gods. His words sound common to the ear, but enshrined in them lies all that wisdom has of the beautiful, and virtue of the godlike.

Tim. Who doubts that? Only how does it apply just here?

Alc. Apply just here? Know you not that I was once his scholar?

Tim. Methought his favorite too.

Alc. His scholar and his favorite! When I bethink me of that—of how my soul used to hang upon his lips—how, as he spoke, my heart would dance like some frienzied Corybant—how often I shed tears of anguish when I compared myself with him, and so more strongly felt my worthlessness:—when I remember the benignity with which he endured my faults and governed my frivolity;—when I confess that to him—to this syren-satyr—my mouth yet owes the best part of its eloquence, as my mind does all its knowledge,—O, then, then peals a voice in my inner ear. Inconstant! wherefore didst thou spurn so soon the choicest gift of heaven? Wherefore didst thou pluck, with thine own hand, out of thy life's golden ring, a jewel of such sumless value? That man whom Apollo counted wise—that man once owned thee his disciple—and thou left'st him for the sake of an—Aspasia!

Tim. (*somewhat surprised*).) For the sake of an Aspasia! By Aphrodite, an exchange that seems not altogether so bad!—Do you forget to-day the praises you have so often lavished on her head?

Alc. Not lavished! I only paid her due. She was—when I won her love—the foremost woman in all Athens; worthy of any sacrifice—but the friendship of Socrates! Kingdoms I might have spurned for her, without fault, without remorse—but not the man who would have been my pride and happiness, my guardian and guide through life!—O Timandra, you know the glance of this eye. No foe has ever yet traced fear in it, no antagonist embarrassment; but often, when I returned home from victory—when the maidens were showering on me garlands—and the hurras of the sailors were resounding—and my eyes were looking proudly round upon the thronging multitude of flatterers and enviers, transported frinds and abashed enemies—and suddenly they lighted upon HIM—the kind old man—as he stood afar, full of a magnanimity no tinsel can impose on, a contentment that envies no purple, a celestial wisdom that ranks him with the demigods—O then, then has the tint of

shame suffused my cheeks! then have I said to myself, Thou art conqueror and peerless; but far more wouldest thou have been, hadst thou longer been his disciple and his friend. Behold! all the laurels of Europe and Asia I would——but no! no! I cannot give voice to emotions that are unspeakable. Farewell for the present!

Tim. And whither goest thou?

Alc. Into the free air! The field—the ride—the chace—must dissipate the feelings which this anniversary awakened, and our conversation has embittered!—Enough! When thou shalt one day collect my ashes—when the accusations of my enemies are heard more loud than now—then wilt thou have some grounds more than hitherto thou knowest of to urge in my defence; but then, too, wilt thou recall one point, wherein I blushed not to be my own accuser!

Far from Athens—for the second time an exile—his country still possessed the heart of Alcibiades. And, still, at Sparta and Samos, at Athens and Miletus, in Europe and in Asia, he had his correspondents and intelligences. He, in his Thracian hold, often knew before the Attic council what was doing in the fleet, and before the Athenian commanders what was doing in the city.

The Peloponnesian war was raging with unmitigated fury. Twenty-five years had not abated the vehemence of mutual hatred in the bosoms of the great belligerents. Athens, so frequently on the brink of destruction, makes one more convulsive effort—has one more day of triumph. Seventy-seven vessels of the enemy sunk or taken—the Spartan admiral drowned—the Spartan squadron reduced to a single galley—the whole Asian coast strewn with wreck and corses—such was the tale of ARGINUSÆ.

But oh the accursed spirit of democracy, and its accursed instruments! Every reader of ancient annals knows *what* followed the splendid victory, and *how* it was accomplished. When we call to mind that the successful commanders—charged with omitting to collect the bodies of the Athenian slain, and to save the survivors out of the lost vessels, an omission for which tempestuous weather was responsible—when we call to mind that these gallant men, these preservers of their country—all of them, at least, whom the sovereign people could lay hold of—were delivered over, for their reward, under a mockery of legal form, to the hands of the executioner—let us never forget, at the time, that the scoundrel demagogues, who led the multitude in this act of execrable wickedness, could effect nothing until they called into operation the assistance of the BALLOT. Away now, sapient Grote! Down with the heads—and a little more—of the next republican effusion you intend to *read* to the House of Commons—and pray don't leave out the battle of Arginusæ.

The transports of indignation with which Alcibiades heard this news we will not describe. His first consolation was a present made him by Timandra. Returning from one of his Thracian campaigns, he was greeted by the smiles of a daughter, born during his brief absence. That daughter was the celebrated LAIS. Believe us, good reader, we beseech thee. Timandra *was* her mother, on first-rate evidence; and Plutarch makes a slight mistake in calling Sicily her birth-place.

Winter passes away. Spring arrives. The fleet of Athens is at Ægospotami, in the Thracian Chersonese, not from Alcibiades. At the head of the hostile navy is Lysander, too terrible an "opposite" for the six commanders of the Athenian force. Three days' observation of the manœuvres on either side make this plain to the Son of Clinias. On the fourth he mounts his swiftest horse—the gift of Seuthes—and gallops off for Ægospotami. The sun has long gone down, and he has not yet returned. Towards midnight an anxious group assemble in the chamber of Timandra.

Scene XXIII.

Midnight. Timandra's *Chamber.*

Timandra. Antistheus. Diophantes.

Antisth. One hour later, and I give up all hope.

Dioph. Perhaps 'tis a propitious sign, that they let him not depart so soon.

Tim. My heart presages the contrary. For many a fight already have I seen him sail, and trembled less than to-day, when he mounted horse. Who can hate him more bitterly that they do? They who foresee—in his restoration to Athens—the obscuration of their own renown? Who—(*A noise without.*)

All at once. O that *that* were he!

Slave (*entering.*) My mistress, our lord is just returned.

Tim. Away, away to meet him!

Slave. He is already here.

(Alcibiades *rushes in. His hair disordered. His eye restless. His whole appearance singularly wild.*)

Tim. Welcome, welcome, thou vagrant! I began to fear thou would'st not keep thy word. (*Embracing him, and then first perceiving his plight.*) But how——

Alc. O away, away with your eyes! Not Alcibiades, only his shadow has has returned. To-day, to-day, has my country for the first time cast me off; and ripe for the sickle of destruction do I leave her.

Antisth. and *Dioph.* By thy life and ours, what has befallen thee?

Alc. (*laughing bitterly*). O, *me* nothing! At least nothing for the present; though more—all the more—for the future. Ah, I hear them already rustling, the wings of approaching ruin! I see her alrendy overthrown—the queen of cities, the sovereign of islands, the pearl in the gridle of the Graces! Witness for me, ye righteous gods, I have done what became me! Guiltless of my country's fall have I returned from thence.

Tim. What, then, they have not listened to thee?—have not followed thine advice?

Alc. No! that have they *not!*—And yet, if ever words flowed convincingly from Grecian lips—if ever warrior offered himself for noble deeds—if ever truth arrayed herself upon the side of patriot's counsel—such case this day was mine. But in vain, all in vain! The times, when Orpheus moved rocks, are gone! O Diophantes, O Antistheus, remember my words!—a few days more, and Lysander has destroyed their last defence—throws chains upon the citizens of Athens—and fire into her ships, her havens, and her citadel. O my country, my country! to what blind guides dost thou commit thyself, since thou hast slain or banished those who saw!

Dioph. And wilt thou not yet tell us what thy counsel was?

Alc. O, willingly! Look here! In this letter which you, Antistheus, brought me, Seuthes profers an army of four thousand men to my free disposal. That *I* should lead them—and that he himself should be henceforth an ally of the Athenians—were his sole conditions, (*With a forced calmness.*) They rejected his offer with a sort of sneering acknowlegment. (*Again with heat.*) That their present position was full of danger—their conduct inconsiderate—Lysander's apparent quiet formidable—all this I proved to them by arguments, at which envy itself could only *show its teeth*, not *laugh*—and they were silent! That, if they would sail for Sestos, and take me along with them, I would there, within three days, force the enemy to combat, or to a surrender of his conquests—that, with a stout band of well-armed Thracians, I would fall upon his camp, and compel him to abandon it;—for this I pledged myself, and was able to have kept my pledge. Then, with an insolent tone, with eyes that gladly would have wounded, words that gladly would have slain, Tydeus at last arose, and bade me depart. The rest assented. Conon alone was silent. Still I lingered, still I warned them—and obeyed not till my own life was in danger, and the furious Menander had ten times bawled to me that *they*—not *I*—were generals there.

Antisth. The blinded——

Tim. (*interrupting*). Say rather the *far-sighted!* Scandalous, in truth, was their conduct; yet thou needest, O Alcibiades, to cast only a glance upon their hearts and their condition, and thou wilt find thyself ready enough to confess they act but as they must.

Alc. As they *must?*

Tim. Unquestionably! Must they not fear, that in victory every honor would fall to *thy* share, in defeat every disgrace to *theirs?* Must they not a thousand times rather see their country in danger, than *thee* at its head? Must they not—But how is this? Ye good gods, do I behold aright? Or does this flickering light deceive me?

Alc. Well, then: what see'st thou?

Tim. Tears in thine eyes! *Tears*—the first thou hast shed in Thrace; the first since Antiochus fell! Must I dry these also for thee, Son of Clinias?

Alc. O that thou could'st. But the fall of a hundred Antiochuses—dear as a single one was to me!—were nothing to the fall of Athens.

Tim. Inexplicable being! So indifferent to thine own misfortunes, and often so sensitive to those of others. To think of the countenance with which you said, *Timandra, we must once more be wanderers!* The tranquillity with which you announced to us all both your banishments—

Alc. (*interrupting.*) Was far less heroic than this solitary—*solitary* tear—for Athens' coming ruin. I, I alone then suffered; and what I suffered was too little to affect me. Even out of Athens I was still Alcibiades. Every path—every kingdom—every corner of the world—stood open to me; friends near and far, who knew and loved me; mighty commonwealths that prized me, that would fain behold me at their armies' head; monarchs who needed a commander;—all these were proud to tender me a refuge and protection. Mine own arm could combat—experience has shown how gallantly! But be all this as nothing! Suppose myself annihilated. I am soldier enough not to shrink from death; and Greece is not so poor in great men, that the loss of *one* should destroy her. But Athens! Athens! With thee falls Grecia's freedom. Who shall raise thee again, thou noble city, when thou once hast sunk? Who shall reinstate the cedar a storm has rooted from the earth?

Tim. What melancholy pictures of a too hasty fancy art thou creating for thyself! Has not many a tempest passed over Athens, and yet she is blooming? Already has she fallen and risen again.

Antisth. Risen again, like a second Antæus, with redoubled strength.

Alc. Fallen? Risen again? Know ye what ye say?

Tim. Undoubtedly. Do you forget her history in the Persian war? Was she not twice in ashes, and yet rose she not more stately from the ruin?

Alc. O no, Timandra! O no, my friend! No foolish Xerxes, coward and incendiary, is now the foe of Athens. 'Tis the SPARTAN, the most terrible of all. Not against lifeless walls alone will *he* war. To crush the Constitution of Athens—at least to cripple it for ever—will be his aim. Blind rage is formidable. It sweeps along like a hail-storm, devastating where it falls, but confined in its compass, and short in its duration. But envious spite enervates by degrees its victim, until the last strength is drained away, and dead for ever it sinks down. O fate of Messenia, terrible to all posterity, soon, I fear me, wilt thou be renewed in the calamity of Athens.

Tim. And if it be so, think not thou on her misfortune, but on her ingratitude alone. Why—as I have already asked thee twenty times in vain—why dost thou lament for a state that has twice banished thee! twice threatened thy life! which thou could'st *save*, but not *improve?* Why torment thyself about a people that has so oft repaid thy benefits with injury? that even now rejects thy counsels? that, didst thou ten times again pluck it from the jaws of destruction, would soon forget its preserver, for the next good flute-player? Leave *them* to mourn and vex themselves who have to thank Athens for favors!

Dioph. By thy head, Son of Clinias, Timandra is right. First of men, for whom all Greece is too little, listen to thy friends, and forget Athens.

Alc. Senseless!—forget that it is my country! that I owe to it the first, the costliest of blessings—*life.*

Tim. Country! Life!—Chimeras! would Prodicus exclaim.

Alc. And truly too, were it mere *existence* that I spoke of. But no where out of Athens could Alcibiades have been Alcibiades. With *this* peo-

ple alone could my virtues have met with love, my faults with forgiveness. Here alone there flourished, for my ripening youth, arts and sciences in union. Here alone I found ample verge for noble enterprise and soul-entrancing pleasure. Here there tended me a Pericles, who brought me up; a Socrates, who taught me; friends that thronged around me in the fight and in the feast; maids that kissed away from my brow the wrinkles of disquietude; a populace that adored my very humors—that shouted out so often *let Nicias the sober be silent, let Alcibiades the reveller speak!* O here, here only could the germ of so many self-opposing impulses wax strong, expand, and flourish.

Tim. Dreamer! And is Athens then alone the cradle of great men? Have Sparta, Argos, Corinth, none such upon their roll of citizens? Imagine thee born there—trained there—imagine thee the son of some Thracian churl—what matters it? Even *thus* wouldst thou have risen into the hero and the statesman.

Alc. Very possibly—but never into *that*, which Athens made me! Renowned alike amid men and maidens; victor where the myrtle-branch went round; victor where swords clashed and helmets rung; softest of the soft, and boldest of the bold. O Timandra—how often must I repeat it to thee and to thy friends?—to be a hero, and nothing but a hero, was never my design. To be first in virtue and in pleasure, *that* did I wish—that did I achieve—and *there* I find my consolation, even in this melancholy hour. Name me a delight—I have enjoyed it; a virtue—I have practised it. But name me too—if thou canst—another commonwealth in Greece, where such opportunities for both can be found. Thou art silent! Ungrateful! Thou art already convinced; and yet I have kept back my strongest arguments. Was it not at Athens that we met each other? Was it not there you learned the thousand arts that have chained princes to your car? that allured me to select thee from hundreds of thy sisters? and that bless us yet? O for that cause, for that cause alone, shall Athens be the city of my soul, so long as a nerve thrills, or a pulse throbs in me. Let destiny do her worst upon me! To cross my plans may be but sport to her; but *thee*—'Tis Atropos alone shall tear thee from me!

Lysander conquers. Alcibiades flees to Bithynia—to Phrygia. We are drawing nearer and nearer to a close.

Pharnabazus receives him with open arms and eager hospitality—as warm as Tissaphernes had ever displayed. The consummation is drawing nearer still.

Groaning under the influence of victorious Sparta, and the iron rule of her Thirty Tyrants, captive—prostrate—Athens will not yet abandon hope, as long as she knows that Alcibiades, in any quarter of the world, survives. Lysander receives private orders from the magistrates of Lacedemon, to insist upon his death. He transmits them to the Persian Satrap.

Alcibiades had just quitted Pharnabazus on his way to the throne of the Great King. At the evening banquet, when the goblet had already been ten times filled and drained,—when the senses of the Satrap were more than half confused,—when jealous courtiers had been spurting out fresh poison against the Son of Clinias, and their masters suffered it in silence,—at that moment the Spartan messengers renewed their demand, and required, with Spartan haughtiness, immediate acquiescence or dismissal. For a few minutes Pharnabazus still was mute—then came to the resolve we might anticipate from a barbarian and a Satrap. Yet it was with a shaking hand, and almost weeping eyes, that he signed the fatal order. His uncle Sysamithres was appointed to see it put in execution.

Tranquilly, mean while, did Alcibiades pursue his journey. That hate, jealousy, and artifice were brewing machinations against him—that Sparta and her thirty deputies at Athens would hunt after his blood—all this he easily conjectured; but he either apprehended not so rapid a pursuit,—or thought, as at other times, a danger despised was already overcome. This time, alas! he was mistaken. He had not yet passed the boundaries of Phrygia before Sysamithres and his band of twenty men came up with him.

Yet not once did these assassins dream of attacking him in front. Not for a moment did they feel emboldened to assault with warriors' weapons the man who was travelling through the country with one friend and a woman. Alcibiades had spent the night in one of the small huts of a paltry hamlet. A warning vision that disturbed his first hours of repose, he disregarded. Just as a light morning slumber had stolen more soothingly upon his senses, he was wakened by a startling noise. He looked up, and beheld a bright wreath of fire darting from point to point along the opposite wall. Before he could utter a word, Timandra was roused by the same horrid spectacle, and shrieked, half dead with terror, "Almighty powers, what is that?"

"Treachery," answered Alcibiades, with his mind already perfectly collected—sprang up, and called upon his friend, still sleeping unconscious in the neighboring room. Whatever clothes and furniture he spied around, he seized and threw upon the flame. His persuasive voice calmed the plaints of Timandra—his example, the agony of Diophantes. His left hand wrapt in his mantle, with his right he brandished his sword. Thus he broke through the fire, and bore Timandra forth unharmed. Diophantes, too, was safe.

The murderers had surrounded the house: they started to see, unhurt and undismayed, him whom they deemed already sacrificed. As the angry eye of a despot scatters the herd of his slaves, so did his glance disperse them. No one laid hand upon him; no one struck a blow. Not till they were again at a distance, and secure from his dreaded blade, did they turn and pour in their arrows. Of the twenty, two transfixed him. Without a groan or a sigh—yet stricken to death—he sank upon the ground. The assassins marked his fall, and fled as if Revenge were at their heels.

With a thrilling scream of anguish, Timandra threw herself beside her lover. His wounds were bleeding inwardly—in the region of the heart. For a season he lay senseless. Yet once more did the voice of Timandra unseal his eyes: he clasped her hand with a dying effort. "Farewell, beloved! Tell it, one day, to Athens, that I fell true to her; and that—that—a crowd of murderers dared to strike me only—FROM A DISTANCE!"

Ah! how she rent her hair! how she wrung her hands! how she tore her bosom! how she called on heaven and on Hades to yield him back again! When, at last, her consciousness returned,—when she found that the latest flutter of the pulse was gone—that he was *dead*, irrecoverably *dead*,—she spread over the body, to cover it from every insulting eye, her richest robes, and burned it amid the brands of the yet flaming house. "He died," she exclaimed, "as he lived—*with the feeling of his worth!*"

Diophantes, in the stupefaction of a waking trance, assisted her mechanically. It was when the fire enwrapped the corse of his friend, and some of the neighboring Phrygians hastened to aid in the final ceremonies, that he first recovered voice and recollection. "I was thy follower *here*, and I will not desert thee *yonder!*" He said; and before any one could hinder him, had fallen on his sword. One urn received the ashes of both.

Never did Timandra forget her beloved. She conveyed to Athens his salutation and his dying words. The whole people re-echoed her cry:—"*He fell as he lived—with the feeling of his worth!*" Attica bewailed in him her own expiring greatness—Greece, her foremost general. Sparta herself, now that she could no longer fear him, bore to his merits the emphatic testimony—"*He was a* MAN *and a* HERO!"

States soon forget their benefactors. The hearts of individuals are sometimes more faithful. There was not a friend of Alcibiades that ever ceased to cherish his memory. From the moment of his death, Timandra refused every offer of love, shunned all society, and Lais was soon altogether an orphan.

DEMOCRACY.

"THE Devil," said Dr. Johnson, "was the first Whig;" and however much modern liberalism may be inclined to modify the caustic severity of this celebrated saying, it must be confessed that every day's experience is proving more clearly, that there was in the observation of the Tory Giant of the eighteenth century a profound knowledge of human nature. It is not merely as the first rebel against authority that the great author of evil bears an affinity to his degenerate progeny in later days; it is more clearly and decisively from the evident connection between the efforts of sin and the selfishness of democracy, and the mysterious invitation to our first parents to eat of the fruit of the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, that the connection is established. This experience of these latter days was necessary to evince the truth of the aphorism; but it has now become apparent from actual proof, how deeply it was founded in human nature, and how strongly to the end of the world the political as well as private sins of mankind are destined to bear testimony to the verity of the truths unfolded in the first chapter of Genesis.

Much as we have written on democracy and its effects, past, present, and to come, during the last six years, we are conscious that we have not hitherto gone to the bottom of that subject. We could not have done so till, passing through the intermediate stratum of political effects, we dived to the depths of the HUMAN HEART, and sought in our own feelings, and the feelings of every one with whom we live in society, the remote but certain causes of the total failure of the great political experiment which was going on around us, and of the corresponding failure of all similar attempts in all ages and nations of the world. It would have been to little purpose to have made the attempt sooner: for it is experience alone which can either substantiate the conclusions of the thoughtful, or command the assent of the bulk of mankind; and philosophy reasons in vain when its conclusions are at variance with the unreflecting wishes of an ardent and heated generation. There is a time, however, when a different set of opinions begin to prevail: when experience has opened the eyes of the thoughtful, and disappointment has cooled the ardor of the enthusiastic: when innovation has been found to be productive of only fresh evil, and a change of masters prolific of nothing but varied methods of corruption. Then is the moment to endeavor to investigate the ultimate causes of these things, to show in what principles of human nature they take their origin, and by what law of the Almighty they are permanently regulated; and instead of sinking in despair under the pressure of evil, and abandoning the great cause of freedom and social amelioration, from a well-founded disgust with the methods pursued by the democratic party for their attainment, to recur with fresh vigor to the great truths unfolded by religion, supported by reason, confirmed by experience, which explain the only methods by which they can be really promoted, and which, like the eternal church, are overwhelmed for a time under a load of delusion, only to rise again, brighter and fairer, and more invincible than ever.

It was on this day six years that, penetrated with a sense of the ruinous principles of speculative government which had sprung up with the triumph of the Barricades, and threatened to overturn even the ancient fabric of Saxon freedom, which a thousand years had erected in these lands, we began the great conflict with democratic ambition.* We were well aware how deep and strong was the current with which we were to strive; how many and powerful the motives which swelled the ranks of our opponents. All the varied passions of the human heart, usually ranged on opposite sides in every social conflict, were there, by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, ranged against us. The Whigs had two months before been seated in office, not from any casual accident or court

* See No. I. on the late French Revolution, Jan. 1, 1831, of this Miscellany.

intrigue, but the admitted inability of the old half-changed, half-liberal Tory party to carry on the government. The overthrow of Charles X., and the unparalleled spectacle of the government of a powerful monarchy being destroyed by a vast urban tumult, had excited, to an unparalleled degree, the factious, reckless, and desperate over all Europe. A general regeneration of society, a total and universal change of government was everywhere expected. Reeling under the shock, the throne of the King of the Netherlands, guaranteed by all the powers of Europe, had sunk into the dust: Switzerland was in a state of alarming fermentation: many of the lesser thrones of Germany were overturned or loosened: the old anarchical ambition of the Poles was reviving, untaught by the disasters of six centuries, and already gave presage of that desperate struggle which it was to maintain with the power of Russia, while the ardent spirits of the Spanish Peninsula, deeming the hour of democratic ascendency at hand, were already evincing, in no equivocal colors, the reckless and infuriate ambition which was destined, for six long years after, to bathe the Peninsula in blood.

Dark, however, as was the prospect on the continent of Europe, it was not there that the worst symptoms of the political atmosphere were to be descried. It was at home that the seat of the real evil was to be found, it was there that the seeds of lasting decline had been planted in the British empire. Not only was the Whig party, which is obliged by its principles to give at all times a certain license to democratic ambition, firmly, and to all appearance immovably, seated in power, but the strength of their once powerful opponents was, as far as human foresight could penetrate, permanently broken. The old compact and dauntless aristocracy, which, under the guidance of Pitt and Burke, had with fearless hearts braved the terrors of the first French Revolution, and with the arms of Nelson and Wellington struck down the gigantic power of Napoleon, appeared to be no more. Determined as was the character, vast the talent, discriminating the judgment of many of that heroic band, their power as a body seemed crumbling into the dust. At a moment of unparalleled danger, under the pressure of perils infinitely greater than those which, with tears in his eyes, had drawn Burke from the side of Fox, and ranged him on his natural side, the defence of freedom and order, the British aristocracy were divided amongst each other. The fatal poison of Catholic emancipation rankled in their veins, stimulating the popular ardor of some, rousing the profound indignation of others. Numbers of their youth had become tinged with the false liberality of the times: the evils of democratic sway were forgotten, because they had long been unfelt; the blood-written lesson of the French Revolution was dimly descried through the blaze of intervening glory, and British patriotism, in its higher classes, was fast melting away under the praises of French philosophy and the smiles of Italian beauty.

While such were the dispositions of the higher ranks, the temper of the middle and lower were, if possible, still more alarming. Various events, conspiring to one common effect in so surprising a manner as almost seems inexplicable, had weakened the patriotic spirit of a large portion of the old defenders of the constitution, and excited, to such a degree as to be for the moment irresistible, the ardent passions of Republican ambition. The changes in the currency had involved in distress, unavoidable, perhaps, but still most poignant, the whole agricultural classes, the natural defenders in all troubled times of existing institutions. The rapid fall of prices, consequent on the same alteration, had reduced almost to despair a large proportion of the manufacturing classes, and all those, of whatever party, who, without considerable capital, were involved in the then perilous business of buying and selling commodities. Foreign travelling, the natural inclination of youth to opposition to government, a mania for liberal opinions, had deprived the constitution of its soundest bulwark—the young men of thought and education in the learned and liberal professions. The monstrous passion in the great for exclusive and aristocratic society had spread, far and wide through the middling ranks, an aversion to their influence, which has happily proved only transitory, and is totally at variance with the natural disposition of the English character. The Tories had become unpopular,

from having been so long in power: envy had accumulated against them—because they had so long been called the first. The monarch upon the throne was known to love popularity; and a liberal Ministry, amidst general applause and unbounded professions of improvement, were seated in power. Thus all the concurring motives which can influence the human heart—ambition, discontent, suffering, distress, generosity, selfishness—were, by an unparalleled combination of circumstances, brought to bear upon the constitution, and hence the chaos of unanimity which produced the Reform Bill.

It was at this crisis (Jan. 1, 1831) that we began, in a regular and systematic manner, to devote ourselves to combating the revolutionary monster; and when we contrast the support we received at that period from the public press with that which we now experience, we are led to indulge in most sanguine hopes of the ultimate triumph of truth over falsehood, even in the stormy and vice-bestrodden contests of political warfare. In what state was the public press at that crisis? The Quarterly had for years sunk into a dubious and ominous neutrality on all great political questions; they were silent on Catholic emancipation and free trade; like the National Assembly, they were discussing questions of weights and measures, when the massacres in the prisons were in preparation. The Standard with all its prodigious power and energy, was reeling under the shock of the Three Glorious Days; that gallant flag, which has since waved undaunted through so many a storm, was dimly descried through the smoke of the Barricades. The Times, the Morning Herald, were ardent in the cause of Reform: the Morning Post alone was steady to its colors; but not then supported by the splendid talent which has since raised it to such deserved celebrity, it was rather the elegant companion of the fashionable lady's boudoir, than the stern uncompromising assertor of the eternal cause of political and moral truth. It was THEN, we repeat it with, we hope, pardonable pride, that we nailed our colors to the mast: and, surrounded without and within by a deluge of democratic enthusiasm and revolutionary violence, steadily, uniformly, and fearlessly began, and have ever since continued to denounce, the liberal mania at home as fraught with the worst consequences to the best interests of the British empire, and the triumph of republican violence abroad as utterly destructive to every rational hope of durable freedom in the continental states.

What was expected when, by this extraordinary combination of aristocratic jealousy with Whig ambition, and manufacturing suffering with agricultural distress, the Reform Bill was ultimately forced upon the then aroused virtue and intelligence of all profound or far-seeing thinkers in the empire?—Was it meant that the Catholic religion should supplant the Protestant; that the glorious fabric erected by our ancestors in 1688 was to be overthrown, and the house of Russell was to take the lead in destroying the good old cause for which Russell and Sidney had died on the scaffold?—Was it meant that the Irish clergy were to be reduced to the most grievous straits by a systematic rebellion against the law by the Catholics; that murder, robbery, and conflagration should stalk through the land, and English charity alone save from famine the intrepid martyrs of Protestantism in the neighboring island?—Was it meant that the nation should be overrun by a flock of Whig commissioners at a cost of at least 500,000*l.*,* and the greater part of whose labors was to be directed to no other object, but the collecting a mass of *ex parte* evidence, and thereby, even if unintentionally, poisoning the sources of public opinion on the most momentous subjects of political thought?—Was it meant that political zeal and factious activity were to be the one thing needful in every appointment under Government, and that talent, virtue, character, and probity were to be uniformly disregarded, if unaccompanied with the more useful qualities of electioneering activity and Radical can-

* The Parliamentary Return gives £477,000; but this is exclusive of several commissions, the expenses of which have not yet been ascertained, and which will unquestionably raise it far above £500,000.

vassing?—Was it intended that the magnificent institutions which the charity of former and more enlightened ages had established for the protection and relief of the distress necessarily consequent upon a high state of civilization, and an extensive manufacturing population, should be converted into so many Bastiles for state oppression, where poverty is treated with the harshness of punishment, and suffering deprived of its last consolation of sharing its bitterness with those most dear to it?—Was it intended that the country should be oppressed by a vexatious set of municipal magistrates, unfit either for the discharge of their duties or the administration of justice, and who disgraced even the seat of judgment by their jealousies and passions of inferior democracy?

Was it intended, in foreign transactions, when we launched so vehemently into the career of revolution, that freedom was to expire everywhere under the consequences of its own extravagances, or the insidious poison of our non-intervention policy?—That France, after six years of bloodshed, tumult, and massacre, was to sink into such a state of apathy and political despair, that the very name of freedom became odious, and Prince Polignac's ordonnances were re-enacted with double severity, and executed with an hundredfold activity and vigor?—That Spain, after having streamed with blood and all the horrors of a warfare *plusquam civile*, for five long years, was to relapse in utter horror at the evils of democratic ascendency to the government of an absolute monarch?—That the heroes of democracy should have there no triumphs to record, but those over their own sovereign—no successful assaults to boast but on the bedchamber of their defenceless queen?—Was it designed that Poland, pierced to the heart, trodden down, subjugated, was to have its dreams of anarchical independence extinguished in the blood or captivity of its bravest citizens?—Was it meant that the very name of England was to become odious or contemptible even to those states which had shared most largely in the benefits or glories of its alliance; that an Englishman was to be hated in Holland, even while the heroes of Quatre Bras were still alive, and execrated in Portugal, yet ringing with the glories of its deliverance; and pointed at with the finger of scorn in the valleys of Navarre, while the turf was yet green on the graves of the Pyrenees?—Was it intended that the scenes of all our former triumphs should be sullied by our present perfidy or disgrace; that the thunder of allied French and English cannon should shake the graves at Waterloo, to restore Antwerp, itself, as Napoleon said, "worth a kingdom," to the tricolor flag; that the plains of Vittoria should witness the inglorious melting away of British uniforms under the scythe of disease and the orgies or intemperance; that the breach of St. Sebastians should be trodden for months by a British garrison imprisoned within its walls; that the quay at Lisbon should witness the English standards retiring in disgrace before a revolutionary rabble, thirsting for the blood of their Queen? These are the external triumphs of democracy; these the trophies which New England has exchanged for the Blenheims, the Trafalgas, the Waterloos of former days; for the respect of the brave and the love of the good all over the world; for victories unprecedented in the bright page of European fame; for renown unexampled in the long annals of civilized glory.

These have been the foreign and domestic RESULTS of revolution—results now certain and passed into the page of history, graven deep on the tablets of English story, imprinted with a burning iron on the time-honored front of her deathless fame. And again we ask, were these the results which were either expected or desired by the chaotic crowd that, six years ago, brought on all these evils, by joining in that destructive passion for democratic power? What did they expect? We will tell them what they expected. They had no doubt that the complete regeneration of society was at hand; that the reign of justice, peace, and prosperity was about to commence; that Government, purified by the infusion of popular virtue and energy, was, with the general concurrence of the nation, to engage in a career of general and benign usefulness; that corruption was to be unknown, ambition extinguished, patriotic ardor alone triumphant. Abuses, it was said, nestle in the recesses of aristocratic power; corruption is ne-

cessary, when government is to be carried on against the wishes of the people; but the first will disappear when the pure flood of popular patriotism is let in to cleanse the Augean stable of patrician power; the second be unnecessary, when the legislature is so framed as to respond at once to the popular voice.—Captivating ideas! worthy of being placed beside the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, or the probable extinction of Death of Condorcet. We may conceive the disappointment—the *acute, bitter* disappointment—when, instead of these charming anticipations, the heated enthusiasts of the day found themselves overwhelmed by a sordid-liberal swarm of Government *employés*, or Whig-Radical magistrates; and corruption reappearing with more than pristine depravity among the very classes who, till they enjoyed its advantages, were the loudest in declaiming against its effects.

It was said by Dr. Johnson, that "Whiggism was the negation of all principle;" on which it was wittily remarked, by a writer of no ordinary ability in the present day, that this was a mistake; for that the Whigs have a very clear principle of action, and that is, "invariably to do that which, when in Opposition, they had most vehemently condemned." The most cursory review of their policy, both domestic and foreign, since they were installed in power, must, with every dispassionate observer, demonstrate that there is much truth in this caustic remark.—They professed in Opposition the utmost horror at interference with the internal concerns of other states; their whole opposition to the French revolutionary war was founded on the gross injustice of joining one of two contending parties in a state against the other; and Lord Brougham, in an especial manner,* let loose the floodgates of his eloquence in 1824 at the enormous injustice of the French interference with the civil war which at that period raged in the Peninsula; and their whole foreign conduct since has been a series of interventions in Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, sufficiently aggressive to make us odious, sufficiently weak to render us contemptible. So far, indeed, has this non-intervening-*quasi*-intervening policy gone, that the more honest Radicals now confess that there is no inconsistency between their present conduct and their former professions; because non-intervention means, "*Never* interfering in favor of the aristocratic party against the popular; but *always* interfering in favor of the popular party against the aristocratic." They deplored, in melting strains from the Opposition benches, the cruel and impolitic abandonment of Poland by the European states, and unanimously denounced his oblivion of that gallant people in 1807 and 1812 as the foulest blot on the character of Napoleon; and they themselves first encouraged the Poles, by their language and their example, to engage in a desperate revolt in 1831, and then needlessly paid five millions sterling to the Emperor Nicholas, which gave him the means of putting them down. They loudly declaimed against the insatiable ambition of Russia, and especially the enormous peril of their ever getting possession of the Dardanelles; and yet they themselves placed the command

* "I rise," said Lord Brougham, on Feb. 4, 1824, "to join with every man who deserves the name of Briton, in expressing unqualified detestation and abhorrence at the *audacious interference* of the allied sovereigns in the affairs of Spain; or if that detestation is qualified, it is only by indignation and disgust at the canting hypocrisy of the language in which the loathsome principles of the tyrants were promulgated to the world. I rejoice to find that such execrable principles have met with no responsive voice from the mover and seconder of this address. The allies, by a pretended respect for, but real mockery of religion and freedom, make war upon liberty in the abstract. Our assistance is necessary to avert the wicked enforcement of principles contrary to the law of nations, and repugnant to every idea of national independence. The Holy Alliance, with their armed hordes, are now ready to carry the brand of civil war into Spain, and consummate their frightful projects. The principles of interfering in the internal concerns of other states now advanced are matter of universal interest; for if they be established, to what state may they not with fatal effect be applied?"—Feb. 3, 1824. *Parl. Deb. Hansard.*

of those very Straits and the keys of Constantinople in the hands of the Emperor Nicholas, by refusing aid to the Porte, when he applied to us for succor in his last extremity, after the battle of Koniah, which necessarily led to his throwing himself into the arms of the Russians, and the conclusion of the fatal treaty of Unkiar-Skelesse, which converted the Euxine into a great Russian lake.

Pass to internal transactions. They professed the utmost horror at governing by means of patronage, or resting on any other support than the affections of the people; and they have, since their accession to office, created ten offices for every one which the Conservatives had previously abolished, having overspread Ireland with an army of Government officers in the police, the constabulary, and other departments, and spent no less than L.477,000 on foraging commissioners. They professed the greatest detestation at persecution or harassment of any kind on account of religious opinions; and they have entered into a cordial alliance with the Popish faction, which has uniformly declared undying war against the Protestant establishment, and is putting in practice a presecution of the severest and most heart-rending kind—against not merely the Protestant clergy in Ireland, but their wives, children, and households. They professed the warmest interest in the welfare of the poor, and the most tender concern for the sufferings of disease, old age, and destitution; and they have exerted their whole strength to pass and carry into execution an act which, in order to diminish the assessment on the estates of the great and the affluent, has consigned indigence to the punishment of crime, loaded innocence with the charges of seduction, and aggravated the sufferings of misfortune by severing families from each other. They professed a reverential regard for order based on liberty, and they testified the sincerity of their professions by spreading abroad the passions which lighted up the fires of Nottingham and Bristol. They declared that centralization in all ages had been the grave of real freedom, and held in utter abhorrence the swarms of civil *employés*, who, in the Austrian, Russian, and French empires, gave the whole command of employment, and consequently the whole sway, in the state to the central government; and in order to show how well disposed they are to act upon their principles, they have copied from despotic France a plan for a rural *gendarmerie*, taking all its orders from Downing Street. They have laid their grasp on the general direction of the poor-laws throughout England, and are preparing a bill for taking the whole administration of the turnpike-roads into the hands of Government!

The Whig-Radicals will exclaim that these remarks are dictated by a spirit of virulent hostility to the present Administration; but we declare solemnly, and with perfect sincerity, that they are the result of an entirely different feeling—nay, that they proceed from a desire to shield them from the crushing weight of these inconsistencies, and refer them to their true cause, viz. the utter impracticability of Government being conducted, or even society holding together, under the practical operation of the principles which they have held out to the country. In Opposition, they professed principles which, when put in practice, they soon found to be utterly inconsistent, not merely with the maintenance of their own authority, but the preservation of any thing like order or security in the realm. In a moment of national madness, they succeeded in overthrowing all the ancient and well tried bulwarks at once of constitutional freedom and general subordination; and their whole subsequent effort has been to supply the gap. They are now treading over again the old and well known path by which, in the decay of Roman virtue, the Emperors strove to make up, by legions of inferior functionaries and a Senate for life, for the want of the old hereditary Aristocracy, swept away during the insanity of former democratic contests;* and by which Napoleon and Louis-Philippe,

* "The patrician families," says Gibbon, "whose original number was never recruited till the end of the Commonwealth, were extinguished in the foreign and domestic wars, or failed in the ordinary course of nature. Few remained who could

after the frightful shocks to freedom, property, and order which resulted from the previous triumph of revolutionary ambition, and the entire ruin of the aristocratic class, regained, amidst the total extinction of liberty, the degrading quiet of despotism. These errors are the result of their situation—of the monstrous doctrines they have promulgated, and the impracticable projects which they have held forth. They are now ground down by an invincible law of nature; the same which, in the end, arrests the course of the prodigal and the spendthrift, and brings on the unrestrained career of passion a certain and bitter retribution. If they had the energy of Napoleon, the genius of Cæsar, or the tenacity of Wellington, the result would be the same. They might exhibit, perhaps, a more splendid example of Satan-like perseverance in error, but they could not elude the force of the moral law by which, in the end, its punishment is secured.

It was the same in former days. There is nothing new in the moral world under the sun, because the changing theatre of human events exhibits, in different ages, under every different combination of social affairs, the certain operation of the same passions, desires, and vices. What was expected when the English nation ran mad in 1642, and the people, drunk with the politico-religious enthusiasm of the day, grouped round the standards of Pym and Hampden, and flung abroad to the winds the flag of defiance to their sovereign? Did they expect that the King was to be murdered, the Peers abolished, the Clergy dispossessed, taxation quadrupled, personal freedom destroyed, Parliament turned out of the chapel of St. Stephens by the bayonet, Government carried on solely by the Major-Generals of Cromwell, and the last severities of military oppression endured by the guilty and now repentant people? Did they expect, when they took up arms, in order to wrest the command of the militia from Charles, that, before fifteen years had expired, EIGHTY-THREE MILLIONS sterling was to be wrenched out of the people by war-contributions and taxes—a greater sum than had been raised in England in all the centuries put together since the Norman conquest? Did they expect that distant and impartial history was to narrate, as the termination of their efforts in favor of freedom—"To raise the new imposition called the decimation, the Protector intituted twelve Major-Generals, and divided the whole of England into so many military jurisdictions. These men, *assisted by commissioners*, had power to subject whom they pleased to decimation, to levy all the taxes imposed by the Protector and his council, and to imprison any person who should be exposed to their jealousy or suspicion; nor was there any appeal from them but to the Protector himself and his council. Under color of these powers, which were sufficiently exorbitant, the Major-Generals exercised a power still more exorbitant, and acted as if absolute masters of the property and persons of every subject. All reasonable men now concluded that the very mask of liberty was at length thrown aside, and that the nation was for ever subject to military and despotic government—exercised not in the legal manner of European nations, but according to the maxims of Eastern tyranny. Not only the supreme magistrate owned his authority to illegal force and usurpation, but he had parcelled out the people into so many

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derive their descent from the foundation of the city, when the Emperors created a number of new partician families. But these artificial supplies, in which the reigning house was always included, were rapidly swept away by the rage of tyrants, by frequent revolutions, the change of manners, and the intermixture of nations. To supply the want, Constantine revived, indeed, the title of patricians, but he revived it as a *a personal, not a hereditary distinction.* The *Police* insensibly assumed the license of reporting whatever they could observe of the conduct either of magistrates or private citizens, and were soon considered as the eyes of the monarch and the scourge of the people. Under the warm influence of feeble reign, they multiplied to the incredible number of ten thousand, disclaimed the mild, though frequent admonitions of the laws, and *exercised in the management of the posts* a rapacious and insolent oppression.—GIBBON, c. xvii.

subdivisions of slavery, and delegated to his inferior ministers the same unlimited authority which he himself had so violently assumed."*

What was it which the French were passionately desirous of obtaining, when, in 1789, they installed, amidst shouts which made the world resound, the Peers and Commons in one chamber—thereby destroying the veto of the Upper house, and realizing in full perfection our Liberal dreams of Peerage Reform? Was it that the whole liberties of the nation were to be extinguished by the iron grasp of the Constitution, or buried under the sordid cupidity of the Directory,† or crushed under the conquering chariot of Napoleon? Was it, that after fifty years of bloodshed, confiscation, and suffering, they were to sink down into a hopeless despotism, heavy as the leaden yoke of the Byzantine empire, immovable as the institutions of the Chinese government? They expected none of these things; they looked for the regeneration of the human race—for a renewal of the golden age—for the termination of the tithes of aristocratic injustice, and the commencement of the bright dawn of democratic freedom. Yet all these things came—and came in spite of their utmost efforts to avert them—swift as the hour of punishment—certain as the approach of death.

We are told by physical philosophers, that although a few detached fires on the crust of the globe may be explained by partial combustion, yet the simultaneous appearance of earthquakes at places far distant from each other, points with the certainty of demonstration, to some common cause operating in the regions of central heat. The complete coincidence and identity of the effects consequent on democratic ascendency—in Rome, through the strife of Marius and Sylla, following on the transports of Gracchus, to the despotism of the Cæsars—in England through the fervor of the Long Parliament to the massacre of the King and the military government of Cromwell—in France, through the warm aspirations of the Constituent Assembly, the blood of the Convention, the despotism of Napoleon, the discontent of the Restoration, to the leaden yoke of Louis-Philippe—and, in England, through the transports of Reform and the fires of Bristol to the degrading despotism of O'Connell's Tail, and the centralizing policy of a time-serving Democracy—points to some general and common cause, deep seated in the recesses of the human heart, to which they are referable. The cause is, indeed, deep seated; it is, indeed universal in its operation; it is, inceed, irresistible in its effects. It is explained in the earliest record of human existence: it is referred to in every part of Holy Writ; it is confirmed in every page of profane history—that cause is the ORIGINAL CORRUPTION OF THE HUMAN HEART; and till we close this great fountain of wickedness, or dilute the streams of depravity which it is incessantly pouring out upon the human race, all attempts to correct the evils of Government by a large infusion of popular influence will be as vain as striving to extinguish a conflagration by heaping fuel upon the flames.

As this point of the original, inherent and irremediable save by Christianity, depravity of the human heart is the vital basis of revelation, so it lies at the root of the intent and total failure of democratic institutions to

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* Hume, vii. 241.

† Observe the picture of France under the Directory, drawn by a French contemporary Republican writer: "Merit was generally persecuted; all men of honor chased from public situations; political robbers every where assembled in their infernal points of rendezvous; the wicked in power; the apologists of the system of terror thundering in the tribune; spoliation established under the name of forced loans; assassination prepared, thousands of victims already designed under the name of hostages; the signal for plunder, murder, and conflagration anxiously looked for, and couched under the words, 'the country is in danger.' The same crisis, the same shouts, were heard as in 1793; the same executioners, the same victims; liberty, property, could no longer be said to exist; the citizens had no security for their lives—the state for its finances."—*Prem. Ann Cons.* p. 7.

administer relief to the social state in every age and country of the world, and the woeful results which have everywhere arisen from trusting the remedying of abuses to the profane and corrupt hands of the mass of the people. How could it be otherwise? Worn out or disgusted with the oppressions and abuses of the great, we intrusted the great work of reform to inferior hands, and hoped that by changing the seat of power from the higher to the lower orders, we would succeed in eradicating the social evils under which society had so long labored. Abuses and injustice, it was thought, did not originate in human nature in general, but in the peculiarity of power being vested in a few hands; if this error was corrected, and the popular voice allowed to be heard in all the branches of Government, the reign of oppression must cease, because the interest of the majority, then rendered predominant, is to check the abuses of the few, and obtain for themselves the blessings of good and cheap government. Vain conceit! Granting that in this way you may effectually put an end to the abuses or corruptions of the minority who formerly ruled, how are you to guard against the vastly multiplied abuses of the majority who are now installed in power? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* That is the rock on which democratic institutions ever and ever must immediately be shipwrecked. It is the inherent corruption and depravity of our nature, appearing only more clearly and deplorably by every successive addition which we make to the multitude of our governors, which is the real, universal, eternal, and deep-seated cause of the utter impossibility in an advanced and artificial state of society, of democratic institutions either existing for any time, or producing any thing but misery and evil during the brief period of their endurance.

"The necessity," says Coleridge, "for external government to man is in the inverse ratio of the vigor of his self-government. Where the last is most complete, the first is least wanted. Hence the more virtue the more liberty."* This is one of those precious thoughts, the simplicity of which disguises its profound truth, but which, when duly meditated on, throws a flood of light on the seemingly contradictory and inexplicable difference in the stability of, and effect produced by, similar forms of government in different countries and ages of the world. What, say the Republicans, can be so absurd as to refer to human corruption the failure of democratic institutions, when history has recorded the virtues of Sparta, the simple heroism of Switzerland, the flourishing commonwealth of America? Softly: before these examples are considered decisive on the subject, consider well whether they do not establish a conclusion directly the adverse to that for which the Revolutionists refer to these celebrated States. It is not mere power which proves fatal to democratic institutions; it is power which confers the means of increasing selfish enjoyment and gratifying human passion; it is power coinciding with or falling into the hands of persons alive to the luxuries and corruptions of life which is the fatal poison. Lycurgus showed a deep knowledge of human nature when he prohibited any money but iron coin in his commonwealth. If the citizens of a Republic are shepherds, who assemble once a year under the canopy of heaven, as in the canton of Underwalden, to deliberate on their simple political wants, which do not exceed the concerns of a tolerably-sized English parish; or if they are warriors, chained by severe laws and severer customs, as in Sparta, to a frugal and simple life, eating black broth, drinking water, and knowing no distinction but in warlike celebrity; or if they are retained by extraordinary circumstances in a rude state of agriculture, as in America, and have two hundred millions of uncultivated acres always ready to afford a refuge to the poverty or drain off the discontented multitudes of their country, they may go on for a considerable time without society being shattered by the unruly passions of the majority of mankind. Now, however, the inherent depravity of the human heart is evincing its tyrannic propensities even in that simple and religious land, where rural labor generally induces simplicity of manners, and the general presence of com-

* Table-Talk, ii 193.

fort, equally with the absence of wealth, moderates the most violent passions of our nature. The dreadful spectacle of a human being recently burnt to death by a slow fire by a savage mob in the southern states, proves that the inhuman passions of our nature are shared alike by the authors of a Castilian *auto da fe* and the liberal electors of Transatlantic independence. The frightful and now almost daily occurrence of persons of all descriptions being seized by the people in the southern states of the Union, and hung up in the streets, without either trial or sentence, merely because they entertain opinions disagreeable to the tyrant majority, is but an unhappy illustration of the power of the human heart, as society advances and important interests come into collision, to withstand the temptations consequent on the lust of power. They seem resolved to realize the celebrated saying of the French Republicans—"Is this the freedom which was promised us? we can no longer hang whom we please."

That we may not be suspected of European exaggeration on this subject, we subjoin the following extract from one of the most enlightened and moderate of the American newspapers, the Philadelphia Gazette:—

"The most ravenous appetite must have been glutted and destroyed by a perusal of the columns of any late newspaper. Revenge, riot, and intemperance seem to have their perfect work in every section of the country. Exhibitions are every day made of lawless excesses, of infernal jealousy, of cold-blooded malignity, of most debasing sensuality, of utter recklessness of life, and entire disregard, if not disbelief of a futurity, which would have been considered honorable by the most brutal of the red-capped 'friends of the human race' of the French Revolution. And the signs of the times have for a long time past given full promise of such a state of things. The preparation for it has been long and thorough. The pernicious doctrines, that any measures however dishonest, and men however unprincipled, may be made use of, in order to accomplish a political object—that the laws are inadequate, or too tardy in their operations to enforce rights and redress wrongs, and must give place to the inconsiderate judgments and sanguinary executions of the mob—that self-gratification in its broadest sense, is the chief end and aim of man—and that the requisitions of morality and religion are to be considered as burdensome exactions which are to be avoided by all who would obtain power and wealth in the community, have been inculcated every where and in every possible way.—What matter of surprise then, is it, that, having sown the wind, we now begin to reap the whirlwind? that murders, robberies, gambling in all its varieties, suicides, mob outrages of every kind, have become so frightfully frequent? But the fact of the existence of such a state of things being unquestionable, and the evils of it perfectly apparent, the question naturally suggests itself, what measures of prevention or cure can be taken by those who prize the blessings of order and law, and are desirous to preserve their property and save their lives? Let every good man and true in the community put this question to himself in sober earnest, and let the answer which suggests itself to the wise man, the learned man, and the good man, be made known and acted upon. Let the lessons of wisdom, of experience, of truth, be put forth boldly. This is no time for timidity. He who, having the power to do something to increase knowledge, to proclaim truth, to confute error, and thus to advance the cause of order, morality, religion, law, and liberty, is too timid, or calculating, or desponding to do all that he can do, by speech, or writing, or action, is false to himself and to the Being who gave him powers to be used for the benefit of his fellow-men."

Even in the northern states and best regulated parts of the Union, the possession of power, as society advances, and important interests come into collision, appears to be producing its usual effect upon the human heart. The "tyrant majority" is even more unrelenting in his oppression than the tyrant oligarchy or the tyrant despot. Hear what the able and dispassionate Tocqueville says on the subject:—"In America the European ladder of power being inverted, the rich find themselves in a situation similar to that of the poor in Europe; it is they who have often too much reason to dread the law. The real advantage of democracy is not that it protects the interests of all classes in the state, but that it accords with the wishes of the majority. In the United States the poor are the real rulers, and the rich have constant reason to dread an abuse of their power. Omnipotence is universally dangerous; to resist its seductions is beyond the human strength; God alone can exercise it

without injustice. Wherever power, practically supreme, is entrusted to any class, be it an aristocracy or a democracy, tyranny is at hand, and I for one would seek an asylum elsewhere. In America there is no security whatever against the tyranny of the majority. A striking instance of this occurred at Baltimore during the war of 1812, at which period the war was popular in that city. A journal which espoused the opposite side excited the indignation of the inhabitants. The people assembled, broke to pieces its printing presses, and attacked the houses of the editors. The militia was called out, but no one obeyed the summons. To save the unhappy wretches who were menaced with instant death, they fell upon the plan of leading them to prison as criminals. This precaution was in vain; during the night the people rose, forced the prison doors, murdered one of the journalists, and left the others for dead on the spot. The guilty were brought to justice, but instantly acquitted by the jury."* Such was an example of that infamous system of *Lynch Law*, which has now become so common in the United States, which led the people lately to attempt to murder a judge who had pronounced an unpopular sentence, and has in the last year consigned no less than one hundred and twenty-five persons to a violent and disgraceful death in the three states of Carolina, New-Orleans, and Virginia alone.

But even if these terrible examples did not exist to warn the people of this country that democracy, even in the eminently favorable circumstances under which it arose in the United States, cannot withstand the strain arising from the collision of opposite interests, and the emerging of fierce passions in the later stages of society, it is evident that the instance of North America is no proof that the impossibility of democratic institutions, co-existing with public welfare, arises not from the universal and inherent principles of our nature. If the North American Union were the most orderly and peaceable country in the world, Lynch Law unknown, and popular tyranny unheard of, still that would leave untouched the inference deducible from all other nations and countries where similar institutions have been attempted. It would only have shown that they had not arrived at the age when strong passions lead to great delinquencies. It is no difficult matter to keep infancy and childhood from serious offences; the difficulty is to preserve the heart immaculate, and the conduct irreproachable, from fifteen to twenty-five; the age of the passions, the desires, and the pleasures. No one doubts that a police, bridewells, and jails are a necessary part of government in every great city; but yet they are hardly required in purely agricultural districts, or amidst the simplicity of pastoral life. As long as the Americans have the great outlet of the back settlements to draw off their turbulent spirits, and afford employment to their clamorous millions, the dangers of democracy will be scarcely felt. But let us suppose these states, with their vast western territory fully peopled; with great cities and manufactures teeming in the land; with a capital containing 1,500,000 inhabitants, and millions depending for their daily bread on the gossamer film of a paper currency; with wealth, the accumulation of ages, existing in some quarters, and indigence, the produce of centuries of improvidence, panting for spoliation in another, and say what could be the result of democratic institutions in SUCH A STATE? They would shiver society to atoms in a month.

Tocqueville has told us, in memorable and warning words, what would be the result of attempting democratic institutions in such a state of society. "If absolute power," says he, "should re-establish itself, in whatever hands, in any of the democratic states of Europe, I have no doubt it would assume a new form unknown to our fathers. While the great families and the spirit of clanship prevailed, the individual who had to contend with tyranny never felt himself alone; he was supported by his clients, his relations, his friends. But when the estates are divided, and races are confounded, where will we find the spirit of family? What force will remain to the influence of habit among a people changing perpetually, where every act of tyranny will find a precedent in previous disorders, where

* Tocqueville, ii. 125, 146.

every crime can be justified by an example; where nothing exists of sufficient antiquity to render its destruction an object of dread, and nothing can be figured so new that men are afraid to engage in it? What resistance would manners afford which had already yielded to so many shocks? What could public opinion do, when twenty persons did not exist who were bound together by a common tie; when you can no where meet with a man, a family, a body corporate, nor a class in society which could represent or act upon that opinion? When each citizen is equally impotent, equally poor, equally isolated, and can only oppose his individual weakness to the organized strength of the central Government? To figure any thing analogous to the despotism which then would be established amongst us, we would require not to recur to our own annals: we would be forced to recur to the monuments of antiquity to interrogate the frightful periods of Roman tyranny, where manners being corrupted, old recollections effaced, habits destroyed, opinions wavering, liberty deprived of its asylum under the laws, could no longer find a place of refuge; where no guarantee existing for the citizens, and they having none for themselves, men in power made a sport of their people, and princes wore out the clemency of heaven, rather than the patience of their subjects. They are blind indeed who look after such democratic equality for the monarchy of Henry IV., or Louis XIV. For my own part, when I reflect on the state to which many European nations have already arrived, and that to which others are fast tending, I am led to believe that soon there will be no place among them but for democratic equality, or the tyranny of the Cæsars."* It is not difficult to see of what nations this profound observer was thinking when he made these remarks, or which of the alternatives awaits in the end the European state which ventures on the perilous experiment.

And for decisive proof that, if North America has not yet sunk under the despotism which invariably succeeds democratic equality, it is because she has not yet arrived at the age when the danger arises, we may refer to the contemporaneous instance of the fate of the southern states of that vast continent. We all remember the halcyon days of South American delusion; when Captain Hall captivated the world with the details of the regeneration of society to the south of the line, and fifty millions of British capital set out, trusting to the flood of prosperity which was to burst in upon the world with the exertions of these "healthy young Republics." Where are all these delusions now? Where are the hopes that were formed, the capital that was advanced, the dividends that were expected, the visions that were afloat? Perhaps there is not to be found in the whole history of the world, an example of such a deplorable succession of calamities as have befallen these "healthy young Republics" from their democratic institutions. Revolutions in all the states have been so frequent since the authority of the Spaniards was finally subverted, that history will seek in vain to trace them but in characters of fire throughout the whole extent of the South American Continent. We are preparing materials for some papers on the results of democratic ascendency in these once splendid colonies, and a more woful and at the same time instructive spectacle never was exhibited to the world. Suffice it to say at present, that in all the Republics population and commerce have declined in most to a frightful degree; that the population of Potosi has sunk in twenty years from 150,000 to 12,000 inhabitants; that the mines are generally abandoned, and the supplies of silver for the world obtained merely by raking up the refuse of former and pacific workings; and that the most experienced travellers and observers concur in declaring that *centuries* of tranquillity and peace will not restore what twenty years of democratic violence have destroyed.

Spain, too, was for long the favorite theme of the revolutionary school; and unbounded were the anticipations of the blessings which were to flow from the regeneration of the Peninsula by democratic ascendency. We now see what has been the end of these things. Attend to the picture of

* Tocqueville, ii. 258, 259.

Spain, under republican fervor, and the democratic Constitution of 1812, which sets out with the principle of universal suffrage, as now given by Mr. Michael Burke, the accuracy of whose observations and predictions regarding the Peninsula has been so completely established by recent events.

"The Constitution of 1812, may now be said to rule the kingdom of Spain. Established for the second time by a military insurrection, this form of government, in every respect unsuitable to the character of the Spaniards, cannot prove of long duration. The presidents of every constitutional junta in the country are military men, and, with scarcely an exception, the most unprincipled persons in the nation. Nor are the other members of these juntas more deserving of public confidence. Composed for the most part of indigent employees and petty lawyers, who endeavor to gain, in a day or week of revolution, the fortune which their slender talents could never procure for them in peaceable times, their first measure has invariably been the imposition of heavy contributions. It were idle to say that the sums thus raised have been made use of for the benefit of the state. The most vexatious hardships, the most unjust persecution, the most shameful robbery, and the direst oppression, form the catalogue of the labors of the constitutional juntas of Andalusia. Men, however commendable their conduct may have been during life, however sincere their admiration of rational liberty, if rich, are suspected of Carlism, and heavily fined—if poor, they are not unfrequently cast into a loathsome prison, and forced to herd with common malefactors. Such are the auspices under which the groundwork of Spanish regeneration has commenced. On the 25th of July, Malaga began the revolution by the assassination of the military and civil governor of the town; and in Madrid the idolized Constitution was proclaimed on the 15th of August, and celebrated by the murder of General Quesada. But even the vile populace of Malaga—the very galley slaves let loose for the occasion—respected the dead bodies of the victims. To the people of Madrid—of the 'heroica villa' of Madrid—it was reserved to hack and mangle the corpse of a brave general, and again exhibit to Europe the horrible barbarity of a scene similar to that represented in Barcelona on the 5th of August, 1835. And can such a system, originating in bloodshed, and supported by the most cruel exaction, find favor in the eyes of the Spanish people? A momentary enthusiasm may exist amongst a part of the people: but, like that of the past year, it will flicker for a while, and then totally disappear."

These, and similar examples, with which all history is filled, are utterly inexplicable by the democratic party; and therefore they style history an old almanac, and by common consent make it a rule never to refer to, or pay any regard to its disagreeable lessons. But to any person, who considers the nature of the human heart, who reflects that it is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" that there is "no one guiltless, no not one;" and who has observed how completely these assertions of universal and inherent corruption are confirmed by unvarying experience, both of the affairs of nations and of single men, it will appear noways surprising that the attempt to purify the affairs of Government, and eradicate the vices of its administration, by merely multiplying the number of persons who are to be actuated by its passions, and seduced by its temptations, is of all hopeless undertakings the most hopeless. And he will probably be of opinion, that if democratic institutions ever are to exist with safety in an old state, it will be in a country where the incessant influence of a beneficent religion has gone far to uproot the seeds of wickedness in our common nature, and that the first reform which must precede all others, and is at once the most important and the most difficult, is the reform of the human heart. He will conclude, that till this is done, all attempts at Republican institutions must prove either nugatory or pernicious, and that Pope Pius VI. proved himself a more profound politician, as well as a better man, than any of our modern Reformers, when he said, in 1797, when still bishop of Imola—"A democratic Government is not contrary to the Gospel; only it requires those sublime virtues which cannot be learned but in the school of Jesus Christ. That virtue, whose duties are prescribed to us by the light of nature, and fully brought to light by the Christian dispensation, is alone capable of bringing mankind to perfection, and preparing them for supreme felicity; it and it alone can be the true foundation of a prosperous democracy. Clothed with mere moral virtues, we should be but imperfect beings: it is religious truth which alone can inspire the graces requisite for general self-

government. The foundation of such a system must be, that every one is to respect the rights of his neighbor as much as his own, which is only another way of stating the Christian precept, to love your neighbor as yourself. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the sole code which can bring man to perfection, even in the social affairs of this world, and ensure, without disturbance, the exercise of those reasonable privileges, which, assumed as the basis of our temporal constitution, are not less the foundation of our eternal felicity. Mere human wisdom and virtue leave a frightful void in this particular: the Gospel alone is capable of filling it up." *

It is not thus, however, that our modern reformers and 'esprits forts' reason. The great object of their efforts is to ridicule, weaken, and cast down religion; to establish equality of privileges on the ruins of the Church; to elevate mere intellectual cultivation upon a total neglect of moral virtues and religious precepts. Certainly the coalesced herd of Radicals, rakes, libertines, roués, Dissenters, and Papists, have no intention of establishing their Utopian democracy on the great basis of doing to others as they would they should do unto them. No men have a weaker sense of the distinction of 'meum et tuum;' none pant more ardently after a general system of spoliation and injustice, provided only that they are to be the gainers, not the losers by it; none are more ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, none more unscrupulous in the means of attaining it. From such men and such principles, we say it fearlessly, nothing but social ruin, individual suffering, and national decline can be anticipated. Their very first position, the necessity, ante omnia, of destroying the Church, proves that they are either indifferent to, or ignorant of the only basis on which a general system of self-government, and the practical exercise of the powers of administration by the people must be founded. In in the complicated and artificial system of society in which we live, it is possible with safety to any class to establish a really practical Democracy, unquestionably the only foundation on which it can be rested, is, such a general influence of religion as can enable the people to withstand the seductions of power, and keep the rapacity of indigence from laying its covetous hands on other men's goods. But to commence the work of regeneration by destroying religion; to begin the system of national self-government, by unloosing the bonds of individual self-control; to imagine that men, released from all restraint but their own desires, are to keep their covetous hands off each other, or their bloody weapons from mutual destruction, is certainly, of all human extravagances, the most monstrous.

The Republicans are aware of the absurdity of this expectation; but they have a panacea for this and all other political evils. Education is to unloose the Gordian knot: intellectual, more intellectual cultivation is to eradicate all the vices of the human heart, and by preparing all men for the duties of self-government, render the sway of rulers unnecessary. This is perhaps the grossest delusion under which the nation has labored for the last half century; and yet, if the subject be considered attentively, it is the one in which the sophism lies most completely on the surface. Education, that is, the conferring the power to read and write, has no tendency whatever to check crime: it neither disarms passion, nor checks desire: it confers power, but does not fix the direction which it is to take, or the objects to which it is to be applied. It is an instrument of vast force; but whether that force is to be exercised to good or bad purposes, depends entirely on the habits of the people to whom it is intrusted, and the desires in the public mind with which it coexists. It is generally considered as the deadliest foe of despotism, and the only bulwark of freedom; but this is a total mistake, and has generally spread only from the efforts of the press in this country having been hitherto chiefly on the side of freedom. But the example of Imperial France proves that in other circumstances, and under the influence of different passions, it may become the most terrible instrument of Oriental bondage, and of Republican America the severest scourge of injured innocence.

* Hardenberg's Mem. x. 498.

The Devil, it has been well observed, was the great prototype of the perfection of intellect without virtue; and truly every day's experience demonstrates, that the mere cultivation of the intellectual faculty, without a proportionate care of moral and religious instruction, is only letting loose a legion of devils on the world.

The bubble of mere intellectual cultivation, however, like most of the other Whig bubbles, is rapidly bursting. Experience, that cold invidious monitor which drowns so many of their fantasies, has laid his chill grasp on this pernicious dogma; statistical details have demolished the dreams of human perfectibility. For forty years past the most indefatigable efforts have been made both by Government and private socities to promote education in England, France, and Germany; and the result is precisely analogous to what revelation long ago declared, that wherever knowledge among the great body of mankind is made instrumental to diffusing that religion which was preached to the poor, it is productive of the most blessed effects; if it is for a time severed from this connection, and made to rest on intellectual cultivation only, it becomes the grand and most prolific source of evil.

In France, we need not now tell our readers, an experiment has been made on a great scale for the last half century, of extending, as far as possible, intellectual cultivation, and at the same time depressing religion, so as to render it, in all but the rural parishes, practically speaking, a mere enfeebled relic of the olden time. Now attend to the result of this great experiment, upon the growth of crime, and the progress of human depravity, as evinced in the accurate and elaborate statistical tables of M. Guerry, a liberal writer, enamored of popular education and democratic institutions, and who is in consequence utterly bewildered by the result of the returns which he himself has digested in so luminous an order. The result is thus given in his own words, which have been quoted with great candor by Mr. Bulwer in his France, or the Monarchy of the Middle Classes. "While crimes against the person are *most frequent* in Corsica, the provinces of the south-east, and Alsace, where the people are *well instructed*, there are the *fewest* of those crimes in Berry, Limousin, and Britanny, where the people are the most ignorant. And as for crimes against property, it is almost invariably those departments that are the best informed which are the most criminal —a fact which, if the tables be not altogether wrong, must show this to be certain, that if instruction do not increase crime, which may be a matter of dispute, there is no reason to believe that it diminishes it."*

To illustrate this important statistical truth, M. Guerry has prepared maps of all the eighty-six departments of France, from which it distinctly appears, that wherever the number of educated persons is the greatest, there crime is most frequent, and that wherever it is the least, crime is most rare, and without any regard to the density of the population, the prevalence of manufactures, or almost any other cause. The tables on which these maps are founded, drawn from the laborious returns, which the French Government have obtained from all the departments of their empire, are so important, and so utterly fatal to the whole school of mere intellect-cultivation, that we make no apology for transcribing them in a note for the information of our readers.† With truth does the liberal but candid Mr. Bulwer add, "Mr. Guerry bowls down at once all the ninepins with which late statistical writers had been amusing themselves, and again sets up many of the old notions, which, from their very antiquity, were out of vogue."‡

In Great Britain, the whole experience of later times, since the education-mania has been systematically embraced by the Whig party, and largely acted upon by all classes of the people, goes to prove that the increase of crime, instead of having been diminished in consequence, has been greatly increased. The returns from two great penitentiaries, the Coldbathfields house of correction and

* Bulwer's France, i. 182; and Guerry, 264.

† We have been obliged to leave them out.

‡ Bulwer i. 172.

the Glasgow bridewell, dmonstrate, that in the last year, the educated prisoners were to the uneducated, in the proportion, taking an average of the two, of about 7 to 1; a much greater proportion than the educated class exceeds the uneducated over the whole island.* But the same inference is deducible from a still more general and alarming fact, namely, that the increase of crime, of late years, has been much more rapid in England and Wales than that of the population; and that in Scotland, where education is almost universal, it is more rapid than in England, The following is the increase of crime in England and Wales, from 1820 to 1832:—

						Population.
1820	-	13,710	1827	-	17,924	1821.
1821	-	13,115	1828	-	16,564	11,978,875
1822	-	12,241	1829	-	18,675	
1823	-	12,263	1830	-	18,107	
1824	-	13,698	1831	-	19,647	1831.
1825	-	14,437	1832	-	20,829†	13,894,574
1826	-	16,164				

Thus, while the population, from 1821 to 1831, added about a sixth to its numbers, crime added a half to its victims. And this was the period when the education mania was at its height. The Total persons committed in the

				Population.
7 Years ending	1818	-	64,538	- 9,551,000
———	1825	-	93,718	- 11,261,000
———	1832	-	127,910	- 13,089,000

Thus, from 1812 to 1832, crime over England and Wales has just DOUBLED; while the population has only advanced, during the same period,‡ somewhat under a half.

In Scotland, where education is so general, the criminals committed in 1832 were 2431, which, for a population of 2,400,000, is as nearly as possible one in 1000: indicating a much more rapid increase than in England; for in 1812, the committals were not 500 over the whole counties to the north of the Tweed.§

In Ireland, in the year 1832, the committals were 16,056, on a population of 8,000,000, or about 1 to 500. And there, the proportion of persons who can read is fully as great as in either Scotland or England; an extraordinary proof of the combined effect of agitation and the Catholic faith on that unhappy land, and the total inefficiency of such education to correct their combined influence.‖

Our limits will not permit us to enter upon the corresponding facts which we have accumulated from America. Suffice it to say, that the United States afford still stronger demonstration of the total inadequacy of education to correct the corruption of our nature or arrest the progress of crime, and that it is admitted by Beaumont and Tocqueville, the great advocates of instruction, and the enlightened travellers in that interesting Republic: "Nevertheless, we do not think that you can attribute the diminution of crimes in the northern states of the Union to instruction; because in Connecticut, where there is far more instruction than in New York, crime increases with a terrible rapidity; and

* Coldbathfields prison, 1835, average of prisoners.
Prisoners educated, 863
Prisoners uneducated, 104

Glasgow Bridewell, 1835, average of prisoners.
Prisoners educated, 274
Prisoners uneducated, 52

From these facts, the chaplain of Coldbathfields draws the conclusion, "That it is not the want of education, but the absence of principle which leads to crime."

† Porter's Parl. Tables, i. 139. ‡ Porter's Parl. Tables, ii. 81, and i. 139.
§ Parl. Return. Porter, ii. 87. ‖ Ibid. ii. 87.

if one cannot accuse knowledge as the cause of this, *one is obliged to acknowledge it is no prevention.*"*

Nothing can be more plain, therefore, than that this, the great panacea of the Liberal party—the vast regenerator which is to banish sin from the world, and fit men for the important duties of self-government, is a total delusion, and that mere intellectual education, so far from qualifying the masses for political rights and the safe exercise of democratic powers, in reality renders them more than ever unfit for them, by increasing, on the one hand, the restless activity of their minds, and augmenting, on the other, the depraved tastes, corrupt desires, and unbridled passions, which lead them to turn that activity to wicked purposes. This fact, which utterly bewilders the whole Liberal school—which is, literally speaking, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness—with which Lord Brougham and all those smitten by the education-mania are sore perplexed, without knowing how to extricate themselves from its weight, is perfectly intelligible to, and was all along predicted alike by the calm observers of human nature, who took experience for their guide, and the simple believers, who, without going farther than the gospel, were aware that in religion alone was an antidote to the poisonous fruit of the tree of knowledge to be found. Miss Edgeworth showed her knowledge when she put into the mouth of one of her characters—"*Edication* will do a great deal, but it won't change the *natur* that is in them." History in every age has taught, that it was in the latest ages of society that knowledge was most generally diffused, and corruption most widely spread. Experience every where around us shows, that in those situations where the human race is most densely massed together, instruction, at least on political subjects, is most common, and depravity of every sort most abundant. Coupling these facts together, the result of observation, alike in the past and the present, is, that it is not in the cultivation of the intellectual faculties that an antidote to the corruption of our nature is to be found, but that the only real regeneration, either of society or of its political institutions, must begin with those measures which augment the spread and increase the influence of that faith, which, setting itself in the outset to root out the seeds of evil in the human heart, can alone prepare men, by successfully governing themselves, to take a useful part in the direction of others.

The way in which general instruction, when unaccompanied with a proportional cultivation of the moral and religious feelings, acts in this way, is, to any person practically acquainted with the middling and lower orders, perfectly apparent. It extends the desires of the heart and the cravings of the passions to a degree inconsistent with the destiny of the great majority of mankind on earth. In numbers of the working classes it induces a disinclination to physical labor, by which alone they can be rendered comfortable, and a desire for intellectual pleasures or exertion, in which line they cannot earn a decent livelihood. It drives them, in consequence, into those desperate circumstances, and induces that recklessness of conduct, which is at once the parent and the excuse of crime. In all ranks it engenders an uneasy restlessness and dissatisfaction with their condition, which is the fruitful parent of disorders both private and political. By magnifying to the imagination the pleasures of wealth, while it induces a dissatisfaction with bodily labor, it both strengthens the temptations to vice and weakens the habits by which alone competence can be safely and honestly acquired. By clothing in a more voluptuous and seductive form than they naturally possess the pleasures of sense, it adds fuel to a flame which already burns fiercely enough in the human heart.† By strengthen-

* Beaumont and Tocqueville, sur les Pénitentiaires d'Amerique, 204.

† M. Guerry states, that sexual irregularity is in every part of France just in proportion to the spread of information, and that almost all the prostitutes of Paris come from the highly educated and excited departments of the north and east. (See Guerry, 174.) There are 2,300,000 bastards in that country, and no less than 1,092,910 individuals who have been abandoned from their birth by their parents, and brought up by public hospitals.

ing the imagination more than moral or religious principle, it, in effect adds to the force of the antagonist powers which assail human integrity, while it gives no additional strength to the counteracting dispositions by which alone they can be restrained. The pleasures of intellectual labor are, by the constitution of the human mind, accessible only to a small fraction of the human race. When Lord Brougham said he did not despair of seeing the day when every poor man should read Bacon, and Cobbett added it would be much more to the purpose if he could give them all the means of eating it, the one showed as great ignorance as the other evinced knowledge of the intellectual capacity of the great bulk of mankind. In no rank of life nor condition of society did any man ever find a tenth of his acquaintance in whom the pleasures of study would form a counterpoise to the excitement of the imagination or the seductions of sense. Education can to almost all magnify the influence of the latter: to a few only can it strengthen the sway of the former. Thence its universal and now generally experienced failure as a substitute for religious principle, and its total inadequacy to counteract the temptations to sin, which it itself has so greatly increased.

But how then, it may be asked, if the universal failure of democratic institutions be owing to the inherent corruption of the human heart, can it be argued that aristocratic government is preferable? Are not nobles children of Adam as well as paupers? And has not the taint of universal liability to crime descended in at least as great a degree to the high-born, pampered, and luxurious aristocrat, as to the humble hard-working peasant or mechanic? Undoubtedly it has, and the observation is a perfectly fair one; and unless it can be satisfactorily answered, it leaves wholly unsolved the problem to be solved, which is the universal and experienced rapidity of corruption, oppression, and misgovernment in democratic states. The solution, however, is easy, and it at once confirms the general truth of the preceding argument, and points out the only form of government where a due protection either to persons or property can be secured.

"It is frequently observed with surprise," says Mr. Hume, "both in history and private life, that while most persons evince both judgment and moral feelings in judging of the conduct of others, they exhibit but little of either when called into action themselves; and very generally fall into the very same vices which they have been the loudest in condemning in their neighbors. The reason is obvious; in estimating the conduct of others, they are guided by their reason and their feeling; in acting for themselves, they are actuated by their reasons, their feelings, *and their desires.*" In this simple observation is to be found the key to the whole mystery. When the machinery of government is in the hands of the holders of property, that is, the aristocracy, whether landed or commercial, the great bulk of the people are spectators merely of their conduct; they are the audience in the court, or the jury in the box, not engaged in the heat or animosity of the trial. In such a situation, therefore, their reason or feelings only are called into action, and these principles in mankind generally, when not under the influence of passion, are uniformly on the side of virtue. In these circumstances, therefore, the feelings of the majority, that is, public opinion, is, generally speaking, and unless when their passions are excited by extraordinary circumstances, the best safeguard of public morality, and the most effectual check on the corruptions of government; and thence the long stability, enduring virtue, and pure state of public feeling in such communities. But when the people are themselves, or by their leaders, admitted into power, this felicitous state of things is at once subverted. From being spectators of the game, they become actors in it—from being actuated by their reason and their feelings only, they become actuated by their reason, their feelings, and *their passions.* The latter, ever predominant with men acting together and under the excitement of common feeling, speedily becomes omnipotent, and immediately the sovereign multitude fall into all the vices, ambition, and corruptions of the sovereign aristocracy or the sovereign despot—nay, worse; for, from the contagion of multitudes, the passions are more strongly excited; from the needy condition of the ruling mass, the necessity of instant spoliation is more

strongly felt; from the division of power among numbers, the responsibility of injustice is reduced to nothing. At the same time, and what is still worse, the counteracting principle which chiefly kept the aristocracy right when it was at the helm, viz. the force of public opinion, that is, the feelings of the majority, so far from being an antidote to the evil, becomes its greatest supporter. The masses, formerly so loud in their reprobation of abuses when their rulers only were to profit by them, become their cordial supporters when they are themselves to obtain these benefits; the crowds, formerly so clamorous in their demand for economy, became the warmest supporters of costly measures when domestic corruption or the *multis utile bellum* is to shower its goldens showers over them; the patriots, once so indignant in their declamations in support of freedom, speedily become the greatest of all tyrants when they are to restrain others, instead of being restrained by them. The aristocratic classes indeed, and their supporters among the people, make the loudest lamentations at this portentous state of things; but what is the opinion of hundreds among that of thousands, or the weight of the minority against a tyrant corrupt government, which is securely entrenched in the fastnesses of corruption by a majority, all hoping to profit, directly or indirectly, by its fruits? Thence the rapid and inevitable degeneracy of all democratic states; thence the frightful and swift progress of corruption among the classes who had heretofore been its most strenuous opponents; thence the total inability of the minority composed of the property, virtue, and education in the community, to stem the progress of evil; thence the inconceivable celerity with which all the bulwarks of freedom are laid low by the blows of a deluded or interested populace: thence that fatal confusion of public ideas which, as Madam de Stäel says, is the worst bequest of revolutions, to destroy altogether the eternal distinction of right and wrong, and make men apply to public actions no other test but that of success. We need not refer to other ages or states for a proof of this assertion; our own country, and our own age, is its most striking confirmation: the worst corruptions, the most disgraceful tergiversations in public men noways weaken their influence with their supporters, if they do the one thing needful in supporting the cause of democracy. "Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice."

It is another reason why aristocratic societies are less liable to the invasion of corruption or the temptations to oppression than democratic—that, in the former law, the rulers of the state have a lasting interest in the administration of Government, and will be permanently affected in their interests and estates by external disaster, or internal misgovernment; whereas, in the latter, as Government is perpetually changing, the consequences of error or criminality hardly ever affect the actual perpetrators of it. The first is a tenant with a long lease, or such a grant as he may think almost amounts to a perpetuity. The latter is a tenant at will—every year expecting notice to quit from a changing and capricious set of landlords. It is not difficult to say which will run out the soil. Rotation of office is the grand principle of democratic government, and will do admirably well with a conquering state, which, like the Roman Commonwealth, or French Republic, can annually send forth fresh its magistrates to conquer and plunder other countries and, gratify the ambition of its rulers by foreign suffering; but it is utterly fatal to good government when the rulers are confined to their own bounds; and the cupidity of the changing demagogues, who are raised for a few months or years to power, must be satisfied at the expense of their own subjects or supporters. Admitting that an aristocratic government is not disposed by nature to abstain more from abuses or misgovernment than a democratic one, the important distinction lies here, that it is made to feel in is own estates, and in the power or influence which its members can transmit to their descendants, the consequence of misconduct, and, therefore, from self-interest, if from no better motive, is brought to abstain from flagrant acts of violence or injustice; whereas, the popular leaders, having no prospect of retaining power for more than one or two years, and none whatever of transmitting it to their descendants, and no estates to be permanently affected by hurtful measures, are natu-

rally led to make the most of it before it slips out of their hands. And experience has abundantly proved the justice of these views; for while history shows that the nations who have risen to the highest and most lasting greatness from the Roman to the English, have been governed by aristocratic government, and exhibits many, as Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria, where this form of government at this moment rules with a paternal and beneficent, though despotic sway, it can exhibit none in which democratic institutions, in an old state, have not, in a few years, utterly destroyed the frame of society, and, by levelling all the bulwarks of freedom, necessarily induced a transient or lasting despotism.

Lastly, aristocratic societies differ from democratic in this essential particular—that they bring to the helm of public affairs a far greater degree of skill, experience, and practical talent than can possibly be expected under the changing jealousy of popular rule. Here, again, it is not that there is any original difference between the intellectual capacity of different ranks of men, but that it is a difference of circumstances which occasions the difference in the result. Experience—long, hard-earned experience—is indispensable to the formation of an accomplished statesman? twenty years' study and practice are as indispensable to that character as to that of a great lawyer, or judge, or physician. The theory of self government by the masses is utterly at variance with the plainest dictates of common sense, as evinced in the daily transactions of life. What should we think of the masses pretending to build their own houses, or make their own coats, or plead their own causes, instead of employing architects, and tailors, and barristers to do these services for them? Infinitely more absurd is it for them to employ their ever-changing delegates to engage in the difficult science of legislation for them, bound hand and foot, as they will always be under democratic institutions, by their mandates; for seven years will make an accomplished tailor or mason, but thirty years is barely adequate to the training of a judicious statesman. It is a common complaint that the English diplomatists are now so much inferior to those of the monarchical states with whom they are brought in collision; but the fact is no ways surprising, when we consider how often administrations in this country are now changed under the pressure of popular fickleness, and how little chance, therefore, any diplomatist has to be employed for the time requisite to acquire skill in his profession. Without a certain degree of stability in Government, ability in administration or its subordinate situations will never be acquired by the servants of the public; and this stability will never be found under the changeful phases of democratic fervor.

Do we conclude, from all this, that a pure unmixed aristocracy is the only beneficial form of government? Far from it; though we strenuously maintain that it is infinitely preferable to an unmixed democracy. What we maintain is, that the holders of property are men, and liable to human error as well as the supporters of democracy, and therefore stand in need of the watchful jealousy and effective control of the masses of the people: but that it is only where property is the ruling, and numbers the controlling power, that control can be turned to good account; and that when numbers become the rulers, its weight is all thrown on the wrong side, and, instead of the fly-wheel regulating the motion of the machine, it drives it headlong to destruction. It is the first form of government which Old England for a hundred and forty years possessed: it is the second which New England for six years has experienced. According to the choice now made by its electors it is easy to see whether the star of British prosperity is to shine on with undiminished brightness or to blaze for a short term, and to be extinguished for ever.

THE VIOLIN.

The English have been charged with a terrible deficiency of musical genius. But, at least, they cannot be charged with any deficiency of musical patronage. England, barbarian as she is, has the honor of seeing all the artists of the Continent come fluttering in long files, like the woodcocks in winter, to her hyperborean shores. Every performer on every instrument, from the fairy displays of a Eulenstein on "two jews'-harps," to the sonorous sweep of a Bochsa with his twenty-four pupils all rushing through the chords of as many harps together. Every tolerable singer, and, we had almost said, every intolerable composer, finds reception, if not renown, —favoritism, if not fortune, in all-enduring England. The higher ranks retire loaded with opulence wrung from the ears of the unsusceptible multitude, and in the shades of some Tuscan villa, or the halls of some Roman palazzo, laugh at the slow sensibilities of John Bull; the lower cling to the prey with German indefatigability and Italian eagerness, solicit, save, and sneer, until, like the Savoyard chimney-sweepers or the Swiss porters, they can revisit their household gods, purchase a cabin on a precipice, and libel the land of fogs, faction, and the Philharmonic Society.

Still John Bull may have no great reason to lament his lot. If he is no pre-eminent fiddler, we may say that he has something else to do; if he must send for foreign masters of the string, it is something to be able to pay them; and if his soil produces no Viottis or Paganini's he may be well content with its home-production of poets and philosophers, warriors, and statesmen.

Yet none will deny that music is a lovely art. It is unquestionable that its use singularly increases the innocent enjoyments of life; that it remarkably humanizes the popular mind; that its general cultivation among the lower orders on the Continent has always been found to supply a gentle yet powerful solace to the hardships inevitable in a life of labor; that to the man of literature it affords one of the simplest yet most complete refreshments of the over-worked mind; while to the higher ranks its cultivation, frequently the only cultivation which they pursue with interest, often administers the only harmless passion of their nature.

All things which have become national have more to do with nature than perhaps strikes the general eye. Music and musical instruments certainly seem to have a remarkable connection with the climate and conceptions of a people. Among the nations of antiquity, the people of Judea were perhaps the greatest cultivators of music. Their temple worship was on the largest scale of musical magnificence, and for that worship they had especially the two most magnificent instruments known to antiquity—the trumpet and the harp. In later times, the horn is the instrument of the Swiss and Tyrolese mountaineer. Its long and wild modulations, its powerful tones, and its sweet and melancholy simplicity, make it the congenial instrument of loftiness, solitude, and the life of shepherds. The guitar is the natural instrument of a people like those of the Peninsula. Its lightness, yet tenderness—its depth of harmony, yet elegance of touch—its delicacy of tone, yet power of expression—adapt it to a race of men who love pleasure, yet hate to toil in its pursuit, whose profoundest emotions are singularly mingled with frivolity, and whose spirits constantly hover between romance and caricature. The rich genius of Ireland has transmitted to us some of the noblest strains in the world, but they are essentially strains of the harp, the modulations of a hand straying at will among a rich profusion of sounds, and inspiring them with taste, feeling, and beauty. The violin is Italian in its birth, its powers, and its style—subtle, sweet, and brilliant—more immediately dependent on the mind than any other instrument — inferior only to the voice in vividness, and superior

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The Violin. Being an Account of that leading Instrument, and its most eminent Professors, from its earliest Date to the present Time. By George Dubourg.

to all else in tone, flexibility, and grace. The violin, in the hands of a great performer, is the finest of human inventions, for it is the most expressive. The violin has a soul, and that soul is Italian.

Nothing is more extraordinary in this fine instrument than the diversity of styles which may be displayed on its simple construction; yet all perfect. Thus, from the sweet *cantabile* of the early masters, the world of *cognoscenti* was astonished by a transition to the fulness and majesty of the school of Tartini. Again, after the lapse of half a century, another change came, and the school of Pugnani developed its grandeur, and from this descended the brilliancy, rapidity, and fire of Viotti; and from the school of Viotti, after the lapse of another long period, the eccentric power, dazzling ingenuity, and matchless mastery of Paganini, who might seem to have exhausted all its spells, if human talent were not always new, and the secrets of harmony inexhaustible.

Thus the violin belongs to more than physical dexterity. Its excellence depends on the sensitive powers. It is more than a mean of conveying pleasure to the ear; it is scarcely less than an emanation from the mind. Of course this is said of it only in its higher grades of performance. In its lower, it is notoriously, of all instruments, the most intractable and unbearable. We shall now give a slight *coup d'œil* of its chief schools and professors.

The invention of the violin is lost in the dark ages. It was probably the work of those obscure artists who furnished the travelling minstrels with the *rebec* and *viola*, both common in the 12th century. The *violar*, or performer on the viol, was a companion of the troubadour. The name fiddle is Gothic, and probably derived from viola. Videl and fedel, are the German and Danish. About the close of the 16th century, the violin, which once had six strings, with guitar frets, was fortunately relieved from those superfluities, and was brought nearly into its present form. But the bow remained, as of old, short—scarcely beyond the length of the violin itself. Its present length was due to Tartini.

Italy was the first seat of excellence in music, as in all the other arts; and France, in the 16th century, was, as she has always been, the patron of all that could add to the splendor of court and the elegance of public amusement. In 1577, Catharine de Medicis, the wife and mother of kings, invited her countryman, Baltazarini, to France. His performance excited universal delight; and the violin, which, in the hands of the wandering minstrels, had fallen into contempt, became a European instrument.

The first school was that of the celebrated Corelli. This famous master was born at Fusignano, in the Bolognese, in February, 1653. In 1672 he visited Paris, then the chief seat of patronage. From Paris he made a tour through Germany, and returning, fixed it at Rome; and commenced that series of compositions, his twelve sonatas and his "Ballate de Camera," which formed his first fame as a composer; crowning it by his solos, which have a fortune unrivalled by any other compositions of his age, or of the age following—that of being still regarded as one of the most important studies of the performers for their science, and still popular from their beauty.

It is remarkable, that in those centuries which seemed to have scarcely recovered from the barbarism of the dark ages, and which were still involved in the confusion of civil wars, *enthusiasm* distinguished the progress of the public mind. It was not pleasure, nor the graceful study of some fine intellectual acquisition, nor the desire of accomplishment; it was a wild, passionate, and universal ardor for all that awakes the mind. The great schools of classic literature, of painting, of architecture, and of music—all first opened in Italy—were a conflux of students from all nations. The leading names of these schools were followed with a homage scarcely less than prostration. Even the masters of that driest of all studies, the Roman law, gave their prelections, not to hundreds, but to thousands. The great painter had his "seguaci," who paid him almost the allegiance of a sovereign. The announcement that, in Rome, the most expressive, skilful, and brilliant of all masters of the violin presided at the Opera, drew students from every part of Italy, and even of Europe, all hastening to catch the inspiration of Archangelo Corelli. Cardinal Ottoboni, a man of talents,

was the friend of this great performer who led the "Academia," or concert held weekly at the Cardinal's palace, and established the reputation which his countrymen held, by the title, "Virtuosissimo di violino, e vero Orfeo di nostro tempo." About the year 1700, he produced his celebrated Solos. In 1713 he died, and was interred in the Pantheon, close to Raffaele.

Corelli's performance was eminent for grace, tenderness, and touching simplicity. It wanted the dazzling execution of later times, but its tone was exquisite. Geminiani, his pupil, said, long after, that it always reminded him of a sweet *trumpet*. For many subsequent years, his scholars performed an anniversary selection from his works over his tomb. At length the scholars themselves followed their master, and the honor sank with them into the grave.

The next celebrated violinist was Francesco Giminiani, born at Lucca in 1680. After acquiring the rudiments of music from Scarlatti, he completed his studies under Correlli. He now began the usual life of the profession. His fame in Rome, as the first scholar of the renowned Corelli, spread through Italy, and he commenced his career at Naples as the head of the orchestra. There his brilliancy, taste, and tone were unrivalled; yet, like many a concerto player, he was found but ill suited for the conduct of the orchestra. His impetuosity and animation ran away with him; he rose into ecstacies, and left the band wandering behind. He has been charged with deficiency as a *timeist;* but this, though the most frequent failure of the amateur, seems so incompatible with the professor, and is so easily avoided by the practical musician, that we can scarcely believe it to have been among the errors of so perfect a performer. He was still scarcely above boyhood—he was ambitious of display—he was full of fancy, feeling, and power; and in this fulness he rioted, until the orchestra, unable to follow, were thrown into confusion.

England is, after all, the great encourager of talent. It may be imitated in Italy, or praised in France, but it is in England alone that it is rewarded. In 1714 Geminiani arrived in this country. George I. was then on the throne. He has not been famed, for a too liberal patronage of the fine arts, but he was a German, which is equivalent to his being a lover of music. The Baron of Kilmansegge, a Hanoverian, and one of the royal chamberlains, was the protector of the young Italian violinist. Geminiani was introduced to the royal chamber; where he played before the monarch, with Handel accompanying him on the harpsichord. The King was delighted; acknowledged the violin in such hands, to be the master of all instruments; and Geminiani was instantly in fashion. His reign was unusually long for a sitter on the capricious throne of taste,—he reigned fifteen years. During that time, no one was allowed to stand in competition with him in the qualities of finished execution, elegance of conception and vividness of performance. After this period, he began to write books of instruction, and treatises on harmony. He seems to have been the original inventor of those pieces of imitative music, which attained their height in that most popular and most tiresome of all battles, the "Battle of Prague." Geminiani conceived the extravagant idea of representing the chief part of the 13th Book of Tasso's Jerusalem by music. The ingenuity of the composer must be tasked in vain, where he has to represent things wholly unconnected with musical sound. He may represent the march of armies or the roar of tempests, the heaving of the forest or the swell of ocean; but in what tones can he give the deliberations of council or the wiles of conspiracy?

After a residence of thirty-six years in England, where he ought to have died, Geminiani went to Paris, where he was forgotten, and where he found it difficult to live. He returned only to pass through England on his way to Ireland where, in a land singularly attached to music, the great master's old age was honored. Some faint recollection of him survives there still. His scholar Dubourg was leader of the King's band; and he delighted to do honor to the powers which had formed his own. Geminiani was frequently heard at the houses of his friends, and preserved, though in extreme old age, his early elegance. But his career was now near its close. A treatise on harmony, to which he confined his fame with posterity, was stolen or de-

stroyed by a domestic. The loss to the world was probably slight; but to the old man was irreparable. It certainly hastened his death; he sank perceptibly, and, after a year's residence in Ireland, died in 1762, in his eighty-third year.

Carbonelli, a powerful reformer, and scholar of Corelli, who came to this country about the year 1720, and was leader of the opera, is worth remembering chiefly as the ancestor of that still more famous master of the art of pleasing English taste, of whom it was dexterously said, that "he never brought a good hogshead of claret into his cellars, nor ever sent out a bad one." His talent for composition must have been acknowledged. But the same tendency to prefer the service of Bacchus to that of Apollo was exhibited by the violinist. He became a wine-merchant, and one of the "purveyors to the King." On this change were hung the following couplets:—

"Let Rubinelli charm the ear,
And steal the heart with voice divine,
To Carbonelli I adhere,
Instead of music give me wine.

"Yet give me both; with wine combined,
Sweet music shall our joys improve;
Around the lyre be myrtle twined,
And wine attune the song to love."

But a phenomenon was now to appear—the famous Guiseppe Tartini. In all arts there is a strong similitude. They all make their progress by bounds. A long period passes in each, which is a period of imitation. The progress is slight, is nothing; then comes suddenly some man of singular powers, some human accident, who pushes the art beyond all its former limits, and heads a new era. This has been the history of invention from its slightest efforts to its noblest victories, from pin-making to the "Principia." Tartini developed new powers in the violin, an instrument which seems to contain within its four simple strings all the mysteries of music, and which may be still far from exhausted.

Tartini was, what in Italy would be called a barbarian, for he was a native of Istria; a territory from which Venice recruited her wildest mercenaries, and which, mingling Greek, Turk, and Italian, once lay like a border land between Christendom and Islamism. But times are changed, and Austria, if she has not much improved its Christianity, has at least checked its Mahometanism. Tartini's birthplace was Pisano (April 1692). His family had been lately ennobled; and as commerce was felt to be too humble for his descent, he was destined for the law. He was fantastic from the beginning. He first exhibited a forbidden passion for music. The passion lulled, or was superseded by a passion for fencing; he became the most expert of swordsmen, at a time when all the gladiators of Europe were furnished from Italy. It may be presumed, that law made but tardy progress in the rivalry of those active competitors. Perhaps, to obviate this state of things, he was sent, in 1710, to padua, once the great school of the civilians. There he committed the natural, but still more irreparable, fault of falling desperately in love. The object of his passion was inferior to the hopes of his *parvenu* family, and he was soon cast off without mercy. The world was now before him; but it was a desert, and the future delight and pride of Italy was near dying of hunger. At length, like many another son of misfortune, he fled to the cloister, where a relative, a monk, gave him protection. There he adopted the violin, as a solace to an uneasy mind; and rapidly acquired skill sufficient to take a place in the cathedral band. During this period his existence was unknown to his family. But on a grand festival, a gust of wind blowing aside the curtain which hid the orchestra, Tartini was seen by an acquaintance. The discovery was communicated to his family, a partial reconciliation followed, and as the triumphs of the law were now fairly given up, the wayward son of genius was suffered to follow his own will, and be a violinist to the end of his days.

But there was to be another stage in his ardent career. Veracini, a most powerful performer, happened to come to Venice. Tartini was struck with a new sense of the capacity of the violin. He determined to imitate, if not to excel, this brilliant virtuoso. He instantly left Venice, then a scene of tumultuous and showy life, retired to Ancona to devote himself to labor, and gave night and day to his instrument. There he made the curious

discovery of the "Third Sound"—the resonance of a third note when the two upper notes of a chord are sounded.

He now rose into fame, and was appointed to one of the highest distinctions of the art, the place of first violin to St. Anthony of Padua himself. The artist was duly grateful; for, with a superstition which can now only make us smile, but which was a proof of the lofty enthusiasm of his heart, as it was then accepted as the most striking evidence of his piety, he dedicated himself and his violin to the service of the saint for ever. His pupils had already spread his fame through the European capitals, and he received the most tempting offers from the chief courts. But his virtue was proof against all temptation. St. Anthony was his sovereign still. His violin would stoop to no more earthly supremacy, and the great master lived and died in Padua.

It is remarkable that all the chief virtuosi of the violin, if they live beyond youth, palpably change their conception of excellence. Whether it is that their taste improves, or their fire diminishes, their latter style is almost always marked by a study of elegance, a fondness for cantabile, and a pathetic tenderness. Difficulty, force, and surprise, are their ambition no more. Tartini's performance scarcely assumed superiority till mature manhood. He said "that till he was thirty he had done little or nothing." Yet the well-known story of his dream shows with what ardor he studied. Lalande relates it from his own lips. The story has all the vividness of a man of imagination, that man an Italian, and that Italian a devotee—for though Tartini was an Istrian, he had the true *verve* of the Ausonian: and though he was not a monk, he was the sworn slave of St. Anthony.

"He dreamed one night, in the year 1713, that he had made a compact with Satan, who promised to be at his service on all occasions. And during his vision the compact was strictly kept—every wish was anticipated, and his desires were even surpassed. At length he presented the fiend with his violin, in order to discover what kind of musician he was. To his infinite astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, that it eclipsed all the music he had ever heard or conceived during his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight, that it almost deprived him of the power of breathing. With the wildness of his emotions he awoke; and instantly seized his instrument, in the hope of executing what he had just heard. But in vain. He was in despair. However, he wrote down such portions of the solo as he could recover in his memory; still it was so inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have subsisted by any other means." The solo still exists, under the name of the "Devil's Sonata." A performance of great intricacy, but to which the imagination of the composer must have lent the beauty; the charm is now undiscoverable.

The late Dr. Burney, an ingenious writer and a good musician, thus sketches the character of Tartini's style. But Burney was a harpsichord player, and his instrument was the antipodes of the grace, delicacy, and expression of the violin. The effect produced on Tartini's contemporaries is the true standard of his powers. His compositions want the hand that gave them vitality. Burney's estimate seems much below the great artist's fame, yet still it is almost the only one left to us.

"Tartini, though he made Corelli his model in the purity of his harmony and the simplicity of his modulation, greatly surpassed him in the fertility and originality of his invention—not only in the subjects of his melodies, but in the truly *cantabile* manner of treating them. Many of his adagios want nothing but words to be excellent pathetic opera songs. His allegros are sometimes difficult; but the passages fairly belong to the instrument for which they were composed, and were suggested by his consummate knowledge of the finger-board and the powers of the bow. Yet I must, in justice to others, own, that though the adagio and solo playing in general of his scholars are exquisitely polished and expressive, yet it seems to us as if that energy, fire, and freedom of bow, which modern symphonies and orchestra playing require, were wanting." Tartini's compositions are by no means a test of his talents as a violinist. One of the habitual follies of all the leading

violinists is, to turn composers. They seldom condescend to play any concertos but their own. This is a frequent failure in their popularity; for the faculties required for composition, and for mastery of performance, are of a different order, and each may exist where there is almost a total deficiency of the other. Nine-tenths of the finest performers on any instrument are incapable of musical conception. One great cause of the vast quantity of feeble, rambling, and extravagant composition that overwhelms us at the present day, is the idle ambition in every pianist, harpist, or violinist to exhibit as an original genius, and, instead of giving to our ears the ideas of true composers, weary us with the vanity of their own. Yet Tartini's compositions still have a pracical value, and some of them have been lately republished for the use of the Conservatoire at Paris.

The homage paid to those early artists seems frequently to have turned their heads; even now, there is no one class of mankind which furnishes so many *eccentrics* as musicians. Veracini's name has been already mentioned, as awaking Tartini into rivalry and excellence. He was the most daring, brilliant, and wild of violinists. His natural temperament had some share in this; for he was singularly ambitious, ostentatious, and vain. His own countrymen pronounced him "Capo pozzo," the Crackbrained. At the "Festa della Croce" at Lucca, an occasion on which the chief Italian instrumentalists were in the habit of assembling from all quarters, Veracini, who, from long absence, was unknown to the Lucchese, put down his name for a solo. On entering the choir, he found that his offer was treated with neglect, and that the Padre Laurenti, a friar from Bologna—for ecclesiastics were often employed as musicians in the cathedrals—was at the desk of the solo-player. Veracini walked up at once to the spot where the padre stood in possession. "Where are you going?" was the friar's question—"To take the place of first violin," was the impetuous answer. But Laurenti was tenacious of his right, and told the applicant that if he wished to display his powers, either at vespers or high mass, he should have a proper place assigned to him. Veracini indignantly turned on his heel, and scorning the padre's location, went down to the lowest bench of the orchestra. When the time for his solo was come, he was called on by Laurenti, who appears to have acted as the director, to ascend into a more conspicuous place. "No," said Veracini, "I shall play where I am, or no where." He began—the tones of his violin, for which he was long celebrated, astonished every one—their clearness, purity, and passion were unrivalled; all was rapture in the audience, even the decorum of the church could not restrain their cheers. And at the end of each passage, while the *vivas* was echoing round him, he turned to the hoary director in triumph, saying, "That is the way to play the first violin."—("Cosi si suona per fare il primo violino.")

Veracini's prompt and powerful style must have made his fortune, if he had taken pupils. But he refused to give lessons to any one except a nephew; he himself had but one master, an uncle. His style was wholly his own. Strange, wild, and redundant. Violin in hand, he continually travelled over Europe. About 1745 he was in England. He had two Steiner violins, which he pronounced to be the finest in existence, and with the mixture of superstition and frivolity so common to his countrymen, he named one of them St. Peter and the other St. Paul! Violinists will feel an interest in knowing that his peculiar excellencies consisted in his shake, his rich and profound arpeggios, and a vividness of tone that made itself heard through the loudest orchestra.

The school of Tartini was still the classic "*academe*" of Italy. Nardini brings it nearer our own era. He was the most exquisite pupil of the grand master. Of all instruments the violin has the closest connection with the mind. Its matchless power of expression naturally takes the mould of the feelings; and where the performer has attained that complete mastery which gives the instrument a language, it is grave, gay, touching, or romantic, according to the temper of the man, and almost of the hour. Nardini's tenderness of mind gave pathos to his performance. He left the dazzling and the bold to others; he reigned unequalled in the soft, sweet, and elegant. "His violin," says the President Dupaty, who heard

him in Italy in 1783, "is a voice, or has one. It has made the fibres of my ear vibrate as they never did before. To what a degree of tenuity does Nardini divide the air! How exquisitely he touches the string of his instrument! With what art he modulates and purifies their tones!"

England was never visited by this fine virtuoso; but her musical tastes were more than compensated by the arrival of Felice Giardini, who produced effects here unrivalled till the appearance of Paganini. Giardini was born at Turin in 1716, and received his chief musical education under Somis, a scholar of Corelli. At the age of seventeen he went, as was the custom of the time, to seek his fortune in the great capitals. From Rome he went to Naples, and after a short residence in the chief musical cities of his own country, passing through Germany with still increasing reputation, came to England in 1750. His first display was a concert for the benefit of Cuzzoni, who, once the great favorite of the Italian opera, was now old, and enfeebled in all her powers. In her decaying voice the violinist had all the unwilling advantage of a foil. The audience were even on the point of forgetting their gallantry, and throwing the theatre into an uproar, when the young Italian came forward. His first tones were so exquisite, and so unlike any thing that the living generation had heard, that they instantly put all ill-humor to flight. As he proceeded, the rapture grew. At length it was a tumult, but a tumult of applause, and applause so loud, long, and overwhelming, as to be exceeded by none ever given to Garrick himself. His fortune was now made, if he would but condescend to take it up as it lay before him. But this condescension has seldom formed a part of the wisdom of genius; and Giardini was to follow the fate of so many of his showy predecessors.

His first error was that avarice which so curiously and so often combines with the profusion of the foreign artist. In 1754 he was placed at the head of the Opera orchestra. In 1756 he adopted the disastrous idea, in connection with the celebrated Signora Mingotti, of making rapid opulence by taking the theatre. Like every man who has ever involved himself in that speculation, he was ruined. He then fell back upon his profession, and obtained a handsome livelihood by pupils, and his still unrivalled performance. Still he was wayward, capricious, and querulous, and old age was coming on him without a provision. He had now been nearly thirty years in England, and his musical rank and the recollection of his powers would doubtless have secured for him the public liberality in his decline. But he then committed the second capital error of the foreign artists, that of restlessness, and breaking off their connection with the country in which they have been long settled. Giardini went to recommence life in Italy with Sir William Hamilton. But Italy now knew nothing of him, and was engrossed by younger men. After lingering there just long enough to discover his folly in one shape, he returned to England to discover it in another. Five years' absence from London had broken off all his old connections, dissolved all his old patronage, and left him a stranger in all but name. His health, too, was sinking. He was enfeebled by dropsy; his sight was failing; and he was glad to find employment as a supernumery or tenor in the orchestra, where his talent had once reigned supreme. He attempted a burletta opera at the little Haymarket theatre, failed; took his company to St. Petersburg, failed at that extremity of Europe; took them to Moscow, failed there; and then could fail no more. In Moscow, at the age of eighty, he died.

In music, as in poetry, there have always been two schools. The classic and the romantic. The former regular, graceful, elegant; the latter wild, often rude, often ungraceful, but often powerful, and postponing all things to power. The classic gaining its object by addressing itself to the sense of pleasure, the romantic by exciting the sense of admiration. The triumphs of the two schools have alternated in music as in poetry. The weariness of excessive elegance has lowered the popularity of the one, the exhaustion of strong sensations has extinguished the honors of the other. Thus runs the circle. A performer was now to appear whose consummate elegance gave the palm to the classic school for the time. The name of Giornovichi

is still remembered by some of our living amateurs. He was a Palermitan, born in the year 1745, a year which has left its mark strongly, for other reasons, on British recollection. His life was spent in roving through the capitals of Europe. Acquiring his exquisite and touching style under the celebrated Lolli, he went to Paris. After extinguishing all competitorship, even in jealous France, for two years, he went to Prussia as first violin in the roval chapel of Potsdam. He then went, preceded by his fame, to St. Petersburg. From 1792 he remained four years in England, visiting the provinces and Ireland, to the great delight of the public taste. Then, with that love of rambling which characterises musicians and foreign artists of every description, he returned to Germany, from Germany went to Russia, and in St. Petersburg died in 1804. The late Michael Kelly, in his pleasant nightgown-and-slipper style, gives, perhaps, as true a conception of this admirable violinist as could be given by the most formal character. He heard him at Vienna on his way from Russia. "He was a man of a certain age, but in the full vigor of talent. His tone was very powerful, his execution most rapid, and his *taste above all, alluring*. No performer, in my remembrance played *such pleasing* music. He generally closed his concertos with a rondo, the subject of which was some popular Russian air, to which he composed variations with *enchanting taste*." Another authority has observed, that, "slightly educated, and shallow as a musician, his native talent, and the facility with which he was enabled to conquer mechanical difficulties, rendered him so brilliant and powerful a player, that, for a time, he was quite the rage in both Erance and England." We are inclined to prefer Michael Kelly's verdict. Giornovichi's style was neither powerful nor brilliant. It was, what is better than either, delightful. Possessing great mastery of execution, it was always subservient to a native beauty of conception, which made his performance perhaps the most *charming* that was ever known. Delicacy, refinement, polish of the highest order, were there; but no violinist within memory had so fine a faculty of concealing his art, and subduing the audience as with a spell. His concertos have now gone out of fashion. Intricacy, eccentricity, and novelty are the choice of intrumentalists in our day. The startling, strange, and difficult are the modern triumph of the artist. But in these feats of the finger he abandons the nobler triumph of the soul. The concertos of Giornovichi remain before us as evidence of the elegance, tenderness, and sensibility of his genius. They are, of course, neglected by the modern solo player, who must astonish, or be nothing; but they form the limit of all that is delicious in the violin; and the first artist who will have the courage to try how far they may be felt by an audience, even in our day, will find that they possess at least rudiments of success, which are not to be found in the abruptness and extravagancies of the later mountebanks of the finger-board.

By a strange contrast with the playful grace of his style, Giornovichi's temper was more than irritable. His life seems to have been a long quarrel with men and countries. He was almost a professed duellist. His caprices alienated the public; his patrons generally found his petulance more than equivalent to their pleasure in his ability. He left England in anger, and appears to have transported this luckless spirit wherever he went. But he was a matchless musician, and his concertos must be long the study of every artist who desires to discover the true secret of captivation.

The classic school was now to give way to the romantic. Viotti, a name still familiar, appeared in London in 1790, at Salomon's concerts. He was instantly recognised as the creator of a new era of the violin. Bold, majestic, and magnificient, his style of composition was admirably seconded by the brilliancy and vividness of his execution. Unlike the majority of great violinists, he had also the talent of a great composer. No man of modern times approached so near to the sublime. His master had been the well known Pugnani, whose breadth of performance and force of tone were long unequalled. But to these his pupil added the fire of genius.

Viotti was born in 1755, at Fontaneto in Piedmont. His musical education was early and rapid. At twenty he was first violinist in the Royal Chapel of Turin. After a few

years' study there, he commenced the usual tour of artists, and passing through Germany, came to Paris. There he was the universal wonder; but his petulance at a concert in the palace at Versailles drove him from public representation.

It happened unfortunately for his peaceable career that he was a good deal infected with the revolutionary absurdities of the time, and the angry musician notoriously avenged himself by becoming the peevish republican. On the increasing tumults in 1790, which threatened to put an end to the arts along with the artists, Viotti left Paris, and came to England. His reception was rapturous; delighting England and eclipsing all competition. But the Revolution in France had already made terrible progress. The French church and nobility had been distroyed, the unhappy King and Queen had been murdered; and yet this terrible catastrophe, which has stained the name of France for ever, and which should have shut the lips of all men against the very name of Republicanism, actually inflamed the language of Revolution every where into absolute treason. Viotti's temperament had the Italian excitability. His knowledge of government probably amounted to no more than the nonsense of the Parisian declaimers, and his gratitude to the country which paid and protected him was said to have been wholly effaced by the ridiculous ambition of flourishing as a politician. Whether he went the full length of acting as a revolutionary agent for France, or was merely fool enough to talk insolently of England, those were not times to suffer insolence, however excellently a man might fiddle. The example, too, might have encouraged more of those extra-orchestral performances; for France was at that time absolutely rabid, and England full of adventurers, who, however without a name, were certainly not without a purpose. There were said to be conspiracies among the French and Italian cooks and valets, whom our noblemen had been weak enough to bring into their service. Instances were mentioned where those ruffians had club dinners, in which nothing but treason was talked against the country that gave them bread, and where they dipped their handkerchiefs in claret, in commemoration of the death of "Louis le Tyran," the least of a tyrant of any king since Pharamond. These things seem only monstrous folly now—they were public perils then; and the sooner the clubbists were sent back to their proper place, Paris and her massacres, the better.

Viotti, with all his Republican sympathies, and we do not charge his memory with any direct attempt to put them in practice here, knew Paris too well to return there while the fever of Directories and Democracies raged. He quietly withdrew to Germany, and there, in a villa near Hamburgh, he devoted himself to a much more suitable occupation than the rise or fall of dynasties, the production of some of those works, including his duets, which will make him remembered long after his political follies are forgotten. But it is difficult for a foreigner to avoid a sentimental display. The words cost him nothing, and the feeling seldom much more. "Cet ouvrage," says Viotti, in the preface to his 'Six Duos Concertantes,' "est le fruit du loisir que le malheur me procure. Quelques morceaux ont été dictés par la peine, d'autres par l'espoir." He was at this time living in a little palace, with every enjoyment that man could desire, and with every spot of the world open to him except Paris, where he would probably have been hanged for too little democracy, and London, where he had already exhibited too much.

His career was still capable of prosperity; but his rashness rendered him unlucky. After a few years, in which his fame as a violin composer continually rose, he returned to England; but instead of relying on his own astonishing powers as a performer, he plunged into trade, became a wine-merchant, and shortly suffered the natural consequences of exchanging a pursuit which he understood better than any other man alive, for a pursuit of which he knew nothing. He lost all that he was worth in the world. He then returned to Paris as Director of the Conservatoire; but there he found himself all but forgotten. With the usual fate of musicians and actors, long absent, and returning into the midst of a new generation, he found national jealousy combining with the love of something new; and between

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both, he felt himself in what is termed a false position. He now gave up his employment, and on a pension returned to England, a country, of which, notwithstanding his republican "exaltation," he was fond. Here, mingling occasionally with society, still admired for his private performance on the violin—for he had entirely abandoned public exhibition—and living much at the house of Chinnery, an officer in the Treasury, fond of music, and who gave showy fêtes at his villa near London—fêtes which finally ruined the giver, not only in fortune but in character—Viotti sunk into calm decay, and died March 3, 1824, aged 69. Viotti's appearance was striking—he was tall, of an imposing figure, and with a countenance of strong expression—his forehead lofty, and his eye animated. As a composer for the violin he is unquestionably at the head of all his school, and his school at the head. Its excellencies are so solid, that his violin concertos may be transferred to any other instrument, without a change of their character, and scarcely a diminution of their effect. Some of the most powerful concertos for the piano are Viotti's, originally composed for the violin. The character of his style is *nobleness*. Pure melodies and rich harmonies had been attained by others; but it was reserved for him to unite both with grandeur. This was, in some degree, the result of his having been the scholar of Pugnani, the first man who taught the Italians the effect of combined breadth and brilliancy. But it was for the celebrated Piedmontoise to be at once supremely elegant and forcible, and to unite the most touching taste with the most dazzling command of all the powers of the instrument. Another style has followed, and eccentricity forms the spell of the day—eccentricity doubtless sustained by extraordinary spirit of execution, but still destined to pass away, after the brief period of surprise, and to leave public taste free to return to the "sublime and beautiful" of Viotti.

It might be interesting to examine the state of the French, German, and English schools in detail; but we can now advert only to the living performer, who in each occupies the principal place. De Beriot appears to hold the highest estimation among those French violinists who have visited England within these few years. He is probably also the best of the native performers. All the violinists of France, who have figured since Rode, are growing old, and we have heard of no showy and novel successor. The school of Rode is still the prevailing taste of the Conservatoire, and it is of the nature of every *school* to degenerate.

The French mind has little of originality. In all things the Frenchman is clever at imitation. There are a greater number of *tolerable* musicians, painters, architects, and actors in France than in the whole Continent besides. But the brilliancy, force, and daring of genius must be sought for in other lands. Italy has taught France all that she knows. The painting, the architecture, the composition, the military art, even the swordsmanship of France are the loan of Italy. The loan has always degenerated in less than half a century, and the art sank until it was revived by some fresh infusion from the fountain-head. Some son of genius, crossed the Alps, and astonished the Frenchmen, clever as he is, by arts unknown before.

De Beriot is essentially of the school of Rode, though he is understood to be ambitious of referring his skill to Viotti. But his style, dexterous rather than dazzling, intricate rather than profound, and sparkling rather than splendid, is altogether inferior to the majestic beauty of the master violinist of the last age. It must be acknowledged that De Beriot's conduct on the death of the unhappy Malibran must raise more than doubts of his sensibility. And the musician, like the poet, who is destitute of feeling, is deprived of the first source of excellence. He may be ingenious, but he can never be great. He is ignorant of the secret which supremely sways the mind. It is probable that he will never return to this country. The impression which he has left behind is fatal to all popularity. In Germany, Spohr is still the celebrated name. Louis Spohr was born in the Brunswick territory, in 1784. His distinctions were rapid; for at twenty-one, after making a tour of the German cities, and visiting Russia with increasing fame, he was appointed first violin and

composer to the Duke of Saxe Gotha. In 1817, he made a tour of the Italian cities, and in 1820 came to England, where he performed at the Philharmonic concerts. He had already been known to violinists by the science of his compositions, and his knowledge of the capacities of the violin. His performance in this country exhibited all the command which was to be expected from German vigor. But it must be confessed that the want of conception was apparent. His style was *heavy*. With remarkable purity of tone, and perfect skill in the management of the bow, he was never brilliant. Sweet melodies, graceful modulations, and polished cadenzas were all; and in these are not contained the *spells* of music. Even his large and heavy figure had some effect in prejudicing the ear against his style. All seemed ponderous alike. The weather, too, during his visit, happened to be unusually close for the season, and the rather corpulent German too palpably suffered under a perpetual thaw. His performance in this state was the reverse of elegant; and the intricacy of his composition, the perpetual toil of science, and the general absence of expression—qualities so visible in all his written works, without the exception of his best opera, Faust—oppressed his violin.

The most popular violin composer now in Germany, or in Europe, is Mayseder. His style is singularly, yet sometimes showily toilsome. As Spohr's is the labor of science, Mayseder's is the labor of brilliancy. His works are strictly for the fashion of the time—popular airs with showy variations, some feeble and affected, but some unquestionably of remarkable richness, variety, and subtlety. His air, with variations, dedicated to Paganini, the "pons asinorum" of our amateurs, is a well-known specimen of all those qualities, and is even a happier specimen of Paganini's style than any published composition of the great violinist himself.

The English school of the present day is but a name. What the "Royal Academy of Music" may yet produce, is, of course, in the clouds of all things future. But forming many very dexterous performers, and some tolerable composers, it has exhibited no hope of giving England a musical genius. However, this is not said in any spirit of invidousness against an institution, graceful in its nature, ingenious in its direction, and almost essential in its results to national refinement. Under the superintendence of Lord Burghersh, himself a distinguished amateur, and the approval of Royalty, the institution has already considerably improved the performances of our theatrical orchestras, and has supplied our music meetings and public concerts with a race of well-taught musicians. So far it has "done the state some service."

But the great point remains. How is England to make or find those talents which render Germany and Italy the source of such perennial musical excellence, or rather which at brief intervals render them so habitually productive of minds which give a fresh impulse to the powerful and lovely art of harmony? To answer this question, it must be remembered, that in Germany and Italy alone the *lower orders* are musically educated: in Germany, in the peasant schools; in Italy, in the schools attached to the churches and monasteries. In both these countries, out of this multitude new talents are constantly arising. While even in France, where immense patronage is extended to music, and where music is a national boast, but where it is not a part of national education, a new name in music is among the rarest of all possible things. Her *Conservatoire* produces elegant performers; but those may be made by practice under any sky. But all her ranks of performers are shaped according to the last style of Germany or Italy—a Kreutzer, a Spohr, or a Paganini. Of composers, with many elegant, she has not one original. Even Auber, though among the most pleasing *dramatic* composers of Europe, and greatly superior to the whole heavy school which at present overloads taste in Germany, is impressed with Rossini in every line. Auber is a Parisian Rossini.

It is probable that the first step to discover the original power of the English mind in music, must be to extend the musical education to the multitude. The task might not be difficult. The system of collecting the children of the people into large masses in our national schools would seem to afford the easiest means imaginable for giving them a certain degree of

general instruction in the rudiments of music. Those whose natures were adverse would soon exhibit their unfitness, and might be left to themselves; but those who had a natural faculty for this delightful employment of the idle hour, and solace of the unhappy one, would rapidly imbibe the knowledge necessary; and where genius existed, its discovery would be inevitable. Other results of still higher value would be felt at no distant period. A musical faculty among the people would save them from the temptation, almost the necessity, of having recourse to those gross excesses, which are much oftener the refuge from total want of occupation, than even the indulgence of vitiated tastes. Those wretched haunts into which our workmen and peasantry are inveigled by the mere restlessness of the idle mind and hand would lose a large part of their attractions, when the better tastes of the people found so much simpler, safer, and *cheaper* employment for their leisure. We are fully aware that this cannot be done at once. With our habits, the very mention of the English peasant with a guitar in his hand, or throwing that hand across the strings of a harp, may seem ludicrous. Yet the Spanish peasant, as active, industrious, and manly a laborer of the ground as any in Europe, is seen with a guitar in his hand, whenever that hand has not the spade. The German peasant is frequently a clever harpist, violinist, and pianist; and in neither instance is there the slightest diminution of industry or manliness in the national character; while a great deal is confessedly added to its temperance, social intelligence, and personal enjoyment. The cultivation of vocal music is known to be extremely common among the German soldiery; but it has never enfeebled their prowess in the field; on the contrary, it has often inflamed their natural intrepidity into heroism. In those minor details of service, which yet are so essential to the general superiority of troops, in regularity of marching, in orderly cantonment, in bearing the fatigue of the field and the weariness of the garrison, and in a hundred other matters of this kind, the fondness of the German for music renders him a remarkably contented, obedient, and correct soldier. If the Royal Academy of Music could spread its influence in the direction of the people, by either fixing teachers of popular music in the smaller towns and villages, at small salaries, or encouraging the leading inhabitants of those places to have little public competitions, give little prizes to the best performers, and from time to time forward to the Academy in London those who exhibited the most marked ability, and who intended to make music their profession, there can be no doubt whatever that civilization and innocent pleasure among the humbler ranks would receive an important impulse. The music of our churches too, would derive a still more powerful improvement from this cultivation. In its present state, the church service in our cities, though often admirably sustained in its other departments, almost universally falls short in all that belongs to music. The organ may be of the first order, and its performer a master of his art, but the hymn, left to a few miserable trebles among the charity children, must always be repulsive. The true effect of church music is to be known only where the congregation join; and they can join effectively only where there is some knowledge of music diffused among the people. No cathedral choir, however scientific, can supply the deficiency. The cathedral music is, in general, the very reverse of devotional; and a long anthem, with its solos, duetts, artificial, abstruse, and often dreary labor of science, is a trial which, offending the whole nature of the service, offends the ears of many, and the taste of all. Once more, we say to the royal and noble patrons of that Academy, that if they desire to be of national benefit, they must make the effort on a national scale. They may answer, that the narrowness of their funds prohibits this. We answer, that the narrowness of their funds results solely from the narrowness of their design. What have they done, even within their own limits? To speak in the gentlest terms, they have done just so much as to point out the error of their principle. The Academy, during the more than half-dozen years of its existence, has done what might have been done by any private school, and little more. It has made some respectable performers, certainly not one remarkable. It has not sent into

public one distinguished artist on any instrument whatever—not one first-rate singer—not one popular composer. It has not produced a single opera, a single sinfonia, a single concerto, known beyond its own walls. We doubt if it has even produced a single song ever heard beyond its own orchestra. In all this we desire most especially to avoid whatever may be regarded as personal to the patrons or conductors of the Institution. We are satisfied that, so far as the details are concerned, their conduct is all that could be expected. But we can have no hesitation in saying, that, in a public point of view, the Academy has limited its objects until the result is inefficiency. What has it done for that most important portion of public music, the music of the church? What for that most elegant portion, the music of the drama? What, for that most brilliant, the music of the harp, violin, and piano? What, for that most touching, sensitive, and influential, the music of song; the popular air, the ballad, the simple yet powerful beauty of the national melody? Those are things which the Academy must begin to do, or the public will begin to inquire whether the same ends may not be accomplished at less expense—whether our orchestras would not have the same number of decent performers, had the Academy never existed—and whether a remodelling of the whole, in the larger views, with a better construction of the plan, and with a more effective application to the excitement of musical taste among the great body of the people, would not be a matter equally advantageous, expedient, and easy.

In our remarks on the musical genius of Italy, we had said, that south of the Alps lay the fount from which flowed periodically the whole refreshment of the musical mind of Europe. One of these periodic gushes has burst out in our own day, and with a power which has never been rivalled by Italy herself. Paganini has commenced a new era of the king of all instruments, uniting the most boundless mastery of the violin with the most vigorous conception. Audacious in his experiments on the capacity of his instrument, yet refined to the extreme of subtlety; scientific, yet wild to the verge of extravagance, he brings to music the enthusiasm of heart and habit, which would have made him eminent in perhaps any other pursuit of the human faculties. Of a performer who has been so lately before the public, and whose merits have been so amply discussed, it would be superfluous to speak in detail. But, by universal consent, Paganini has exhibited in his performance all the qualities combined, which separately once gave fame. By a singular adaptation, his exterior perfectly coincides with his performance; his tall gaunt figure, his long fleshless fingers, his wild, eager, and wan visage, his thin grey locks falling over his shoulders, and his singular smile, sometimes bitter and convulsive, always strange, make up an aspect which approaches nearly to the spectral. When he comes on the stage, half crouching, slowly creeping onward as if he found his withered limbs too weak to bear him, and with his wild eye glancing by fits round the house, he looks not unlike some criminal escaped from the dungeon where he had been worn down by long confinement, or a lunatic who had just been released from his chains. Of all earthly forms his is the least earthly. But it is when the first uproar of reception is stilled, when the orchestra has played its part, and the solo is to begin, that Paganini exhibits his singularity and his power in full view. He has hitherto held the violin hanging by his side; he now raises it up slowly, fixes his eye upon it as a parent might look upon a favorite child; gives one of his ghastly smiles; lets it down again, and glances round the audience, who sit in the profoundest silence looking at this mystic pantomime, as if it were an essential part of the performance. He then seizes it firmly, thrusts it close to his neck, gives a glance of triumph on all sides, waves his bow high above the strings, dashes it on them with a wild crash, and with that single impulse lets out the whole torrent of harmony.

Peculiar as this picture may seem, it is only to those who have not heard the great master. To those who have it will appear tame. He is extravagant beyond all bounds; yet his extravagance is not affectation, it is scarcely more than the natural result of a powerful passion acting on a nervous temperament, and naturalized by habits of lonely labor, by an all-en-

grossing imagination, and by a musical sensibility which seems to vibrate through every fibre of his frame. The whole man is an instrument.

It must however, be acknowledged that his eccentricity in his latter performances, sometimes injured his excellence. His mastery of the violin was so complete, that he often dared too much; and by attempting in his frolic moods, and his frolics are frenzies, to imitate things altogether below the dignity of music, he offended his audience. One of his favorite freaks was the imitation of old women's voices! He imitated birds, cats, and wolves. We have heard him give variations to the pretty air of the "Carnival de Venise," the variations consisting of imitations of all the cracked trumpets, the drums, the fifes, the squeaking of the old women, the screaming of the children, and the squabbles of Punch. These were follies. But when his better genius resumed its influence he was unequalled, and probably will remain unequalled for another generation. He enjoyed one result which genius has too seldom enjoyed, extraordinary emolument. He is said to have made, during the single year of his residence in England, upwards of L.20,000. His half share of the receipts of a single concert at the King's Theatre was said to amount to seven hundred guineas. Thus, in his hands, he established the superiority of the violin as a means of production over all others, and even over the human voice. Catalani, in her days of renown, never made so much by single performances. Paganini has now gone to Italy, where, he has purchased estates, and where, if he is wise, he will continue and live on his fame. If he is weak or avaricious, he will return to England; when his powers will have decayed, he will meet the reception of so many great performers, who have forgotten that time makes inroads on every thing; he will receive pity where he once conquered applause; and like Mara, Giardini, Rode, and a host of others, he will fly from the country, disheartened and disappointed, to hide his head in some obscure corner of the Continent, where he will leave his money to his housekeeper, his body to the monks, and die.

The novelties which Paganini has introduced into his performance have been highly panegyrized. Those are his playing occasionally on a violin with but the fourth string—his pizzicato with the fingers of the left hand, giving the instrument something of the effect of the guitar—his use of the harmonic tones, and his staccato. That these are all novelties, that they add to the general compass of the violin, and that they exhibit surprising skill in the performer, we entirely allow. But excepting the staccato, which is finished and elegant, we have not been able to feel their peculiar value. That they may be the opening of future and wide triumphs to this beautiful and mysterious instrument, we believe perfectly possible. But in their present state they appear rather tricks than triumphs, rather specimens of individual dexterity than of instrumental excellence. The artist's true fame must depend on his appeal to the soul. Paganini was born in Scura, about 1784. He looks a hundred.

A new candidate for praise has lately appeared among us in the person of Olé (Olous) Bull. Half his name would entitle him to our hospitality. He is a Norwegian, and unpropitious as the remote north may be conceived to the softer arts, Olé Bull is the only artist of Europe who can remind the world of Paganini. But unlike the great Maestro, he is nearly self-taught. His musical impulse came on him when he was about eight years old. His family successively proposed the Church and the law; he espoused the violin, and at twenty resolved to trust to it and fortune. Some strange tales are told of his destitution. But all the histories of the great musicians have a tinge of romance. Olé Bull's was ultra-romantic. He reached Paris in the period of the cholera. All was terror and silence. His purse was soon exhausted. One day, after a walk of misery, he found his trunk stolen from his miserable lodging. His violin was gone with it! In a fit of despair he ran out into the streets, wandered about for three days, and finished his wanderings by throwing himself into the Seine. Frenchmen always throw themselves into the Seine, as we understand, for one or all of the three reasons:—that the Seine has seldom water enough in it to drown any body; that it is the most public point of the capital, and the suicide enjoys the

greatest number of spectators; and that, let the worst befall, there is a net stretched across the river, if river it must be called, which may save the suicide, if he can keep his head above water for a while, or at least secure his body for a spectacle in the Morgue next morning. But we believe that the poor Norwegian was not awake to those advantages, and that he took the Seine for a *bonâ fide* place where the wretched might get rid of their wretchedness. He plunged in, but, fortunately, he was seen and rescued. Few men in their senses ever attempt to commit suicide; not even madmen attempt it twice; and Olé Bull, probably brought back to a wiser and more pious feeling of his duties by his preservation, bethought him of trying his professional powers. He sold his last shirt to hear Paganini,—a sale which probably affects a foreigner but little. He heard, and resolved to rival him.

The concert season returned. He gave a concert, gained 1200 francs, and felt himself on the road to fortune. He now made a tour of Italy, was heard with pleasure; and at the San Carlos at Naples with rapture; on one night he is said to have been encored *nine times!* From Italy, where performers learn their art, he returned to Paris, like all his predecessors, for renown, and, like them, at length brought his matured talent to England for money. He is now twenty-five years old, if at that age his talent can be spoken of as matured. Determined in all things to rival the Gran Maestro, he would condescend to nothing less than a series of concerts in the vast *enceinte* of the Italian Opera House. The audiences were numerous, but the crowd belonged to Paganini. He has since performed with great popularity at the musical festivals; and if he shall overcome the absurd and childish restlessness which has so often destroyed the hopes of the most popular artists—can avoid hiring the Opera House—and can bring himself to avoid alternate flights to Italy and the North Pole, he will make his fortune within the next ten years. If he resolve otherwise, and *must* wander, he will make nothing, and will die a beggar.

His performance is of a very high order, his tone good, and his execution remarkably pure, powerful, and finished. He delights in double stopping, in playing rich chords, in which he contrives to employ the whole four strings at once, and in a singularly delicate, rapid, and sparkling arpeggio. Altogether, he treads more closely on Paganini's heel than any violinist whom we have ever heard. Still he is not Paganini. The imitator must always be content to walk in the second rank; and his imitation, though the imitation of a man of talent, is so close, that if the eyes were shut it would be scarcely possible to detect the difference. Paganini is the parentage, and we must still pay superior honor to the head of the line. But Olé Bull will be no unfit inheritor of the title and estate.

We recommend Mr. Dubourg's very pleasing and well-arranged volume to all who take an interest, and who does not? in the violin. But we recommend it for the still higher object, almost the moral one, of pointing out to men of ability in the arts the extreme delicacy with which they must sometimes steer their course to competence —the necessity for common sense as well as for consummate talent—the hazard of ruin which attends disregard of the smaller proprieties of life —the hopes of the highest prosperity extinguished by imprudence—and the wisdom, in all instances, of trusting to any thing rather than fortune.

In his notices of the modern violinists, he has omitted the name of Yaniewicz, who, born in Poland, has lived for many years among us, and now resides with his family in Edinburgh. His style was that of the school of Viotti, the *noblest* of all the schools, but his execution, expression, and fire were all his own. Some of his concertos are still unequalled, perhaps by Viotti himself; and to the student who desires to comprehend the *grandeur* of the violin, they are invaluable.

THE BOOK OF BAUDOYN.

The Book of Baudoin, Baudouin, or Baudoyn (for the name is spelt in all these ways, and perhaps in half-a-dozen more), is one of the most ancient of the books of chivalry. The hero of it is that Baldwin Earl of Flanders who disappeared in the Crusades, and who (or some impostor in his name) returned to Europe many years after his supposed death, and was hanged by his dutiful daughter, Jane. A curious story is told of this incident in the "Imposteurs Insignes," a work published in 1683. "All the inhabitants of Lille believed that the Countess Jane was persuaded, after the man's execution, that he was really her father, for, at the moment of being turned off, he had said that his daughter Jane had a secret mark on her body, which was only known to him, to his wife, and the nurse, and which could not possibly have been divulged, the nurse having been dead a long time; and that immediately on this declaration, *by reason of the natural instinct of the sex to be flighty and changeable*, she was extremely vexed at having made him die *in that way*." But whether the incident be true or false, it has furnished the subject of several modern plays, so that Jane is not much celebrated as an example of filial piety. The family seems, indeed, to have been scarcely quite correct in other respects, as the reader will perceive that Baudoin was not very particular in his choice of a wife; and the younger daughter, Marguerite, "loved not wisely, but too well." The editors of this edition indulge in great laudations of the moral inculcated by the work. We cannot say we perceive its value in this respect, but, as a picture of the state of manners, and the modes of thought and speech in the days of feasts and tournaments, we consider it unrivalled. It will be perceived that love plays a very secondary part in this romance. The author devotes all his skill to the description of jousts and battles, and certainly his attempts in that style are very successful. How vividly he brings before us the whole scene; and in what a cool, business-like narrative he relates the breaking of heads and cutting of throats, relieved, however, by the well-sustained individuality of the different knights, the vaunting pride of Acquillan, the soldier of Parthia, and the firm courage of Baudoin himself. We have only given a translation of the first thirty or forty pages; but from these the whole style and tenor of the book may be judged. The history of the romance is soon told. It was written about a century after the date of the events related, that is, some time before the year 1300. The earliest printed edition is dated, Lion sur le Rosne, 1478. A very imperfect copy of this edition was sold for L.4. The next is that of Chambery, in 1484. This sold for L.20, 10s. Another of Chambery in 1485—one, without date, printed at Lyons—another, without date, printed at Paris; this, though very ill done, sold in 1829 for L.2, 11s. 8d.

But the copy followed in this reprint was bound up in the same volume with two other romances. That volume passed from the collection of a certain Baron de Drack of Ghent into that of the Capuchins of the same city. Those reverend gentlemen made a present of it to their physician, the late Dr. Coetsem, at whose sale, in 1824, it was bought by Mr. Heber for L.19 sterling. When a portion of the books of that "célèbre Bibliophile" was sold at Ghent, in 1835, Mr. Crozet of Paris got possession of it at an expense of L.72, 12s.

The present editors, two literary gentlemen of Ghent, have had the good taste to follow this latter copy implicitly. The only liberty they have taken with it is in the punctuation, so that those who are curious in old French have here an opportunity of seeing it to perfection.

THE BOOK OF BAUDOYN.

Here begins the book of Baudoyn, Earl of Flanders; and of Ferrant, Son of the King of Portugal, who afterwards was Earl of Flanders.

In the year one thousand one hundred and eighty there was in Flan-

ders an Earl named Philip; of which Earl were twelve other Earldoms held by homage, to wit, Holland, Zealand, Alos, Haynault, Tarache, Cambresis, Vermendois, Noyon, Aumarle, Beloigne, Amiens, Corbie, Arthoys, and the Earldom of Guiennes, —and these were subject to him—and these made one good part of France; and, moreover, he was godson, and bore the name of Philip, at that time, King of France, who was right prudent and loyal. And in the reign of this King Philip was a Pagan from beyond sea named Caquedant, the which came before Rome accompanied by twelve sons whom he had begotten; and had full three hundred thousand men, who took the city of Rome by force, and killed the Pope, and the Cardinals, and all the other clergy. And they took and pillaged all the treasures of Rome, and burnt the great city of Rome, and threw women and children into the fire: And then went thither the Sarrazins and came to Rome, and entered into Tuscany and into Lombardy, and burned and ravaged the country, and came before the city of Millan and besieged it. For Caquedant the Pagan, who, amongst the others, was a giant, was much feared and honored; and his shield was of fine gold, with a lion rampant for his device; and this Pagan vaunted himself that he was the crowned king of all other kingdoms between the heaven and the earth.

How the Marquis of Millan did send a Messenger to the King of France to give him aid.

The Marquis of Millan feared much the Pagans and the Sarrazins when he saw himself thus besieged, because of the scarcity of his provisions and corn; he was much grieved thereat, and sent a messenger to France to require and supplicate King Philip that he would come and help him against the Pagans. The messenger betook himself to Paris, where he found King Philip, who was accompanied by a great number of people, among whom were three Dukes and ten Earls. And then the messenger of the Marquis of Millan saluted the King, and gave him the letters of the Marquis, and related to him the destruction of Rome. And then the good King Philip agreed to go and succor the noble Marquis of Millan; and also to vindicate the law of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now, whilst the good King Philip was devising with his princes and barons how they might first go and aid and succor the Marquis of Millan, another messenger, who came from the country of Gascoigne, did come before the King, and told him how that John the Bad, at that time King of England, was come upon the country of Gascoigne with great multitudes of people, and how that he destroyed and burned all the country—and he prayed the King, that for God's sake he would succor his good country of Gascoigne, for otherwise it was in peril of being destroyed. Whereat the King marvelled much, and said, "God of paradise! now is the King of England false and perjured, for he has broken the truces which we have made and sworn. Par dieu! If I come he will repent of it. I thought to go and revenge the Pope, and who has been killed; and I thought no less to go and succor the Marquis of Millan, whom the Pagans have besieged—but now I know not what to do." Then did the Earl of Flanders, who was at the court of the King, say to him, "Sire, one ought to risk one's life for his country—and, my very dear Lord, you are my godfather, and I bear your name, and therefore pray that of your bounty you will grant me a boon. It is that I may go to succor the Marquis, and chase the Pagans, and revenge the holy apostolic see of Rome." "Godson," said the King, "we will and decree according to your request, and give you our treasures. And we shall ourself go into Gascoigne against the English King, for thither our duty calls us."

How the Earl of Flanders went into his own country of Flanders and summoned all his people, and then how he went to Millan.

The Earl of Flanders took leave of the King, and went into Flanders and summoned all his men, and made his assemblage at Arram. At his summons came the Earl Florent of Holland, Gualtier of St. Omer, the Earl of Zealand, the Earl of Bouloigne,

and the Earl of Valenciennes, and the Earl of Noyon, the Abbé at St. Valerie, the Earl of Aumerle, the Earl of Julliers, the Earl of Eu, and other great Lords who held their lands of the Earl of Flanders; and so many assembled within fifteen days that there were twenty thousand armed men. Whereat the Earl of Flanders gave God thanks. And then they apparelled themselves nobly, and took the way right to Millan, and the sumpter horses were sent on before, and an hundred and twenty chargers. And there were the Lord of Tournay, the Chattellain of Berques, and William Lord of Gaulle. And the Earl of Flanders followed after all his people; but whilst the Earl was on his road, there came to him many other people who desired to go against the Sarrazins. And before that the Earl arrived at the mountains he found himself accompanied by more than forty thousand, whereat he gave God thanks. The Earl of Flanders and his noble following passed the mountains, and took their way through Lombardy right to Millan. And all that time the Marquis of Millan marvelled greatly that his messenger came not. For they were dying of famine at Millan, and did eat their horses; and he thought that his messenger had been killed upon the road, for that he heard no news of the French; and he said, "Alas! never till now saw I the French slow in doing good deeds, and if I have not their help I shall die of grief; but I would rather die with my friends than deny my faith." And when the Sarrazins had made an assault upon the city, the Marquis lifted the vizor of his bassinet to breathe himself, and looked to the right, straight to the tents of the Sarrazins, who cried treason! treason! whereat the Marquis was much joyed. And he said to his people, that without fail the succor of the French had come; and he said to his people, "Let us go to help the French;" and full three thousand mounted on horseback, and rushed out and fell upon the Sarrazins. And there was a very hard battle, in the which the Marquis was slain by the hand of the Soldan. But immediately thereafter were the Sarrazins defeated, and there was one of the sons of the Soldan slain. And it came to pass, that in the night the Sarrazins retreated, and moreover, in that retreat there was another son of the Soldan slain, and the Earl of Julliers slew him. The Earl of Flanders, after that he had thus done, entered into Millan, he and his people; and the Soldan went into his tents; and he was much angered because of his two sons. And he swore by Mahommed, that if the Earl of Flanders would wait him he would joust with him man to man. And the next day Caquedant did arm himself very richly and went before Millan, and came to speech of the Earl of Flanders, and said to him, "To the end that our people should not be killed on one side or the other, I wish to fight with you man to man, to wit, upon this condition, that if you conquer me I will restore to you Rome and Constance, and all the treasures I have won; and I will return into Africa, I and my people, and I will trouble Christendom no more. And if you are conquered by me, by my valor, you shall render to me the city of Millan, and you shall return into Christendom, you and your people."

And when the Earl of Flanders heard him, incontinent he granted him the battle man to man, upon that condition; for he had good trust in God. And then had the Soldan great joy, for he thought to have conquered immediately; and in sign of his constancy, he tapt upon his tooth, for that is the custom of the Pagans beyond sea.*

How the Earl of Flanders conquered Caquedant in the Field of Battle.

The Earl of Flanders and the Soldan were presently prepared, and went forth into a meadow, completely armed. And the Soldan bore the shield of the lion rampant, which was most nobly graven, and of it had the Earl of Flanders envy. Finally, they fought most cruelly together, in such ways that the Earl conquered the Soldan in

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* This elegant and expressive mode of showing contempt is still practised in our own highly-polished and march-of-intellect-days; only we apply the thumb nail to the point of the nose instead of the buck-tooth. See also the opening scene of Romeo and Juliet.

the fight, and cut off his hand and his foot, and left him there, and took the shield of the lion rampant. But he carried it not long, for the Sarrazins rushed from an ambush, where were the four sons of the Soldan, and there were there full twenty thousand men, and they enclosed the Earl so that he could not get out. And he was sore wounded; for Acquillan, one of the sons of the Soldan, overthrew him, and took from him the shield of his father. And then had the Earl been slain, had it not been for the Earl of Julliers, and the other Christians in the city, who rushed out fiercely, and came to succor the Earl. And the Earl of Julliers showed such prowess, that he slew Acquillan, the son of the Soldan, and took from him the blazon which he had taken from the Earl of Flanders; and the Earl was carried to Millan, and the (other) Earl along with him, to have their wounds cured. And the Christians kept the battle against the Sarrazins, and they went fleeing into Rommenie. But there remained of them dead in the said Rommenie more than thirty thousand; and they dared not stay in Rommenie for fear of the Earl of Flanders; and they put to sea, and swore by Mahommed that Christendom should pay for it dearly.

How the Earl of Flanders and his people went to Rome to restore it.

The Earl of Flanders and his noble following were gone back to Millan, and there was some disagreement between him and the Earl of Julliers. And the Earl of Flanders said to the Earl of Julliers, that he ought to return to him the shield of the great lion rampant, which he had won of the Soldan by the grace of God; and also that he would have it, and would bear it while he lived, and his heirs after his death. But the Earl of Julliers would not render it, but said, that after he had won it he had lost it. (For Acquillan, one of the sons of the Soldan, had overthrown him, and had taken from him the shield, which the Earl of Julliers then had won of Acquillan, and had struck him dead.) And, therefore, the shield ought to be his, and he ought to bear it. And after these words, they agreed, that when they should return into their country, they would bring it to the settlement of the King of France, and he would judge of it according to his will; and thus were they in accord.

Then the Earl of Flanders called his barons, and said to them, "My good Lords, I wish to go to Rome, which the Soldan has ruined, and to restore it. I pray you that you would come with me." The which answered him that they would fail him never. And they departed from Millan, and they were full twenty thousand men, and they went to Rome; and the Earl of Flanders established a Pope at Rome, who had for name Ignoscent the Second, who was of the land of Spain, and was a good and skilful man, and governed very well the Papacy, and made rebuild the churches which the Sarazzins had destroyed. And the Earl of Flanders rested with his host eight months, and confessed himself to the Pope, who gave him pardon. And he made over to him all his treasures; but the Earl of Flanders would nothing take, but asked of the Pope a jewel from the relics of Rome, and the Pope gave him the kerchief of Saint James the Less.

Then took the Earl leave of the Pope, and thanked him, and departed from Rome, and carried the kerchief of Saint James the Less; and they passed Rome and Lombardie, and the mountains of Monjoust Lorraine, and Savoye, and the country round about, and then entered they into Bourgoigne. And the second day that they were therein, encountered they a horseman, and the Earl of Flanders asked of him if he had any news of King Philip of France. "Sire," said the horseman, "he is in Gascoigne with his host, where he will have a battle within brief time against King John of England." And when the Earl of Flanders heard the horseman, he was much grieved in his heart that he could not be at the battle; and he asked the Earl of Julliers, "What shall we do? I pray you let us go into Gascoigne to aid the King of France." And the Earl of Julliers agreed to it with him. But when the dastard *Villains* heard the reason, they said one to another that they should never have any repose while the Earl of Flanders lived, and they said he was much too hardy. The Earl of Flanders presently heard the murmuring of the people of his host, and he issued a proclamation that he would enfranchise all those who

would go with him to Gascoigne to aid the King of France, and that all those who would not go thither might return into their country, and that he would not take them thither against their will. Then departed many of the host most dishonorably. The Earl of Flanders and the Earl of Julliers departed, in all four thousand armed men (and the others went into their own country), and they carried the kerchief of Saint James, and they rode to Arras, where they housed themselves. But that night it rained marvellously; and in the morning they dislodged, and went to Baugi. And so when the sumpter-horses, which were more than a hundred, passed by Baugi, the water came on them suddenly, in so much, that there were full twenty sumpter-horses lost and drowned. And there was lost the kerchief of My Lord Saint James, whereat they were much grieved; but afterwards it was found by the grace of God.

How the Earl of Flanders and the Earl of Julliers went into Gascoigne to succor the King of France.

The Earl of Flanders and the Earl of Julliers rode in all haste into Gascoigne to succor the King of France. At that time the Kings of France and of England had made a truce for two years; and they found the King, who paid his soldiers well and richly, and the two earls saluted him. And the King gave them good reception, and asked how they had prospered with the Sarrazins. And they recounted all to him; how the Soldan had been discomfited, and how they had established a Pope at Rome,—whereat the King gave God thanks. The said Earls of Flanders and Julliers spoke to the King, and said to him,—"Sire, we are in dispute, one with another, about a thing, which we will tell." "It is true," said the Earl of Flanders, "that I conquered Caquedant, man to man, and gained his shield of the great Lion Rampant, and I should have borne it, had it not been for the Sarrazins, who traitorously surrounded me, and took from me the shield, and they would have slain me had it not been the Earl of Julliers, whom you see here, and other barons, who came to succor me. And the Earl of Julliers slew one of the sons of Caquedant, and got back the shield, and his war-horse; this, indeed, he gave me, and for this reason demand I the shield, namely, that I won it first, and the Earl of Julliers demands it in like manner, for that afterwards he won it. Now we are submitted to your judgment, if you will please to judge this matter rightly, so that we may have between us no anger nor ill will."

How the King of France ordained and settled for each of them, that is to wit, the Earls of Flanders and Julliers, to bear the shield of the Lion Rampant.

Philip, King of France, replied to them very graciously:—"By my faith," said he, "I will judge well and loyally." And the King summoned his council, and demanded their advice on the matter; and then the King said to them, "My Lords, these are the best words that I saw ever." And (he said) that each of the said Earls had gained it well and loyally; and he called the two Earls and said to them, "I will take away this strife between you two. Both of you shall bear the blazon—that is my judgment; but the Earl of Flanders shall bear it entier, without any difference, for he won it first, and the Earl of Julliers shall bear it orlé dun azure vif, and so I give you charge. Now be ye in future good friends together, for never till now was blazon so well shared." And thus were the two Earls in good accord.

How the King of France returned to Paris, and the Earl of Flanders likewise.

The King of France went to Paris, and the Earl of Flanders returned to his own country, and a son of his named Baudoin, who was very proud, and to such a degree, that through his pride he refused for a wife the daughter of France. And afterwards he married the Devil, who was sent into the body of a dead damsel,—and they lived together full twelve years, and of her he had two daughters, of whom

the one was named Jehanne, and the other (born after) Marguerite. Soon after the deeds above set forth, in the year of the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, one thousand one hundred and eighty-four, died the good Philip Earl of Flanders of that time, and afterwards Baudoin, his son, was Earl of the said earldom. And there were held of him fourteen earldoms, as is said before. And Baudoin went to Paris to King Philip, and did him homage for ten of these earldoms, and the others he held them of the King of Allemaigne. And when he had thus done homage to the King, the King reasoned with him very softly, and said to him, "Baudoin, it is full time that you were married, for it behoves you to have a wife of high degree."

How Baudoin, Earl of Flanders, through his pride, refused to take to wife a daughter of the King of France, and then married the Devil.

"Sire," said Baudoin, "of that I have no desire, for without fail never shall I take wife if she be not as rich in lands as I am, and in silver and in possessions."

Then replied to him the Duke of Bourgoigne, who was there, "Baudoin, my sweet friend, you must then look for a wife a good while, for you will not find any under the sky so rich as you; but to one as nobly born you may be married. The King has a daughter beautiful and young. If you desire it we will speak of it to the King."

And Baudoin replied to him hotly, "By my faith I ask nothing of the sort; and I would not have her, not though she had larger possessions than myself."

The King, when he heard his answer, was much enraged thereat, notwithstanding he gave no sign of it. In that time came the Emperor of Constantinople to Paris, where he was greatly fêted.

How the Emperor of Constantinople came to Paris to ask of the King his daughter in marriage.

The Emperor of Constantinople came to Paris; and after that he had been honorably received by the King of France, he said to him, "Sire, noble King, will you counsel me what I shall do, for the sons of Caquedant have formed enterprises against me, and of them am I in great doubt. And, Sire, for that I wish to marry, am I come to you to ask your daughter Beatrix; and I will espouse her willingly if it is your pleasure; and will make her Empress and lady of all my land. And I pray you, Sire, that you will not refuse me my request."

And the King replied to it, "Sire, you do me a great pleasure, and I grant it to you."

And immediately the Emperor of Constantinople, whose name was Henri, was married: and the feast lasted a month. There was the Earl of Baudoin of Flanders, who was much enraged that he had not taken her. But it was too late, for the Emperor of Constantinople, who had her in marriage, departed, and carried his said wife to Constantinople, where they were together full twelve years ere that they had a child, whereat they were grieved and sorrowful.

Now leave I the subject of the fair Empress of Constantinople, and turn I to Baudoin, Earl of Flanders, who, after that feast, departed from Paris.

How Baudoin, Earl of Flanders, departed from Paris and went to Noyon, with his barons; and how he married the Devil.

Baudoin, Earl of Flanders, took leave of the thrice-powerful and noble King of France, and went, he and his barons, into his city of Noyon, which at that time was held by him, and tarried there three days. And the fourth day he had a desire to go and hunt in the forests of Noyon, and he took his huntsmen, and his master of the hunt, and took in his hand a very strong spear, and also his dogs; and they found when they were in the forest, a boar, which was very great, strong and black as a Moor. And when he heard the dogs, he took to flight, and the huntsmen pressed him hardly; but he slew four of the best dogs that were in the pack, whereat the Earl was much angered, and vowed to God he would never thence depart, till that he

had slain the boar. And the boar took from the wood, and fled to the wood of Mormay, and the Earl and his men went beyond the water of the Seigne. For he had already passed through the Vermendois, and the boar couched himself in a place where he thought to be at rest, in the forest, but the Earl followed him with his spear. And his men were yet at a great distance, for he was better mounted, and he got down, and took the spear in both his hands, and said to him, "Boar, turn yourself this way, for it behoves you to joust with the Earl of Flanders." Immediately the boar arose, and gnashed with teeth and throat against the Earl, and foamed at the mouth, and sallied from the place where he was, and dashed furiously against the Earl. But the Earl hit him strongly with his spear, which went into his chine; and he struck him to the ground and killed him; and he sat down on him, and remained there all pensive, and amazed that none of his people came to him; and the Earl sat in that place a long while. And when he had reposed some time, he looked all around him, and he saw a virgin approaching him, who rode all alone on a black palfrey, which went ambling on; and she was all alone. And immediately the Earl arose, and went before her, and seized her by the bridle, and said to her, "Lady, par dieu, you are well come." And the lady saluted him very sweetly, and the Earl of Flanders asked her, "Why, lady, do you go thus all alone without company." And she replied to him very graciously, and said, "Sir, so God the Father, all powerful, wills it. I am daughter of a king in the Orient, who wished to marry me without my consent. But I swear, and to God make oath, that I will have no one for my husband but the richest Earl in Christendom. And so I parted from my father through his displeasure, and had a great company; but at present I have none, for I withdrew myself from them, for I doubted that they would carry me back to my father; and I have promised to God never to go to him again till I have found the Earl of Flanders, whom they have praised to me so much." And when the Earl looked on the damsel, he thought long on what she had said, and the countenance of the lady pleased him much, and he was greatly taken with her and with her love; aud he said to her, "Beautiful! I am the Earl of Flanders, whom you seek, and of that have no doubt; and I am the richest of all beneath the firmament; and I have fourteen earldoms at my command. And because that you have sought me, if it shall so please you, I will take you to wife." And the damsel, who of that had great joy, agreed to it, provided he was what he said. And the Earl said to her, "Lady, be in no doubt that I am the Earl of Flanders." And the Earl of Flanders was greatly angered that his people came not; and he asked of the damsel what was her name, and the name of her father, and whereof he was sovereign. And the lady replied to him, haughtily, that the name she had received in baptism was Helius. "But," said she, "you shall not know the name of my father, for so am I commanded by God; and you shall cease to inquire it, for no otherwise must it be." And then the Earl of Flanders, who was tempted of the enemy, put the horn to his mouth, and blew it very loudly for his people. And first came to him the Lord of Valenciennes, Gualtier of St. Omer, and much other people. And Henri of Valenciennes asked of him if he had taken nothing?

"Yes," said the Earl of Flanders, the most beautiful wild boar in the world; and also God has presented to me this fair damsel whom you see here, whom I desire to take to wife, if she will consent."

Then the Earl of Valenciennes looked at the damsel, who was dressed very grandly, and was mounted on a beautiful palfrey, so that finer there could not be. But for all that the Earl of Valenciennes blamed greatly the Earl of Flanders, who wished to take that damsel to wife, and said to him, "My Lord, how know you what she is? Peradventure she is some young girl who will yield herself for money. Sire, if it please you, you may keep her at your command as long as she shall please you, and then turn her away; for so high a lord as you ought to do things wisely. Cursed be your pride, for it is only lately that you refused the daughter of the noble King of France."

Then the Earl of Flanders said to Henri, Earl of Valenciennes, "Speak more wisely, for my heart is set on having her to wife, and speak on this subject no more, for I forbid you."

Then were his men much grieved. From that place departed the Earl of Flanders, and he took and carried the head of the boar, and went to Cambray, he and his people, and brought thither the damsel, and espoused her, and made his nuptials very honorably. . . . . And soon after was she big of an infant, whom she bore nine months, and had a daughter who had the name of Jehanne in baptism; and then after that she had another daughter, who had the name of Marguerite, who was very richly endowed. And that damsel raised up many great troubles in the fourteen years she reigned with Baudoyn, and caused many evils to the country, whereof the Earl had the blame. And it is true that that damsel went willingly to church, and heard the service up to the Sacrament; but never would she wait till the Sacrament was lifted, but went out from the church, whereat the people of the country spoke outrageously, and were much amazed.

How the Soldan Acquillan came before Constantinople to besiege it.

At that time the Emperor of Constantinople was in great fear because that Acquillan, the Soldan of Sure, came to besiege Constantinople, and with him full an hundred thousand Sarrazins, and wasted the country all round Constantinople. And for that cause the Emperor summoned all his friends wheresoever he could find them; and he assembled full forty thousand Christians; and it happened, one day among others, that the Emperor of Constantinople issued from the city, and fought with the Sarrazins, in the which battle the Emperor was slain. And his people returned to Constantinople, and carried thither the Emperor, and had him buried with great honor, and then thought how they might defend their city against the Sarrazins. And Acquillan the Soldan swore that he would not depart from thence till that he had taken Constantinople. And there he held siege very long, but the Christians defended themselves as well as they were able.

Baudouin was at that time in the country of Flanders with Helius, his wife, and of her he had two daughters, to wit, Jehanne and Marguerite. It befell that in the year of grace one hundred and eighty-eight, on Easter day, the Earl of Flanders and his wife, Helius, were in noble state at Vymandable, in Flanders, in their palace; and there he had summoned for the solemnity many earls and many barons of his people, who had come to his court for the feast. And on that day the Earl kept his court very richly. And when the hour of dinner came, the Earl sat down to table with all his following. And so, when the Earl was sat at dinner with his barons, as has been said, there came before him an old hermit, who leaned upon a staff, and was full an hundred years old, and begged of the Earl, in the name of God, that on that day he would give him his repast. And the Earl granted it him very graciously, and prayed an esquire to take good care of the hermit; and the esquire made him sit down at a table in the hall before the Earl, by himself. But the lady was not yet sat down; but she was to seek for in her chamber, and then she sat down near the Earl, as the custom was. And when the hermit saw the lady he had very great fear, and began immediately to tremble, and signed himself very often; and neither could he eat nor drink. And when the lady perceived the hermit he pleased her not, for she doubted that he would give her great trouble; and she prayed the Earl that he would send away the hermit; and she said to him—"Sire, he is more malicious than other folks, and here he is entered by false pretence, and I cannot look upon him, and therefore I pray you that you would send him away."

"Lady," said the Earl, "it is good to do alms to them that ask them, but he is mad that takes them if he have no necessity; but it is my pleasure, in God's name, that he be served, and that here this day he take his refection."

Then did the Earl look at the hermit, who sat all pensive at his table, and neither drank nor ate. The Earl then asked of him, "Good man, wherefore eat you not? Hide not from me if you wish any thing else; ask of me and you shall have it." Then stood up the hermit and said (proclaiming to the Earl and all the barons that they should leave their

drinking and eating, and that they were in great peril), "And be ye not astonished before that the time shall come, for of that which ye shall presently see each one shall have great fear. But have ye good faith in God: —and if God pleases this thing shall not hurt you." Then were they all amazed, and each one kept himself quiet, and the Earl and all of them left off their eating and drinking. And then the hermit conjured the lady in the name of God all-powerful, and said to her, "Thou devil which art in the body of this woman, I adjure thee, by God who died for us on the cross, who also debarred thee from his holy paradise, and all the wicked angels who suffered loss for the sin of pride which Lucifer entertained; and by the holy sacraments which he hath ordained; and by his great power which always shall endure, that thou depart from this company; and before thou goest, that thou declare before all these people, for what cause this Earl of Flanders has been thus taken by thee, to the end that all may understand, and may hear of thee whence thou comest, without hurting ought that may be in this land; and thereto I adjure thee by the God of Paradise."

When the lady heard herself thus adjured, and knew she could do no more, nor torment the Earl any more, nor stay in Flanders any more, but that she now must go; then began she to speak, and to confess aloud that she could conceal herself no more, and that she dared not disobey the commandment of God, nor the adjuration. "For," said she, "thus must *we* also fear God as men do, for we have yet hope to find mercy before him when he shall come to judge all the world. I am," said she, "an angel whom God expelled from his paradise, and we have all such dolor as none can think. And would that all others were of our mind, that to all together God might pardon our sins; and if we seek for aid, no one ought to blame us. The Earl who is here knew not how to guard himself when he let himself be conquered by the sin of pride. He did not deign to marry the daughter of the King of France, and God suffered me to enter into the body of the daughter of a king in the Orient who was dead—the loveliest damsel that one could find. I entered into her corpse at night, and made her rise again. She was in life, and knew well how to behave, according to the dictates of that which was in her body; for she had no other spirit than me, for her soul had gone thither where she ought to have gone. And she was a Sarrazin, and I brought her to the Earl to deflower her body, and he knew not how to refuse to marry her. And I have made him misuse his existence for the space of full thirteen years, and I have done much evil to the country of Flanders, which he shall dearly pay for yet; but of that which shall come of this I will not determine, for I always thought to overreach the Earl. But never let him forget to bethink him of his Creator, and to sign himself night and morning, and better he cannot arm himself. And I have lost his two daughters by reason that he had them baptized. Other things will I not say, and I go back to the Orient to carry this body to repose beneath the tomb."

Then departed she without hurting any one, except that she carried off a little pillar of the windows of the hall. And of this thing were the Earl and the others greatly 'mazed, and they rose from table, and the Earl bent before the hermit, and prayed that he would counsel him what to do. And the good hermit counselled him that he should go to the Pope, and that he should get absolved of his sin. And then he took leave of him.

The Earl of Flanders stayed for three days in his palace very pensive; and then on the fourth day he went to Burges. But when he was there he was much talked at and mocked, and they pointed the finger at him in the streets. And the children cried, "Let us run, for here is the Earl that married the Devil." And the Earl was much grieved because of the words they said of him; but he took no notice of it, and on the next day he went to Gant; but if at Burges he had been well mocked, at Gant was he still more. And when he saw himself thus scoffed at every where, he vowed to God that he would collect his power, and would go over sea to conquer Jerusalem. Then summoned he his people of his fourteen earldoms. And he told them that to do penance, and for the absolution of his sins, he would go over sea: And he called the Canon of Cambray (and he was brother to the Earl of Blois),

and he made him governor of his land till he should return, and commanded his people that they should obey him. And he ordered Bouchart to guard well his land, and to take good care of his two daughters; and if he staid away too long, that he should marry them well and honorably. And all this Bouchart promised and agreed to.

The Earl of Baudoin of Flanders gathered his host together at Arras, where there were full thirty thousand men, and he took his road strait to Paris. And Bouchart convoyed the Earl so far. The Earl went to see the King of France, and took leave of him, and he feasted him right nobly. And he promised to the Earl, that if Bouchart were in any need, he would aid him with all his power; and he gave him a thousand men to go with him beyond sea. And the Earl of Auvergne was made their commander on the king's behalf; and he said to him also he might take of his treasure at his discretion. And that also if they went to Constantinople, that he would aid and succor the noble empress, his daughter. Then the Earl of Flanders and all his men departed from Flanders; and with him the Earl of Auvergne, and they took their way right to the mountains of Monjoust, and entered into Lombardie, and marched till they came to Rome. And they found the walls broken, and the churches thrown down, which Caquedant the Soldan had long before destroyed. Then entered Baudoin, Earl of Flanders, into the church of St. Pierre of Rome; and he went to see the Pope, and he bent before him. And the Pope did him great honor for the love of his late father, who long before had given such noble succor to Rome; and he offered to him all his treasure. But the Earl said to him, "Right puissant father, I require nothing of the treasures of the church, save that I be confessed by you." Then entered they into the oratory, and the Pope heard his confession, and was astonished at what had been done; and charged him for a penance that he should cross the arms of the sea, and should go first to Constantinople to succor the noble empress, the daughter of the King of France; whom Acquillan the Soldan had besieged, and that he should disperse the Sarrazins. And that if he had the victory, he should take her to wife, and make himself emperor. And he promised him that so he would do. And so the Pope gave him absolution; and Baudoin departed with his host from the city of Rome, and they put to sea, and carried their host by sea to go to Constantinople, by night and by day; and those in the city were in great distress and famine.

How the Earl of Flanders and his men came to Constantinople, near the host of the Sarrazins.

Baudoin, Earl of Flanders, and his host passed the sea, and encountered some Sarrazins, who did not bide them, but returned fleeing to the host of the Sarrazins in a place at hand, and the Sarrazins said to Acquillan that the French had come back in great numbers, and that they had seen them, and that they covered much ground. Acquillan was much grieved and disheartened, and he called a cousin of his, and asked him if he had seen the French, and if it was not the King of France who had passed the sea. And he answered him no; for the banner he bears is not pointed with *fleur de lis;* but in the same fashion as those you bear. "By Mahommed," said Acquillan, "it is the Earl of Flanders, and his father was called Philip, who slew my father before Millan. And if the son be like him, he is passing bold; but I have great joy that he is come here, to avenge myself of him, and to take away the blazon which he carries."

And so, whilst the Sarrazins talked one to the other, the noble empress, and those of Constantinople, were mounted on the walls of the city. They perceived, and saw the host of the Christians; and of that were they greatly afraid, for they thought they had been Sarrazins. And the noble Empress picked out and noticed the banners of Flanders, but yet she knew not well how that could be, till that one of her men who was there with her, re-assured her right pleasantly, and said to her, "Lady, I have well observed the ensign of the good Earl of Flanders; certainly these are the succors of the French which God and your father have sent us." And then the noble Empress gave thanks to

God, and had great joy; and those of the city assembled full twenty thousand all a-foot, to aid the Earl of Flanders. Yet was there no battle there.

How the Earl of Flanders and Acquillan jousted with one another.

Acquillan, the Soldan, called his people, and said to them, that he would fight man to man against the Earl of Flanders, who had slain his father, and that he would conquer him; and that it would be great shame to the Earl of Flanders, if he dared not do combat with him. But I would not for any thing that any other should slay him than I." And his people said to him he might do according to his desire. Then did Acquillan arm himself right nobly. And so, when he was well armed, he went right to the host of the Christians; but well I wot he esteemed them not at all; and also he had more men by one half than they had there. And there was a Christian knight who saw Acquillan, and said to him, "Pagan! you are too near; I will joust at you, by the Virgin Mary!" When Acquillan heard him, he would not refuse him, and they ran a course against one another, and the Christian shivered his lance, and Acquillan hit him so bravely, that he struck him to earth, and pierced his shoulder, and would have cut off his head. But Acquillan refrained, and said to him, "Christian, you shall have no respite if you go not and tell the Earl of Flanders, that he come out here and combat with me, man to man, and that I will wait him here, and say that I defy him, and will assault him and his array."

And the knight said to him he would tell him. And the knight then departed, and went to the Earl of Flanders, and told him what Acquillan had commanded. Then said the Earl that he would go forth against the Pagan. And presently he prepared himself, and took with him twenty thousand men-at-arms; and when the Soldan saw him coming with so great a company he feared him much. But, nevertheless, he prepared himself bravely; and when the Earl Baudoin had come near to the Pagan, he cried to him with a loud voice, "Sarrazin, who art thou, that darest abide so noble a company?"

"Vassal!" said Acquillan, "I am the Soldan of Parthie, who would fight the Earl of Flanders man to man, if he dares abide me. And if he dares not come alone, let him bring a Christian knight with him, the bravest he can find, and I will fight them hand to hand without fail. And if I do not so, Mahomet curse me! if I assault them not to-morrow morning with my great array; and him will I destroy, and the Christians."

"Pagan!" said Baudoin, "no good ever comes of a great boaster—I pray you that you would leave some of them alive."

How the Earl Baudoin conquered Acquillan in the field of battle.

"Acquillan!"—thus said Baudoin—"thou demandest the Earl of Flanders, and certes, thou see'st him before thee here present."

"Vassal," said the Soldan, "lie not to me. Art thou the Earl of Flanders whom I demand?"

"Certes," said the Earl of Flanders, "Yes."

And Acquillan said to him, "How art thou so bold that thou bearest at thy neck the blazon which was my father's, the Soldan of Parthie, whom thy father falsely betrayed?"

"*Par Dieu*," said the Earl of Flanders; "not so, for he conquered him loyally; and he conquered him in the field to which he had challenged him before Millan.

"By Mahommed," said Acquillan, "I am here ready to prove the contrary upon thee man to man; and if thou be wise, and will combat with me, and wilt not have thy people die, I swear that if thou conquerest me my people will depart from Constantinople; and I will leave it to thy good pleasure; and from thence will my people go into the country of Parthie. And, in like manner, if I conquer thee, I will do to thy body according to my pleasure; and hence thy people will depart into their own country."

"By my faith," said the Earl of Flanders, "I agree to it."

And thus were they in accord to fight. Then went the Earl of Flan-

ders to arm himself. And Guillaume of Gavre wished to combat against the Pagan for the Earl. But the Earl would let him do nothing: and the Earl of Flanders mounted his horse, and prayed of his people that they would pray to God for him; and that if he were discomfited they would return into Flanders, for that so he had promised the Pagan. And he made his people promise, that if it befell that he was slain, they would obey Guillaume de Gavre; and when they returned into their country Flanders, that he would marry Marguerite, his youngest daughter; and he wished that, of his fourteen earldoms, she should have the four best; that is to say, Hainault, Cambresis, Tarache, and Vermendois. And if I can conquer the Pagan, you shall come with me to conquer the Holy Sepulchre. And his people accorded to him that they would do willingly for him all according to his desire. Then went forth the Earl Baudoin to combat against the Soldan of Parthie. And when Acquillan saw him, he said to him that he was greatly angered because he came alone to fight against him. "But," said he, to Baudoin, "I perceive 'tis because of the noble blazon whereof thou art possessed, which thou shalt never bear more in Flanders. But it shall be borne by me; whose right heritage it is."

"Wear it," said Baudoin, "if you can win it." Then ran they their courses, and broke their lances one against the other, without taking farther count thereof. And when the noble Empress saw the enterprise, she prayed God for the Earl of Flanders, and had hoped that if he gained the battle he would yet be her husband, and would deliver her from the hands of the Sarrazins. And so it was; for Acquillan was conquered by the grace of God, and Baudoin said to him, that if he would be baptised, he would leave him his life. But the traitor Pagan would in no wise consent thereto. Then said he to him, that if he would give him his life, he would give him as much gold and silver, and riches, as he could desire. And Baudoin answered him, he would do nought in that sort, for he had wealth enough of his own, and had no need of his.—Then drew Baudoin a knife and struck him so that he killed him. And when the Sarrazins saw their lord dead, they wished to leave their ranks. But it was too late, for the Flamans would not allow it. Then went they against the Sarrazins right furiously. And Guillaume de Gavre brought Baudoin into his tent to have his wounds dressed, and the Flemings held the field against the Sarrazins so notably, that the Sarrazins were conquered and fled, and put to sea those of them who could;—he who remained was slain. Thus were the Sarrazins overthrown.

THE MOUNTAIN DECAMERON.

THE TRAGICAL PASSION OF MARMADUKE PAULL.

Sir Joseph Banks, we believe, discovered Staffa—and Sir William Herschell Georgium Sidus. The heavens have been since swept by many telescopes, and the Highlands by many tourists, yet they are far from being exhausted, and while we leave all the stars to astronomers, we intend next summer to visit some lochs whose whereabouts has not been prated of in the Statistical Account of Scotland. Old Kant predicted, they say, the position of Uranus; and old Christopher predicts the position of the lochs which after the longest day will bear his name. There they are, because there they must be—but we abstain from dropping a hint of their native region. Some of them are arms of the sea—and their rock-gates will dispart like clouds before the prow of our yacht the Magna, winging her way like an albatross among innumerous isles. Others hold communion with the sea by innavigable rivers, or are ignorant of the existence of that restless serpent; and down upon them we shall drop in our Balloon. It is delightful to know that there is still a *Terra Incognita*, and *that* too so near at hand, where the hammer of geologist never scared the eagle on his cliff, nor woodman's axe disturbed the cushat in her grove, and none but her own echoes have been heard by the ear of inviolated Nature.

We remember the time when we could regard with something of this same feeling the whole Highlands—when they were known, and that obscurely, but to their own inhabitants—the Children of the Mist. Highland regiments,

> "All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,"

showed the Lowlands that the Mist had a noble progeny; but the "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces," where He held his court, viewed from afar, sufficed for imagination, and we left the seasons to reign unseen by our bodily eyes among their hills of storm. The Land of Mist was a land of mystery; and in a Lowland party, he had the privilege of an adventurous traveller; who had seen, in their native element, a golden eagle or a red-deer. Pennant, on his return from the Findhorn, was an object of equal wonderment with Mungo Park from the Niger. And 'tis well known that an imaginative widow lady would fain have married him, for

> "She loved him for the dangers he had past,
> And he loved her that she did pity him."

For a good many years after that darling pilgrimage, danger and fear still continued to brood over the dim-discovered region. It was supposed that summer snowed there as strenuously as winter—and that, strictly speaking, there was but one season in the year. For what indeed was the use of autumn where there could be no fall of the leaf, and where crops there were none; while the very notion of spring was ridiculous among bare stones and rocks.

The language too of the natives, as it was called—and surely they "had strange powers of speech"—heard in the Lowlands, gave rise to alarming suspicions—among the rest that of Cannibalism. The better informed in vain asserted that the Celts lived on fish, chiefly herrings; but such voices were drowned in that of the multitude, who devoutly believed that they acted towards each other like Duncan's horses, as described by Shakspeare in the bloody tragedy of Macbeth.

The Highland climate and character thus lay long under a cloud. But justice began to be done to both, by the gradual introduction of wheeled carriages and breeches. Gigs multiplied and kilts decreased; Lowlanders saw with their own eyes natives clothed in some measure like themselves; occasional inns even were found, which, though they could scarcely be expected to keep out the gusts of wind and the blashes of rain, did

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The Mountain Decameron. Three vols. Bentley. London. 1836.

nevertheless weatherfend the weather-bound; and the mutton-hams did "not imitate humanity so abominably" as to justify suspicion of "strange flesh." A new light broke upon the strangers, and in it they saw with an agreeable surprise that the natives, "far in a wild, unknown to public view," must have been civilizing themselves, perhaps for centuries, for lo! a kirk, and list—

"The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise."

And rude though it be, the region is most beautiful. True, there are but few trees—for time has stamped them into the mosses—and there they lie buried—in hundreds and thousands—like black pillars of temples overthrown by forgotten earthquakes. But some survive—and those pines seem coeval with the coloring of the cliffs. Copsewoods make very gardens of the humbler hills enclosing emerald meadows, and saw ye ever such a mountain, as "it gleams a purple amethyst?"

But a truce with description—for we are giving a historical sketch of the progress of the spirit of discovery in the Highlands. Lord bless the Lowlands, how they love them now! Lord bless the Highlands, how they love us in return! And Lord bless merry England, how she loves the "Heelans!" Her daughters delight to wear the tartan—and in their white throats the Gaelic gurgles with "a music sweeter than its own." And who thus illumined the land with Rainbows? Who but our MIGHTY MINSTREL—from Loch Catrine to Cape Wrath. 'Tis now the Land of Poetry and Romance—but their light is the light of truth—"unborrowed from the Sun"—and in its effulgence the Past reappears, powerful as the Present, and bold and bright, fresh and fair, as it burst or bloomed into being, the "very form and pressure" of the character of the Olden Time! Death and Oblivion had their reign; now Life and Memory have theirs; Persons die—Impersonations live forever;—flesh is like grass that is cut down and withers; Feelings, Thoughts, Virtues, Actions, imagination recalls from the "vasty deep," and re-insouled, as well as re-embodied, Genius shows that they are immortal. Breathe not a word—if you love us—against the ghosts of Ossian. Seldom, alas! will they visit these sad eyes of ours—Malvina's self is but the shadow of a shade—the dream of a dream—and her unsubstantial form will not for us assemble and settle even for a moment into its uncertain lineaments among the animated companies of clouds. But the visions of that greater bard, they are distinct—palpable as life itself; they can endure the day-light—they are what they seem—tide and time may dislimn them not—and to the eyes of each successive generation they will be the same as the outlines of the mountains in the sky, and the steadfast scenery on their sides, characteristic for ever of the Alps of Albyn.

Yet why will not the admirers of Scott study his creations in a more judicious spirit? Even his creations are not all in all to the lovers of nature, visiting the Highlands. With book in heart, not in hand, should they wander through those regions; nor should the manual be their works of any one poet, however great, to the exclusion of all other inspirations. Has nature no power over them, but what he has given her? Shall she not have from their hearts her own worship? Can no Loch charm if by him unsung? No isle be lovely but where, at the touch of his wand, arose fairy power, or silver palace? No tradition enchain if he has not forged or fitted the fetters? Must fancy, no longer free, obey at all times his bidding, and follow the heels even of a magician? Imagination fold her own wings, and be satisfied to sit between the wings of his as he soars? Kings are not despots—nor should subjects be slaves. None can understand, or feel his creations, who not according to their powers study man and nature for themselves; and that too, among the people and their habitations, whom he described in the fullness of knowledge and love. Without much of the same knowledge and the same love, they may deceive themselves indeed into a vain belief that they enjoy his portraitures, and they may talk with enthusiasm of their felicities; but to all such, Scott must be a mere versifier, not what he is, a great poet. Let the truth be spoken, more in sorrow than in anger. The Highlands are infested by such lack-lustre-eyed worshippers of Nature and the Lady of the Lake. Nor till he ceases to be the fashion—and Heaven speed the time—will the

places his genius has consecrated, adorned or ennobled, be left to the true lovers of nature, and of the dwellers there whether in the flesh or in the spirit, free for the enjoyment of all those delightful or elevating associations with which his wonderful genius has so ocithed them that they are felt to compose the very mountains, glens, lochs, and castles by which they were themselves inspired into the creative mind that has secured them in imperishable words.

If we have not now spoken so well about the Highlands of Scotland as is our wont—though we hope that is not the case—you must make allowances for us, for all the while the Highlands of England—Westmoreland, and Lancashire and Cumberland—were glimmering and glooming in the background of our imagination, and would not disappear, even though we shut our eyes, covered them with our hands, and bowed down our forehead on our desk. Windermere came winding down along upon us in all her glory, from her highest mountains to her humblest hills, with all her auxiliary halls, hamlets, villages, gardens, groves, woods, meadows, plains, fields, nests, nooks, and corners—towers, cliffs and castles in the sky—nor would her fleets and squadrons lie at anchor in the bays, but soon as the west wind blew his trumpet, and the catspaws bagan to gambol, with outspread oars came rushing from her eyrie the famous Osprey, and as she beat to windward, near Lady-Isle by signal gathered her glad compeers, till all at once there was got up a regatta for Christopher North—and and the Queen of Lakes exulted on her bosom to bear a hundred sail!

The Lake poets! aye, their day is come. The lakes are worthy of the poets, and the poets of the lakes. That poets should love and live among lakes, once seemed most absurd to critics whose domiciles were on the Nor-Loch, in which there was not sufficient water for a tolerable quagmire. Edinburgh Castle is a noble rock—so are the Salisbury Craigs noble craigs—Arthur's Seat a noble lion couchant, who, were he to leap down on Auld Reekie, would break her back-bone and bury her in the Cowgate. But place them by Pavey-ask, or Red-scaur, or the glamour of Glaramara, and they would look about as magnificient as an upset pack of cards. Who, pray, are the Nor-Loch poets? Not the Minstrel—he holds by the tenure of the Tweed. Not Campbell—"he heard in dreams the music of the Clyde." Not Joanna Baillie—her inspiration was nursed on the Calder's silvan banks and the moors of Strathaven. Stream-loving Coila nurtured Burns—and the Shepherd's grave is close to the cot in which he was born—within hearing of the Ettrick's mounful voice on its way to meet the Yarrow. Skiddaw overshaddows, and Greta freshens the power of him who framed,

"Of Thalaba, the wild and wond'rous song;"

the woods, mountains, and waters of Rydal imparadise the abode of the wisest of nature's bards, with whom poetry is religion. And where was he ever so happy, as in that region, who created "Christabelle," "beautiful exceedingly;" and sent the "Auncient Mariner," on the wildest of all voyagings, and brought him back with the curse of his crime, and the ghastliest of all crews!

We remember the time when Wordsworth was an obscure man. The world knew not of him—nor would listen to his voice.

"Now are his brows bound with victorious wreaths;"

and none so rich as not to do him homage. That beautiful and glorious region is his own by divine right. Nature gave it to him—there he was born, has lived, will die, and be buried in Grassmere churchyard—"the Churchyard among the Mountains"—of whose sanctities—never to decay—he has sung such high and holy strains, that on the Sabbath the Christian may read them unreproved after or before his Bible. Of all poets that ever lived he has been at once the most truthful and the most idolizing; external nature from him has received a soul, and becomes our teacher; while he has so filled our minds with images from her, that every mood finds some fine affinities there, and thus we all hang for substance and delight on the bosom of our mighty Mother. We believe that there are many who have an eye for nature, and even a sense of the beautiful, without any very profound feeling; and to them Wordsworth's finest descriptive

passages seem often languid or diffuse, and not to present to their eyes a distinct picture. Perhaps sometimes th s objection may be just; but to paint to the eye is easier than to the imagination — and Wordsworth, taking it for granted that his readers can see and hear, desires to make them feel and understand; of his pupil it must not be said

> "A primose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more;"

the poet gives the something more till we starte at the disclosure as at a lovely apparition—yet an apparition of beauty not foreign to the flower, but exhaling from its petals, which till that moment seemed to us but an ordinary bunch of leaves. In those lines is a humbler example of how recondite may be the spirit of beauty in any most familiar thing belonging to the kingdom of nature; one higher far—but of the same kind—is couched in two immortal verses—

> "To me the humblest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

But we must not permit ourselves to be run away with either by Wordsworth or Windermere. And now—*risum teneatis amici*—prepare for a fall—we are going to say a word or two about Ourselves. We at once give up our verses—if you are disposed so to treat them—to your indifference or contempt. Thank heaven! they never have been much read—far less popular; nor could we any more than you recite a dozen of them in the order in which they stand in print, were you to give us a crown. But we are in moderation proud of our prose, and humbly think we have painted some landscapes and sea-skips too, in words that ought not to be destroyed. Our prose was not, a few years ago, in good repute, and we could not but smile at hearing it called turgid, inflated, bombastic, and the like; for we knew it was no such thing, but "instinct with spirit." It was said to be as bad as Ossian's Poem's or Hervey's Meditations—and that too by Cockneys who had not courage to walk by themselves either in the Highlands or a suburban churchyard—and visited in twos and threes the tombstones of *Pere la Chaise*. Ossian's Poems are written in very fine prose, for M'Pherson was a man of genius. But our prose has nothing in common with his; and that will be conspicuously shown in our articles on his Ossian—now preparing in our brain as so many far better have for years been preparing in the brain of our dear and distant friend, Hartley Coleridge. Our prose, when at its best, we should rather compare with Milton's, or Sir Thomas Brown's, or Jeremy Taylor' or Burke's, or Chateaubriand's, though it is original and truly our own. We defy you to turn the best blank verse into it—But we could with ease turn it into the best blank verse. However, we prefer it to blank verse, and it is preferable; for though blank verse is powerful in its pauses, there is not in Milton or Wordsworth one sentence half as long as many a one of ours, nor therefore half as musical. You may smile, but it is true. Both have been fettered—we have been free Only in such prose as ours can th heart pour forth its effusions like a strong spring discharging ever so many gallons in a minute, either into pipes that conduct it through some great Metropolitan city, or into a water course that soon becomes a rivulet, then a stream, then a river, then a lake, and then a sea. Would Fancy luxuriate? Then let her expand wings of prose. In verse, however irregular her flight is lime-twigged, and she soon takes to hopping on the ground. Would Imagination dive? Let the bell in which she sinks be constructed on the prose principle, and deeper than ever plummet sunk, it will startle monsters at the roots of the coral caves, yet be impervious to the strokes of the most tremendous of tails. Would she soar? In a prose balloon she seeks the stars. There is room and power of ascension for any quantity of ballast—fling it out—and up she goes, up, up, up—let some gas escape and she descends far more gingerly than Mrs. Graham and his Serene Highness; the grapnel catches a style, and she steps "like a dreadless angel unpursued" once more upon *terra firma*, and may

then celebrate her aerial voyage, if she choose, in an Ode which will be sure near the end to rise into prose.

Prose, we believe, is destined to drive what is called Poetry out of the world. Here is a fair challenge. Let any Poet send us a poem of five-hundred lines—blanks or not—on any subject; and we shall write on that subject a passage of the same number of words in prose; and the editors of the Quarterly Review, New Monthly Magazine, and the Westminster, shall decide which deserves the prize. Milton was wofully wrong in speaking of "prose or numerons verse." Prose is a million times more numerous than verse. Then prose improves the more poetical it becomes; but verse, the moment it becomes prosaic, goes to the dogs. Then, the connecting links between two fine passages in verse, it is enjoined shall be as little like verse as possible; nay, whole passages, critics say, should be of that sort; and why, pray, not prose at once? Why clip the King's English, or the Emperor's German, or the Sublime Porte's Turkish, into bits of dull jingle—pretending to be verses, merely because of the proper number of syllables—some of them imprisoned perhaps in parentheses, where they sit helplessly protruding the bare soles of their feet, like folks, that have got muzzy, in the stocks?

Wordsworth says well, that the language of common people, when giving utterance to passionate emotions, is highly figurative; and hence he concludes not so well, fit for a lyrical ballad. Their volubility is great, nor few their flowers of speech. But who ever heard them, but by the merest accident, spout verses? Rhyme do they never—the utmost they reach is occasional blanks. But their prose! Ye gods! how they do talk! The washer-woman absolutely froths like her own tub; and you never dream of asking her "how she is off for soap?" Paradise Lost! The Excursion! The Task indeed! No man of woman born, no woman by man begotten, ever yet in his or her senses spoke like the authors of those poems. Hamlet, in his sublimest mood, speaks in prose—Lady Macbeth talks prose in her sleep—and so it should be printed—"out damned spot" are three words of prose—and who that beheld Siddons wringing her hands to wash them of murder, did not feel that they were the most dreadful ever extorted by remorse from guilt?

You may begin in prose with so very short a sentence, that it ends almost before it has fairly begun—but hardly so in verse—unless it be indeed pregnant. Thus you paint a nook in a field or forest, with an old dilapidated mossy wall, manifestly small segment of a wide circle. As the season may be, you see some violets or primroses. They are happy in the shade that does not always exclude the sunshine. There, too, are a few ferns taller than you could have well expected, one almost like a lady-fern—dockens that only on the dusty roadside can be called ugly, and even there ungraciously—a bramble-berry bush, of which the fruit, though wersh, is pleasant from old remembrances—perhaps a hare, detected in her form by her dark eye, always sleepless—some hazels, if in the nutting time, so much the better—while from a sweet whisper rather than visible branches, you are aware that you are on the edge of a wood. You have finished your study before you were well aware you had painted it—a prose sketch from the hand of a master, which on your decease is purchased by a friend for behoof of your family, and helps to buy an annuity for your widow. Or you find yourself on a plain. No stone-walls—hardly any hedges—and the few that are, long left to dwindle into wide gaps by cattle or sheep—with here and there fair single trees, birches or rowans, perhaps a picturesque old thorn not worth the felling, and half-concealing crow's or magpie's nest—on knowl or mound an oak or a pine grove—and beyond it what looks like a castellated building, but as you approach it, is seen to be an unaccountable crowd of solitary cliffs—while what seemed blue mist freshens into a tarn or lakelet, and you wonder you had not seen before the little river that is gliding by, but how could you, it is on its course so capricious, and though happy now in

the sunshine, has this instant come out of the woods, in which you may hear the waterfalls, and like an ingrate as it is, eager to forsake its birth-place, is hurrying as fast as its waters can carry it, away down into the low country, where it will lose its name and its nature, and eventually become brackish with the brine of the sea. Your sentences are waxing longer: but they are nothing to what they will be, when on the hill-side you turn round, every hundred yards or so at a resting place, and survey the widening scene below, that assumes at each halt a more comprehensive character, fuller of variety than from its well-known elements you are able to comprehend—all objects formerly so familiar, assuming by changed relations to one another, such new aspects, that you could swear you never had seen them before in all your born days—houses for ages embowered in trees, yet starting as if built for the nonce, or only by a dream —even villages smoking, where half-an-hour ago the air was free from all speck as if above a boundless pasture—far off woods begin to blacken in other districts dimly descried—and there are intimations of cultivated valleys that belong to the lowlands, though you connect them with the highlands where now you are climbing, by the infinite gradations along which your delighted eyes travel, feeding all the while on soft retiring beauty—till you are persuaded that the misty line bounding the horizon must indeed be the sea; and then suddenly looking upwards, the mountain-top you perceive is enveloped in clouds, brooding there as if they had brooded there for ever, so ponderous is their calm, but you care not though that summit should remain invisible, for a hundred other summits, some tipt with light like fire, some tinged with a beautiful blue glimmer, and some steeped in a sublime purple gloom, on all sides surround you as you ascend nearer the sky—but even there where now you stand, stand would you still were you endowed with the eagle's wings, for the day is well nigh done, though afternoon at most had been suspected to be stealing over the solitude, and for the first time in your life you behold a sunset, of which the remembrance glorious as the reality—for there are sights seen by every man who walks among mountains that in after times lose not a particle of their splendor, so borne in are they within the penetralia of the spirit's sanctuary—will go with you through whatever paths it may be your destiny to travel thither, with undiminished glory, to the edge of that darkness that excludes all the visionary images of this earth and this life from troubling the rest prepared for us all in the grave.

That is prose; and so is this—a sentence beginning simply as the hay-maker's song; but that song is mute, and so a few moments after are its echoes—that so near—those so far away; now you hear but many rills accompanying the voice of one river; now birds are warbling the latest song of the season in the woods, while the woods themselves are a-whisper; well may you wonder that you heard them not before, for the cattle are lowing on a hundred hills, and yet the waterfall may be heard as if all were silent; far down below, on the meadow before the hall-like farm-house, is ringing, clear as silver bells, the laughter of imps at play, too young for labor; and hark! a dirge advances, lamenting louder and louder, or seems receding fainter and fainter, as the funeral party pace height or hollow, nearing the chapel, on whose burial-ground wall we too have been cheerfully sitting, as we looked on life, forgetful that there was death—till see! the bier, borne shoulder-high, is lowered, and now we hear but the voice of the old priest reading the service, pausing for a moment in the shudder sent through all assembled there by the hollow rumble that ratifies the sentence "dust to dust."

These are but mediocre specimens of our prose, but they are better than your best verse, though you are a versifier of no mean talent. We were about to say, when we broke off, that in happier moods we hope we have written not altogether in vain about beautiful and beloved Westmoreland. What would you say to a complete Series of Pictures thereof from our pen, in Three Volumes? But now again to the MOUNTAIN DECAMERON.

Our readers had a taste for the qua-

litics of Mr. Downes in our last number, and though the world is slow to admire the genius of a new aspirant after literary fame, and will not all at once obey even the bidding of Maga, yet we have had good reason to believe that our article has been of some service, and that he need no longer vex his heart with the troubling anger with his lot which neglected genius nurses in solitude to pray upon its energies till it works their destruction.

Let Mr. Downes himself speak of the design of his work.

"Its design embraces the great 'many-colored life,' not life in Wales only—the passions of men, not of Welshmen only—the beauty of scenery in general, though chiefly that of their fine and neglected country; and this because, in the opinion of those who have travelled far in many lands, and with an eye and mind for Nature, that country is not excelled in pictorial beauty by even the finest scenes such extensive travel has presented to their view.

"The author will avow further, that it dares to deal with greatness generally—the moral and the pictorial—whether in the outer world or that inner microcosm, the heart of man,—whether for the eye, or the eye of the mind,—whether for good or for evil. Moreover, Wales is, most strange to say, very nearly unbroken ground in English literature—quite such in the romantic department. Yet who, alive to taste or feeling, can look without some impulse toward the tragic—some touch of romantic melancholy—on its lone cataracts, its cloud-capt rocks—its vestiges of departed greatness—its mighty wrecks of castles breasting stormy seas—of abbeys, crumbling in the olive-colored glooms of russet heights and leafy umbrage—its Carneddan, its ruins, and its tombs? or who roam vacant through the summer valleys, with the river-blue and cottage-white intermingled,—with the universal green color of the very air among so many pastoral mountains, joined to such poetical modes of life, without something of lyrical inspiration under such lingering reflections of a golden age? The common nomenclature of its topography involves both poetry and historical romance, and often even deep tragedy, like the solemn conjectural whisperings from almost fabulous times to ours, in the half-effaced, half decyphered hieroglyphical memorials on an age-worn tomb, or coffin-stone of Egypt. There is the *Fynnon Waedog* ('Bloody Well')—the *Pant y Gwaye* (the 'Hollow of Woe')—the *Maen Achwynfan* (the 'Stone of Lamentation and Weeping')—the *Llysen Gwaed Gwyr* (the 'Plant of the Blood of man'). What a terrible mystery of some dark actual tragedy of life, now buried under pleasant daisied fields, and mountain banks now echoing only bleetings and lowings, do these more than half unveil—and by a single name!

* * * *

"I can truly assure thee that there is matter in abundance for rational curiosity left in Wales, and what is better, strong vestiges of what we may surely characterize as patriarchal life, if life as rudely simple, yet happy, as that recorded of very early times may be so designated. The *secluded* Welsh breeder of sheep and tender of cattle leads a life of solitary wildness truly curious to the curious in man's nature—one of pastoral peace, if not pastoral vagrancy, that leaves little to the imagination to fill up for that of an ancient man of woolly wealth, or a modern one among the Bedouin Arabs.

"When you read of the picture of primitive modes of even Cambrian life being now wholly lost, of MacAdam and the schoolmaster having swept both Ignorance and Pastoral in their primitive character out of Britain, you may, I am very sorry and happy to say, suspend your belief. Tourists—bookmakers I mean—follow the routes of predecessors, and see with their eyes, and nothing beyond; thence I believe it is that so little is known of the domestic lives and characters of the direct descendants of the Britons, our fellow countrymen.

"Persons accustomed to consider a corrupt metropolis as the chief stage of high adventure in the range of the stormy passions, and a pastoral region such as Wales, as that of rural innocence, or minor and rustic offences only, would feel some surprise at the character of many events occurring in the most peaceful districts of the mountains. Nor are wanting instances of a gloomy and intense character in many incidentally or directly divulged at our criminal bar. Light as is the Welsh calendar (to the high honor of the people) in the number of criminals (a maiden assize, as all must remember, being no unfrequent occurrence in both North and South Wales), yet, in the dye of the *crime*, emphatically speaking, when such *does* spot this general fair fame of the principality, there is a deeper shade than marks the average of crime in England, or wherever

the many diversions of minds and hearts into multiform modes of selfishness, soften down the moral surface of the commonplace society into one level of wider but less deep depravity. Certain it is, that at intervals (the interim being beautifully void of almost all offence), there stands, startling the general gentle spirit of a pastoral people, at the bar of justice, some tremendous culprit, morally grim all over in black and blood. The circumstances rising dismal to light, as each shuddering witness diffuses his own awed and tremulous solemnity of feeling over the whole court, death-silent in expectation, are of such a nature as transports the cultured listener's mind to lands very different to the rustic Wales of his previous ideas, to those where live

'Souls made of fire, and children of the sun.'

He is astonished on recalling his thought to what is present, to see at the bar, on trial of life or death, a rustic, a mere *real* shepherd! a man whose outer life is all calm and monotony, but his inward a very hurricane of passions.

"Now, odd as it may be, the reading of these narratives, involving much of these impassioned traits of character, though not presented in such horrible aspects of retribution as trials or executions, seems nowhere more interesting to me than when resorted to in the deep repose of summer twilight, and the vacancy of a sort of *gipsy*-journey in which the patient is now engaged. Perhaps the contrast pleases. I am sure that the silvan calm and beauty of our chosen spots where we pitch our *tents* (yea, our tents; though we tell no fortunes, nor think or fear for our own)—I say the glow of a June sunset, on a mountain side or river dale, derives a double charm from such deep plunging into the abyss of human hearts. Divine nature and ——— Man—(who shall fill up that hiatus with a fitting epithet?)—set off each other in strongest relief. It is like finding, as we often do, among the ruins of some abbey, yellowed by sunset, and rich in all the pompous yet soothing coloring of autumn, a brambled pit, full of toads! dangerous with snakes, and only verdant with the 'deadly nightshade,' only flowery with the poison of the foxglove! How pleasant, after spying down into its damp horror, to look round again at the sweet mellow landscape, as the sun looks its last over the sheepwalk ridge, and that monastic ruin itself gives half its charms (notwithstanding that ugly hole,) with its mockery of windows, to that placid whole! Such is a peep into the heart of man in the midst of pensive contemplations of nature."

All this is forcibly and finely said; and though in these volumes the execution of the author's design is far from perfect, and much of it open to even fatal objections, yet in many of his delineations of the growth and power of passion he has been greatly successful, and shown that he can awaken both pity and terror. We gave a full account of the frame-work of the Mountain Decameron, and spoke with high praise of his extraordinary gifts as a painter of external nature. His pictures are truly Welch. We know not if he was born in the Principality, but he has assuredly been naturalized, and there is nothing about him of the alien. He is at home among the mountains, whether far inland he pitch his tent, or on the green shore of the Cambrian seas. He is no tourist whose talk is of inns. He cares not where he sleeps—and loves to bivouack in woods, under rocks, on river sides, or on moors. There is often an intensity of feeling in his rhapsodies that betrays a mind almost crazed with lonesome communings with the stern and savage aspects of nature; and we know of no kind of life better fitted to make a man mad than that of wandering day and night by oneself within the melancholy or awful rumbling of the sea on rocky coasts in tide or tempest.

"To paint the human heart in storm (a moral spectacle as grand and elevating to the soul as that of a stormy ocean)—to relieve its terrors and its gloom by the gentler touches of woman's tenderness—of the thousand sweetnesses of childhood—of love, pity, and generosity of self-devotion—and great and delightful exercise of human sensibilities is the endeavor, at least, of the Mountain Decameron." And a worthy endeavor it is—though not so new in our literature as Mr. Downes would seem to think from this somewhat ostentatious announcement. Neither can we grant him the merit of originality—at this time of day—"in presenting poetical prose to a public utterly nauseating poetry." True, he says, that "he pleads for no novelty in composition which he conceits himself the inventor of, but merely a *bonâ fide* return to that honest, heartfelt, fearless tone of expression which distinguished our glorious old dramatists—for a little indulgence to those

flowers, even in prose, which Jeremy Taylor did not deem unworthy of even divinity, nor Bacon disdain to strew even copiously over philosophy's rugged path. What eulogiums are still justly bestowed on the inimitable prose of the former! Yet, were a writer to put forth to-day, prose half as profusely adorned with poetic fancies, would not the very panegyrists of the old fall foul of the modern page as prose run mad?" They would—they do; but who cares? Not he who can write it—such as Christopher North and Joseph Downes.

But does the public utterly nauseate poetry? No. The worst that can be truly said of her is that she regards it with indifference. Yet not to deceive ourselves by attributing good or bad qualities to that imaginary personage, are there not thousands and tens of thousands who, at this day derive from poetry the greatest delight? Homer, and Pindar, and the Greek tragedians are read by many more than Mr. Downes supposes; so are Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton; and so are the best poets of our own time. We agree with him in believing that the pursuit of wealth in commerce—the pseudo-philosophy of the Utilitarians—"the heartless abandoment of fashion to poor and frivolous pursuits"—the selfishness of party-politics—and with multitudes who seek no selfish ends, their utter inanity—do one and all help to "prevent all calm and lucidness of intellect," without which there can be no love, no knowledge of the higher works of imagination; but there is much that is noble in the spirit of the age, nor can we believe that all delight in poetry is gone, while yet so many true poets are alive, or but lately dead. We should not wonder if the main current of thought and feeling in this nation were soon to flow again into the channels which within these few years have, it must be confessed, been left rather dry; and even now were a great poet to appear, we cannot doubt that he would find audience.

Mr. Downes has fears for himself—and there is something not a little affecting in these confessions.

"Something, I hope, is to be allowed for the self-delusions of an almost literal hermit. Shut up, or wandering among mountains for these many years past, conversing with few but the rudest people, I have not the advantage of literary or other refined society, to freshen my stagnating thoughts, or correct my erroneous ones; to tell me where those thoughts are not duly elicited, or where it were more graceful to suppress them. I am my own adviser and my own critic, my own 'pensive public,' and hence, perhaps, ought to be less severely quizzed if I become, as in the previous lines—my 'own trumpeter.' Nor do mountains alone constitute my solitude, but the misfortune of antedating old age by the loss of friends. The splendid streets of your huge metropolis, with their immense throngs of people, are to some few bosom-aliens among them, more deeply solitary than mountain avenues, with their multitude of trees and moving flocks. For myself, I can say that the mighty 'hum' of those crowds no more disturbs me, who neither share in the chase of their many interests nor swell the cry, than does the constant roar of the cataracts of my home country. Nor do I state this without a latent conceit that possibly such a recluse, addressing such an audience as the 'Reading Public,' may be regarded as a curious kind of monster. In such solitude, it is natural for the unguided mind (especially if in old time enthusiastic) both to hope and despond to excess. I have however reached that stage of 'life's poor play' when a writer (and still more if he be a parent) has a darker fear than that of the critic 'before his eyes'—Death.

"The decline of life is a sort of Calabrian soil, ashy as well as tremulous, and success and failure alike lose their intense effect under that eternal looking for. He can patiently await critical insult or injustice, who knows that few or none survive, of those for the sake of whose opinion such an insult would have been distressing. A prouder issue of his literary adventure would perhaps not prove a happier one. Total failure is perhaps not so painful as the success that comes too late; when the hearts that hoped with us, and for us, so long in vain, are in the earth, and the bitter self-mocking '*cui bono?*' rises involuntarily from the depth of the empty surviving heart, in the solitary—even though crowned beyond that heart's hope—he feels that it is not within, that pride turns for gratification, the social mind for bliss.

"To the dead, to the buried bosom-friend or wife, the crowned hero is still uncrowned, and the most popular poet still an obscure rhymer. What he was when that companion left him lonely on the earth, he still, and must be for ever and for ever.

'Fortunate they who do not, in their latter days, live and die among strangers.'"

We are now close upon the fo-

mance of which we mean to give some analysis and specimens. It is the first in Volume first; and he puts it forth as an "experimental sample of his attempts to exalt and spiritualize his materials by the magical illusions of poetry, to throw round them the romantic attraction of lofty sentiment and picturesque associations." If he finds that he has reached the graces of poetry and the grandeur of passion, he says he need not despair of his ability for the "meaner portion of a novelist's task"—by which he means the National Novel. Are there no national novels of that character? Surely there are; nor do we believe that between the Novel and the Romance there is any essential distinction. He adds—"To explain myself, I would ask any one to compare tragedy under the hands of Lillo, and tragedy from the soul of Shakspeare. The dreadful fidelity of Lillo to his original, a dismal murder, in his "*Arden of Feversham*," cannot be denied. Yet I deny that that play is tragedy, for it is *not* a poem. If truth *alone* deserved the highest applause, he should rank above Shakspeare. But who is there that does not confess the more intense interest of the murder in Macbeth and in Othello? See the effect of exalting a harrowing situation, by the diviner spirit of poetry! The *more* truly tragic that situation, the less can it spare eloquent passion and picturesque adjuncts. Without them it becomes only harrowing. Were it not *somewhat* late in life's day, I would learn German, devote my whole mind to acquiring its graces and powers, and write tragedy for the German Stage. *There* is yet a crevice open for dramatic talent."

Macbeth and Othello are as national as Arden of Feversham, and far more so; Mr. Downes speaks well about Lillo, but all he says has been said a hundred times; nor did anybody ever dream of comparing him with Shakspeare. For Heaven's sake let not Mr. Downes learn German; Goethe would be his ruin, nor could Schiller save him—but the idea is too rich of his acquiring the graces and powers of that language so as to be able to write Tragedy for the German Stage.

But now for the Tragical Passion of Marmaduke Paull.

Alice Wolstencraft, the widow of an old man to whom she had been married when almost a child by covetous parents, after a long chronic ailment had withered her for years, and her charms, for she had been beautiful, were a little on the wane, was wedded to Marmaduke Paull, a very young man, with whom she was deeply enamored, but lived without hopes of a child—it being to her a constant "mortification, or misery, that she was not to present one so loved with one image of himself." But this grief was soon to be swallowed up in one all-overwhelming—for Paull, who had been once to sea, was seized by a press-gang, and Alice was again a widow. "She retired directly to a wild and melancholy farm (her own), within the mighty shadow of the great Orme's Head, to never more (as she said in her wild woe) be out of the reach of the roar and spray and uproar of that sea which was beating round her husband." Here she became a mother—or rather a child was found crying in her bed; for the rumor from the first ran that 'twas no child of hers, but that she had bribed its poor parents to part with it, that she might bless her husband, on his hoped return, with the sight of "a beautiful babe, his imagined own," and thus kindle for herself his affection into love. Ruth, so the child was named, grew up almost to womanhood, in that most melancholy abode, with her supposed mother, who, worn out with ceaseless mourning, for her husband returned not, at last lay at the point of death. Her perpetual watchings, day and night, during so many years, and the effect of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, are most impressively painted; and there is true pathos and poetry in the description of the childhood and maidenhood of poor Ruth, surrounded with mysteries and glooms. From the first uncared about for her own sake, and neglected towards the end, since he for whom she had been brought up was to return no more.

"A strange, dim, yet more than dreary remembrance hung on her mind, of her very first stage of memory. It was that a

very wretched and withered old woman repeatedly landed in a crazy and foul little boat, rowed by but one man, and hobbled up to her mother's dark stone house, roofed with reeds or fern stalks, in the rock shadows. That whenever she followed her in (like a child, curious), Alice always excluded her, and was always in tears and great trouble. That this tattered and fiercish old woman would stop on the beach to gaze in her infant face long together: sometimes made an angry groan or grunt at her, but once gave her a cake, and kissed and cried over her. And besides this, she had heard, or caught somehow, the unaccountable impression that she was a *murderess*—had killed a child!"

* * * *

"It was nothing strange that the little girl should, at the earliest age, begin to share that despairing kind of expectation of the father's return, which possessed the parent; and weep, when she wept for him, and fancy how fine a form he had when she so painted him to the girl grown bigger; that she should learn to live in perpetual waiting, as it were, for him whose very bones, in all likelihood, had long since mingled with that brine, till the very despair of the withered wife became, in the happier buoyant breast of the daughter, a lively living hope. *She* would not despair,—*she* hoped a father in every sail that specked the background of cloud, or gleamed like a mighty bird of snowy plumage in the closer view of the green sea."

* * * *

"Alice had been accustomed to kindle a beacon fire, in heavy fogs and dark weather, on the dark greensward hill, for the service of her absent husband, should he possibly be making homeward on that dangerous coast. The child would sit or play by this melancholy hopeless beacon for hours, with which the forsaken woman mocked her own despair. She pursued this wild fancy till Ruth was grown of age to understand its purpose. When the mother grew weary of the dream, and no longer busied herself with that beacon, which was more connected with the wildness of despair than hope, the girl often lit one alone, till the few remote farm people began to whisper of madness in both daughter and mother."

No place could be more fitted as a retreat for melancholy madness, and even to breed it, if that be possible, in an infant mind, than such wild abode: and though there was no absolute madness about Ruth, then or afterwards, an imagination so excitable as hers, dealing with a heart so tender and affections so profound, might, under trials, derange her reason, till love should become reckless of life. In twenty pages, concluding with this extract, Mr. Downes has compressed as much meaning, and as many emotions, as will be found within the same space in any other work of fiction. "Alice of the Broken heart," selfish as she is in her misery, and neglectful of the duteous creature who in filial affection is indeed her daughter, nevertheless we cannot but pity; having been let into the secret of her character and her condition, ere yet she was wedded to the man she so passionately loved; but Ruth we take into our heart, and strangely sorrowful do we feel to be the lot of such an orphan,—less sad to have lost one who had never acted to her a mother's part, than to lose that fancied image of a father, which from earliest childhood she had cherished in her soul—its only comfort.

"A dun-green marsh, rushy, dry, with a few crags peeping pale through its treeless nakedness, formed the foreground. One or two monastic ruins of *ruins*, the mere wreck of what have been picturesque relics, are dimly visible. Before was the open sea, with all its sounds, and all its waves sunken into one mighty moaning, and one restless floor—and the sea-sky, with all its clouds clustering in purple but lurid pomps round the great sun, on the horizon's edge. On one hand the pyramidal headland of the Great Orme's head, on the other that of the Lesser Orme's, stood like huge towers, reared by giants, to sentinel eternally the majestic pass or gorge they form of that marshland, with its few tomb-like colossal stones and prostrate ruins. The only sound was that immense one of the deep, made more awful by the reverberation of the whole body of the mountain of the Great Orme's Head, which gave a distinct peal and roll in addition to the breaking thunder of the sea.

"In such a naked vast of prospect, whole families and all their homes would hardly have relieved that solitude. Dwarfed into moving figures, and their houses into beaver-huts or molehills, under that mighty bulk and its shadow, and beside that illimitable dome and its floor, they would have rather added to the solemnity. Much less did that one figure relieve it, which this evening, placed just in apposition with the now

tempered glory of the sinking son's dilated globe, gave to the eye it intercepted (like some figured spot in its disk) the doubtful image of a human form, diminished to a mere dust atom. If the romance of the image was destroyed on approach, by the discovery that this imagined 'angel in the sun' was no other than our Ruth, a Welsh cottage girl reclining on a knoll of rock, with dry sea-weed for a pillow, her raven hair flying in wild grace, with some touch of a poetic fire in that eye, albeit a humble stocking, from her mother's few sheep's wool, was growing on the knitting-needles in her hand, which her taper fingers plied rapidly, without a moment diverting her attention from the dim speck in the distance that she fancied into a sail—(yes! a father's sail even yet!)—I say, whatever the scene lost in the illusion of romance, it gained in interest, actual living interest. It is an advantage of this general occupation of our Welsh housewives and children, knitting, that it goes on mechanically, without withdrawing the mind, or eye, or limbs from any other pursuit; the two hands only keep producing the useful commodity, leaving the mothers to walk, fetch cows, talk, and quarrel, the young to go errands, to learn reading, &c., quite as if no stockings were on the stocks. Then it is so clean a task! the slender needles so bright, and the growing clean woollen affair so needful!

"It was on this evening of melancholy splendor, which we have been describing, thus sleeping in lurid crimson along the grand sort of inverted arch of mighty span, formed by the two great headlands, that Ruth was hastily summoned home by a neighbor. She ran like a wild fawn, her stockings and part of her attire left on the rock slab; she ran—and found her mother dying; who collecting her little breath, addressed her with a smile, after kissing away her incessant tears. Poor Ruth had rarely known the touch of those mother-lips; and now they were blueish, and ghastly, and her eyes told that the hand of death was already advanced between her and that parent. All return of tenderness had formerly been confined to the sad woman's heart; she had no more the zest, no longer the active spirit of even maternal love, enough alive within her to give kiss for kiss, endearment for endearment. Now she kissed and clasped her fervently, then said:

"'I must leave you, poor child! I feel myself going, going where I trust my Marmaduke is long ago gone before me.'

"'Oh no! my mother,' poor Ruth broke forth, sobbing, 'he is not gone, live for him! live, and he will come again! We will light our fire again every dark nightfall. Don't say he's gone, and you are going, or I shall die before you! don't both leave me, pray don't! oh dear! oh my heart!' and she held her side, where it seemed bursting from her bosom.

"'Good, dear girl,' the faint woman pursued, 'though you think me unhappy in quitting life, and though folks talk of dying as if it were to fall asleep, and it were a dreadful sleep, indeed, my dear, it's to me nothing dreadful, but just like a waking. My life has been the sleep, God knows! My life has been the dream, and Heaven forgive me for making yours the same, poor child! but you've a life yet to come, I do hope; yet I'd rather see you dead now than that it should be such a life as it has pleased God to send me. I fear me it's a crime to love as I've done; I'm sure it has cast me down into such despair, as must be wicked, if we have any heart left to fight against it: but what can a broken heart do? Now I see that I should have turned my eyes that could'nt sleep, and my heart that was never at peace, and my arms that were ever ready to do a desperate something, oh! not to that deaf sea, not to that empty distance, not to a foolish false figure on my brain, of my Marmaduke, my dear! rocking on a masthead—oh no! but to the God that I almost grew wroth against for dividing us! Oh, and was not my God merciless to me to give the uttermost I ever could wish for, in the way of passionate love, only to take it away directly? only to take him away? Never could I, never did I say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' Therefore perhaps he refused me my dear Marmaduke back to these arms.—But I must be short.'—Then she waited till the neighbor who had fetched Ruth was gone, and at last said, trembling all over—'My poor, poor Ruth! Yet not mine——"

"Not your's, my mother? Not your's? Well-a-day! she's mo'thering,* oh! let me fetch the woman back.'

"'Stay, be quiet, child; you are now sixteen years old, I must not die in falsehood. Ah! you'll hate me and the memory of me now! But what's love and what's hate to me, but only Marmaduke's? I am not your mother!'

"Ruth rolled her eyes in bewilderment, through tears, turning death-pale, and muttering, 'Not my mother?'

"'Hear me, my poor child! I had prayed to God to permit me to hold but one image of my Marmaduke, and he would not! I envied the most destitute of mothers only for that they were mothers! I watched the soft eyes of my Marmaduke, and thought how they would look at me, on me, if——Oh I shall live again, to go mad! I shall rouse myself from this death, that I'm as glad of as a poor creature long at sea is of land, if I begin to remember again, to feel afresh, and flutter all over again. I was mad, Ruth! My longing to meet him with an infant, when he wrote to me about his coming back, drove me into a scheme for deceiving him. But never did

* Delirious talking.

he come back to be deceived; but my guilt was the same. I began to act my plot; and when that other woman's time of trouble came, by the aid of her nurse, we contrived to make it believed her child was still-born, and long before its time, while the old woman brought you (you were the child) and nursed me in my pretended lying in. This old midwife never betrayed our plot; and oh! how I doated on you, for nothing but the promise your little helpless body afforded me of becoming all to my dear husband, which other wives are to theirs! I tried to dream awake that you was my own. How soon I taught you to say 'Dad, dad!' I'm sure I trembled at thought of losing you, so as never mother did. But when you grew so pretty and grew to prattle so, and one trick came after another, that I so wanted him to see, all came, but he never came, he never saw them, and one by one was forgot; when your little teeth showed, and you began to go alone, and he never watched these things with me; oh then, I began not to care for you, poor darling! for then I cared for nothing; and so, you know, you've grown, and grown to a great girl, a woman! ha! ha! ha! yes, you're a fine woman-figure now; and what am I? An old withered one, a wicked one! But what matters? he'll never see me so, God wouldn't let him be deceived; God punished me, for never, never, never more did Marmaduke come back. But mind, I charge you, Ruth, I implore it, my dear, if he do come back, don't tell him, don't make me out a liar to him! Swear you won't expose me! Let him pity me, let him come and plant my grave! Oh, Ruth!'

"'I swear I never will, my dear, dear mother!' Ruth sobbed distractedly. With one finger raised towards Heaven, and the poor girl's face on her panting bosom, Alice sunk back; and when Ruth, alarmed, raised her tearful face to answer her more audibly, the dreadful eyes were fixed upon hers, never to be veiled by those moveless lids again, but by another's hand."

It was formerly a Welsh custom, to bring out the straw which might have formed part of the bed-furniture of a person who had died, and set it on fire before the door of the house—a signal of death. This was done by the person who had performed the last duties to Alice—the night was dark and stormy—and that solemn but feeble beacon might be seen by any eyes that chanced to turn from land or from sea towards the foot of the Orme's Head Mountain.

"The wild imaginative character which her mode of life had formed in the solitary girl, Ruth, gave impulse to her nerves, and a spirit bold beyond the weakness of her sex and age, on exciting occasions. She entreated to be the sole watcher by her lost protector. The howling and rising wind almost extinguished the two rushes, dipped in grease, which, fixed each in the small iron vice used to bear them about, stood on each side of the sheeted corpse; the cottage shook violently, the echoes of the tremendous falls of the broad sea's sweep lashing the rocky beach on the seaward side of the Great Orme, were like thunder-claps run into one another, and the real thunder of the sky (shut up by clouds as by mighty folding-doors hung with mourning) already came groaning from the distance, and the blueness of the lightning made itself seen within the room, spite of the light within; yet Ruth persevered in her desire to watch alone, to have that last sad office all her own, and the women retired to rest, not in the house, but according to common usage even at this day with the farmers' servants in retired pastoral districts, in summer at least, to a night's rest in the straw of the cow-houses, all the older farm-houses accommodating their cattle under the same roof with the family, only divided by a wall of rough stones.

"The dead of night was now on the world, or rather, in such solitude, on two mountains, their double-figured blackness frowning out sudden in the quiver of lightning, with its ghastly day of a moment; a sea running mountain high; a sea-lashed dismal beach; and an upward cataract of spray, that mounted half-way up the face of the Orme's Head precipice next the waves, and volatile as it had flown up on the wind's wing, of steady force, as it blew a settled hurricane, in falling thundered like whole waves that had ridden air and broken against that wall of crags, rather than the mere foam of that wave's raging. The stir and uproar of the elements without strangely contrasted with the everlasting peace and the never-to-be-broken silence of the mortality within. That form, so lately agitated as those elements, so lately, even to the last, trembling with the last convulsions of the most powerful of the passions, the earthquake of the heart—now lay still as a summer night; when scarce a moth is heard flitting, a dull shape frightfully hinting its nature, by projecting features of face and limb, beneath a sheet, the necessary veil between its metamorphosed self and its, so recently, fellow-beings,—a perishing image of clay; and all those elements of being,—those hopes, fears, wraths, regrets, dotings, jealousies, which had raged within that little vault of a bosom, as do thunder, lightning, wind, and hail, in that of our visible heaven—all, all sunken into peace, and no more left of the yearnings, the rapid outstretchings of the busy spirit, than remains of its eager insect-hunting, and its flight outstripping our sight, to the winter-stricken bat, when it steals away to a ruinous tomb, damp cleft in rock, or the depth of some dungeon in a tower's ruin, and there hangs, with hundreds more of its race, so stricken, a dull mass to be handled without their feeling the hand, not a wing stirred of so many swift ones, a mere black appendage to such vault!

"Ruth, full of awful and sad thoughts, thus ruminated:—'And I shall be some time—I care not were it now—like this

dear, solemn—something—Oh, is it possible? is this not my mother's corpse?—yes, I will call it so—like you, my mother, as now you are. Why should I fear to raise the sheet? She loved me, as well as her poor distracted heart could love any thing, dear soul! she never hurt me while living—why now?—Yet I fear. Like what you are I shall be—shall I ever be like what you have been? Oh, I can feel what you have felt, even by what I, a foolish child, feel towards a father I never knew. Ah, my God! what a new world I have come into since this morning's sun rose on me! My dear father beyond that sea is not my father—I've been dreaming of a stranger! I've watched and wept, and lit up my little watch-fire, and thrown my silly arms in my sleep, and dreamed I was sleeping on his bosom, and he's not my father? *He* is not? Who is not? Oh mother, mother, you've made my mind like this storm, and left me alone, directly! Why do I say '*Mother?*' What a confusion! I have no fear of storm, or your poor pale death-look, or any thing, for I wish I were like you!—How it howls! Was that the wind?'

"It was not the wind. She approached the casement, and screamed at sight of a human face, very pale, laid close to the panes, and then two hands, lain open all about them, as if one groping in blindness. It was a shipwrecked man, who, having by miracle saved himself by scrambling along a ledge of the rocks, in the retrocession of the waves, and clinging, during their assault, had groped his way round to the land side of the Great Orme's Head, and directed perhaps by voices to the house of death, was now seeking the entrance. After her first surprise, Ruth did not forget her nature so far as to delay the dues of hospitality towards the drenched, exhausted man, violently as her heart beat and her limbs trembled. She opened the door, but the wrecked man was turning the contrary way, and she found that he was blind, in addition to his other calamities. Weatherbeaten, with hands wounded and bleeding with the sharp rocks he had held by, and his face smeared with the blood his hands had left there in throwing back his black hair, that flew over his face in profusion, blown by the wind: his voice shrill and piteous; his whole appearance was terrific as a spectre, and his feeble groping in darkness, added to its piteous horror. Ruth shuddered at taking his hand as humanity prompted, yet, looking in his face, was surprised to catch a glimpse of two of the finest eyes that ever rolled, notwithstanding their loss of sight. Lightning had so far paralysed the optic nerve, as to nearly destroy its function, without destroying that mysterious power in the organ, by which it converses with other eyes, in the universal language peculiar to the human eye. She led him by his clay-like hand to the fire, proposing to there leave him while she roused the women in the cow-house, when a dreadful embarrassment detained her, about explaining to him the melancholy task she was engaged in, for the apartment was small, and with his groping to the least distance he would grasp the dead. She told him distractedly the situation, and ran to call up the women.

"And there lay that impassioned, long-agitated being who had dreamed and groaned out life (a cold automaton with breath) for the sake of that dear one, now, in that extraordinary moment, by such awful coincidence, returned to her clay, not to her, not her warm heart leaping towards him, nor her arms that would have so grasped him! She lay, and not a pulse stirred at his presence, not a hand was extended to his helplessness, as he felt about, nor one sigh was left for the dear, dearest Marmaduke, the long-lost husband, shivering and bleeding, a shipwrecked man, and the heaven and the earth blotted to him, for ever! Such are human hopes, passions, prospects, and such and so terrific in its change, is death! He was returned, but only as earth was opening for the white ashes that alone remained of so mighty a flame, as had consumed a heart, and made it dust before it ceased to palpitate, antedating the work of death itself."

The beacon formed of the death-bed of Alice of the Broken Heart, had effected the purpose for which she had for so many years kindled fires in vain. The seamen of the vessel which Marmaduke was on board, were led by that light to make for the bay between the two Orme's Heads, but missing it through the fury of the gale, they drove on the Head itself.

Marmaduke's joy on finding he has a daughter is profound—and his parental love for her is not less but greater, because he cannot see the features of her face, for "lightning had so far paralysed the optic nerve as to nearly destroy its function, without destroying that mysterious power in the organ by which it converses with other eyes, in the universal language peculiar to the human." The shock and melancholy of the death and burial of his wife, under circumstances at once so wonderful and so affecting,

had caused a long and dangerous illness, during which he was attended by Ruth. "Nothing could have soothed that poignant agony so speedily, but the constant watch, and the soft weeping tears and tender heart of the being who stepped in to fill the blank void in his affection; that novelty of sweet relation — *daughter* — above all the daughter as he believed, of that lost dear friend whom he missed with more of a filial than conjugal pain of affection." The desire of a daughter had been strong in his heart from the first; and he soon resolved to abandon the melancholy house of the Orme's Head promontory, and having done so, obtained the very farm-house in which he was born, beside the river Conway, in the pastoral, rich, and romantic vale of that name; nor could such loss of sight as his obliterate its charms from his memory—and thus Marmaduke Paull was contented with his lot, and grateful to Providence.

But alas! for poor Ruth. An ideal father had all her life long been the object of her devout and reverential love; and now that she had found a real father, as Marmaduke Paull believed himself to be, not a drop of his blood was in her veins—not a drop of her blood who had been his wife. "While she looked at this object as one come back from the dead, and recalled the long portion of her little life, throughout which he had been to her as some gracious being of some unknown state of existence, to be reverenced and mourned, rather than expected, she felt a confusing contrast between that venerated shadow and the actual person of a father,—that, spiritualized by distance, and almost certain death, this a palpable blessing, a smiling, conversing tender, helpmate (for time and familiarized to him the horror of blindness, and light was not quite shut out), who made her feel, for the first time, her womanhood —her own capability of pleasing and of being pleased—which the dismal taciturnity of love-melancholy in her former ill-fated companion had never elicited. She could not help often wishing that her dream of the parent figure, vague as it was, had been less violently broken—that Marmaduke had been older, even sterner, less inclined to be gentle to her gentleness, and almost submissive to her childish will."

And thus Ruth loves—is in love—with Marmaduke Paull—but for his sake would desire to live on his virgin daughter still; nor ever shall the secret which she had sworn to keep at the death-bed of "Alice of the Broken Heart," be suffered to escape her lips—if it be muttered not in the delirium of dreams. Marmaduke was indeed old enough to have been her father; but he had married Alice when he was but a boy, and in spite "of all the disastrous chances which his youth suffered," he was in the prime and strength of manhood, "gentle of eye, pensive, sensible, of noble forehead and presence, a strong mind and feeling heart." On her blind father's knee she sat—round his neck at his bidding she wreathed her arms—kissed his lips many a time and oft—and lay like a child in his bosom. To such a father "so kind and so forlorn," what affection did she not owe, what duty was it not the holy impulse of her pure spirit to perform? And she was his daughter still—for pure of all passion was she in her whitest innocence—and how could she have the heart to hurt by coldness, which to him would have seemed so very cruel, the noble being who had received her into his heart of hearts? The situation is strange indeed, and almost too distressful; but Mr. Downes has conducted the story of her sinless love with that unerring delicacy, which knowledge of human nature in its purest state inspires, and so far from there being any thing repulsive in the picture of her filial endearments—fatal as they became—Cordelia's self is not a holier daughter than Ruth;—but how fares it with her father —and why is the tale entitled "The Tragical Passion of Marmaduke Paull?

Marmaduke had never loved Alice as a happy husband loves his wife. He had married her because she was dying of love for him, and Alice herself knew that she had his affection, and no more — and thence her "pious fraud," by which she hoped without injury to any body, to make him love the mother for the sake of her and his

child. For eighteen years or more, he knew not that a child had been born unto him, or what it was to have a father's heart. All in a moment he found a full-grown daughter in his arms, to him the most blessed of God's creatures; and blind as he was, for he had but a glimmer of sight, he knew that she was also one of the most beautiful, and in the sound of her voice there was to his ear music angelical and born in heaven. And must the time come when that ministering and guardian angel will leave him to his blindness, be no more the daughter alone —holiest of all holy names—but a wife! Caring little for her father—for how then could she care much—inhabiting another house—watching not in her bed to hear through the thin partition of her blind father—often restless as sailors are who go no more to sea—had composed himself to sleep. Then life indeed would be worse than worthless, and welcome the sleep of the grave.

It had so happened that the only youthful companion of Ruth had been William Paull, a nephew of Marmaduke's and like him a sailor. They were such lovers as a boy and girl are wont to be when so placed, and it was taken for granted by the neighbors that in good time they would be man and wife. William was a fine manly spirited lad, and loved Ruth with all his heart and all his soul; but her love for him was but that of a sister, for her imagination had been so entirely filled with dreams and visions of her father's return, and her life one of such trouble and desolation, that there had been no room in her breast for any strong emotion towards any other object; and of such love as William sometimes spoke of she knew nothing but the name. Now she knew that she loved Marmaduke far more dearly and profoundly than William—yet as a daughter still—only as a daughter—and her feelings are thus described.

"For some time this affectionate girl's heart, in which the love and longing of a daughter towards a visionary father had wrought so long its singular effect, sunk, as it were, into an intoxicated sleep. The power of self-delusion was never more manifested. She indulged a waking dream, strong as reality, that this was her actual father. She hardly indulged one thought towards the unknown real authors of her being, still regarding even her, who dying disclaimed her, as her mother. While this strong fancy remained, the change in herself was even extremely striking. That dreamy, listless, over-sensitive look and whole manner, which allied the wild-dressed, self-dependent, solitary girl of the Orme's Head downs and rocks to the characters of romance, as now changed into the more natural, if more homely character of a happy, healthy, though delicate farmer's daughter, who, instead of lying on sea-weed and rock, rolling those expressive eyes round a dim horizon of hazy sea, in search of a visionary father's sail, now cast them round a gentler home-horizon of sheep walk, to view the flocks whitening there (the new property of Marmaduke), or seated on her humble milking stool, in some recess of those green meadows on the Conwy's side, where the evening sun's low beams slept sweetly, would milk as many ewes as the stoutest, while the blind man, sitting on some oak root, thickly mossed, or a bank of the rocky brook that came down foaming into the Conwy, would amuse her by relating the modes of farminglife, and of dairy keeping in distant lands.

"It was during this strange but happy forgetfulness on her part, that the visit of her handsome cousin William grew frequent, his attentions of a kind not to be misunderstood, the talk of his sister Sophy explicitly tending to the view of courtship on his part—and not long after that a sudden and total change came over her thought and feeling on the subject of her strange situation. The necessity of telling the truth to Marmaduke, and the pain of so doing, grew hourly upon her. Her cheek would burn with blushes, not such as she had been used to feel, whenever his parental fondness urged him to the pure, fond endearments of a father. Her eyes would shrink down from his sightless ones, and remain fixed on the ground in an innocent shame for the deceit it seemed almost her doom to practise, on one so fond, so helpless, so much needing a daughter, so likely to feel acutely the bitter disappointment of having a darling hope and feeling, for which he had resolved to resign all others, at so early a stage of life, thus harshly and eternally baffled and rooted out of his bosom! He had said to his own heart 'I will live only for this sweet daughter—she shall be to me, friend, helpmate,—wife, mourner—everything! for her I will live and die a widower! No hand but Ruth's shall lead me; no hand but Ruth's be about my death-bed; or close these eyes,

or plant my grave!' She could ill bear to break this dream by saying, 'you have no daughter.' She began to loath food, lose sleep, cheerfulness, color, under this pressing occasion for divulging a secret that had grown by concealment only more grievous to be divulged. And her temper changed."

Ruth often thinks of her whom till her death-hour she had thought her mother, and whom, all for her love for Marmaduke, pitying neighbors had called "Alice of the Broken Heart." Her bones could not lie still in the grave, were some whisper heard there by the dead, that the orphan on whom that oath had been imposed, loved her Marmaduke, and was enjoying his presence in the light of day and the sunshine of heaven. Ruth felt as if her love were a wrong to the dead—and an angry ghost haunted her sleep. She tells Marmaduke her dream.

"'Oh! I have had such a dream! Ruth said one morning, on meeting her fatherly protector, at the farmhouse door, just as the sun was rising, and the soft, dim, blue haze of the parting summer night, was seen curling like a steam, all along the course of the Conwy river, and growing all alight with the horizontal beams from across the grand expanse of sea, and all was still throughout the river-side, dales, copses, and flowery recesses between the whitening rocks. 'I saw poor dear Alice.'

"'Your mother?' he interrupted her. 'Aye, my mother—I saw her lying as she lay that dreadful night you came home—(blessed night for that, as it was)—I thought as I stood looking at her solemn face, through my tears, and was stooping to kiss those poor lips, so shockingly formal, they came a little apart, and a slow smile seemed coming—but oh, what a smile! spiteful, scornful, sneering, bitter—ghastly!—and her dead eyes half opened to leer at me, and oh, they were crueller than even the smile! Then a heaving of the shroud over her poor bosom came on, and then a sound crept hollowly through her cold mouth, that at last made up a word—"Rival! rival me! Me?" And as it grew stronger, more words—furious ones came, and her ruffled arm started up—oh, father! sprung up and tore open her winding sheet at the breast, and heard "what if this breast did not give suck? dare you wound this heart within Dare you torture it? Rival me?" Oh, t tell you how frightful it was to see d white lips sneer, and glassy fixed eyes stir again to bitterly curse one with a look!'

"'That't a wild dream, in truth,' Marmaduke replied. 'Poor soul! her jealously hardly would survive death; and to be jealous of her own child!—What could put such fancies into such an innocent little brain as my Ruth's, I wonder!—and did poor Alice not suckle you, my dear?' He missed the deeper meaning of these fancied words.—'And that was'nt all. I heard the same roaring as was all night then—but—oh, father!—the wildest winds that bellow among the sea caverns of Llanduddno rocks, that snap the trees rooted in the mountain stone off short, and pile the waves up like ruins tumbling about, all along the coast, were never like that in my dream, for that had a frightful human voice?—It was a terrible wind and a voice too, in one, a wild, threatening, furious, mad, maddening voice—for I ran mad to hear it when they told me that was my mother's voice—no—it was the "Fury of the Great Orme's Head"—(what is a fury? I've read of it, but forget—something like a mad ghost that has a bloody whip, isn't it?)—No matter—well! this voice of this Fury was my mother's turned into that thing! and go where I would—it raved behind me—off sea and off land, up from earth, and down from the clouds, and raging along the beach, and the mountain's side, every where that wind, or that voice or the wind followed me, a pale wretch, sometimes turning to ask mercy, sometimes lying flat on the earth, like as praying for my grave to let me in, from it, and the sound it made was, "Ruth shall rue! Ruth shall rue! Ruth the wretch! Ruth the wretched!"

"'It's this melancholy life you lead with me, poor child! that gives you these wild dreams,' Marmaduke said, deeply musing. 'To lead about a blind useless being from one sunny nook to another, is not a life for a beautiful young'———

"She interrupted him eagerly—'Melancholy?—I should go melancholy mad if any body but I led you so! And oh! do you think it possible that the dead—that Alice—my mother, I mean—can look down jealously on your being led by me, I mean by any body but her? I would be sore sorry to pain her poor ghost, if I knew it, and indeed I do fancy that if I were dying, I should cry bitterly when I was shown the new girl, or the woman, or wife,—whatever might be, who must take your Ruth's office—your forgotten Ruth's!—So I can feel for her.'

"'But you must marry, sweet—will your husband leave you to me, think you?' said he laughing.

"'Never!—Husband?—I never will give one the power to part us! never

while I live! Yet what do I talk?' And she sighed with almost the deep hollowness of groaning.

"'And what was that deep sigh for?' he inquired. 'I've remarked your tones of voice altered of late; how low they are, yet how softly sweet, and how mournful! What is the matter, my own?—Gone!'

"Ruth had vanished at the moment of his putting this question."

The recital of this dream had a wild effect on Marmaduke, who grew daily a more and more altered man. Ruth was pained to perceive a certain coldness in his manner—some changes in his mode of endearment—and an alteration in his familiar terms of addressing her—and wist not what could be the cause. The dream haunted Marmaduke, when Ruth had forgotten it. "Oh! that I might see her face but once! and then I should see it for ever! What would her going for ever be like? Like a death bell that told me every human heart but my own stood still! Yet she *must* go? Yes! she *must marry*, but that's a *distant thing;* and they will have it you are much like *me*, Ruth; yet *you're* fair they say, but dark-eyed, and I am *all* dark! Do you think you're like me, child?" During this soliloquy Ruth happened to approach, was dumb, confused, statue-like a moment, then sprung away from sitting by him. "That can never be. Oh no! well-a-day, how should that be? But our old folk talk silly about these things." Marmaduke was so engrossed in thought that he heard her imperfectly, and soliloquized aloud and unconsciously on a fresh topic. "I wish I were again at the Orme's Head now. I was happier in the eternal melancholy music of that sea, the whistling of that gorse on the bleak sea-side down where Ruth and I first walked together, than I have been here, in the midst of sweet meadows and singing birds, and Conwy plashing pleasantly against its sod banks." "And so do I!" Ruth exclaimed eagerly, "let us go back there!—let us make a change. I do so love the wildness of every thing there—the fierce screaming sea birds, the hollow bellowing of our mountains, the storms, and the waves."

Marmaduke soon after this hears from Ruth's own lips an innocent confession of the intimacy—the affection—it might be the love—and something like an engagement between herself and his nephew. We pass over some part of the story here, which is very painful in the book, and would be more so in an abridgment—and simply mention that he vehemently urges their marriage, believing now that she is in love with her cousin, and that after some distressing situations, Ruth resolves to tell William that she never can be his, and if possible to bring herself to tell Marmaduke that she is not his daughter. She breaks with her lover—but she falters and fails in all her attempts to bring on such a conversation with her supposed father, as may end in her communicating to him that strangest secret. Meanwhile Marmaduke, who knows not that she has refused to marry William, leads a solitary and almost insane life in a sort of cave hollowed out in the base of Llanduddno rocks by the waves, not without danger of his being surprised by the returning tide, and climbing the Orme's Head, is often seen at a height where few would have believed it possible for a blind man to clamber alone. Ruth leads not his steps now, but lives with Sophy, William's sister, who is sorely perplexed with her mysterious conduct, at the farm in the vale of Conwy. But sometimes she visits him—and on one occasion, after she had been speaking passionately, but vaguely, of her determination never to separate from him—he exclaims, "We never, never will—kiss your father, my sweet innocent! nay do! *Part!* have I been mad? My own dear child, dry your eyes—nay, let me kiss them dry. Stop *here* this week—stop a month. Nay, but I'll come back to the other farm. William must give you up. At least *defer* it, my dear: defer the matter." "*Defer?*" she said sobbing. And nothing now was talked of in the little round of the hamlet, and cots up the Vale of Conwy, but the mysterious conduct of father and daughter.

Marmaduke, in the multitude of the thoughts within him, at last resolves to confess them all to an elderly clergyman named Llewellyn, whose condition, character, and occupations, are beautifully described — quite in the spirit of Wordsworth's Churchyard among the Mountains—and contrasted perhaps needlessly, though naturally, and we fear at that time truly, with

those of a sad scamp—once an excise-man—but who had long been in ho orders—nick-named "*Smash.*" The Pastor and his friend walked out in the twilight—and here is the account of what passed between them, as far as it might be revealed.

"'I'm always vexed,' said the patient pastor, 'when that poor man comes over the bay; but if one thwarted him, and shut our doors against him, who knows how much malice and uncharitableness we might be accessary to instilling into his heart and poor blind soul, so adding to his deformity in the sight of God? For a like reason, I never argue with him, for knowing it must be a chastening hand—pray God it be not too heavy, for the old man to bear!—an Almighty chastening hand, not my feeble voice, that can alone reform him, what would my haranguing do, but add stubbornness and ingratitude to his other faults?'

"'You're in the right, sir!' Marmaduke suddenly broke forth, 'the least said to an incorrigible or inevitable sinner, is the most mercy.'

"'And what would you with me, my friend and neighbor?' the other inquired, as they reached the strand.

"'In truth, I know not what!' said Marmaduke in a hurried manner—'advice; yet who can advise about such a point?—Mere sympathy, then—pity—no—abhorrence! yet I wrong myself;—some human heart besides my own to conceive what I feel,—but how can another feel it? That's the very point! I pant after fellow-feeling in a pain, a hideous perplexity, the very essence of which is, that my fellow-men never did, never can feel it? The worst, the foulest, are as newborn babes and innocents in *that!* Let's go back! I may make you hate me, shudder at me, but never, never make you a sharer, a comforter in my most strange trouble! One point that I thought to ask advice on, I have had settled even now, by talking with that man; the other is not one of human action—no matter of choice, nothing to reject or admit—but something I am already a committed wretch in having dared to divulge even thus far!'

"'Sit on this ledge of rock, I entreat you,' said the pastor, trembling with the suddenness of this seeming confession of some black sin, from one whose religious feelings he knew to be strong, and whose life, at least while on shore, simple and innocent.

"'Nay,' Marmaduke rejoined, with hollow voice of suppressed anguish, 'lead me to that shadow. It is the cliff, or is night ckening eastward, that I see?'

"'No, it's that horn of this cove which cuts off the west and its light from our eyes.'—'No matter—lead me into some dark——Oh, father! let me so call you, for I know your goodness, your loving kindness to me and to all men, beyond any of these old holy men that people used to confess themselves to, and cry to "Father, father!—oh, father! what shall I do?' As a mortal father, too, one blest in a sweet daughter, as I am cursed in one, I must ask you, what shall I do? what can I do? You cannot more doat on your sweet girls at home, than I do on mine—yet'——

"'What! Ruth turned out so ill? Curse in *her?* My heart bleeds for her, as much as for you. Oh! what has that once innocent creature done?'

"'*Done?* Made mine a happy life were it ending now, by but the short time she was with me here, where she must not lead me longer! Oh never think it was she that I meant cursed me! She's innocence itself—*She* has done nothing.'

"'Be composed—trust in God's promise to save the wicked man's soul alive, who turneth away from the wickedness he hath committed,—and so trusting, now trust *me* also with this hidden sin that is so heavy in your breast.'

"'I talk and but mislead you,' answered Marmaduke. 'I have no heavy sin here! I have committed none, or but what belongs to the common evil of our natures. It is my very loathing of sinful thoughts, and promptings of the foul fiend, that drives me to you.'

"'You are in danger then of falling—you cannot resist some fierce temptation, or fear you will fail in the conflict?'

"'Oh no, no, by all-seeing God, no! so far from that'—

"'Nay, nay, brother, keep to yourself the nature of the temptation—I have no curiosity—I can equally pray for your deliverance, know it, or know not. It is before God, not man, we are to prostrate ourselves and be ashamed. Be not angry, however, if I say—be not *too* bold—"Let him who standeth take heed lest he fall."

"'Dear and good man—feel for me! I have nothing to confess! the ideas, the feelings that come between me and—and—that dear child of mine—are horrors, ugly horrors, not temptations. This perplexed talk—this delirium, as it must seem to you, is a faint picture—woe's me! but a shadow—of that confounding of finest and foulest feelings, delicious and pure thoughts, and loathsome ones, that are now for ever fighting here, and here!' and he struck his forehead and his breast.

"'The only temptation I know, as such, is the all-pure joy that tender fathers

feel in their daughters! What you feel to yours—what you'll feel to-night when you kiss her and say "good night, my love. *That's* what I alone want. Is that a crime? *That's* what I had for a while—that is what I despair ever to have more! Is that a wish to be confessed? *Wish* beside, Heaven that hears me knows I have not—I would not live to have—I would execute on my most execrable self, justice, bloody justice, could it ever amount to that!'

"'And what deprive you of a father's happiness? I can't yet understand.'

"'You well may not—I cannot clothe the subject in its proper words, to startle a pure and innocent-*thoughted* father all at once. Ah! sir, *you* never dreamed of wishing that dear child of your bosom, to be *not* the child of your bosom; *you* are proud to feel her your own—you have her babyhood in your eye yet! *I* never knew I had that longing of my soul, foolish longing! granted, a baby girl, till in the full beauty—yes! my *soul* is not blind—the glorious beauty of womanhood, it burst upon me, mixed with the blandishments of a sweet child, and a helpless one! If yet you are in the dark, I'll try to talk with something like method, by the edge of the sea—but I detain you from home.'

"'Till midnight, and welcome, if I can but lighten your breast a grain of its load. The curate will not stir after his jug and pipe is given to him, and the night's sweet and soft. Methinks I see a little, and I hope, that whereas I at first feared that sin and shame brought you to me, as a guilty man, the truth is, that a virtuous horror of even its image too close, and a delicate purity and over-dread of even an involuntary step out of Nature's (or our second nature's) strict path, brings you to me as your adviser, *not* confessor.'

"The conversation that followed was long and low, as they talked on the margin of the sea by starlight. The words of Marmaduke as they returned, and he paused near the house, were——'So by that time you will have weighed all I have said, and you will seal my doom? I expect your judgment as I might that of heaven made audible, and will no more think of disobedience to it, than to the voice of God, whose minister you are. Two fates depend on it. If my child must be a wife—if we must live apart—if she *ought* to become an *unwilling* wife, and keep her faith, if my heart burst, I'll not rebel against your verdict, it shall burst *alone!*"

On his way home, Marmaduke, under the safe conduct of the Clergyman's daughter, is met by Ruth, in great alarm at the lateness of the hour, who struck at sight of her old office thus taken by another, could not speak a word for a short space, though she knew who was his guide. Resuming her too dear office, she walked happy by his side.

"The deep stillness of the summer night, something of boldness which dark and a starry heaven's free vastness, and glooms of wood and mountain (for they had to pass along the skirt of an ancient wood inclosing a monastic ruin,) never fail to inspire, and possibly the recent view of *another* leading him, these or other deeper springs of female resolve and strong emotion, possessed the forlorn girl on this solemn walk.

"'Suppose it possible,' she began to say, tremulously, but, as she proceeded, energetically, 'that I should *not* be your daughter after all! no kin at all to you! no more nearness of blood than there is between two people that may marry; not so much of course as between two cousins (and a burning blush suffused her whole face); just as if I had been only at nurse with Alice Woolstoncraft, or any poor soul you was married to, and directly forced away from, as you was from her; *Alice* no mother of mine! only "make believe so," as children say; and *could* you love me afterwards, *at all?* When I should be *nothing* to you, not your Ruth, but somebody else's Ruth, you would never care for me more, *would* ye, now?' she said, affecting playfulness, *Dear* Marmaduke!—a funny way of calling my dad!—*make believe* now I'am a poor strange girl on a sudden, *you* not my father, *she* not my mother—wouldn't that be being quite a stranger? And *now do you love me?*"

"This was a wild start of feeling, in that so softening hour, and that love-whispering scene among the fragrant lime-trees, and low twitter of sleepy birds, which the next moment made the impassionate girl start at herself, and wish to God she could recall the words! They smote her like guilt, in spite of truth, that told her she but veiled the simple fact as a wild hypothesis; for Marmaduke had not even been *foster*-father to her, and his wife had not been mother, and he had never even witnessed or shared at all her part of foster-mother which alone was hers. What was he then to her? Even the shadow of affinity existed not, and a brief period's mockery of a relationship alone stood between them as a barrier to mutual warmer passion. Ought it to divide them, so *needing* as well as loving each other? Might not such a singular advent of a tie render it only firmer, fonder, perhaps purer, for the short delusion?

"All these questions flew over the mind of her companion as a crowd of some flying things might do across a sky of leaden hue, which, whether black as night, or snowy as silver-winged sea birds, the aroused eye cannot distinguish ere all are past, and nothing *is* again except that sky of leaden hue. And yet they have disturbed its calm and monotony. Not a word of answer had he the recollection to make, so busy was he with this wild train of thoughts; but when it had passed over, *then* the (imagined) actual nature of their connection, and his own deseased state of the imagination, induced by excess of fondness, and consisting rather of ominous fancies of *future* unhallowed fires, than any present mischief, like that sky assumed an added gloom. Fancy for the very first time had been set loose, not by his own thoughts but by her innocent fears of *utterly* losing his affection, forcing way from her full heart. But fancy would not return to her restraint. And '*Suppose it possible she was not my daughter after all!*' This echo of her words was destined never more to be silent in the heart

of Paull, idle and dreamy as they *seemed*, till that agitated heart found a sweet or dismal rest—the rest of love's haven or life's end."

The good clergyman had undertaken to find out, for Marmaduke, what was truly the state of Ruth's affections towards her cousin, who had been greatly exasperated by her hesitations, retractations, and delays; and having employed his daughter for that purpose, she, from Ruth's blushes and agitation, concluded that she was in love with him, but averse to leave her blind father without a protector. The result of her inquiries having been communicated to Marmaduke by the pastor, he betrayed no strong emotion; "but a paleness, so marked in its steady usurpation of his whole face, through all its weather-marks and bronze of climate, so nearly amounting to the complete bloodless marble hue of a corpse." After this he commanded her to marry her cousin, and her strength of mind being completely subdued, she gave her consent, though with a breaking heart. She now passed most of her life along in the most out-of-the-way places; but prying eyes were upon her—and she had been several times observed, on any person coming near her, to huddle away some needle-work, and look like "a guilty thing surprised." Wan, sunken-eyed, and drooping, vulgar malignity circulated the most infamous whispers against her and her father—"this privy preparation of baby linen was necessary"—and "the simple sea-fearing youth" was pitied as about to become the legal protector of a worse than spurious offspring. The horrid rumor reached the ears of Mr. Llewellyn's modest and virtuous daughter; and though recoiling from all credit of such a crime, she one day told her friend what had been said by many, and "then fixing her eyes on a little shut basket, unable to speak, fell into hysterical sobbing." Ruth was neither astounded nor incensed by the shocking slander; her only thought was, that *now* she must no longer assume the disguise of a daughter. Then opening the basket, she took out and unfolded before her friend—"an almost finished *shroud*—her own." That very night she disclosed to Mr. Llewellyn the secret of her birth, and broke a promise made to the dying, "the last degree of cruel impiety, in the universal opinion of the Cambro-British rural population even to this day."

Mr. Llewellyn cautiously broke to the "altered man, whose whole aspect had assumed something of gaunt ghostliness and wildness," the extraordinary revelation of his supposed daughter; and its effect upon him is described with prodigious power. It was not joy—but acute anguish and grief. "Ah! sir," at last he said, "what was this you murmured on my ear? or did I dream? *Ruth* no child of mine! God! I can never believe it! Not a father!" These are indeed

"Gleams of redeeming tenderness."

Marmaduke is vindicated from all that might have seemed questionable, or worse than questionable, in his distracted love for his daughter, and we "sympathise with the pleasure of the good man in this evidence of his neighbor's purity of secret mind; for grief and regret were the first visible signs of returning consciousness." The darker idea of some unholy flame, instead of proving its reality, by now leaping out of the sphere of troubled dreams into life, as the barrier was removed, had vanished *as* a dream; but the *father's* love, distinct and pure, survived the ordeal, and came forth mourning over the loss of its object, instead of being swallowed up in any more selfish species of passion."

They who had been most forward to spread the horrid calumny were as forward to crush it, and to believe the truth. Old rumors, corroborative of Ruth's confession, were revived; and Marmaduke having obtained a certain clue to the residence of a person important to the establishment of the fact, set out with a boy for his guide, to a hut in a sequestered spot, tenanted by an ancient woman of the obstetric (also the black) art, who had been the agent in the strange yet tender stratagem of his deceased wife. But not till he had written thus to Ruth.

"Daughter of my *heart* still! I have nothing to forgive! I believe you only deceived me at first, in pity to a dying woman, and afterwards in love for me. We will not part. Nothing but the hand of death shall now divide your hand from mine, my sweet guide, my child, my all in this world. Be

comforted and live for me, and so that you live *with* me, make whatever your own innocent love likes of your poor blind friend,

"MARMADUKE."

Let us now accompany him to Margery Foulke's hovel.

"They had met no creature in their way, even up to the moment of reaching the very rock and huge mound described as the site of Margery's house, neither had any smoke been discoverable. At last they stood on an eminence of seared sod, with huge stones and deep gorse clumps, and which sunk abruptly before them.

"'We must go back, we're out of all track here,' said the lad. 'I think she's surely dead; there was no smoke all round every where; and I don't know the exact spot now we're at it, though it looked distinct as a reef out of the sea, a bit ago. Lord have mercy on me, what's that sound?' cried the boy, bending his ear to the earth, when he saw behind an angular bit of crag, a deep hole with stakes, whisped round with fern stalks; felt a feeble creeping up of some warm vapor in his face, invisible in the light as smoke, though smoke it was, it was so trifling; and then a voice said from under their feet, with the languor of illness, 'What be ye wanting there?' the sound taking strange hollowness thus ascending out of the earth, as it were, up the aperture. The hut was in fact beneath their feet. A great weight of earth and turfs had been piled as roof to this subterranean abode, partly formed of the excavated mound, probably an ancient tumulus containing ashes of the dead (generally to be found in these regular hillocks, with an adjacent cairn, such as was seen close by), and for the chimney or funnel use had been made of a rift in the mountain stone. A few steps would have brought them to the brink of this wild roof, with deep gorse for eaves, beneath which was the cavern-like entrance, marked by a few white peat ashes thrown forth, a pitcher, and water dipped out of the dingy sluggish little stream, such as creeps through the soil of peat moss in such places.

"They found their way off the housetop, round and down and into the house itself. A shrivelled face, smoked, blear-eyed, yet deathly wan, through that mask of smoke, stain, and wrinkles, was just visible, as coming forth, disturbed, not alarmed; and a decripit form bowed almost double with age, so that it seemed an exertion to her to raise her visage enough to gaze at theirs, came moaning towards them.

"'I've come for ye to tell my fortune, mother,' Marmaduke began, jocosely, partly because he was happy, and more from an awkwardness in commencing his business. And now he begged the youth to divert himself outside, while he addressed her. But the woman was too near that grave she seemed to desire as much as to need, as to be alive to jokes, or enter into the spirit of his address.

"'Go, go thee ways, foolish man!' she muttered, despondently, 'think ye, if I could tell fortunes, I could not mend 'em too, somehow—and then, would *I* be here? No more need to deceive folk now! 'I'd best make my peace with Him I can't deceive.'

"'Let me pour you a thimble-full of rum, good dame, I've a drop in a bottle.'

"'None o' your rum for me! What's brought ye here? I can't see but just one—wasn't there two on ye? You talk like a foreigner, and are free, like a sailor-man. If ye come to tak my goods, here be none for ye, and if ye seek my life, so as ye will show the mercy you'll want some day, and stop while I say a prayer or two, mayhap ye'll take it just as easy as my death-hour will, or easier; so it's much matter what ye want, puddering and tramping over my head. God's will be done. Lord! forgive me!'

"Enfeebled in mind and frame, through solitude and sorrow and age combined, she mingled human anger with human sullen resignation. But her hearer was shocked, and by degrees, after blowing up her embers for her, and almost forcing on her a cordial, won on her so as to elicit a few answers to his questions.

"Did you know a person they called Alice Woolstoncraft — Paull was her husband's name—a man that was press'd once?'

"'To be sure I did."

"'Did she ever bear a child while he was off, that was christened Ruth? Didn't you come as midwife, Margery?'

"The old woman tried to view his face.

"'Who are you, come to tempt me to tell a lie again, and anger my God that has heard too often my curses of rage, as well as my many wicked lies? I have told that lie, you seem to know; but why are ye so curst, now, as to want me to tell it o'er again? She never bore babe, not she, manchild or womanchild—never!'

"A mournful, a childish pain, shot across the heart of her hearer at this full last demonstration of the fact, which had yet, but a little before, buoyed that heart like a reprieve from death! His eyes swam in tears, and he was ready to ejaculate, 'Farewell, my daughter! So ends my dream of a father!'"

Here the scene shifts, and we are removed to the Orme's Head, and into the midst of the attempted execution of a rash and violent, though, under the circumstances, not inexcusable scheme of William Paull's to get possession of the person of Ruth who had so often broken her engagement to marry him, and lately on the very day appointed for the marriage. But we must give the continuation and conclusion of Marmaduke's interview with Margery Foulke; and we do not hesitate to say that, with some abatement on the score of language and of keeping, it will not suffer from comparison with almost any scene of like character in the novels or romances of Sir Walter Scott.

"'Alice Woolstoncraft never bore babe, manchild, or womanchild, never!

"After the mournful pause already mentioned, poor Paull's long farewell to the father-feeling, he quickly revived, and with a trembling of anxious curiosity said,

"'And now, as you see, I know every thing else—how you brought a child across the Bay, a new-born one, for that poor creature, to pass off on me, for her's and my child'—

"'Your's did ye say? Then you're the husband come back?' She interrupted him, but with torpid indifference. 'I did hear some talk of his being come home, or dream it, methinks—and you're he, are you? Yes, we meant to cheat you—but you came too late—well, well! it's all one now.'

"'And now, dear good woman, tell me who were the parents who could part with that beautiful poor naked thing, and let you bear it off in a boat over waves and—who was her mother? who was the father?'

"The woman seemed, or was, of great age; but long living alone, and that loathsome sort of despair that froward minds, when worldly hope is quite gone, sink into, and long habit of hating mankind for having imputed to her crimes beyond what she had ever contemplated—all these tended to shut her up, as it were, with her evil and wretched self, thus to give added appearance of a near departure from a world she loathed, and its creatures that she shunned and was shunned by.

"But his last question seemed like the spear of Ithuriel to conjure up the whole fierce woman, beneath this living shell or coffin, as such a ruinous carcass might be almost called, and to his question, 'who was the father?' —'I'd bless God yet before I die, if man or devil, black art or black dog, would tell me that! Yet God take me, she added with dropt voice, looking at her two arm-bones loosely lapped in sallow shrivelled skin (for such the two arms she held up appeared) now trembling with passion, and curving the long-nailed fingers, with the action of a hawk's foot just clutching a prey, as expressing their readiness to tear out the eyes of the object of her long deliberate rage of revenge, burning yet under ashes,—'God take me! helpless wretch that I am, what could I do, if I was told?'

"'But you knew the mother?'

"'Aye, I ought to know—my own only child, I ought to know! And a good girl, and good to me till—'

"'Your own, was it your daughter?—My God! are you my Ruth's grandmother then? —and shall we never know who—'

"'What could I do, if I was told?' her hollow now horrid voice kept reiterating to herself, her hands now clenched into two trembling impotent fists, and her toothless gums working like the jaws of ruminating beasts, only more rapidly—with the action, as impotent of purpose—of a raging gnashing of teeth.

"'But the mother—your daughter—does she live?'

"'No, no!—she's in her dry bones, door creature, and I here in the flesh—such flesh as this is—against right course of nature,' and she grasped up the whole remaining muscles of her left arm between her thumb and finger—'She did not desire to live—and *I*, I was cruel to her—*that's* the curse on me!'

"'What was your daughter's name?—where lived she?'

"'Elizabeth.'

"'Ha!' Something struck the mind of her now trembling interrogator, which allowed but this interjection, and instantly plunged him into dumb deepest reverie. His heart began to palpitate most violently, a dizzy whirling of a moment seized his brain, his very knees knocked together: some fatal past, known only to himself, was presented, like a phantasma which some evil worker, or that human ruin herself, as a demoniac sorceress, conjured up to stand like his own black death-scaffold before his mind's eye. Conscience took the alarm, and all was dismal as death and the judgment itself shadowing his soul could make it, in that pause. Suddenly he burst forth, 'Elizabeth *Foulke!* Your name's Foulke? Betsy Foulke. I thank God!' But she was muttering in her stupidity of exhaustion after such a rage, long unawakened though never dead, and noticed not his words.

"'Yet who could not be cruel? She, my only help, came home crying, blushing, hiding her head, poor creature! and instead of helping me, must have help—I was old, old *then!* If that had been all! But she came to shame me—to bear a bastard to call me Granny, to be dragged up through years of our poor helpless selves only, and never a father to 't, For never would the poor ruined creature tell me who was its father, and she *never* told! 'Twas enough to make me cruel, make me mad, wasn't it? The soft creature that did never know will but mine before, to refuse to tell, when it was what would have taken the charge off me, and got the little torment a man's protection! But she was always shamefaced, dear child! and it's my belief it was some married man was the dog—all the plagues of hell follow him! But she said it were no good to tell, for he would never be seen more—she should never see him more! and then she fell into 'sterics. 'Curse him!' said I, 'who brought this upon two lone women!' and I'd have her said Amen; but 'I won't, mother, if I *die!*' she said. 'Out with ye, then, into the snow, with that harlot *shape*, and lie-in there,' God pardon me! I've said, and she'd sit crying outside our threshold—'Will ye tell, to come in? will ye curse him, to come in, out of the sleet and snow?' —'I can't, mother; and the sooner it freezes *me* to the heart the better,—only for my poor unborn thing's sake, let me in, mother! So we went on; So we went on!'

"'Wretch! did you leave her to perish in the snow?'

"'Wretch in your own teeth!' retorted the wretched woman, her dormant nature now roused—'did I say such a thing? I lay on our earth floor that she might lie on the one bedstick I had, and all I could get her I got; but I had planned what to do with the brat ere it came. For many a time did your poor wife (if you *be* the man) come to consult me, the 'cunning woman' as they called me, about her misfortune, as she called it—in not

having family like other wives, and asking about 'charms' and the like lies and vanities, to make an alteration, and she was forever fancying herself in the way to be happy, and she'd cry and say she knew her husband would soon cease loving her unless'—

"'Margery Foulke *is* your certain name, isn't it?' asked Paull again, inattentive to her words.

"'Aye, aye, poor old Madge Foulke's my name. So she'd cry, and when the man was off, how she did take on, because he'd come and find no hope of a little one!—Now when my poor child was in that way, to her sorrow and mine—I bethought me what it was to be rich, and what a pity it wasn't that foolish wife that was pregnant, in place of my one poor lamb of my bosom. And it was *I* did put the thing in her head, and *I* did scheme every thing, and I'll say so to the man her husband if he were ever to come back at last. I'm afeard of nothing alive and nothing dead. And did somebody say he did come back? Did I dream you are the very man, I see so dim through a fog there of my old eyes, blind of smoke, and tears too in their time? To be sure! who else was I talking to?'

"'Where died she, this unhappy Elizabeth Foulke?' Paull now asked, who had not ceased to tremble during this burst of her long-pent burthens of memory.

"'Betsy Oliver! that was *her* name—Betsy the Beauty! God help our prides, poor idiots! proud I was once of that name—proud of her that was to be my shame. I've had two husbands, man, but never a babe of my body but her, and some villain unknown made me curse myself that I had not been barren, as that woman.'

"'No more!' Paull cried out in a voice of desperation, 'I won't hear any more!—Ruth *is* my daughter! Heaven! Heaven! why have you avenged the wrong of the mother through such an instrument? Why none but my own child?"

Wild involution of crime with misery! But we must hurry on to the catastrophe. Ruth falls into the hands of William Paull's associates, the chief of whom, one Shakerly, a desperate villain, had purposed to carry her off for himself, and had a boat with a crew ready to row him with his prey out to sea. Marmaduke, not far from the place where this diabolical rape was to be committed, had flung himself down, after his visit to the hovel, in a hollow of the "Marsh of the Monks," and close by a small rushy pool was lying asleep—but in convulsions — when he was disturbed by the footsteps of William Paull. Starting to his feet, not from being awakened, but in some frightful dream, for his words were part of one, though his eyelids were uplifted, and his eyes stared wildly, he exclaimed, "How long have you been watching me asleep? Dreams are nature's, not ours. How dare you, sir, pry into my brain and heart when exhausted nature——what have I been saying? Where's she! Have patience, boy? His nephew having soothed him as well as he could, Ruth became the subject of their speech. Paull had resolved to drop in eternal oblivion his last discovery, and let the fact stand simply, that he was the real father, without the fruitless avowal, to William at least, of the fate of the mother. So he implored his nephew without delay to make Ruth his wife; but William, though altogether ignorant of Ruth's fatal passion, had for some time been convinced that her heart was not his, and must have been given to another, though to whom he could not conjecture, and with proper pride, and a feeling better than pride, resigned all claim to her, and had only to pray that she might be happy. He had repented of his plan to seize her person, and believed she was safe under the protection of Mr. Llewellyn, and had no suspicion of Shakerly's projected outrage. At that moment Ruth comes flying with torn garments, pursued by Shakerly and his gang, and Marmaduke in his blindness assisting William in the rescue, the ravishers are overpowered; and the Three Friends take their way to the parsonage.

There Marmaduke, "with a sort of sunkenness of spirit and heart as well as voice," in making his strange disclosure to the clergyman, confined himself to briefly assuring him that after all *Ruth was his own undoubted daughter*—that the contrary opinion had proved to be a mistake—and he left it to his paternal kindness to impress that certain fact on the mind of his long mistaken child—and to reconcile her to a speedy marriage with her cousin—for "what protector has she else?"—"My dear neighbor, has she not *you*, her father?" He but shrugged his shoulders, and smiled dismally, and was silent.

Ruth needed an hour or two's sleep; and as she was retiring to a chamber in the lowly parsonage, Paull called her back, kissed her, and gave her his blessing, in a solemn, new, and mysterious manner, but with such soothing tenderness, that she suspected no evil—and lovingly entreated him to go to rest.

During the supposed sleep of Ruth,

Paull had a long and affecting conversation with the Pastor; he saw William too, and to him, as her husband, and to that benignant man, as second father, he committed Ruth, during his absence; for he was about, he told them, to take a journey.

"It was already twilight when a shepherd of the promontory came running in, without stopping to knock, and sought the vicar through private rooms, in his eagerness to tell that he had seen Paull the blind man stealing under the high rocks of Llanduddno, there rising like a wall to the height of the highest cathedral, the seaward buttresses of the dreadful Orme's Head, although it was a spring tide, the sea running in, and the passage obliterated at high tide, and always without an exit, except into those deep watery caves, worn by the action of the sea.

"No time was to be lost—strange doubts of his design whitened the cheek of the religious man, who had become deeply interested in the fates of the father and daughter—but he imposed silence on his household, to avoid terrifying the poor wearied and still sleeping girl; but except Kitty, who staid in doors, all were quickly at the near end or aperture of the avenue. No storm threatened, but a great swell of the sea, and its advance with all the force of a spring-tide, aided by some wind blowing on shore, had in itself all the terrors if not the uproar of a storm, and the deadliness of a hundred storms, on such a shore. Woe to whatever, existing by breath, should be caught in that lessening prison, walled beyond the cunning of any architect or tyrant that ever contrived a dungeon or a tower! The vicar would not be restrained from advancing a long way into that impassable gorge of cliff and ocean, now flinging its long breadth of froth, nearer and nearer, high in air, like a mighty beast, secure in his mightiness,—advancing in measured pace tossing his wrath's foam. The rest, William, the shepherd, and one other person, followed him to the furthest extent possible with safety; all then joined in one long shout to the unseen adventurous man, but the sea was too loud, with its fresh breeze, and its furiously running tide, to allow hope of their being heard. Nothing answered but rock birds, cormorants, and puffins, that came flying out overhead with their shrill clangor of many notes: yet did that long, hopeless shout of the human—and that following wild discord of the sea-birds' voices seem less dismal than the succeeding and last—the superhuman, solitary, immense voice of the deep, when considered as the trump of its invading march—the dead march of the towering waves closing in on a single human being, certainly somewhere in the jaws of that destruction! The silence, and that solemn sound dreadful as the silence, and the lengthened desolate perspective, dwindling to what seemed a mere ledge already, of the rock-strewn beach, lost in the tossing and leaping white of surf, this dire perspective, that low thunder of sound, that death-silence of the pause, all struck funereal horror on every sense of every one of the party now stopping baffled, thus unanswered except by wild creatures and wild waves—compelled to turn, and hurry for their own lives, yet certain that a devoted life must there be left behind.

William had recovered enough to rejoin those who had reached the top ridges of headland overlooking the beach; that dreadful prison in which Marmaduke had immured himself to meet death, with a steady eye and stern welcome, on its frightful slowness of advance, bringing his watery shroud to the living man, in the near and nearer surf-foam, and his only dirge in the measured thunder-peal of every falling wave.

The lone extent of his death-vault was however so great, that it was merely at random they could fix on any spot of the long range of precipice, over the brink of which the bolder might halloo down, or the bolder still, such as the samphire-gatherer (turned shepherd) might make an experimental descent from, perhaps so far down as to reach the determined suicide with the voice. Yet this could do little, as it would be too late for him to regain the entrance of his dire watery cloister, and impossible to scale perpendicular crags.

Thus, in this quiet little green nook of country (under a moon now come forth refulgent, so calm, so safe-looking!) some were hunting for the corpse of its most lovely native-born, with many tears; others were trying to drive a heavy boat down the rough beach stones, with noisy but zealous dint of strength; and others perilously peering over craggy edges of cliff, that lifted them to a level, in their eye, with the tremendous Penmanmaur, seen dusky in moonlight shade, just across the bay; and two already fixing ropes (used in taking puffin's eggs) in two or three parts, to suspend themselves, even over that brink, and down those terrible and sharp-jutting walls, worse than smooth perpendicular—all was distress, dismay, and a tragedy in act or expectation, where all had been peace and a fine sunset and happy cottages, so lately.

"A cloudless moon, and brilliant evening sky, burnished, as it seemed, by the fresh sweeping of the breeze across its deep blue and all its stars, now gave to the eye of the man daringly descending by the rope, the whole bird's-eye view of the now very narrow beach below. He saw it already washed over by every dash of the broad sea-sweep, the light snowy foam-shower (a treacherous beauty, glittering in the moonshine, lovely yet so deadly,) quite shutting the black conspicuous stones below from his eye, as if overarching whatever was below of life, though this as yet was but an illusion of the sight, for some little of even the lower sandy smooth part of the strand was yet visible on each retirement of the sea.

"A general cry rose now among those behind, on the top—the man suspended having shouted up to the man minding the rope, and he to Mr. Llewellyn, who was on his knees scrambling to look over, and to the rest—that he could see Marmaduke distinctly.

"'Cry to him!' was the general voice. 'Can you let down another rope? What's he doing?'

"'Not another rope nor ten on end would reach him! He waves his hand to us slow-

ly, and he walks quite calm, just stepping back and back a little from the surf: the horridest part of the cliff too, he's under! It's a sheer wall, I know it well, forty fathoms high over his head; that's all he has to step back to! Only a cavern there is, and that's shallow; not ten minutes' life will that give him! ——I've cried to him, again, but I hear no voice answer.'

"'I've caught birds many a fathom deep, myself,' William exclaimed. 'Let me try that other rope, and get down to you!' he hallowed down.

"'It's quite useless!'

"Another still more agitated outcry and stir now ran among the group, mixed with a most lamentable cry and groan from the young man.

"'I see somebody or something upright, come all along the beach, *narrow* beach 'tis now!' the man said to those above, and the man on the brink saw it too, 'so narrow that the surf-froth breaks over her, and drives her up on the very foundation of the rough rock, off the sand, quite!'

"'*Her*? how! is it a woman?'

"'God in Heaven knows what it is! a woman from the grave, I believe—the moon shines full upon her—ha! *now* he cries to us —he cried out dreadfully then—a melancholy long cry it was. 'Twas *not* to *us* he cried—it was to her to that person; now he's like a madman! now he's throwing his arms all about, and to the sky and to the sea! Hark! he cried out again! now he has rushed to meet her, she's come up to him. They're embracing! Mercy upon us, and keep us, sure it's a ghost! If ever I saw grave-clothes in my life, that's a *shroud* it wears! Look! look you, man! look down all of ye, isn't it walking in a shroud? Yes, it *is* a shroud—but it is a living woman!'

"'But who? Is it not Ruth?'

"'Who can see that?'

"'Do you see them now?'

"'No, he's gone, after throwing his arms round her, gone up the shore *like mad*, carrying her, I think—yes, he *flies* with her!'

"'He might as well try to lift her up to us, or the moon, with his arms, as carry her to where she came in—that's sure to be some deep fathom by this time, you know, for all this here part is very hollow, quite a cove, here; he'll meet deep sea directly.'

"'Ah! you're right, Shepherd, here he comes back with her. Hark! Did ye hear? "Death?" "Death?" God! God! "My child!" I heard him then! Another sea!—It's *just* over'em!'

"William had again fainted, and remained in stupor on the heathy ground, dumb and helpless. The two men continued their colloquy, the group above sharing in the horror, and holding their breaths to listen. The depth precluded all possibility of help, and the closeness of the whole sea would now not allow time for a single manœuvre, had any been practicable.

"'I heard a dreadful groan just now; hark! Now he's quieter, and she has sure persuaded him to kneel—they are both kneeling fronting the high wave, and as far back as they can get, up to the rocks——*There was* a sea! God have mercy! They're gone——No!—but it must have struck them—I couldn't see them for the monstrous leap of the surf! I thought it would have reached up to me almost——I see 'em again, now——It's for her he groaned, and for her he ran so wildly, for he was calm as a ghost, and stood like an effigy before—Ha! *that* was a very thunder!—Halloo! Shepherd! do you see 'em *now*? d'ye see 'em still?'

"'Stop a moment—there's such a fog of the foam——There's nothing but sea! nothing but deep sea! The Lord have mercy upon their souls!'

"'Amen!' Mr. Llewellyn responded, and throwing himself along, hid his face in the withered broom of the height. But the next minute he rose—and begging silence—drew forth his pocket prayer-book, and said—'None knows *certainly* what was the intent of these poor souls in coming hither. I at least will not judge them—but as others may, I take this time—'Man that is born of a woman,' &c., and faltering, he went through the form of Christian Burial of the Dead."

"The body of Marmaduke Paull and that of his ill-fated child, still in that ghastly dress which she had resolutely assumed to meet death with decency, deliberately following him she had so often led, were found in close embrace in a hollow of a little reef of rock, dry at low water, in whose wave-worn cleft, no broader than a chest, they lay as in a single coffin formed for two bodies. So ended THE TRAGICAL PASSION OF MARMADUKE PAULL."

BLACKWOOD'S

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WHIG-RADICAL PROSPERITY.

It was our fate on the opening of last year to sound the note of unwelcome warning. In the then hey-day of a prosperity, whose splendors, like the sun of the tropics, seemed unobscured by the slightest cloud, there appeared in the horizon the faint speck betokening the coming tornado, which at times is found to elude even the keen look-out of the practised mariner—which ever escapes the superficial glance of the fresh-water sailor. The vessel of state was crowding all sail—topgallants were unfurled to catch the current of a higher atmosphere—every rag of canvass was pressed into the service of the cheering gale—fore and aft streamers gaily floated in the breeze—all was song and merry-making on board—the steersman drunk and reckless as the crew. We alone—why should we disown it—felt the threatening swell of the waters beneath, saw the dark spot above expand into turbid and fearful clouds, heard the hoarse whispers of the coming storm, and piped all hands to take in sail and run the good ship under bare poles for a season. We were little heeded for a time—the grog was going its round. The officers, self elate, were floundering under the intoxicating breath of unchanging trade-winds and seaway unvaryingly smooth.—The equipage reflected the jovial carelessness or unconscious stupidity of their commanders. It may be well here to rehearse the terms of the first admonition addressed, but in vain, to all whom it concerned, on the first day of the last new year. Thus it was spoken in Maga. "The rage of speculation, too, has invaded Lancashire to a dangerous extent; to say nothing of railroads and other schemes, Manchester alone has manufactured joint-stock banks for half the kingdom. In that town itself, banks are almost as common as factories, and Lancashire and Yorkshire notes, payable at home, but not in London, overflow the land, and have almost superseded national bank notes and sovereigns, where a few years since only, any other medium of exchange could find no currency. Much of the paid-up capital of these banks may—there are grounds for fear—be not disposable when most wanted—so much dead stock, consisting of advances upon their own shares, according to conditions expressed or implied, by which shareholders were allured." * * * "The system is even now on the stretch, and may snap in twain with little warning. God grant a crash may not come like the 'crush of matter and the wreck of worlds.'" In the month following, our voice was again heard; in March, as signs and tokens thickened round us, our prophetic anticipations were thus once more expressed:—"The multiplication of joint-stock banks in Lancashire has been a business of too much haste to be of good speed; we question the prudence of applying steam-power to

paper money and discounts, as it is to calicoes; we distrust the system by which shareholders have been allured; and, without meaning disrespect in any quarter, we must be excused for an opinion that the directors (self appointed, in a manner) as a body, are not of the standing, nor qualified by that extensive and general experience which alone could compensate the want of more special instruction." The "wary and measured step" of the Bank of England was then also pointed out as "significant to the local banks," and worthy of "imitation as well as approval; inasmuch as it was then narrowing its issues, whilst the joint-stock *ephemeræ* were zealously extending theirs.

Upon traders, ever sanguine, our monitory cautions were for the most part expended in vain; but in the Legislature, if not in the Ministry, heads cooler and more reflecting were still to be found, and our labors were not altogether cast away. The voice of Reason, like the zephyrean breath of summer, is, however, felt rather than heard—it infuses its influence slowly, however surely. It was not until the 12th of May that a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed "to inquire into the operation of the act of the 7th Geo. IV. c. 46, permitting the establishment of joint-stock banks, under certain restrictions, and whether it be expedient to make any alterations in the provisions of that act." The Report, ordered to be printed on the 20th of August, but not actually published for two or three months afterwards, now lies on our table. The Committee, in the outset, state, that "their inquiries have not yet been brought to a close," and strongly recommend the House to renew them at the opening of the next session, a recommendation, the propriety of which must be unquestionable to all who have glanced, even in the most superficial manner, at the minutes of evidence already delivered, or who have marked with observing eye the rise, progress, and spread of the paper money manufactories with which the land has been deluged during the last seven years, but more peculiarly since the commencement of the exciting era of organic change and political revolution at home and abroad. The Committee confined their inquisition within the limits of England and Wales. The exclusion of the joint-stock banks of Ireland from the searching test of legislative scrutiny can be accounted for only by the active intromission of that silent but absolute dictation before which the paralysed powers of Government salaam in all abjectness, and whose rule is no less paramount over a slavish and anti-national majority of the popular branch of the Legislature. It may be that the renewal of the Bank of Ireland charter, which expires in 1838, will, in the ensuing session, force on an examination of the whole question of Irish joint-stock schemes, and the Irish monetary system, in despite of manœuvres for extending over paper circulation the same despotic sway which regulates the collection and distribution of Peter's pence. If the discussion be pursued with the righteous resolve to elicit the truth, the whole truth, a harvest of facts, rankly rich, will be housed for present profit, and against the perils of impending shipwreck for the future an indestructible landmark will be raised for timely advice of shoals and shallows on the one hand, and on the other to guard against the cunning devices and false lights displayed by prowling wreckers, wherewith to decoy the unsuspecting prey within the reach of clutches rapacious as relentless. The range within which the Committee of the past session circumscribed their operations, was, however, far too restricted to fulfil those high purposes of public utility for which it was professedly instituted. In the syllabus of the course of duties prescribed no allusion is to be found to the desirableness and the means of information under sundry heads of special interest. Strict justice, equally with the well-being of the nation at large requires a thorough insight into the *origin*, no less than the *working*, of joint-stock banks. The formula of queries of the forthcoming Committee ought, and if prevention as well as cure be aimed at, will, embrace a larger sphere of action. If the disgorgement of past plunder be beyond the reach of art, the further career of robbery may be stayed, and its prospective repetition rendered less practicable. A list of leading questions to the purport we shall indicate, should be added to the catalogue of those which have already occupied attention, explicit satisfaction upon which is of the deepest

import. If, in the case of the famous South-Sea bubble, the necessity was urgent that fraudulent combination should be rigorously traced through all its courses and sinuosities, with signal efficacy fixed upon and prosecuted in the persons of the real conspirators, national honor vindicated, and society restored to more healthy action by the unflinching excision of its diseased members, not the less keenly should the shame of national character degraded be felt in these days of civilization and progress so vaunted, not the less unsparingly should the lightning of public vengeance scathe the unprincipled traffickers in public credulity in their high places, and with them consign to the ignominious award of offended laws the low-lived instruments and participators in the accumulations of their infamy. Examples more recent are not wanting to justify a purifying process of investigation such as we allude to. The Parliamentary Annuals of 1826 and 1827 will furnish dates and precedents in point. Even where malpractices of more grovelling and needy adventurers alone in issue, the safety of public morals imperiously indicates a thorough fumigation of the atmosphere contaminated by the pestilential taint of their presence at large; but the core of the crying evil could not be reached, the thrust would not strike home, unless the head were impeached as well as the hand. There are no quarantine regulations by which the spread of leprosy is confined to the pauper hinds, and the filthy regions of St Giles's; lepers have before existed, and are yet to be found within the precincts of St Stephen's. Let these be cast out—let these be dragged forth, along with their meaner accomplices, before the tribunals of outraged justice and public opinion; the innumerable victims of imposture and fraud call out aloud for this reparation or atonement for wrongs—any inquisition which stops short of this will be viewed as little more or better than a solemn mockery enacted by a legislative majority, enslaved or confederate.

Amongst the points on which the people demand to be enlightened, and on which no director or official representative of joint-stock banks, honestly constituted, need demur explanation, are the following:—

1. Origin of the Bank—names, and previous situation in life of the projectors?

2. Nature of the Consideration demanded by, and what assigned to the projectors—if in actual money, shares to be unpaid upon, or secretaryships, or salaried seats in the direction, with statement of cash amount present or contingent, of such bonuses or salaries?

3. Number of Shares *originally* appropriated by, and to each director, as well as projector—how many sold, and at what premiums and dates—how many still held—how many still unpaid upon, and why and till when the time of payment deferred—how many advanced upon and held in trust by the Bank for account of the same parties from its *first* establishment to the present moment?

4 Statement of Salaries and percentages of secretaries, managing directors, and directors at the head office—salaries to agents at branches with the percentages allowed besides for pushing out notes and doing discounts?

5. Scale of Expenditure for management, general and local—amount of business done, and issues by the year—amount of loss, and bad debts incurred; these to be stated tabularly and published so as at one view to exhibit the actual condition and working of the system ruling in each bank?

It is sufficiently notorious that on most of these particulars no information was sought by the committee of last session, and equally so, that the shareholders, entitled as they are to force the fullest disclosure of the affairs of their association in all their details, live in profound unconciousness of everything beyond a yearly exhibit of liabilities, assets, and the balance in hand. From our own means, it were easy to furnish a series of histories sufficient to stock the whole of this Number with fraud and trickery more flagrant than the annals of swindling—even those of 1825–26—could parallel; but of which, to this day, the ensnared stockholders remain in a state of ignorance which, compromised as they are, may almost be described as blissful. For reasons which will readily be comprehended, we shall at present content ourselves with the record of examples already authenticated in the pages of our contemporaries. Incredibly flagitious as they

may appear, they are but specimens, and not exaggerated specimens, as it comports with our means of verification to testify, of a numerous class—of the genus *Chevaliers d'Industrie*—of most fruitful multiplication among us, no less indefatigable than unscrupulous in enterprise—Protean in their disguises and transformations. The first is cited from the Edinburgh Review, and will not lose in effect by transference to our columns, by the *visé* of our confirmation, and the solid public benefit of our more extended circulation :—

"During the course of the present year" (says our contemporary) "the Stamp-Office prosecuted a person at Manchester for carrying on the forgery of stamps on a large scale, and had him convicted and transported. Now, what will our readers think when we tell them that there were found on the person and in the repositories of this notorious culprit, several letters addressed to him by an individual who was at the time engaged in the formation of a great joint-stock bank? The letter-writer knew perfectly well what his friend at Manchester was about, and the burden of his letter is to press him for loans to enable him to get his scheme matured and fairly set afloat. It may perhaps be imagined, considering the sort of project the party had on his hands, that he would have required large advances—but no! His utmost demand was for some L.15 or L.20, and he sometimes modestly limits himself to the pressing solicitation for a sovereign or even half a sovereign! He had, to make himself respectable, taken a house looking into —— Park; and, provided he could continue to hold that, and get his prospectuses printed, and advertisements paid, he had no doubt—and in that he was right—that he should in a few weeks be rolling in wealth! 'Only think,' says he to his correspondent, 'of a person without a shilling establishing a bank!' There were to be ,000 shares, and a deposit of L.5 was to be paid on each. And this very bank is *now* in the field. Its success has not been quite so great as that of some others; but, considering its parentage, we need not be surprised if, at first, it should be a little ricketty. No doubt, however, if the present facilities continue for another year, it will get fairly under weigh. Its directors will declare large dividends, and give white bait dinners at Blackwall; and those who have dealt with them will of course lose every thing."

From the intimate connection of the presumed writer of the article in which the foregoing paragraph was embodied with the Board of Trade, it may fairly be inferred from whence the information was derived. We are justified, therefore, in demanding, how it came to pass that an individual so doubly steeped in infamy and beggary, was left at large to pursue, unchecked, his career of depredation against his Majesty's industrious subjects; and why that department of the government, specially instituted for the protection of industry, if his offences had not assumed so tangible a character as to bring him within the pale and rigorous application of the criminal law, did not take early steps to denounce this latent accomplice of forgery and fraud, to the directors of the banking scheme of which he was the daring fabricator; or why, to this hour, the damning evidences of villany so irredeemable have not been placed before them? Had this been done, and the delinquent then escaped instant and ignominious expulsion, the directors, or that portion of them found conniving at his continuance, and anxious to cushion the unimpeachable testimony to his disgraceful antecedents, might safely be denounced to their co-stock proprietors as his confederates in iniquity and fellow-leaguers for spoil.

One other example, the following, not less remarkable, of the successful march of knavery, we select from the columns of our able and uncompromising fellow-laborer, the *Newcastle Journal*, which, after the recital of other cases, thus concludes :—*

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* Something more than incidental allusion is due to this distinguished Journal. From the commencement it took, and at once, through the combination of unsurpassed tact and talent displayed in its writings and management, the first rank in the provincial press—a station which, during five years of existence, it has not maintained only, but improved. Whatever equals it may find, it has no superior, and need not fear

"We ourselves have heard a story about one of these bank directors, but one remove more creditable. The fellow was better known than trusted in more than one place, and therefore he had the sagacity to lay the scene at a distance from associations and recollections that might mar his enterprise. He, too, singularly enough, lived somewhere about —— Park; he was, moreover, so destitute as to be utterly *shirtless* beyond that upon his back—which, therefore, as the joke goes, was turned, when desirous of enjoying the luxury of clean linen. Fortunately for him, the servant took a penchant in his favor; fully aware of the tattered state of the linen department, she purchased, and with a delicacy worthy of a better station, placed in his chamber, without comment or communication, some half dozen neat and new power-loom fabrics ready made up. Well knowing the while the source from whence the bounty flowed, our adventurer took and wore the godsend gifts with ignorance, apparently unconscious, and thankless of acknowledgement to his benefactress. With the help of a clique of adventurers enjoying a standing somewhat superior to his own, he succeeded in his bank, which, tottering as it may perhaps be, is yet in existence. Only think of a person, not only without a shilling, but *without a shirt*, establishing a bank!"

We have heard of more than one band of conspirators which, after inundating with rival zeal their own localities with joint-stock excrescences, have coalesced and betaken themselves to the tramp in order to view, not the fruitfulness, but the nakedness of other districts, so as to select the sites most abundantly stocked with fools, and least encumbered with money traders, whereon to raise the gaudy superstructures of promises to pay. One of these ambulatory caravans—these *compañias ambulantes*, as a Spaniard would say—of monetary *entrepreneurs*, extended their travels for orders in the bank-concoction line, from the city of York to the Land's End, to the signal "fructification," doubtless, if we may

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a comparison with the most reputed organs of the metropolis. On its first appearance, a person known to be of Conservative opinions, could hardly hope to pace the streets of Newcastle-on-Tyne without insult or molestation—the change, of which it has been the instrument no less wise than fearless, may be significantly illustrated by the last election—the popular candidate was a Conservative, and enthusiastically returned. The story is well known of the remorseless persecutions endured and braved by the editor with unexampled intrepidity. The harpies of the law were let loose upon him, halloed on with all the influence and wealth, prodigally expended, of the unprincipled scions of a neighboring Whig aristocracy—assaults so dastardly were perpetrated on him, as to resemble in their atrocity the deeds of Italian bravoes with the midnight stiletto. That he has nobly triumphed over all, and achieved golden opinions even from the more worthy of his liberal opponents, redounds the more to his honor, and we are glad to learn, from incontrovertible sources, that more substantial reasons for consolation are not wanting in the circulation and success, ever increasing, of the Journal and the property he so ably presides over and has created—a circulation indeed equalled by few of its provincial contemporaries any where. The trumpery trash, voided by a cheap periodical in this vicinity respecting the vast increase in the Radical press since the reduction of the duty, is, for the most part, utterly devoid of truth—as, were it worth the while, it would be easy to demonstrate, from this and other instances within our own observation. The task indeed, has been sufficiently executed already by the more respectable part of the Whig-radical press, amongst others, by the Yorkshireman, a leading and ably conducted paper of York in the liberal interest.

We cannot take leave of the Newcastle Journal without acknowledging our obligations to various articles on the monetary affairs and the money crisis, which have lately appeared in its columns. And we may be permitted here to remark, that it would be well if the same duty towards others were more scrupulously fulfilled by some of our contemporaries. In the first number of the Quarterly Review of last year, for example, a considerable portion of our preceding January article on "Foreign Policy and the Prusso-Germanic League" was transferred without the slightest certificate of origin into the review of a work of Sir John Walsh. The omission of acknowledgment was the less pardonable, as well as courteous, as the facts and matter thus ungraciously appropriated, of commanding interest as they were, and derived from peculiar sources, had been for the first time and exclusively made public in our pages.

presume to borrow from the Poulet Thomson coinage, of various communities more overrun with sovereigns than wit. The inhabitants of Merthyr Tidvil, the principal seat of the great iron works of South Wales, were electrified one fine Saturdy morning with an announcement of their excellent representative, the Merthyr Guardian, that the "land of the mountain and the flood" was in its turn to be inundated with an ocean of transparent foolscap—that a joint-stock Jupiter was about to descend into the lap of his Danae, seated amidst her fires everlasting, in a shower not of gold but of paper. With wonder stricken they turned them to seek the bounteous unbidden dispensers of mysterious treasures. The iron-clad potentate of Cyfarthfa sat tranquilly in his castle, complacently enjoying the roar of furnaces, and the frightful blasts of blow-pipes in his city of flame below, as native elements in which alone he "breathed, moved, and had his being." The owner of surplus millions, if visited with the contemplative mood, was surely not dreaming of airy nothings and shadowy wealth wherewith to surcharge the heap of already countless stores, but forecasting, if at all, of the tens of millions still buried in the bosom of rugged Hirwain, and the triumphs of art and industry still reserved for accomplishment by himself and those of his race. The lord of Dowlais, with his lady of high degree, was reposing at home in silken state, soothed perchance with the Cyclopian din of a thousand hammers reducing his bars of iron into ingots of gold, or ever and anon regaling his eyes with the refulgent floods of fiery metal, as torrentlike they issue, after the tap of the towery recipient withdrawn, and serpentine along their indented bed of sand. Neither he, nor the civic dignitary of Pen-y-darran with its cloud-capt regions, nor the father, benevolent as intelligent, of his tribes of work-people of Plymouth, with their several hundreds of thousands of sterling unplaced and unbearing of interest, were the crowning capitals of the new temple to Plutus. The unknown artists were in sooth of a strange land and lineage, too well practised in their craft even to require the dimensions of the ground plot previous to the construction of a plan. Friendless and unknown as they were in the scene of their contemplated operations, obstacles to those less undaunted apparently insuperable, did not appal. The cornucopia of wealth to overflow was to be replenished from afar—the magic powers of steam were to be taxed for the fabrication of signs of value as for calicoes—South Wales was to be irrigated with a continuous stream of watermarks from plates cast and tempered in the foundries of Lancashire.

Amongst the most busy of the schemers, and the patrons most apt to the hands of projectors, the Quakers, as in 1825, were found to be the most prompt, and, loath are we to say it, the least punctilious. This public rebuke we have been the less reluctant to administer, inasmuch as, from personal communication with many honorable and justly honored individuals among the highest of the class, whom we are proud to rank among the number of our friends, we know how earnestly this pestiferous yearning after unrighteous speculation—this greediness of unholy gain—is reprobated, and the down-sliding parties denounced. To this departure among others from the purer practice of their fathers, may the recent schism so decidedly pronounced in the body be perhaps attributed. Members of character so unstained and of principles so uncompromising as Isaac Crewdson, may well revolt from contact with brethren of unclean hands, and questionable doctrine.

Reports are current of princely doings in the way of the reciprocal repartition of the *spolia opima* of salaries and emoluments by and among secretaries and directors, of complexion so auriferous that scrip shares should represent not merely pepitas of gold, but gems of Golconda, and the paper tokens of the companies roll like the Pactolean river over sands of precious ore. The secretary of one of these Oriental or Milesian fictions, which, if the tale be truly told, does not deserve to survive the Thousand and One Nights, is said to be oppressed with the hard-earned stipend of some 800*l.* or 1000*l.* per annum, whilst a director in the same concern, with a cormorant organ of acquisitiveness more boldly developed, has, with an effort of moral restraint sufficiently exemplary, seen fitting to rest content with a fixed honorario of some 1800*l.* or 2000 a-year (we cannot charge our memories

which,) with remainder in tail to his wife, of 500*l.* or 600*l.* a-year, should, by a lamentable bereavement, the luckless shareholders lose the benefit of his services. The conjugal foresight of the dowry legacy is equally meritorious with the thrifty provision of Sterne's parson for his son, and substituting petticoat for breeches, is a faithful copy of the original. What other makeweight to incline the beam of such short allowance still more in his favor the paper functionary may have had cast into the scale in the shape of shares to be unpaid upon, or reserved for him at par to be disposed of when at a premium, or a per centage upon issues, is yet among the secrets of the prison-house, that is, the board-room of direction; in any case the fixed salary is equivalent to the full pay of a veteran admiral of forty years standing, and the lady dower little short of the half-pay or pay off active duty of a vice-admiral. The special allotment was not earned, be it remembered, by long service and grey hairs, or awarded on the plea of special fitness and great experience, or bestowed in compensation for sacrifices made, social position abdicated, or brighter prospects abandoned. The former condition of this provident director and fortunate projector was obscure; in circumstances he was poverty-stricken, if not abject.

The money mania of these times differs in no essential feature from that of 1825, but the absence of foreign schemes and *el Dorado* enterprises to the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific, the sores of which were still too recent and unhealed for further experimenting. The plague spot changed places only—from the exhausted south the virus has been transplanted to the more plethoric and susceptible north, where its baleful ravages found grosser food for contact and propagation. Manchester, the second money capital of the three kingdoms has been beyond all most deeply impregnated with the joint stock malaria. It is thought that one half the joint-stock bank, railway, and mining shares, publicly created during the last three years, have been absorbed, and are most of them still held in that town and its densely populated neighborhood alone. Certain it is, moreover, that a large proportion of joint-stock follies for the whole empire have therein originated. The reputation, justified or not to the extent, is neither safe nor honorable for the greatest, as it should be the most intelligent manufacturing community in the world. It is a subject of wonder to see a race of men, proverbial no less for sagacity than ingenuity and plodding industry, become the dupes of artifices long stale and worn threadbare on the Exchange and the Stock House of the Metropolis. Some twelve months ago only, sojourners could not fail to be struck with the parade of railway carriages through the town, richly painted in bright blue, relieved in burnished gold, with letters importing London and Greenwich, No. —. As Manchester, too, has its Vauxhall and Piccadilly, there seemed no reason why it should not dignify some villages on the outskirts with the names of London and Greenwich; but the stranger learned to his surprise, that it was not so—the machines were absolutely intended for the veritable Amphitryons two hundred miles off. The mystification was soon cleared away; London and Greenwich shares were discussed on all sides as familiarly as the new crop of cotton in the United States, the last prices of bowed Georgias at Liverpool, the prospects of the spring trade, and the bettings at Tattersall's for the Spring Meeting at Newmarket. Letters were read from London directors or officials, with flaming accounts of arches completed, and the Tooley Street terminus in rapid progress;—Wetenhall quoted for London and Greenwich at 10 premium, all buyers and no sellers, with hints significant that shares might possibly pause at 20, but must eventually advance to 40,—the whole wound up with a pathetic lament that such was the rush for the new Gravesend, no more than ten actions could be secured for the writer's most particular friend and correspondent, after every possible exertion of favor and influence; so that London and Greenwich carriages in blue and gold were not built and made a raree show of in Manchester streets without an object—premiums were to be kept up, and a market made for London speculators to realize, which could only be accomplished by tempting Manchester holders with the prospect of a more exorbitant bonus hereafter, and Manchester capitalists to despatch their orders for purchase whilst the tide was at "the flood which leads on to fortune." In

vain did that cautious but most ably conducted journal, the *Manchester Courier*, in the true Conservative sense oppose itself, courageously and alone, to the frenzy, ever fitful but still spreading. Notwithstanding a series of sketches, graphic and powerful, wherein the gatherings and machinations of well-known bands of plotters were portrayed to the life, the dreaded shafts of ridicule itself failed, proved pointless against the raging epidemic, as would the resistless laughter-inspiring grimace of Liston upon the distempered fancies of a dweller in St. Luke's.

The disastrous results of joint-stock banking extravagance will hereafter prove a manual of useful reference when all accomplished, of which we are far from thinking that the worst has been witnessed. The "inquiries (of the Parliamentary Committee) have not been yet brought to a close," as we are told in the first line of their report. The crop promises to be most plenteous of results lamentable, and will be of facts discreditable, should future investigation embrace Ireland as well as England, and be directed in the mode we have indicated to probe the evil to the roots. Incomplete as the labor performed and the experience gleaned still is, it cannot be without its uses briefly to advert to some portion of the matter officially in evidence, or sufficiently public and notorious. The Norfolk and Norwich Bank, now defunct, may be cited as a sample of gross improvidence in the management, and of a ruinous business carried on in the face of a first loss exceeding in amount the whole paid up capital:—the play of the gambler, who throws the more blindly as his stakes disappear. This bank was established in the year 1827, with seven branches; the nominal stock L.200,000 the paid up and *bona fide* capital, from first to last, L.23,000 only. In less than a year, one bad debt alone was made, exceeding L.30,000; and yet a dividend was formally declared and paid at the rate of 5 per cent, at the expiration of twelve months from the opening. Supposing the profit on the general business to have been L.6000, and this deducted from the bad debt, the bank was still deficient in real assets by L.7000; to which add the dividend declared, and paid out of the monies of depositors, and it was actually insolvent by L.8150 beyond the capital stock entirely annihilated, which then, at Midsummer 1828, was, according to Mr. Gilbert, one of the directors, paid up to the extent of L.17,000 only. We know that the directors individually were highly responsible and respectable persons, and their co-proprietors probably not less so; but we know also that in the case of a break up and a litigious disposition, the remedy of creditors against a joint-stock company under a trust-deed, by suits transferable into Chancery, is neither prompt, inexpensive, nor beyond the reach of accident and chicane. A cautious board of business-like men had at this time two straightforward courses before them on which to take the sense of their fellow-shareholders:—either to wind up the concern, and apportion the *pro rata* damage incurred, or to call up a larger quota on the whole of their nominally subscribed stock. They took neither one nor the other, but preferred to trade on with this millstone around their necks, in the delusive expectation of gradually recruiting their finances from out a fund reserved of gains to come. The contingency of other risks seems not to have been taken account of; they came to maturity, however, in due course, and in thundering sums, such as a deficit in the best part of L.20,000 of the Franklingham agent, L.6500 by one Tuck, with other minor sums of thousands. All these brought the establishment to a stand-still at last, and so the directors made the best of a bad bargain, by selling the good-will of the old to a new and better fitted out joint-stock company for the liberal bonus of L.20,000. The Norfolk and Norwich Bank, be it observed, was all the while, apart these special calamities, realizing an annual balance of profit of L.5000, L.6000, or L.7000, and dividing 5, 6, or 7 1-2 per cent per annum on its shares. It is fair to record, that otherwise the general management appears to have been commendably correct and economical. No costly settlements were lavished upon secretaries or directors, or weeping relicts quartered upon the funds. The total sum of salaries to the whole clerkly or executive department amounted to no more than L.1488. 16s., or 75 per cent more only than the one secretary alone pockets, and not equal to the princely

income the one director alone absorbs in the Oriental affair to which we have formerly alluded. The whole charges of superintendence by the directors as a body are stated at L.370 only, being L.130 per annum less than the contingent remainder saddled in the guise of widow's weeds upon their more magnificent contemporary. The shares, 1000 only of L.200 each, were too few in number to afford the means of jobbing, and of those less than three fourths were taken up. The resident director states, in his examination before the committee, that "the directors of the Norfolk and Norwich Bank have never derived any advantage to themselves by the transfer of shares; . . . they never have derived a farthing on their private account, nor had one sixpence by the purchase or sale of shares." How many of their fellow-directors in other bank schemes could venture conscientiously to say as much? However misled and misjudging they may have been, let us not fail in a tribute of homage to honorable men, so justly their due. When the bank finally closed for business, and the extent of defalcation was yet unascertained, but presumed to be considerable, they voluntarily undertook, and have pledged their well known responsibility, to pay off the shareholders in full. They, therefore, and they alone, will be the sufferers by the crude and ill digested speculation. In answer to the query by Sir Thomas Freemantle, "Whatever loss falls upon the company will be borne by the directors?" Mr. Bignold, one of them, replies, "The directors have guaranteed it."

Having so largely entered into the case of the Norfolk and Norwich Bank, which is but too rose-colored a type of many others not yet *in extremis*, we shall content ourselves with a more brief reference to such defects in the constitution of a few other banks as most readily strike the eye, and are remediable without legislative interposition. Our meaning more especially points to the enormous discrepancy too often exhibited between the apparent and the real capitals, and of the glaring inadequacy of the latter, as contrasted with the sphere of operations. The following abridged extracts will explain our meaning:

The Hull Banking Company, nominal capital,	L.800,000	
Paid up,		L.42,200
Nominal number of shares	8,000	
Shares issued only	4,220	
Number of branches, the most distant 46 miles,	15	
Amount of advances for which the bank has a lien on shares (account made up to 21st May, 1836).		8,842
Net real capital, therefore, only		33,358
Last rate of dividend,	6 per cent.	
York City and County, nominal capital,	L.500,000	
Paid up,		75,000
Shares (all issued),	5,000	
Rate of last dividend,	12 per cent.	
Surplus fund,		12,930
Real capital, therefore,		87,930
Number of branches (the most distant 40 miles),	5	
Lichfield, Reigate, and Tamworth, nominal capital,	L.100,000	
Paid up,		26,000
Coventry Union Bank, nominal capital,	L.200,000	
Paid up		28,050
West of England and South Wales, nominal capital,	L.1,000,000	
Paid up,		209,882
Number of branches and agencies (the most distant 110 miles),	17	
Stackey's Banking Company (Bristol), nominal capital,	L.300,000	
Paid up (exclusive of reserve fund),		60,000
Branches, all in Somersetshire,	16	
Dudley and West Bromwich, nominal capital,	L.4,00,000	
Paid up,		30,025

Coventry and Warwickshire, nominal capital,	L.400,000	
Paid up,		35,000
Liverpool Tradesman's Bank, nominal capital,	L.250,000	
Paid up,		50,627
Bank of Stockport, nominal capital,	(no return)	
Paid up,		31,850
Gloucester County and City, nominal capital,	L.100,000	
Paid up,		19,720
Pare's Leicester Banking Co., nominal capital,	L.100,000	
Paid up,		15,825
North and South Wales, nominal capital,	L.600,000	
Paid up,		25,000
Union Bank of Manchester, nominal capital,	L.600,000	
Paid up,		49,075
York Union, nominal capital,	L.700,000	
Paid up,		57,450
(Advances on its own shares.)		
Cheltenham and Gloucester, nominal capital,	L.500,000	
Paid up,		15,000
Lincoln and Lindsay, nominal capital,	L.250,000	
Paid up,		20,000
Commercial Bank of England, (Manchester), nom. cap.,	L.500,000	
Paid up,		260,005
Branches (greatest distance 100 miles),	18	
Northern and Central Bank of England (Manchester), nominal capital,	L.1,000,000	
Paid up,		711,860
Branches (greatest distance 110 miles),	39	

This is no one-sided view; the banks have not been selected, in an invidious sense, from the returns of sixty-three laid before the Committee, but taken from the list in part almost in the order in which they stand. They may be accepted as a fair epitome of the whole in their leading features, for if some of the more solid establishments are omitted, so also are a more considerable proportion of the minor concerns. Where large capitals have been paid up, it will be observed that the branches are often more numerous. Thus, in the Northern and Central Bank, whose widely spread operations have, as we gather from the papers, led to utter derangement latterly, and necessitated an application for assistance to the Bank of England, divide the fund paid up by the number of establishments, and there results for the wants of each a capital stock of less than L.18,000; a sum manifestly too trivial for security and respectability, or to carry on banking in the most insignificant place in which the company trade, but which, for all of inferior note, must be still further diminished by the more consequential demands of the chief seats of operations, such vast communities, for example, as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Bristol, Sheffield, Halifax, Nottingham, Worcester, and Bolton. That respectable and wisely conducted concern, the North of England Joint-stock Banking Company with its headquarters at Newcastle-on-Tyne, has but four supplementary arms, so that with a paid up stock of L.240,000, nearly L.50,000 are applicable to each. Some of the banks have traded in their own shares—have purchased and held them, of course that premiums may not be deteriorated. One of them confesses to the holding of 1037 shares; another to advances to forty-six individuals, being customers and holders of 4950 shares, to the extent of L.38,620 on the security of stock thus hypothecated, or approaching to one fourth of the whole paid up fund; a third to the purchase of 682 of its own shares; and most of them, by the terms of their trust-deeds, contemplate more or less the contingency of holding shares, and lay themselves open to the temptation of increasing their traffic by discounting their own stock hereafter, however practically now eschewing it, by the proviso enacting a lien upon shares for general balances and discounts. It

is clear, that for depositors, whose protection is the first object for consideration, the sheet-anchor of safety is loosened from its fastenings so long as directors of the deposit-banks are not restrained from parting with the capital stock in exchange for their own unnegotiable and inconvertible scrip or shares.

Such as we have described has been the origin of the joint-stock banking mania, and such also the system. The system is there, however, to answer for itself, such as it has exposed itself before the Committee, such as the skeleton of it is imprinted upon those pages; no thinking man will say that such a banking currency is sound, or under such a system can ever be other than unsound. The legislature is bound to take measures for the enforcement of a more wholesome discipline. Nominal capitals are a deception alike for the shareholder and the depositor. Fixed and duly proportioned funds should be rigorously exacted, and the payment in full enforced. In most instances the non-payment now does not arise from the reluctance of the proprietors, but from the unwillingness of directors, who in their greediness for premiums have gorged themselves with scrip, further calls upon which are perhaps beyond their means or their inclination to satisfy. Late events may possibly bring the whole question of the currency once again under discussion, with a view to revision. But however that may be, it will probably be considered judicious to impose a larger share of personal responsibility on joint-stock directors, on the one hand, and on the other to require the investment in fixed and tangible securities, of values to correspond with, and cover the amount of issues, and so bar them from undue expansion. Without venturing into so wide a field as an inquisition into the state of the national currency, which would be beside the special purpose of this article, as well as beyond our disposable space, we may suggest whether it might not be worth while to examine how far it would be politic to constitute the Bank of England the sole bank of issue for the empire. It is evident that a revolution in banking has been rapidly consummating of late years, and is in its tendencies inevitable. The advantages of the joint-stock principle, under wise and strict regulations for imposing liability, prompt and beyond evasion, are incontestable; but under the most favorable circumstances it may be doubted whether joint-stock or private banks, even the most irreproachably managed, and with a superior quality of personal guarantee, may, without danger, be intrusted with the royal powers of coinage. With such an extension of privilege, the Bank, however, ought perhaps to be interdicted from competition in the general discount market, and bound, at given and lower than the ruling rates, to deal with bankers alone for coin or notes against bills and securities. To the mercantile class, even of the highest standing, and such only in the main transact with the Bank, it can make little or no difference whether their supplies be derived from the parem or the subordinate banks; in fact, the great mass of money operations, whether in town or country, are, and have long been, conducted through the agency of the latter. Bank paper, to amounts and upon securities to be agreed upon, might be furnished according to demand to private and joint-stock banking concerns at a moderate agio of interest, say 2 1-2 or 2 per cent per annum, subject to periodical modifications on previous notice, according to the variations of rates of interest and the state of the exchanges. The extension of its note circulation, from the average of eighteen to that of thirty millions or more, would indemnify the Bank for the deprivation of its discount business; and bankers who can afford to allow interest on deposits in the ratio of 2 1-2 per cent per annum, would be no losers by bank supplies on the same footing. The uncertain duration, and the arbitrary withdrawal at inconvenient seasons of the former, would perhaps balance the disadvantage of obtaining the latter only upon value received, or security perfected. But in order to render the position of the Bank more stable, and that it should with a currency so much expanded be less at the mercy of sudden panics, the standard ought no longer to be capriciously and despotically confined to gold alone. This is almost the only country where gold is the measure, or sole measure of value, and hence the difficulty which is found to exist in replenishing the drain of bullion upon emergencies, as limited to one precious commodity alone. In most

other states silver is found the more commodious and abundant medium of exchange and circulation; hence stores of the precious metal may be more readily counted on, whilst the silver mines of Mexico are said to be now productive to the extent of twenty-three or four millions of dollars a year, which within a mere trifle is the upset of their bonanzas in the best days of their productiveness cited by Humboldt. Silver might, therefore, be made, conjointly with gold, the standard, at fixed legal relations of value with each other. The mere difficulty of disposing of the weighty treasure in places of safety would thus at once paralyse a run for specie, and afford time for the importation of bars and ingots if necessary; besides, that silver is more easily procurable, and almost always more beneficially disposable, because more an article of trade than gold. A variable difference betwixt the legal and the marketable proportions of relative values, arising from the accidents of demand, could be no greater inconvenience than the everyday occurrence now of distinctions as great between the market and the mint prices of gold. The doubloon or onza of Spanish America, is legally equivalent to seventeen silver dollars or pesosduros; but in Havana, the great dollar mart, we have often known dollars at a high premium, and have paid as high as half a dollar on occasion exchange per onza. The liquidation of contracts in either specie is at the option of the debtor at the legal proportions of value, and yet no inconvenience is experienced or expressed. There seems no valid cause why the reverse should here be dreaded. The Bank of France pays in like manner in sacks of five franc pieces, and hence, amidst all the bankruptcy and panic of the Revolution 1830, of which we were witness, with the 5 per cents down from 85 or 90 to 47, there occurred no run; all within the bank breathed the quiet of ordinary times, whilst all without was insolvency, turmoil, and *emeutes*. We throw out these suggestions as a provocative to examination by the higher powers, and not as a theme for present extended discussion by ourselves.

A change is coming over the old London system of banking, which, evidently, is in course of being exploded. No commission being charged upon the management of accounts, but the remuneration to the banker made dependent upon a certain stationary balance in hand, ranging, until of late, from L.500 upwards, but all liable to withdrawal without notice, the banker was too often driven, in the absence of eligible discounts, to hazardous speculations in the funds as a mode of realizing a profit upon deposits whose uncertain duration forbade investments of a more permanent character, wherein losses, in the aggregate ruinous, were sometimes incurred. The introduction of the more healthy country system of a regular commission has latterly been tried, with considerable success, by the London and Westminster Joint-stock Bank, and has or will be followed by other similar establishments, among which the London Bank bids fair to eclipse all competitors. To the same complexion all other bankers of the metropolis must come sooner or later that would escape annihilation, or keep open a ledger. Interest on deposits, and a commission upon current accounts, is for all parties the most safe as the most equitable principle of business.

Although we are not of the number of those who believe that we have been within twenty-four hours of a truck and barter régime, yet it is undeniable that we were lately on the eve of a great crisis, from the reaction of which, even if the imminence of the danger be past, the most deplorable consequences are to be feared. As Nero fiddled whilst Rome was blazing, so the Chancellor of his Majesty's Exchequer was feasting and electioneering in Dublin and Limerick, whilst his Majesty's Exchequer Bills were falling to a disgraceful discount in London—whilst bank schemes in the very hearing of his minister's locality were tumbling to pieces, and the people swarming for gold with a tumult like the rushing of many waters—whilst banks in England were tottering to their fall—whilst the Bank of England itself was in the agonies of despair. But we are far from thinking the clouds have passed away, and the horizon again all sunshine. Everywhere there has been over excitement and over trading, the luridly intense glare of which has been imposed upon us for the dazzling rays of the sun of prosperity, as the hectic flush of fever is sometimes mistaken for the roseate

glow of health and happiness. The plethoric patient is even yet but in the incipient stages of the depleting process for sobering down the distempered and overheated organs to the natural order of their functions. The malady, although most largely developed in the United States, has extended its ravages far and wide. The raging and reckless spirit of speculation across the Atlantic may be estimated by the fact, publicly recorded, of the sales of national lands within the last few years. In

				Dollars.
1832 the sales amounted to no more than			.	3,115,376
1833	do.	do.	. .	4,972,274
1834	do.	do.	. .	6,099,981
1835	do.	do.	. .	15,810,795

and for the two first quarters of 1836 they are valued at 13,500,000 dollars; and these of new unsettled and uncleared lands alone. The bubble rage in private schemes has been even more wild and insane. Banks have overspread the Union in all directions—not in towns and cities merely, but in paltry villages, and started contemporaneously with the erection of the first log-huts on waste lands bought and settled—dollar notes have been emitted equal to cover the whole superficial area of the republic. It must, after all, be owned that projectors here are but humble imitators, and even yet behind the more daring of the race in the United States. M. Chevalier, in his letters upon North America, recently published, states, that the founders of joint-stock banks there, "electing themselves directors, . . . discounted none other but their own paper; or rather they lent themselves the whole of the paper-money of the bank upon the simple deposit of their shares. . . . Sometimes, such was the disorder in the management, the clerks, of their own authority, opened credits for their own account, and admitted their friends to liberal participation of the same favor. It was thus that, one fine day, it was discovered, at the City Bank of Baltimore, that the cashier had lent to himself 166,548 dollars (about L.38,000). To one of his friends he had granted a credit besides of 185,332 dollars. All the sub-officials and managers had acted on the same system, with the exception of one clerk and the cashier's boy." It was a matter of frequent occurrence for these banks to issue dollar paper, or, as our Yankee brethren term it, "rag-money," to "ten and twenty times the value of their capital and securities." When failures among their customers took place, or losses through other causes were incurred, far from seeking to remedy the damage by greater caution for the future, and by contracting their operations, the anxiety of the managers was solely directed to cover the disappearance of real funds by the boundless emission of fresh paper for the accommodation of and chances of profit by a new bevy of ruthless speculators in lands, or houses, or shares, or merchandise. By these means premiums upon shares were kept up or advanced. So long as the internal humors of the bloated carcase of private and public "prosperity" could be restrained from bursting forth, the system worked as smoothly there as upon a smaller scale it has been witnessed here; but the approach of a panic at once brought them to a head—to a liquidation—to bankruptcy. It was thus that, not to balance the account to a later date, from 1811 to 1830, *one hundred and sixty-five* American banks either failed, or, what is tantamount, were under the necessity of suspending totally their business, and winding up their affairs.

Although our domestic follies in the banking line have neither been so numerous nor so fatal hitherto as those of the United States, yet can we boast of some exotics, or missionary transplantations, transcending in absurdity, as they are likely in ultimate loss, any scheme which has seen daylight there. We have, for example, remitted a bank to Athens, which, if ever called into operation, will have to wait the slow progress of marble and cement before a roof can be raised to defend the employers from the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the exportation of carpenters from hence before doors, "locks, bolts, and bars" can be fashioned and fastened to keep out the

Philhellene brotherhood of robbers, of whom Joseph Hume, Dr. Bowring, and some in the higher places, are or have been the sworn brethren and patrons. The Island of Cuba, moreover, has been favored with a bank from the prolific home manufactory; and Havana, to the great astonishment of its active and wealthy inhabitants, is, or is to be, invited to deposit *onzas* and *pesos* against promises to pay. The nominal capital of this bank is half a million — not all paid up, of course. The Habaneros, who can count among them various capitalists representing greater capitals, such as the Cuesta Manzanals, Tozos, Frias, Hernandez, &c., and many who can boast as heavy a weight of metal, mostly unemployed, will be curious to learn the royal road to money-coinage, which the new comers are to teach them. There the banker of each trader is a massive iron box, which unclutches its treasures in barter for sugar, or coffee, or *cigarros*, or in loans, not upon promissory notes, but upon simple contract with the *pacendadero* or *cafetero* for so many boxes of sugar, or bags of coffee, deliverable on the next crop. It is an affair of honor, in fact, in which it is necessary to know your man; for colonial law is every where bad enough, but Spanish colonial law worst of all. The litigant disputes your claim, and after sundry evolutions, refers you to Madrid; from whence, after the passage of many pleasant papers *sellado y testigado* during a dozen years, you cannot expect a judgment in your favor within twenty years without remittance, through your own confidential agents, of such weighty arguments as shall exceed the total of the sum litigated. We have often seen and pitied wretches, victimized by the law-harpies, impatiently pacing the quay of the *Aduana* by six o'clock of the morning, in expectation of the *corbeta paquebote*, which was expected to bring the final degree, but was the bearer only of some *memoria* of causes of delay instead of the *auto acordado*. Will the Havana Banking Company fare better? It may be doubted. After looking over the list of directors and officers, we do not recognise a name familiar in Havana, and none, however respectable, and justly so here, which there is likely to command confidence. But even were it the reverse, where is the pabulum for bank notes and banking?

To return to the United States, the building madness was never surpassed in extravagance by the most raving fancies of Bedlam. The whole state of New York has been parcelled out into prospective creations of ports, cities, and communities—scarcely one solitary acre of land is left for the plough—surveyors only could be seen making ground-plans, and laying out building-plots where the "jocund team" was only some months before so cheerily driven—the farmer and his occupation have been superseded. In the New York market, *building lots* thus surveyed and layed out in that state alone have been sold from hand to hand, dealt in like bales of cotton, for *two millions* of inhabitants additional; the whole population now, after upwards of a century of existence, not numbering more. In New Orleans *lots* have been similarly laid out, and trafficked in for one million more at least. M. Chevalier, an impartial and intelligent witness, deputed to America on a mission from his government, states emphatically, "On a distribué, en emplacement des maisons, des marais pestilentiels des rochers à pic. En Louisiane, les terrains mouvants, repaires sans fonds des alligators, les lacs et les cyprières de la Nouvelle Orléans, qui ont dix pieds d'eau ou de vase, et ici le lit de l'Hudson (he writes from Johnstown, Pennsylvania), qui en a vingt, trente, cinquante, ont trouvé de nombreux acheteurs." At the most southern extremity of the Lake Michigan there exists a small town, called Chichago. Some day it promises to become a place of commerce and importance. A canal will be cut from it to connect the Mississippi with the Lakes and the St. Lawrence. But, at present, Chichago contains only between two and three thousand inhabitants. Well, all the land for ten miles around has been sold, resold, sold again in petty portions, not at Chichago, but at New York, which, by the present route, is two thousand miles distant from it. In the New York market there is an abundance of bits of paper, purporting to be *lots* in the city of Chichago for *three hundred thousand* inhabit-

ants, being for a greater population than actually exists in any capital of the New World. The purchasers of some of these *rag lots* may reckon themselves but too lucky if, when the fancy takes them to visit their *terres en Espagne*, the lands shall be found not more than six feet deep in the lake.* We believe there may yet be found about the stock-house in London similar *bits* of paper, styled *Poyais Land certificates*, entitling the fortunate holder, by the special favor of General M'Gregor, to certain lands among the stinging mosquitos, or somewhere in the clouds of central America; but, as yet, there is, so far as we know, no instance on record of any speculator crossing the Atlantic in search of, and to deal as he likes with, "his own," although the lands are tenantless, save of beasts and birds of prey. And yet, in the face of this moon-struck frenzy, and these cloud-capt follies, our brethren of the United States, with all the airs and graces bristling of resentment most just, have the modesty to stigmatise, with all the bitterness of invective, the Bank of England for curtailing its discounts of American bills, and its credits to American houses, or houses known to be connected with America. And this, too, after the Bank, with not one thousandth of the provocation, had, months previous, been throwing out the paper of English traders more solid and less tainted with the dye of rash speculation, and drawing in its accommodation to joint stock banks, with paid up capitals, beyond any thing in the same shape across the Atlantic, saving the United States bank! "We have the utmost need," say these sturdy beggars, "of British capital, and we will have it. Our agriculture cannot be extended, nor our commerce flourish, without it." And this inconceivable *estourderie*, these laughable extravaganzas, were shouted, and gravely committed to print, almost at the very moment of the general outcry against the "Mammoth Bank," as the National Bank of the United States was spitefully nicknamed, one fourth of the shares in which were estimated to be held by English capitalists. The most reproachful denunciations were vented against this establishment on that account; as, "the British Bank," as an "association of foreign aristocrats, who were conspiring to enslave the country;" when these very British shareholders were pouring those capitals into the country, the retirement or stoppage of which now and since has been the subject of remonstrances so burlesque, and declamation so ludicrous.

"The imports of the United States in 1835 exceeded the exports by twenty-eight millions of dollars, and yet the latter transcended those of any former year.† In part payment of the immense balance to Europe, bank stocks

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* In the last year, Lord Ashburton, better known as Mr. Alexander Baring, was actually besieged for and sold an estate in Pennsylvania for *half a million* of dollars, which, six years before, he would have gladly disposed of for six or seven thousand dollars, in which, as an absentee, he was excessively taxed by the State Legislature as his quota, as a landholder, towards the formation of new railroads and common roads. This instance of the extravagance of speculation is marvellous enough; but considering the immense development of gold and iron mining industry at Pittsburg and other parts of Pennsylvania, with the magnificent system of railroad and canals (730 miles), by which the state is enriched, it is not quite so unaccountable.

† Since this article was written the official accounts, as made up yearly to September, have been laid before Congress. We are not yet in possession of the document, but from the abstract given in the Times newspaper, it appears the balance, far from being lessened, is vastly on the increase. The imports show an excess, as compared with 1835, of nearly 24,000,000 dollars; and with relation to the exports, stand as follows:—

	Dollars.
Imports to Sept. 30, 1836, - - - -	173,540,000
Exports, id. - - - - -	121,789,000
Excess of imports, - - -	51,751,000

And yet the exports are stated to exceed those of 1835 (not at hand at this moment) by 35,423 dollars only, although nearly six millions more than the average of the last

and land shares were liberally remitted to this country, backed by indorsements of the large premiums ruling and realizable at home. The bait took to some extent, as many sufferers now find to their cost. The movement of traffic has, in truth, everywhere burst its legitimate banks, and no where more than in the three chief emporiums of commerce. The respective exportations of indigenous and manufactured products for the last two years published, may be classed in round numbers as follows:—

	England.	France.	America.
1834,	L.41,640,000	L.20,370,000	L.17,280,000
1835,	43,360,000	23,090,000	21,600,000

This is a ratio of contemporaneous increase without parallel in the annals of trade, and cannot be contemplated without the most painful convictions of a disastrous reaction. Prices, indeed, are already on the decline; in the United States on goods and produce of all leading descriptions they have fallen from 10 to 15 per cent, and are still falling. Here in the natural order of things, the same results must inevitably occur; with lower rates for the raw material abroad, and therefore less profits, the quantities of manufactured exports must decrease from the impoverishment of the consumer until the level of capacity be descended to—that is, until the traffic can be conducted on terms of reciprocal advantages. High rates cannot be maintained here, apart special cases easily accounted for by the operation of accidental causes, should the prices of products in America scarcely indemnify the charges of production. In aid of this law of necessity comes the contraction of the currency in both countries. The stock of bullion in the coffers of the Bank of England in December 1835, amounted to . . L.6,978,000
but at the date of the last account — December 13, 1836 — did not probably exceed . . 3,500,000
The circulation meanwhile has rather increased, being

1835, . .	L.17,070,000
1836, . .	17,361,000

But whilst the note currency of the Bank has rested almost stationary, as well as that of private banks, that of joint-stock companies has been making rapid strides. In

December 1833.—	Bank note currency, ...	L.17,469,000
	Private banks, ...	8,836,000
	Joint-stock, ...	1,315,000
June 1836.—	Bank, ...	17,184,000
	Private, ...	8,614,000
	Joint-stock, ...	3,588,000

The bank will vainly strive to effect any permanent improvement in its bullion treasury by temporary expedients or tampering with the exchanges to create an artificial reflux of gold from abroad. These, however meeting the exigency of the moment, will but postpone the day of reckoning. The evil can and will be cured only by the slow and natural restoration of trading affairs to their former calm and healthy state. Something might perhaps be effected to soften the violence of sudden transitions and monetary revolutions by a friendly understanding for mutual succor between the Banks of France and England (and national institutions elsewhere also probably), according to the suggestion of the able editor of the *Journal des Debats* in a recent number. Arrangements with such an object might tend to cement still more strongly the ties of alliance between the two states. The subject is, at all events, worthy consideration in the proper quarters.

The average amount of metallic circulation in France is calculated at upwards of three milliards of francs, or more than one hundred and twenty

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three years. Even if the two balances of 1835 and 1836, of twenty-eight and fifty-one millions, be remitted and liquidated entirely in *building*-lots, bank shares, and other schemes, such a course of transactions must erelong naturally wind itself, in spite of 600 banks, and dollar *rag*-money.

millions sterling, three fourths of which in silver and one fourth in gold. That of the United Kingdom, in circulation and in the coffers of the banks, is thought not generally to exceed forty millions. And yet the external commerce of France is scarcely equal to one half that of England; and even the internal movement of trade of the first, with a population greater by eight millions, is not of equal amount with that of the latter.

With reference to this and other objects, which we have hinted at previously, involving a vital reform of the currency, the expediency of certain organic changes in the composition and statutes of the Bank of England, and more especially in its executive department, might perhaps merit consideration. Although, during the late money crisis, the Directors have in the main discharged their painful duties ably and courageously,* yet we take leave to doubt whether, viewed collectively or individually, the Board has not deteriorated materially and progressively for several years past in the quality and fitness of its members, and in the high character of its administration. A seat in the Direction was formerly the topmost ambition of the most eminent of the mercantile class. To judge from the lists of late years and the present, the case, with some few exceptions, is altered—not for the better. In the wielding of so tremendous an agency as a controlling power over the whole currency of the empire, we do not think, and it is said without any feeling of disrespect, that second and third rate merchants, respectable of their standing as they may be, but necessarily as incessantly engaged in concerns upon whose regular course they are themselves entirely dependent, present those guarantees which for the responsible discharge of duties of import so transcendently consequential are not desirable only, but indispensable. In the determination of questions so serious as the expansion and contraction of the circulation, for example, the bias of self-interest may, in a collision with the sense of public duty, prevail in the mind imperceptibly even to the functionary. The expansion may be advocated as tending to facilitate extended speculations with smaller means; the contraction deprecated as leading to lower prices, as endanger-

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* The conduct of the Bank in the affair of the Northern and Central Bank of Manchester has been most disinterested, and not less creditable to its prudence and foresight. It has undertaken all the liabilities and engagements of the provincial enterprise, and the risk thus incurred for the safety of the important manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire is deserving of all their gratitude, and will be duly estimated in view of the premises. A semi-official account of its affairs, understood to be published under the authority of the management of the Northern and Central Bank, has been circulated recently. By this, it appears that the Bank claims to have a balance, over and above its debts, of L.490,000. But as the great bulk of its assets consists of balances owing by customers, - - - - L.1,300,000
Ten per cent loss on a final liquidation of these will be a moderate allowance; therefore say—Balance of credits, - - - - 490,000
Probable loss on liquidation of L.1,300,000, - - - - 130,000

Resulting balance only, - - - - L.360,000

This is the most favorable view of the case. This bank commenced business in March, 1834—capital, according to return to Parliament in June, 1836, L.711,860; but now stated at L.780 000; loss, therefore, in rather more than two years and a half, L.420,000. Should the concern wind up so favorably as we have supposed, the shareholders may ultimately get back about nine shillings in the pound of their capital paid up; but we rather fear, when losses are ascertained finally, and all expenses paid, that they will have cause of congratulation if they escape by losing the whole of their advances. Some curious disclosures are expected by and by anent the mysteries of Lancashire joint-stock banking. A dividend was declared and paid last August only of *eight* per cent to the share-proprietors. Some time ago one of the agents of the Company, on his arrival at London, lost (subsequently recovered) a bag containing heavy remittances to the town agent, of the amount of more than L.111,000, chiefly in bills,—but L.10,000 of it in *American and other securities.* The Bank of England was not misled, it seems, about *American shares* being largely trafficked in. Only think of a country bank lending money on values realizable only 5000 miles off!

ing commercial combinations already advanced, as impairing or narrowing credit not rooted in larger capitals. We have no intention here to press the subject farther, nor shall we do more than hazard a suggestion for the remedy of inconveniences which will be appreciated. We are not sure that it will not be found advisable to invest the Bank with even more of a national character—for the nation to enter into partnership with the Bank—to intervene direct by qualified representatives in the board of direction. The coinage of money is one of the highest of royal prerogatives—can it with propriety, ought it to be delegated to a joint stock corporation—acting upon, guided by, the profit and loss principle, chiefly if not wholly, and whose checks the most stringent resolve themselves finally into little more than a moral, and therefore an inadequate responsibility? Why should not the Governor be nominated by or placed in direct communication with, or made answerable to the government—and therefore armed with certain powers and an absolute veto in the administration of the affairs of the Bank?

The monetary and commercial excitement, if not created, has at least been largely administered to, by the previous and corresponding intensity of political agitation, fomented by a Whig-Radical Government from the love of place, and to ensure a permanency of rule. In troubled waters the shoals and perils of unskilful pilotage are least liable to discovery—the lazy incapacity of Lord Melbourne, and the shallow wit of Lord John, may escape more ready penetration, when floating along a mud-thick stream, impervious to the rays of light below, and powerless therefore to reflect above the bladder-puffed emptiness of the things which affect to guide the current along which, with other rubbish, they are helplessly borne. Lord Glenelg repaid his late public entertainment at Inverness with a glowing delineation of the progress, the industrial progress more especially, of Great Britain during the six years of Whig and "juvenile Whig" sway. "It is proved that the resources of this country have been developed, that commercial enterprise has been called forth to new enterprise and exertions; that science, and intellect, and reason, and all the efforts of the mind, have been called forth to their utmost expansion, in order to meet the growing demands of a mighty people, calling forth every vigorous energy of the mind in the career of power and substantial greatness. (Immense cheering.) This cannot be denied. . . . But is it true that human agency has had no part in these transactions and in these blessings, and which, eminent as they are, we no doubt must ascribe to that great Providence which dictates the fate of nations? But then we know that there are *secondary agents* and instruments to carry into effect those designs, *and to these is to be ascribed the existing state of things.*" The *secondary agents* then have inflated the great balloon of national prosperity—be it so. The gas-swollen machine is now rapidly on the descent—the elementary exhalation with which it was bloated is bursting its cerements—with downward inclination the gaily bedizened envelope of painted silk in all its sides and circumference—is collapsing. The affrighted voyagers to lunar realms, glancing below for the hope of escape, behold destruction on either hand, here rocks and precipices, there an oceanic gulf. The grappling irons, in hands skilled and resolute, might yet clinch with unfailing gripe the threatening cliffs, and achieve a landing-place of safety. Is the sensually enervated and graceful Melbourne endowed with that steel-nerved arm? Or Palmerston, the man of gait and speech so mincing and tripping? Or Russell, pigmy in body as puny in mind! Or Glenelg, buried in profound lethargy amidst piles of despatches with seals unbroken?

Amidst the wilderness of doubt and darkness, on one point alone we are assured. The *secondary agents*, who boast of national prosperity as their exclusive creation—false and hollow as that prosperity appears—are bound, now and hereafter, to accept all the responsibility of national reverses and national degradation.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. IV.

A WIT once defined celibacy to be a vow by which the priesthood, in certain countries of Europe, bound themselves to be content with other men's wives. In England the terror of having a wife of one's own is confined chiefly to those brilliant personages who, after having flourished in the world of fashion in search of an heiress, whose return for her tens of thousands was to be the simple monopoly of their Bond Street elegance, find that fifty years are no addition to their charms, whatever they may be to their existence; that the most exquisite dexterity of the tailor cannot conceal the increasing rotundity of the form, nor all the art of the bootmaker retard the departing elasticity of the leg; that there is a time for all things, and among those things for ceasing to be irresistible and for beginning to be ridiculous. After fifty the doors of the matrimonial paradise are fast closing, and unless the man of fashion suddenly abjures the charms of blue eyes, native ringlets, and the love-breathing smiles of the generation from seventeen to the anxious age of seven and-twenty, and discover the superior captivations of well portioned widowhood, no man stands a fairer chance of dying that loathsome and unloved incumbrance of the earth, an old bachelor.

But these follies are for the region of high life. These pains are for the purgatory which the "supreme *bon ton*" make for themselves beyond the visible diurnal sphere of common sense. These privations are the inheritance of the superfine race who see mankind only out of the window at Brookes's, are unconscious of the existence of any man under ten thousand a year, know no other fragment of London than the lounge from Regent Street to Picadilly, learn the passage of the seasons only from the hunting at Melton or the racing at Newmarket, and augur the prosperity or decline of the empire from the greater or less number of invitations on their table to my lord's *battue* and my lady's ball.

England actually contains a vast number of individuals, however unacquainted with the fact those pre-eminent personages may be, who marry and are given in marriage at much less rates than fashion on one side, and fortunate for the other. The marriages are not much less than 100,000 a year. Still there are crowds, either too timid or too tongueless, too busy or too bashful to "tell their love," and thus their savings go to the winds in the parish club, or are watched for by a whole grim generation of cousins, who grasp at the will with the voracity of so many vultures; or, in default of even the cousins, go to the King's Attorney-General, the widest-throated vulture of all. To obviate the difficulties of approach, an advertisement in the newspapers is the established way; but this is but a poor contrivance after all. The fair sex have been so often disappointed by the comparison of the original with the portrait, the gentleman himself being the limner, that no woman who boasts of her own teeth, and looks in her glass without terror, will take the trouble of following the prize. In the published correspondence of some of those Damons and Phylisses—for when the gentleman is hanged, or the lady under sentence of transportation, the seals of the heart have been sometimes too lightly broken—all the answers were from the vicinity of Billingsgate and Coldbathfields. In fact, this mode has fallen into the "sere, the yellow leaf," and the temple of Hymen is at one entrance completely blocked up. They manage those matters, as they do every thing, better in France. There they have "Bureaux Matrimonielles," where all arrangements for wedded bliss are made by experienced officials. The gentleman sends in his credentials, the lady sends in hers. After those preliminaries are adjusted, the introduction follows, satisfies the parties that neither has emerged from the galleys, or is likely to be consigned to them, within the year. The "*contract*" receives the signature, the priest of the Faubourg

attends, the ceremonial is punctiliously performed, and Moniseur and Madame are made happy.

Still the failure of the advertisement system has arisen rather from the proverbial fallacy of its statements than from the original deficiency of its means. They have aimed too much at eloquence, they have rivalled too ardently the Packwood razor-strop, and the Warren's liquid blacking style. The marriage garden has been so teeming with imaginary flowers, so redolent of sweets *on paper*, that disappointment was the irresistible consequence. But we give one advertisement, which appeared a short time since in the papers, and which, from its touching the true string, neither fearfully repulsive nor impossibly rapturous, was formed to succeed. We have no doubt that its honest writer has already found a mate to his mind.

"I hereby give notice to all unmarried women, that I, John Hobnail, am at this writing five-and-forty, a widower, and in want of a wife. As I wish no one to be mistaken, I have a good cottage, with a couple of acres of land, for which I pay £2 a year. I have five children, four of them old enough to be in employment; three sides of bacon, and some pigs ready for market. I should like to have a woman fit to take care of her house when I am out. I want no second family. She may be between forty and fifty, if she likes. A good stirring woman would be preferred, who could take care of the pigs."

We gave this as a specimen of the true style. It has no affected elegance, it puzzles none by prodigality of promises. The dairymaid who reads may run, and probably will to the threshold of Hobnail, and if that man dies a widower we shall abandon our faith in the power of the pen.

Knavery, like snow, condenses in our streets on the coming of winter, and scarcely a day passes in which the little Magisterial Courts do not give their tribute to the genius of the pickpocket mind. But our affairs of this kind are vulgar. It is on the Continent that the pickpocket studies the picturesque. The reason of this difference is simply that the trade there is in higher hands—that the Exquisite with whom the daughter of an English peer may have danced at the Ridotto this evening, may be practising the art of "ways and means" on the public purse at the theatre the next; and that where every human being, from the prince to the peasant, plays at the same hazard-table, the lower race quickly adopt the style of the superior, and raise swindling to the dignity of a profession.

Some time since, an extremely clever thing of this species was done in Vienna. A young count, with some prodigiously high-blood name, an officer in the Imperial Hulans, was sitting on his horse, waiting outside the gate of the cathedral for the return of their Majesties. A watch set with brilliants, which he took out from time to time, showed that he was weary of the ceremony. A vastly sparkling snuff-box, to which he frequently applied, showed that he required a stimulus: in fact, the handsome Hulan was evidently falling asleep. He was roused by a well-dressed person's making his way to him, and with a very low bow begging of him "to preserve that attitude." He explained this odd request, by saying, that one of the archduchesses was desperately smitten with him, and desired to have his picture; but that, no opportunity having hitherto occurred, and etiquette being altogether against her asking it in person, she had employed an eminent artist to sketch his likeness as he mounted guard. The count notorious for a good opinion for his own charms, was infinitely delighted; but he affected to laugh at the idea, and threw himself into an attitude which he conceived to be much more captivating. His friend in the mob again begged of him to remain steady for a moment, and pointed out to him, in an opposite window, an artist busy in sketching a crayon drawing. The man's eyes were fixed on him. It was undeniable that he was sketching the count, and the handsome Hulan was too generous to make an archduchess wretched for want of his picture. Two or three slight changes of attitude were required to complete the performance; they were gently recommended by the count's new friend, and approved of by the nod of the artist in the window. At length the operation was completed. The artist made a low bow, and retired from the window. His friend

on the *pavé* did the same. The count was enchanted with having captivated a princess. But what was the time which this interesting performance had occupied? He felt for his watch —no watch was there; for his snuff-box—it had disappeared. His purse had followed them. He was now thoroughly awake. The worst of the matter was, that the unkind pickpockets were so proud of their having plucked the young dupe, that they told the story at the first *roulette*-table they came to. Thence, of course, it spread like wild-fire through the Court, the capital, and the country.

Secretary King, in his Memoirs, says, that having had opportunities of seeing a good deal of all the most remarkable men of his time, he had come to the conclusion, that presence of mind, implying quick decision, was the *rarest*, as it is undoubtedly the most important quality in the emergencies of public life. It was for this quality that Themistocles was celebrated by the historian as the most extraordinary man of his time—"That no man of all the Greeks saw so rapidly where the difficulty lay, or was so quick in discovering the way out of it." A large part of this fine quality depends on the avoidance of *haste*—on the sober view of events as they are, and on *waiting till things are ripe*. William the First, Prince of Orange, was memorable for this faculty, and it conducted him in triumph to the freedom of Holland. If, in the earlier years of those perpetual provocations which he suffered from the Spanish viceroys of the Netherlands, and the still more stimulating demands of the people to place himself at their head, he had raised the standard, he must have been crushed. "But the pear was not ripe." Though one of the bravest men alive, and resolved on finally hazarding life and fortune in the cause, he *waited* until he saw the Continent prepared to take a direct interest in the war—the German princes outraged, and eager for the fall of the Spanish domination, and the people of the Netherlands, roused by the double sense of persecuted religion and insulted freedom, to strike the blow with all their strength, and be successful, or be undone.

This was the great quality of Cromwell. It is idle to say, as has been so often said, that he was unconscious of the chances which the Revolution opened before him. His nature was to love power; his spirit was to scorn rivalry; and his ambition was to be at the head of the country. A man of his penetration must have known that the time of public confusion was the time for his obscure but powerful faculties to rise. A man of his education must have known the historic examples of ancient and modern Republicanism. And from the moment when the sword was drawn by the Parliament, he must have felt that the first soldier of the country might become the sovereign. "But the pear was not ripe." If after the most celebrated of his early histories he had openly aimed at the supremacy, he must have been crushed. The power of the Parliament was still in its vigor. It was not till the palpable success of the struggle, and the returning security of the popular cause had enabled the people to turn their eyes on the Parliament, that the public discontents had time to grow, that Parliament fell into disrepute, that the contest seemed to be carried on for nothing but the aggrandizement of the House of Commons, and finally, that the nation felt eager to change the oligarchy, whom they began to despise, for any form of government which promised novelty. The pear was then ripening. But a single premature step even then would have sent Cromwell to the scaffold. The army at length assumed the power. The pear was then ripe. And Cromwell, never in more imminent danger than at the moment when his foot was about to ascend the throne, left London in the critical instant, and was dictator.

Napoleon's early career was marked by this memorable sagacity. No man was nearer perishing in its commencement. If he had joined Robespierre in Paris, there can scarcely be a doubt that he would have been joined with him at the guillotine. The offer was made to him to take the command of the garrison of Paris. Nothing could be more tempting to a young officer, poor, conscious of talent, and encumbered with a crowd of brothers and sisters, who all seem to have looked up to him for a place in society, if not for bread. Robespierre at that hour was virtual monarch of France. All the parties of the Legislature had openly

succumbed to him. There was no appearance of the growth of any rival power. Finally, he fell by one of those caprices of cruelty which belonged less to the necessities of his position than the rabidness of his tiger heart. At a loss for employment, he had determined to begin a new course of public remedies. The victims got notice of his intention, and surprised the tiger in his den. It has been argued, that if Napoleon had joined him, the ability of the young commandant of Paris might have saved the tyrant from the catastrophe. Possibly it might for the moment. But the love of blood was innate in Robespierre; and supreme power, instead of humanizing, would only have prompted him to more comprehensive cruelties. Even France would have grown weary of the hideous homicide; *he must have perished*, and all his tools with him.

"To be nearer to Napoleon," says Lucien, "my family established themselves at the Chateau Sallé, near Antibes, only a few leagues from the headquarters. I had left St. Maximin, to pass a few days with my family and my brother. We were all assembled there, and the General gave us every moment that was at his disposal. He arrived one day more thoughtful than usual, and while walking between Joseph and me said, that it depended on himself to set out for Paris next day, and to be in a position inwhich he could establish us all advantageously." Lucien was the shortsighted one on this occasion, and would probably have led the way of the whole family to the Conciergerie. Napoleon preserved his sagacity and his line. "For my part," says Lucien, in the true vein of a provincial Frenchman, to whose imagination Paris is considerably above a Mahometan paradise, "the news enchanted me. To go to the great capital appeared to me a height of felicity, that nothing could overweigh. 'They offer me,' said Napoleon, 'the place of Henriot (the commandant of Paris.) I am to give my answer this evening. Well, what do you say to it?' We hesitated a moment. 'Eh, eh,' rejoined the General, 'but it is worth considering. It is not a case to be *enthusiastic* upon. It is not so easy *to save one's head at Paris* as at St. Maximin. The younger Robespierre is an honest fellow: but his brother is not to be trifled with. *He will be obeyed.* Can I support that man? No, never. I know how useful I should be to him in replacing his simpleton of a commandant of Paris. *But it is what I will not be.* It is not yet *the time.*' (The pear was not ripe.) 'There is no place honorable for me *at present* but the army. *We must have patience. I shall command Paris hereafter.*'

"Such were the words of Napoleon. He then expressed to us his indignation against the Reign of Terror; of which *he announced the approaching downfall.* He finished by repeating several times, half gloomy, half smiling, 'What should I do in that galley?' The younger Robespierre solicited in vain. A few weeks after, the 9th Thermidor arrived, to deliver France, and justify the foresight of the General. If Napoleon had taken the command of Henriot, on which side would have been the victory?"

It has again been argued, that Napoleon's readiness to accept the command under the Directory, but a year later, showed that his reluctance arose from no scruple of conscience. But the parties were different, Robespierre and Barras were the antipodes of each other except in ambition. The one a monster of blood, the other a showy, festive prodigal. The one a cold villain, who loved power for its indulgence of his cruelty. The other a gay man of the world, who loved power for its indulgence of his passions. No man can fairly place the character of the Government, when Napoleon was taken into its service, in comparison with the horrid atrocity which raised the universal voice of Europe against Robespierre.

That Napoleon was unsparing of blood in the field is sufficiently well known. But he was no butcher on the scaffold. The death of the Duc d'Enghien was the act of an assassin, but an act to which he was urged by its connection with his tyrannical system of polity. It was almost a solitary act. And there are few things more remarkable in the history of this stern, fierce, and implacable mind than the rareness of public executions under his resistless reign.

Another evidence of the sagacity of waiting was exhibited on his return from the Italian campaign of 1798. All France resounded with his name. The Directory were sinking before the eye. The army was rapidly identi-

fying itself with sovereignty in France. He was the hero of France. Strong suggestions, too, were made to him on all sides to seize the supremacy. His answer was, "It is not time yet. The public mind is not decided. I should experience unexpected difficulties. I shall return from Egypt, and find all those difficulties extinguished by the lapse of time. I leave the Directory behind me. They will at once do my work and their own. The pear is not ripe." The oracle was true. He left France to writhe under the loss of her Italian conquests; the Directory to sink into popular scorn by the proof of their incapacity; the army to see its laurels torn away, and think of the distant chieftain by whom they had been planted And when the name of Bonaparte was not only in the mouths but in the hearts of the people; when his presence was felt to be less a pledge of national fame, than a protection against national ruin, he came, and at one bound seized the throne. *The pear was ripe!*

Among the results to which the new experiments on conveyance through the air may give rise, the most advantageous would be some increased attention to the study of meteorology. When it shall have become important to investigate the currents and changes of the air, we shall enter upon a science almost totally new, yet of the very first interest, and probably opening to the widest remaining avenue to the command of nature. We have largely investigated, and in consequence largely mastered three of the elements. The earth and water are nearly our slaves. But the air has hitherto almost wholly escaped man's dominion. The few general notions which we have adopted on the subject of its matter, operation, and impulses, are wholly inadequate to explain, and, what is of still higher importance, to enable man to anticipate its chief phenomena.

As to the changes of the air from calm to tempest, the principal agency is doubtless caloric. The rush of the cold air to supply the place of the heated is the well known origin of the tempest. But, what is the agency which influences the caloric itself? The periodical storms and rains of the tropics admit of something like an explanation, by the movement of the sun, and the heat which he propagates in his course. But what accounts for years of mist, rain, and tempest? Why have we for five years scarcely known the existence of snow, to be overwhelmed with it in the sixth? The cometary influence has been often assigned, and laughed at; yet there is scarcely an instance of a comet's having come down towards the earth's orbit, without its being followed by some remarkable change in the temperature of the year. In some instances the most delightful serenity, in others, the whole season, or whole year chill and comfortless. If we are to be told, that there are thousands of comets, and that therefore they must be constantly acting upon the atmosphere, if they act at all, may we not ask, are all comets necessarily the same in their purposes or properties? May they not be as different as there are different objects for them to fulfil? May there not be some of those thousands which exclusively affect the earth, and its seasons, while some may be administering salutary change to other globes, and some may be solely conduits of light to the exhausted energies of the sun?

During the last two months we have had the severest weather experienced in England since 1814. The whole year has been rough, wet, and uncertain. A state of things which the towns and bathing-places on the sea-coast felt heavily in their finance, for they were nearly deserted by the landowners, who felt no great satisfaction in travelling fifty or a hundred miles to face premature winter, in the little hovels for which the conscience of the landlords of Brighton, Worthing, and the other summer camps of citizenship charge so rapaciously. But on the 9th of November, the war of elements began. Storm swept the whole coast of England and the western shores of the continent; the sea was covered with wrecks, and the shore with corpses. But it was on the 29th of the same month that the most tremendous tempest swept up from the Atlantic, and moving north-east, devastated all within its vast expanse, up probably to the pole. The wind raged for three days with fearful fury, houses were blown down, mail-coaches hurried away, waggons overturned by the force of the blast, and though

these may seem trivial instances of its mischief, they give an extraordinary conception of the power of the wind. The loss of shipping and life was deplorable. The year closed with the great snow-storm. A slight fall on the night of the 24th of December seemed only to attire Christmas in his ancient robe, and the sight of the snow was almost welcomed.

But on Christmas night down came the whole weight of the vast fall. Before daybreak the entire face of England was a bed of snow. All the mails and conveyances of every kind were stopped at once, as the snow had drifted in some places from ten to twenty feet deep. The few carriages which ventured out were buried in the drifts, and were either left where they had sunk, or with infinite difficulty were dragged back to the towns from which they had travelled. This state of things continued for nearly a week. The single night's fall had the effect of impeding almost the entire machinery of commerce and public communication. Great efforts were made to clear the roads, the peasantry were put in motion by hundreds or thousands, but the task frequently baffled them, and some of the mails were four days due. The snow was so deep on the Kent road, that all intercourse was suspended until nearly the close of the week, though the pioneers of Woolwich and Chatham were employed to open the line; the foreign mails were sent by steam-boats to Dover. This sudden stoppage of all intercourse produced great inconvenience, if not great evil, in the commercial world. Remittances delayed shook the credit of the merchant, and perhaps another night's fall of snow would have been little short of striking a blow at the commercial credit of the nation.

But from what source did this incalculable fall come? What mighty agency could have at a moment commanded the mass that covered the 60,000 square miles of England; covered the whole north of France, Holland, and Germany in a few hours? The millions of tons must have been beyond all count. And yet the operation was as sudden as it was powerful. No symptom of it was given in the hue, the chill, or the tumult of the air. Perhaps no act of nature gives so high a conception of a more than mortal hand. The rapidity of its effect, the immensity of its product, the subtle but resistless chemistry by which the impalpable element was turned into a material of a totally different form and qualities, and that material fabricated in a quantity sufficient to sheet millions of miles, are contemplations made to elevate our minds beyond the world.

But, combined with these conceptions, there is one which most painfully brings us to this world again. On the 25th the battle raged round Bilboa. While the majesty of nature was covering the land with its high evidence of power, man was slaying and being slain; thousands and tens of thousands of the same soil, kindred, and tongue, were slaughtering each other from sunset to sunrise. When Christmas morning, the day of peace, came, it was to wretched Spain a day of havoc; thousands were staining the snows with their blood, exposed through the storm to all the tortures of the freezing wind, shelterless, naked, stiffening in their gore, and dying in agonies.

The value of the Canadas to Great Britain as a territory for the efflux of her superabundant population, as a customer for her manufactures, and as a balance for the naval ambition of the United States, is well known to European statesmen. But it has a higher value still, of which the generality of statesmen are careless or unconscious. It supplies the means for an illustrious experiment of civilization. It affords the noble opportunity of filling an almost boundless extent of empire with the laws, the knowledge, and above all, the religion of England. Whether the Canadas are to remain united with England by government; or finally, to form an independent authority, this at least will have been done. A space but little less than Europe will have been traversed by the steps of order, the wilderness will have heard the voice of morals, and the haunts of the wolf and the bear, or of men more savage than the wolf and the bear, will have been reclaimed into the general and genial inheritance of society.

Under these aspects all that concerns the Canadas becomes of singular importance to this country; and we have read with interest, arising from this source, the details given in the late publication of Washington Irving relative to the trade and con-

dition of the vast region lying to the west of the prairies and the Rocky Mountains. This work, entitled "Astoria," profcsses to be no more than a compilation of the journals and papers connected with the attempt of a Mr. Astor to form on the shores of the Pacific, a fur-trading settlement, to which he gave his name. The narrative, though told with the grace of the writer, is necessarily dry. The casualties of the individuals are merely those to which we have been accustomed in the crowd of rather tiresome novels from the Backwoods; and the heroes are the heroes of the novels, with all their rudeness and none of their romance. But the occasional episodes of travel, and the insights into the capabilities of those immense countries, have an interest superior to mere rude novelty; and we gratify ourselves in bringing before our readers some fragments of their information relative to a trade now peliarly Canadian.

By the treaty of 1794 between England and America, the subjects of both countries were permitted to trade alike with the Indians in the territories of both; but, from the circumstances of the case, almost the whole of this trade naturally devolved to the British merchant. The French, the original masters of the fur trade, had given it with the Canadas into British hands at the time of the conquest of the French possessions. The communication by the lakes and northern rivers was in the hands of the conquerors. The Indian war with the United States, from 1776 to 1795, produced still stronger aversion on the part of the natives, and the American traders were nearly proscribed by this aboriginal hostility. An attempt was then made by Mr. Astor to purchase half the interest of the Canadian Fur Company, so as to share the British trade, by Machillimackinac, with the Indians in and bordering on the United States. This attempt failed through the nonintercourse act of the war of 1812. A previous attempt to form a company for the trade west of the Rocky Mountains (the one recorded in these volumes) had also failed through the war. This was the condition of the trade from the United States.

In Canada, the trade had been carried on by the two rival companies—the North-west and the Hudson's Bay. The North-west was finally overpowered, and a coalition was formed, of which the Hudson's Bay took the lead. They have raised a powerful settlement, sixty miles up the Columbia river, called Fort-Vancouver, carry on a vigorous trade from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, over a large territory north and south, and keenly shut out all intruders. The American Fur Company still subsists, actively employed in the trade from Machillimackinac to the regions of the Mississippi and Missouri. It employs steam-boats, and penetrates the great internal rivers by them to the great astonishment of the natives, and the great security and relief of their own huntsmen and traders. Other less acknowledged companies are formed, which trade in the intermediate regions.

But, disregarding the valuable results of those enterprises to trade, we may admire them as a striking instance of the ways by which Providence makes the earth known to man. The single circumstance that China produces an herb which the most active, enterprising, and civilized of European nations love to infuse in water and drink morning and evening, is probably the chief bond of China to the civilized world. The simple circumstance that furs are found in the wildernesses of the West, which women and princes love to wear, probably alone has brought those enormous deserts of mountain, sand, marsh, and forest within the tread of man. Population would, doubtless, in the course of time, have gradually spread over them. But its progress is naturally slow; men reluctantly leave the borders of civilized life, and centuries might have elapsed before the surge of population would have swelled to the shores of the Pacific. But now the whole west country is almost regularly portioned out into regions of trade—in size, future empires. The Russians hold the north-west, from Behring's Strait to Queen Charlotte's Sound, in 53° north latitude; the Hudson's Bay Company from 53° to the south of the Columbia; two American companies, Ashley's and Bonneville's, thence to California. The whole wilderness from the Mississippi to the Pacific is now traversed in every direction. From

the Arctic Sea to the Gulf of Mexico, every mountain, forest, and river is searched for furs.

The furs are thence spread over the world. The Hudson's Bay Company send their furs to London. The American companies send theirs to New York, the chief export trade being also to London: some, however, go southward to the Spanish States, some westward to Canton. But the principal mart is still London, which has thus become the great emporium for the fur trade of the New World.

Of the fur-bearing animals, "the precious ermine," so called by way of pre-eminence, is found, of the best quality, only in the cold regions of Europe and Asia. Its fur is of the most perfect whiteness, except the tip of its tail, which is of a brilliant shining black. With these black tips tacked on the skins, they are beautifully spotted, producing an effect often imitated, but never equalled in other furs. The ermine is of the genus *mustela* (weasel), and resembles the common weasel in its form; is from fourteen to sixteen inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The body is from ten to twelve inches long. It lives in hollow trees, river banks, and especially in beech forests; preys on small birds, is very shy, sleeping during the day, and employing the night in search of food. The fur of the older animals is preferred to the younger. It is taken by snares and traps, and sometimes shot with blunt arrows. Attempts have been made to domesticate it; but it is extremely wild, and has been found untameable.

The sable can scarcely be called second to the ermine. It is a native of Northern Europe and Siberia, and is also of the genus mustela. In Samoeda, Yadutsz, Kamschatka, and Russia-Lapland, it is found of the richest quality and darkest color. In its habits it resembles the ermine. It preys on small squirrels and birds, sleeps by day, and prowls for food during the night. It is so like the marten in every particular except its size, and the dark shade of its color, that naturalists have not decided whether it is the richest and finest of the marten tribe, or a variety of that species. It varies in dimensions from eighteen to twenty inches. The finest fur and the darkest color are the most esteemed; and whether the difference arises from the age of the animal, or from some peculiarity of location, is not known. They do not vary more from the common marten, than the Arabian horse from the shaggy Canadian.

The rich dark shades of the sable, and the snowy whiteness of the ermine, the great depth, and the peculiar almost flowing softness of their skins and fur, have combined to gain them a preference in all countries, and in all ages of the world. In this age, they maintain the same relative estimate in regard to other furs, as when they marked the rank of the proud crusader, and were emblazoned in heraldry; but in most European nations they are now worn promiscuously by the opulent.

The martens from Northern Asia and the mountains of Kamschatka are much superior to the American, though in every pack of American marten skins there are a certain number which are beautifully shaded, and of a dark brown olive color, of great depth and richness.

Next these in value, for ornament and utility, are the sea-otter, the mink, and the fiery-fox.

The fiery-fox is the bright red of Asia; is more brilliantly colored and of finer fur than any other of the genus. It is highly valued for the splendor of its red color, and the fineness of its fur. It is the standard of value on the north-eastern coast of Asia.

The sea-otter, which was first introduced into commerce in 1725, from the Aleutian and Kurile islands, is an exceedingly fine, close, soft fur, jet black in winter, with a silken gloss. The fur of the young animal is of a beautiful brown color. It is met with in great abundance in Behring's island, Kamschatka, Aleutian, and Fox islands, and is also taken on the opposite coasts of North America. It is sometimes taken with nets, but more frequently with clubs and spears. Their food is principally lobster and other shell-fish.

In 1780 furs had become so scarce in Siberia, that the supply was insufficient for the demand in the Asiatic countries. It was at this time that the sea-otter was introduced into the markets for China. The skins brought such incredible prices, as to originate immediately several American and

British expeditions to the northern islands of the Pacific, to Nootka Sound and the north-west coast of America; but the Russians already had possession of the tract which they now hold, and had arranged a trade for the sea-otter with the Roudek tribes. They do not engross the trade, however; the American north-west trading ships procure them, all along the coast, from the Indians.

At one period the fur seats formed no inconsiderable item in the trade. South Georgia, in south latitude fifty-five degrees, discovered in 1675, was explored by Captain Cook in 1771. The Americans immediately commenced carrying seal-skins thence to China, where they obtained the most exorbitant prices. One million two hundred thousand skins have been taken from that island alone, and nearly an equal number from the island of Desolation, since they were first resorted to for the purposes of commerce.

The discovery of the South Shetlands, sixty-three degrees south latitude, in 1818, added surprisingly to the trade in fur seals. The number taken from the South Shetlands in 1821 and 1822, amounted to three hundred and twenty thousand. This valuable animal is now almost extinct in all these islands, owing to the exterminating system adopted by the hunter. They are still taken on the Lobos Islands, where the provident government of Montevideo restrict the fishery, or hunting, within certain limits, which insures the annual return of the seals. At certain seasons, these amphibia, for the purpose of renewing their coat, come up on the dark frowning rocks and precipices, where there is not a trace of vegetation. In the middle of January, the islands are partially cleared of snow, where a few patches of short straggling grass spring up in favorable situations; but the seals do not resort to it for food. They remain on the rocks not less than two months, without any sustenance, when they return much emaciated to the sea.

Bears of various species and colors, many varieties of the fox, the wolf, the beaver, the otter, the marten, the racoon, the badger, the woolverine, the minx, the lynx, the musk rat, the wood chuck, the rabbit, the hare, and the squirrel are natives of North America.

The beaver, otter, lynx, fisher, hare, and racoon are used principally for hats, while the bears of several varieties furnish an excellent material for sleigh linings, and other military equipments. The fur of the black fox is the most valuable of any of the American varieties, and next to that the red, which is exported to China and Smyrna. In China, the red is employed for trimmings, linings, and robes, the latter being variegated by adding the black fur of the paws in spots or waves. There are many other varieties of American fox, such as the gray, the white, the cross, the silver, and the dun colored. The silver fox is a rare animal, a native of the woody country below the falls of the Columbia river. It is a long thick deep lead-colored fur, intermingled with long hairs, invariably white at the top, forming a bright lustrous, silver gray, esteemed by some more beautiful than any other kind of fox.

The skins of the buffalo, of the rocky mountain-sheep, of various deer, and of the antelope are included in the fur trade with the Indians and trappers of the north and west.

Fox and seal-skins are sent from Greenland to Denmark. The white fur of the arctic fox and the polar bear is sometimes found in the packs brought to the traders by the most northern tribes of Indians, but is not particularly valuable. The silver-tipped rabbit is peculiar to England, and is sent thence to Russia and China.

Other furs are employed and valued according to the caprices of fashion, as well in those countries where they are needed for defences against the severity of the seasons, as among the inhabitants of milder climates, who being of Tartar or Sclavonian descent, are said to inherit an attachment to furred clothing. Such are the inhabitants of Poland, of Southern Russia, of China, of Persia, of Turkey, and all the nations of Gothic origin in the middle and western parts of Europe. Under the burning suns of Syria and Egypt, and the mild climes of Bucharia and independent Tartary, there is also a constant demand, and a great consumption, where there exists no physical necessity. In our own temperate latitudes, besides their use in the arts, they are in request for ornament and warmth during the winter,

and large quantities are annually consumed for both purposes in the United States.

From the foregoing statements, it appears that the fur trade must henceforward decline. The advanced state of geographical science, shows that no new countries remain to be explored. In North America the animals are slowly decreasing, from the persevering efforts and indiscriminate slaughter practised by the hunters, and by the appropriation to the uses of man of those forests and rivers which have afforded them food and protection. They recede with the aborigines before the tide of civilization, but a diminished supply will remain in the mountains and uncultivated tracts of this and other countries, if the avidity of the hunter can be restrained within proper limitations.

And yet, are we to conceive that those curious and valuable breeds of animals are not to be kept on the earth? May they not be domesticated? The common cat is the most domestic of all animals, yet the cat is a tiger in miniature, and all its natural qualities of form and temper seem intended for savage life alone. The claws by which it could climb trees, of whatever height, the extraordinary balance of limb, by which, from almost all heights, it comes on its feet to the ground; the eye made for night hunting; the singular elasticity of frame by which it can wind its way through brambles, ruins, and the intricacies of the forest; the slyness, suspicion, and distrustfulness of its temper, are as obviously fitted for savage life. Yet, by the force of habit, all those provisions and qualities are nearly thrown out of use; and the little tiger, a remarkably fierce animal too in its wild state, is metamorphosed into a sleek, petted, purring sleeper by the fireside, submitting to be pulled about by the rough play of children, and the very passion of hopeless bachelors, and single ladies of a *more* than certain age. How long would the ermine, wild as it may be, refuse domestication? The whole race of the forest animals, excepting those few which live on flesh, and are too powerful to be trusted with impunity, are evidently intended to be allies of man.

We are weary of modern poetry. It wants force. The truth of nature might be as well looked for on the opera stage. It is either all roses and lilies, or a forest of Upas-trees. Its men and women are all angels in gossamer; or fiends in flame-colored corsets and sulphuric dyed pantaloons. Its ladies are all infants in Arcadia, or keen and dingy as printer's devils. But we give a specimen of another style, the true mixture of the romantic and the real which touches every heart at once.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

By Thomas Hood.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of my sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)

Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

It is known to all those who are *au fait* of the "seasons" of London that there are three. The first is when London, reviving from its summer doze, stretches its huge proportions, yawns, and begins to give signs of life. This occurs annually about the beginning of November. The second is when it is fairly on its legs, and plunges into business. This occurs about the beginning of February. The third is when, tired of business, it begins to think of pleasure, and its legs are employed in dancing, promenading and running to shows. This begins in May. Two months of quadrilling are enough to exhaust the reluctant vivacity of the great metropolis—the *magnates* glide away to their counties, to feed themselves into popularity against the next election, or shut themselves up in their town mansions, and are invisible, on pretence of being a thousand miles off; or steam their way over to Paris, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Baden, to learn foreign morals, live at their ease with principessas and la baroness, leave a daughter or two behind in the care of some dancing-master, or discharged valet, or professional gambler, who call themselves counts, and import into England the corruption that they have so rapidly learned in the corridors of a German hotel, or at the table of some licensed house of swindling for the benefit of the state.

The marking event of the first of these seasons is the display of the pantomime. Parliament takes up the next; and the Duke of Devonshire, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies to the exclusive world, steward of the supreme *bon ton*, and as upright in his waltzing as he is prostrate in his politics, opens the third, by opening his huge house, at the rate of a thousand pounds and a thousand frivolities, in the shape of men and women, a-night, until the doors revolve again, and universal languor, shuts up the lordly folly for the year.

Covent-Garden has a hereditary renown for pantomime. A *genius* suddenly flashed upon the worn-out exploits of the Italian arlequino, in the shape of Rich, about a century ago. Nature made him for the restorer of the art of jumping through windows, conquering all the obstacles of nature and art with a dagger of lath, and making the most persevering love to Columbine. The power of Rich has descended without a cloud to the theatre which he raised from beggary to opulence; and while dynasties have perished, thrones been turned into bonfires, and nations been trampled by the heels of Cossacks and Hulans, let the Covent-garden pantomime pride itself in the constancy of its fame. The present performance is founded on the play of George Barnwell, called in the bills, for fondness' sake, Georgey. This play was customarily performed at Christmas and Easter, with the well-meant intention of warning the young traders of London against lending too ready an ear to the temptations of the town. But as it was probably found that the exhibition of pilfering tills and shooting uncles began to be more strongly impressed on the apprentice generation than the hanging that followed, and especially now that hanging is merely a matter of history, the managers have laid its moral aside, and Covent-Garden has had the vigor to farcify it for the merriment of mankind.

George Barnwell is preceded by a mystification of the kingdom of Sloth. The lubber-fiend exhibits himself surrounded by a coterie of genii, bearing the name of Gluttony, Laziness, &c. He announces the forthcoming ruin of

the most promising of all apprentices, and the genii, delighted at the prospect, vanish in a blaze, with a strong smell of sulphur. George is then seen at his ledger; he is posting with a marvellous industry, and is evidently in a fair way of being a millionaire. But Millwood comes, buys some tea and sugar, gives him her card—a square of pasteboard a foot long—and invites him to an evening party. George shuts up his windows, dresses himself *en beau*, and sallies forth. The party are dancing quadrilles. Millwood asks whether he has brought his uncle's money with him, and the story proceeds in the old style to the end. Then comes the fairy queen, turns all the characters into the *dramatis personæ* of harlequinade, and the tumblings and transformations begin. Some of the scenery is striking, and, among the rest the Parliament-House, after Barry's design, produces a forcible effect. Then come satirical touches at public life. Something expressive of the newspaper regulations turns into a boiling-pot, inscribed a *mess* of rice. The papers are next measured by his "superficial inch" rule; and each is vying with the other in size. But Harlequin touches the Weekly Despatch, and, by a very clever contrivance, it instantly spreads over the whole scene. Wyatt's masterly equestrian statue of George the Third is transformed into a man, which goes off firing a salute in honor of William the Fourth. Then comes an imitator of Rice, the American Jim Crow. If this be the specimen of native talent which our brothers on the other side of the Atlantic send as their representatives, we can have no great wish for new importations. Jim Crow is a miserable, ragged negro, who sings a horrid tune to the lowest and most unmeaning of all possible jargons. If there were humor of any kind in it, the vulgarity might, perhaps, be pardoned from the mouth of the wretch who roars; but it is utterly dull, and is merely a string of negro slang. The pantomime closes with an extraordinary exhibition of strength, steadiness, and courage, yet one of the most painful exhibitions possible. A Madame Irvine walks up a rope from the back of the stage to the upper gallery. The rope is scarcely thicker than a man's wrist. The ascent is at an elevation of nearly forty-five degress. It would be difficult to ascend a stair at such an angle; yet this young person, night after night, walks up the terrific ascent, when the slightest false step, giddiness of head, or accidental agitation, must be her death. If she fell she must be dashed to pieces. The gazers in the pit, too, are in rather an uncomfortable position; for, in its present crowded state she would probably kill several persons in her fall. This feat is regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of the profession, and which no one has accomplished since Madame, a short, thick, little lump of activity, who was the glory of Vauxhall some years ago. But the peril takes off all the pleasure, and no one who saw it once would probably ever desire to see it again.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Oh, love! terrific, tender love,
  What plaguey work you make!
From New-year's Day to New-year's Day
  No rest you seem to take.

And yet you're such a tiny thing,
  To wise men it seems odd
That earth should truckle thus to thee,
  Thou demi-semi-god.

The day, of all the livelong year,
  On which you brightest shine,
Is February's fourteenth day,
  Delicious Valentine.

O, then, what heaving of your hearts,
  What smiles, what swoons, and cries,
And rhymes of every kind and sort,
  And sighs of every *size!*

No day makes such a stir as this,
  Not even King William's natal;
Of all the fêtes, to the Valentine
  Thy fête is the most *fatal*.

All other *feasts* are sinking *fast*,
  But yours shall ne'er decline;
And, oh! among *read-letter* days,
  What day can match with thine?

All now to love their homage pay,
  From him that guides the plough,
To him that guides the state: the King
  Himself's a *courtier* now.

Love leads poor mortals such a dance
  O'er hill, and vale, and plain:
The world seems all one vast quadrille—
  The figure, *ladies' chain*.

This day is nature's grand court day,
Where high and low you meet;
The noble with his lady gay—
  The beggar with his *suite*.

There's not a trade or mystery
But love finds means to bind;
The oldest blacksmith at his forge
Feels *hammerously* inclined.

Jack Ketch himself now dreads a noose
Surpassing his own art;
The butcher feels, with strange surprise,
That he has got a *heart*.

The beasts are all in the same plight,
The horse, the ass, the steer;
The lion finds his own true love,
The stag has got his *deer*.

The little mouse, though small he be,
Courts after his own fashion;
The very *mite's* obliged to own
That love's a *mity* passion.

And while Miss Grace invites her beau
With her to-day to wander,
The very goose whose quill she wields
Is gone to meet her gander.

Since birds and beasts don't die for love,
I think it were inhuman
If woman's heart I fail to move,
To dangle after woman:

But, Cupid, if on me you shine,
I'm young, and yours for life;
I've done with fickle Valentine,
And anchor with a wife.

The subject of dreams is one of the problems which continually attract and continually baffle human investigation. Every one dreams, yet no man solves the phenomena. Every man is conscious that the strangest imaginable deviations from the common things and thoughts of life pass before him in sleep, yet the most philosophical are still totally at a loss to discover the cause, the instrument, or the law of those most singular, exciting, and perpetually recurring motions of the mind. All attempts to account for them by peculiar actions of the brain are idle. Who can see or know the *actual* state of the organ? All attempts to account for them by association of ideas are equally idle. What does any man *know* even of the nature of that association? Every theory which hopes to determine them by external impulses has equally failed. That external impulses will often influence the dream is notorious; but this seems to occur only in an imperfect condition of slumber, when the senses are partly awake. That bodily pain will influence them also there is no doubt. Still this is an imperfect condition, and on the verge of waking. No theory hitherto accounts for the simplest state of the dream—that in which the mind, undisturbed by either bodily pain or external impulse, follows its own free course of enjoyment; flies all round the world; lives in the moon, the sun, the stars; plunges in the depths of ocean; gives serenades under the wall of China, or sits under the perfumed groves of Ceylon. No theory accounts for the existence of images to be full as vivid as those of the waking senses, and much more vivid than those of memory, when the senses are wholly closed, and the body represents but a mass of helpless inaction. If memory is the sole agent, why is it that the images of dreams have such superior clearness? If invention be the sole agent, why is it that multitudes who, in their waking hours, have not the power of combining half a dozen ideas together in the shape of a story, and who would no more think of fabricating an adventure than they would of fabricating a palace, yet follow idea after idea in all the windings of story every night of their lives, and wander in the wildest and most curious adventure through every region of the globe.

In casting contempt on the usual theories, we have none of our own to replace them. The subject seems to be totally beyond human knowledge, and if we are to derive any conclusion from it, it is as to its evidence of the power which the mind is capable of exercising when the view of external things is totally shut out, when the mind is as completely as possible left to its own workings, and when its delights, pains, and actions, must proceed almost wholly from its own constitution.

Thus, if we find that the inactivity of the body in sleep has no effect on the activity of the mind, if it does not absolutely contribute to it, what is to prevent us from conceiving that a still more extreme state of inactivity, even death, would only free and invigorate the movement of the mind in a superior degree? That the body is no more the man than the clothes are the man, or than the house is the inhabitant, there can be no doubt whatever. The body is necessary to our communication with the material world, and with our fellow men. But when the individual shall have run his course in the world, and the law of nature, which is but the will of Providence, removes

him, there may be no more necessity for death, or the insensibility of the mind, than there is for polar clothing for a man transplanted to the tropics. In a state of being where material objects surrounded him no longer, there would be no more necessity for the senses than there would for eyes in a globe of utter darkness, or lungs in air without an atmosphere. But the mind may survive, even on physical principles, and may, even from what we observe of its vividness when unimpeded by the bodily organs, and the impressions of external things, exhibit a much more intense vividness, when no longer requiring the connection with the frame. But the positive proof of the subsistence of the mind is to be derived only from the Scriptures.

A curious and amusing little volume of Reminiscences by a Dr. Carlyon, formerly a Fellow of Pembroke College, and since practising as a physician, has led into this topic, by detailing the extraordinary dream of the death of the Prime Minister Mr. Percival. This dream is different from the vague sportings of the mind, and implies a higher influence. It has been already narrated by Dr. Abercrombie, but it is here given with a more direct reference to original and corroborating authority.

"The dream in question occurred in Cornwall, and the gentleman to whom it occurred was Mr. Williams, late of Scourier House, from whose own lips I have more than once heard the relation.

"Six days before the murder of the late Mr. Percival (of whom he had no personal knowledge whatever), Mr. Williams dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a small man enter dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Immediately after he saw a man dressed in a brown coat with yellow basket metal buttons, drew a pistol from under his coat, and discharge it at the former, who instantly fell, the blood issuing from a wound a little below the left breast. He saw the murderer seized by some gentlemen who were present, and observed his countenance, and on asking who the gentleman was that had been shot, he was told that it was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He then awoke, and mentioned the dream to his wife who made light of it; but in the course of the night, the dream occurred three times without the least variation. He was now so much impressed by it, that he felt much inclined to give notice to Mr. Percival, but was dissuaded by some friends whom he consulted, who told him he would only get himself treated as a lunatic. On the evening of the eighth day after, he received the account of the murder, it having occurred two days previously. Being in London a short time subsequently, he found in the print shops a representation of the scene, and recognised in the countenances and dress of the parties, the blood of Mr. Percival's waistcoat, and the peculiar yellow basket buttons on Bellingham's coat, precisely what he had seen in his dream.

"All this, I beg to repeat, I have myself heard more than once circumstantially related by Mr. Williams, who is still alive (February 1836) and residing at Calstock, Devon, and who, I am sure, from his obliging disposition, would be most ready to corroborate the wonderful history to its full extent.

"I have compared this account of Dr. Abercrombie's with a manuscript, which Mr. Hill, a barrister and grandson of Mr. Williams, was lately kind enough to give me, and which records the particulars of this most strange dream in the words in which he heard it related by his grandfather. There is very little, and no material variation. Mr. Hill states, that Mr. Williams heard the report of the pistol, saw the blood fly out and stain the waistcoat, and saw the color of the face change."

He likewise mentions, that, "on the day following the dream, he went to Godolphin, with Messrs. Robert W. Fox, and his brother Mr. Wm. Williams, and on his return home informed them of the dream, and of the uneasiness of his mind on the subject—uneasiness in a great measure arising from his doubts about the propriety of announcing a dream which had made so great an impression upon himself, to the friends of Mr. Percival: but he allowed himself to be laughed out of any such intention."

If we ask to what purpose an intimation was given, if it were from a higher source, yet given in vain, the answer can be only human ignorance of the purpose; and there the matter ends. The narrator, and the testimony to the narrator, are both alive,

and still to be questioned by those who will.

In the late Sir H. Davy's "Consolations in Travel," there is a characteristic description of his state of mind under peculiar circumstances. "About a quarter of a century ago," he says, "I contracted that terrible form of typhus fever, known by the name of jail fever, while engaged in a plan for ventilating one of the great prisons of the metropolis. My illness was severe and dangerous. As long as the fever continued, my dreams of delirium were most painful. But when the weakness consequent, and exhaustion came on; and when the probability of death seemed to my physician greater than that of life, there was an entire change in all my ideal combinations. I remained in an apparently senseless or lethargic state. But in fact, *my mind was peculiarly active*. There was always before me the form of a beautiful woman with whom I was engaged in the most interesting and intellectual conversation. I was passionately in love at that time, but with no ideal being. The object of my real admiration was a lady with black hair, dark eyes, and pale complexion. The spirit of my vision, on the contrary, had brown hair, blue eyes, and bright rosy complexion, and was, as far as I can recollect, unlike any of the forms which had so often haunted my imagination; the figure, for many days, was so distinct in my mind, as to form almost a visual image. As I gained strength, the visits of my good angel, for so I called it, became less frequent. And when I was restored to health they were discontinued."

"Ten years after I had recovered from the fever and when I had almost lost the recollection of the vision, it was recalled to my memory by a very blooming and graceful girl fourteen or fifteen years old, whom I accidentally met during my travels; but I cannot say that the impression made upon my mind by her was very strong. Here comes the extraordinary part of the narrative. Twenty years after my first illness, at a time when I was exceedingly weak from a severe malady, which for many weeks threatened my life, and when my mind was almost in a desponding state being in a course of travels ordered by my medical advisers, I again met the person who was the representative of my visionary female, and to her kindness and care I believe I owe what remains to me of existence; my despondency gradually disappeared, and though my health continued weak, life began to possess charms for me which I thought were for ever gone, and I could not help identifying the living angel with the vision which had appeared as my guardian genius during the illness of my youth."

Lord Brougham, in his notes on Paley's Natural Theology, in allusion to the extraordinary rapidity with which images rise before the mind in sleep, in other words, the extraordinary omission of the measures of space and time, thus illustrates the principle—"Let any one, who is extremely overpowered with drowsiness, as after sitting up all night, and sleeping none the next day, lie down and begin to dictate; he will find himself falling asleep after uttering a few words. And he will be awakened by the person who writes repeating the last word, to show that he has written the whole. Not above five or six seconds may elapse, and yet the sleeper will find it quite impossible to believe that he has not been asleep for hours, and he will chide the amanuensis for having fallen asleep over his work. So great apparently will be the length of his dream, extending through half a lifetime. The experiment is easily tried. Again and again the sleeper will find his endless dream renewed, and he may easily be enabled to tell in how short a time he *must* have performed it. For, suppose eight or ten seconds required to write the four or five words dictated, sleep could hardly begin in less than four or five seconds after pronouncing the sentence; so that, at the utmost, not more than four or five seconds could have been spent in sleep. But indeed the greater probability is, that not above a single second can have so passed. For a writer will easily finish two words in a second; and supposing he has to write four, and half the time is consumed in falling asleep, one second only is the duration of the dream, which yet seems to last for years, so numerous are the images which compose it."

This, however, is an extreme case. The impressions on the mind in that state of drowsiness which arises from overwatching are generally so confused as scarcely to exhibit any distinguishable succession of images. There

is no story, no capacity of reference to space and time. All is a chaos, feverish, cloudy, and unimaginative. The true and interesting dream is that which arises from healthful action, composed thoughts, and in that period of the sleep when the frame is beginning to recover from the exhaustion of the day, and is refitting its powers for the day to come.

"Thus morning dreams, as poets tell, are true."

The succession of images is then habitually drawn, the story wrought with more ingenuity, the horrors of the earlier part of the night disappear, and the adventure becomes frequently interesting, picturesque, and beautiful, in a remarkable degree. Like the visions of Prospero's isle,

"This we do weep to dream again."

A dream of the well-known Dr. Doddridge offers a striking illustration of the finely inventive fancy of slumber. He thought that his spirit had suddenly departed from his frame. After various adventures preparatory to a final state of happiness, he was led to an apartment surrounded with pictures; which he found to contain the history of his whole life. The most remarkable incidents were represented in the most lively manner. The trials to which he had been exposed, together with the signal instances of the Divine goodness to him at such periods, excited the strongest emotions, especially when he recollected that he was now out of the reach of human trial. The ecstasy of joy into which those reflections threw him was so great, that it awoke him. But the impression remained so vivid for a considerable time after awaking, that the tears flowed down his cheeks, and he said that on no other occasion did he remember to have felt sentiments of delight equally strong.

It is perfectly certain from all the phenomena, that the state of the frame is capable of powerfully influencing the nature of the dream. That disease, wounds, accidental pressure, uneasiness of position, or indigestion, can give a sudden and direct character to the dream; they, in fact, strike the key-note; but the difficulty remains, of accounting for the instant and keen susceptibility with which the mind adopts, and *composes* in that strain. What wild horrors are generated by the nightmare, what visions of flight, wo, and wandering rise before the inward eye, in any stagnation of the veins! What a world of darkness, bloodshed, robbery, pursuit, and pain, is created by a thing so simple as an uneasy posture.

But Mr. Carlyon shrewdly remarks on another unexpected evil which may arise from too frequent a use of this faculty—"It is certain, from the fact that persons are seldom, if ever, conscious of having talked in their sleep, that dreams often take place without being remembered by us. This may, now and then, lead to very awkward discoveries.

"I was, at one time of my professional life, in frequent attendance upon a gentleman subject to attacks of gout, who talked a great deal in his sleep; and his man-servant, who often sat up by him at night, gave me such accounts of his master's talk as would have led to any thing but pleasant results, if the secrets of the pillow had been allowed further to transpire. There are few physicians who could not unfold tales of this kind; but they are not confined to the gouty. Let the love-sick damsel beware who occupies a bed in the same room with her. I once heard a lady boast, as I thought with very bad taste, of having discovered a female friend's secret in the following way:—They lay in the same room, and in the course of the night her friend divulged in her sleep the name of a lover respecting whom no suspicion had previously existed. Good feeling, doubtless, required that no allusion should have been made, directly or indirectly, to such a circumstance. But, on the contrary, a favorable opportunity was ungenerously taken to put the poor dreamer to dire confusion, by an unexpected allusion to what she previously believed to have been confined to her own breast."

Cobbett, of whom the world has so happily got rid at last, was the most notorious performer of his time in the art of contradicting to-day what he said yesterday. His regular plea on such occasions was, that he was only wiser to-day than he was yesterday; the true reading would have been, that he was baser. But, as every thing in this march-of-mind age improves, Cobbett has left behind him professors of falsehood, who throw the miserable

old man's fame into utter eclipse. Casting out of the calculation the Humes, and all that race, whose wretched deficiency of mind and manners marks them for oblivion, we shall give a few specimens of the leading professor of political chicane at the present day. Mr. O'Connell is now the lavish panegyrist of the Melbourne coterie. He knew them just as thoroughly a year ago. And a year ago what was his published language? We quote the fragments from a Letter to Lord Duncannon; a letter whose primary object was that of a filip for the "Rent," but which fully declared his real sentiments of the men and manners which he now calls on his rabble to love, honor, and obey.

"*Oct.* 11, 1834.

"My Lord, I write more in sorrow than in anger. You have deceived me, bitterly and cruelly deceived Ireland. After four years of experience we ought to have known that Ireland had nothing to expect from the Whigs but insolent contempt, and *malignant but treacherous hostility!* The *political turpitude* of your party is really inconceivable. Of what value is it to Ireland that Earl Grey should have retired, if he have left to his *successors the same proud and malignant* hatred he appeared to entertain towards Ireland? I *know* that Lord John Russell *cherishes feelings of a similar description.* I know, and every body knows, that Lord Melbourne wants *sufficient powers of mind* to be able to comprehend the favorable opportunities afforded to him to conciliate Ireland. In plain truth, it is quite manifest that Lord Melbourne is *utterly incompetent* for the high office he holds. It is lamentable to think that the destinies of the Irish people should depend in any degree on *so inefficient a person.* Lord Lansdowne, too, is hostile to Ireland, with a hatred the *more active and persevering*, that he is bound by every obligation to entertain diametrically the opposite sentiments. None of you dare to act in the government of Ireland on the principles of common sense and *common political honesty.* On this account then, I repeat, the chorus of that song called 'The Wild Irish Cry,' HURRAH FOR THE REPEAL!"

The cry of repeal, which would be virtually rebellion, and if effected, would be separation. But this cry he raises or sinks monthly, as it suits his purpose, to frighten or soothe down the triumphing Cabinet. In his letter of September 1834, he thus halloos his dogs of war:—"Are we to abandon REPEAL of consent, that Ireland shall be without the protection or sympathy of a domestic legislature? Abandon repeal! Never! never! Can we consent, even for an hour, to allow Ireland to continue the sport and make game of the King Log, in person of Brougham, *of this ministry;* or the helpless victim of the King Stork, in the person of Wellington, of a Tory administration?"

The agitator's opinion of Lord Brougham is couched in the same style of insolent invective, which prepares us for the slavering of this perhaps more offensive sycophancy. We shall of course see him idolizing Lord Brougham the first moment he finds it convenient to dupe the noble Lord.

"I pay very little attention to any thing Lord Brougham says. He makes a greater number of foolish speeches than any other man of the present generation. There may be more nonsense in some one speech of another person. But, in the number, in the multitude of foolish speeches, Lord Brougham has it hollow. I would start him ten to one, ay, fifty to one, in talking nonsense, and flatly contradicting himself in one dozen of off hand discourses against any other 'pretty prattler in pantaloons' now living. But it is pitiful, it is melancholy, that a man who ought at least to affect to wear Solomon's fabled bonnet of wisdom, should prefer to put on the fool's cap over his Chancellor's wig, and run riot through the aisle to demonstrate with how little of steady sense the judgment-seat may be occupied." In this broad and brute style it pleases Mr. O'Connell to flourish his contempt for a man, who would be immeasurably degraded by being brought into comparison with him. We are no lovers of his Lordship's political notions. But we cannot speak of him in the same breath with the foul-tongued poltroon, who, reckoning upon his own scandalous impunity, thus vilely insults a scholar and a man of genius. Yet the abuse is but preliminary to O'Connell's falling down and licking the dust off his shoes, at the first instant he can find or make an opportunity to approach in the hope to delude and degrade. But there are some fierce followers in his own clique, whom all the dinners at

his ordinary in Langham-place cannot keep from rebelling now and then. Feargus O'Connor is one of those. He declares that he has been injured and insulted in all imaginable ways by the tool of the priests, and the master of the Ministry. Feargus had plunged his pen in bitter ink, and sketches the agitator with a fidelity worthy of his wrath. The pamphlet is long, curious, and unanswerable. We have room at present only for a fragment of the picture.

"My mind turns on the anomalous condition of Ireland under your dictatorship. The great community, divided into two parties, the one *a set of needy-place hunters*, bending beneath your nod, while the people, who create the power, are starving.

"Good heaven! how can I write with temper, when I reflect upon the degraded state to which you have brought public opinion in Ireland. Ambition's slave, and power's pander, you have taught a brave people to be cowards, a generous nation selfishness, and a nation of freemen to wear their chains as hereditary bondsmen. You have balanced lucre against greatness, and prostituted your country. By others' follies more than your own deserts, you have been raised to a political pre-eminence. A *forged* letter from a Pope, and the silenced Catholic minister, with neither of which you had any concern, have tended to mix your name with the ridiculous and the sublime."

The dedication to the reader declares, that "timid individuals submit to this *licensed defamer*," the Dictator, rather than brave the slanderer. "Therefore," says Feargus, "I boldly meet the foe to stop this system of offering up honest men at the shrine of *venality*, *obscenity*, prostitution, ambition, and jealousy."

Language like this from one of the fellow conspirators is doubtless very galling to Mr. O'Connell who loves a prostration, as low as he himself paid to the Popish bishop when he fell on his knees before him in the perennial mire of the Irish village. But it will not do him the slightest harm as a faction. The more characterless a ruffian becomes, the more congenial to the hearts of the gang. The Jacobin in clean clothes raises suspicion of his sincerity. Black, brutal, and bloody is the true Jacobin.

There is an exceedingly trifling ambition of science at present flourishing in the world. Every feeble affectation of research claims the title of knowledge, and thus the world is filled with three classes of sciolists, who pass by the respective name of geologists, naturalists, and political economists. Some frivolous creature who has nothing on earth to do with his time or himself, sets out on a summer excursion to Hampstead or Highgate, picks up half a dozen pebbles on the common, or gathers half a dozen shells in a chalk pit, and then triumphing in his advancement to the honors of a discoverer, scribbles his theory of pebbles and shells in some penny magazine, and is thenceforth a philosopher and fool for life.

Another gathers half a dozen mice in a cage, or minnows in a bottle, watches their daily proceedings in love and war, registers them duly in a book, and reports himself to the public as an investigator of nature. A third addicts himself to the examination of mankind, pores over bills of mortality, collects the return of the corn market, files turnpike tickets, and having, after deep deliberation, pronounced, that the more children are born the more wheaten loaves will be consumed, if they can get them; and that the more debts a poor man has, the more likely he is to come on the parish, sits down in the happy consciousness of having fixed himself in the niche of modern fame.

All this might be pardoned, like any other folly. But the result is malice. The whole three classes, drunk with vanity, do mischief to the *full* extent of their means. The geologist, in his presumption, disputes the knowledge of creation with Him who commanded it to be. The naturalist founds some equally solemn and silly objection against the immateriality of the soul, the cerebellum of a bird, or the web of a spider, and escapes luckily if he is not at once a Jacobin and an Infidel; the political economist, a fabricator at one time of argument against Providence, and at another of insults against a monarchy. The modern tribe of this school are nearly all republicans, and the shallowness of their knowledge is to be equalled only by the bitterness of their disaffection. But a kind of judicial punishment seems actually to follow the three.

"Heaven, with contempt, the empty toil surveys,
And buries blockheads in the dust they raise."

The three are in a perpetual state of civil war. There have already been about fifty of the gravest imaginable theories of the world, each insisting on its pre-eminent solidity, and each swept away in his turn, like so much sand. The naturalist, when he ascends beyond the humbler drudgery of classification, and even there every succeeding dilettante spurns his predecessor, only pillories himself for the burlesque of the ten thousand pamperers of mice and minnows; and the political economist of to-day can scarcely find words sufficiently crushing "for the desperate blunders of the rash inquirer" before him. The whole is like the fall of a house of cards, every story rolls down the faster the higher it is built. The catastrophe of Tom Thumb, murderous as it is, is pacific to the family havoc. Punch and his wife, who get their bread by cudgelling each other, are domestic, to the public fury which mutually tears those philosophers to pieces.

Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise has had the ill effect of exhibiting an English divine ranked on the side of the French geologists. They pronounce, on the faith of chalk and lizards, that the earth must have been *made* millions of years before the time in which the Scriptures distinctly declare it to have been *created*. The Frenchmen pronounce that it must have been the work of processes as slow as those by which we now see trees grow and limestones harden; the Scriptures pronounce the work to have been instantaneous. The Frenchmen evidently lead to the idea of a primitive chaos; the Scriptures distinctly pronounce that the material universe had no existence in either substance or form before the six days declared in the Mosaic history. Thus the geologists and the Scriptures are totally at variance, and in the present condition of their statements are irreconcilably at variance. The French and German geologists, for the Gauls are, after all, only pupils of the Teutons, cling fiercely to their dogma, evidently from its allowing a tacit insult to revealed religion; aad every theory finishes with a sneer at Moses. The English geologists, with rather more decency, yet with as hopeless a result, attempt to reconcile them by diluting the palpable meaning of words, and diminishing the palpable testimony of facts. Thus, the controversy has turned on the interpretation of the first verse of Genesis. The words "In the *beginning*," are taken as expressing an indefinite time, which, however, the geologists immediately define in their own way, and manufacture into as many millions of years as they want; and the word *create*, in the original, they say, *may* have also meant *made*. But they altogether overlook the other declarations, in which the language is beyond all evasion. Thus, in the "ten commandments" the words, not of Moses, but of the Deity, declare that the universe was the work of *six days*. This single declaration sets the possibility of compromise at rest. The words are of the most solemn order that can be conceived, delivered on the most solemn occasion, and incapable of any other meaning whatever. St. Paul's declaration (11th Hebrews) also amounts to the doctrine that the universe was *created;* in other words, formed out of nothing, by the direct influence of divine command. The British geologists in some instances have attempted to shift the difficulty, by saying, that "*possibly* the days then were longer than now, and might mean vast periods of years." But, if they so meant, why was a word used whose only purport could be to mislead. Years, too, are spoken of. Of what dimensions must such years have been? A year of 365 days, with each day a thousand or a million of years—for the geologists draw perfectly at their ease on the bank of time—must have demanded a change not only in the gravitation of the earth to the sun, and in the centrifugal force, but in the constitution of the earth itself and every product of the earth. A day of a thousand years would leave one half of the globe exposed for five hundred of our years to the whole light and heat of the sun. This must be ruinous to all vegetation in the five hundredth part of the time. It would also expose the other half to five hundred years of intense frost and intense darkness. This must be equally ruinous. Or if we are to be told, against all existing fact, that the habits of the animals and plants on the two hemispheres were rendered conformable to such

extreme states, this escape will be cut off by the obvious remark, that by the revolution of the globe, though slow, those animals and plants must have been necessarily exposed to a total change in succession, and must have been alternately advancing into intolerable heat and sinking into intolerable cold, as the parts of the globe moved successively round to the sun or receded from it. But the sufficient answer at once is, that we have not the smallest evidence for supposing that the smallest change has occurred in the periods of either the day or the year since the world began. This is the testimony of Laplace and of all the great physical astronomers.

The whole question then comes to this, has geology so far attained certainty as to qualify any man to dispute the authority furnished by the Scriptures? That question is easily answered by the man who feels the rational and perfect homage which is due to the direct language of inspiration. It will be not less easily answered by the man of mere common sense, who sees that of all the attempts of human science geology is, at this moment, in the crudest imaginable state—that its facts are totally undigested—that, eminently depending on experiment, it is still only in its experimental infancy—that a ten millionth part of the globe has not yet been thoroughly examined—that the structure of the globe is to be ascertained only in depths which have never been reached by man, and which seem to be expressly prohibited to man—that geology can know nothing beyond the mere crust of the earth, and yet knows but little even of that—and that even if more were known, that crust is no more in a fitting condition to assist the development of the earth's general fabric than the coat of a traveller, bespattered with mud, reveals the anatomy of the living, vigorous compound of bone and muscle, blood and brain, within. It is remarkable, and as if intended as a direct rebuke to this modern presumption, that a new process in nature should be evolved in our days, expressly replying to the strongest part of the sceptical system. The anti-Scriptural arguments founded on the deposite of shells on the summits of mountains, and their perfect preservation in beds of clay, have been readily and completely answered by a reference to the true language of the sacred record. The geologists, who certainly oftener attempt to refute than to read the Scriptures, triumphantly asked, could these deposites have been made by a furious inundation of a year? We answer, no; but answer, at the same time that the geologists had forgotten to observe that at least a third of the earth's surface, the present dry land, was made the bed of the ocean in the first days of the creation, and continued in that state until the Deluge, which submerged the existing land, and uncovered and raised the bed of the ocean, a fact evidently proved by the nature of the strata, and long since conceded by all geologists of name, but a fact which gave a period of 1500 years, or rather 2000 (according to the Septuagint chronology, which is the authentic one), for the formation and preservation of the deposits in the calm depths of the primæval ocean.

But the grand objection was the slow formation of minerals, gems, &c. Nothing under millions of years would be sufficient for this! Yet what has the truth turned out to be? It has been shown, since the last few months, that the force of electricity acting on such simple means as water, can effect the process of making crystal, and this within a month, or even a week; that there is a fair prospect of being able to make some of the principal metals in as short a time, and that, by an increased action of the voltaic pile thus simply applied, even the hardest substances in nature, gems, may be brought within the limits of human manufacture. The whole question between geology and Scripture rests on this point—Does the geologist know the whole construction of the earth? No, nor any thing beyond a most imperfect survey of an extremely small portion of its surface? Does the geologist know all the powers by which nature works? No, nor probably the ten-thousandth part of them. Then let him wait until he knows them, and let him speak humbly of himself in the mean time. Let him have the honesty to acknowledge his ignorance, and the good sense to speak with reverence of that revelation which is incapable of error, and which, so far as it has declared the physical construction of the earth and heavens, has declared it, not to feed the vanity, but to elevate the virtue of mankind.

HISTORICAL PAINTING.

REPORT FROM THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON ARTS, AND THEIR CONNECTION WITH MANUFACTURES.

We rejoice that this subject has been taken up by a Committee of the House of Commons, and trust that most beneficial results to the arts in general will arise from the inquiry. There is much valuable information in the evidence, to which the report refers; more, however, will be supplied, as some returns, expected through the Foreign Office, have not, as yet, been made. But we doubt if these returns would materially have affected the matter of the report. We suspect that they will do little more than corroborate what has already been amply given. They may be of practical use in carrying out the details of some general plans; but there is much previous important work to be done. There were two committees—in 1835 and 1836. From the first we have nothing but the bare evidence; from the latter, a report upon the evidence given before that, and the former committee. The very first inference drawn by the committee from the testimony before them is, if quite true, not to the credit of our taste or our policy, "that from the higher branches of poetical design, down to the lowest connection between design and manufactures, the arts have received little encouragement in this country." This is attributed to the want of public instruction, and to the absence of public freely open galleries and museums. They would therefore recommend the establishment of institutions throughout the kingdom, for the double purposes of museums or galleries, and for instruction, practically as well as theoretically, formed and maintained by residents and municipalities, and by the aid of Government in such manner as aid is now given to build school-houses. They would suggest, that "the principles of design should form a portion of any permanent system of national education. Such elementary instruction should be based on the extension of the knowledge of form, by the adoption of a bold style of geometrical and outline drawing, such as is practised in the national schools in Bavaria. The committee further would suggest, that, if the proper machinery for accomplishing such an object were supplied, the progress of the people in the arts should be reported annually to Parliament. This part of the subject, however, is involved in the much greater question of a responsible minister of education, which the limits imposed on the committee prevent them from doing more than alluding to. It is with regret that your committee notice the neglect of any general instruction, even in the history of art at our universities and public schools; an omission noticed long ago by Mr. Burke, and obvious to every reflecting mind."

They next advert to the "difficult and delicate question of copyright," and would turn the public attention to the remedy applied in France by the constitution of a "cheap and accessible tribunal," as the "*Conseil des Prud-hommes*," in the manufacturing districts in France, according to the interesting account of them in the evidence of Dr. Bowring. They touch upon the injury done to the arts by the excise laws, particularly with regard to glass. They then enter upon the subject of academies which have prevailed in Europe these two hundred years, and seem to think, that if they are more than schools, they are inimical to art. They entertain no favorable views of our Royal Academy. The national Gallery forms the next object of their report. It appears that full half of it is to be given to the Royal Academy, but they assert that the Royal Academy may "be compelled" to quit the National Gallery whenever public convenience requires their removal. It appears that the *whole* of the National Gallery is not fire proof, though part of it will be the residence of the keeper of the Royal Academy. The committee lay some stress upon the important evidence of Baron Von Klenze, who built the Munich Gallery, to whom, and to Dr. Waagen, they refer for the method of arrangement of the schools of paintings in the National Gallery; and recommend that a portion should be set

apart, "dedicated to the perpetuation and extension of the British School of Art"—the purchase of pictures by living British artists for the national collection, "especially such as are more adapted by their style and subject to a gallery than a cabinet;" and that a room should be devoted to engravings. They would recommend the removal of the cartoons from Hampstead court to the National Gallery. They complain of injury done to the great picture of Sebastian del Piombo by insects—would suggest an encouragement for individuals to bequeath money as well as pictures—recommend pictures of the eraof Raphael to be more particularly sought for—seem strongly to doubt the capability of the persons appointed to make purchases for the National Gallery, as if they were chosen more for their rank, than for taste, knowledge, and ability. They also animadvert on "the compositions of our commissions for deciding on plans for public works," and suggest, that public money should be laid out on British works of art in the highest and purest taste. In the completion of public buildings, painting and sculpture should be called in for the embellishment of architecture. The report thus terminates:—"It will give your committee the sincerest gratification if the result of their inquiry (in which they have been liberally assisted by the artists of this country,) tend in any degree to raise the character of a profession which is said to stand much higher among foreign nations than in our own; to infuse, even remotely, into an industrious and enterprising people, a love of art, and to teach them to respect and venerate the name of *artist*."

Such is the general subject matter of the report. We cannot but think that the committee have been hampered in the very outset, by having at one time two subjects under consideration, instead of one. Arts and manufactures—each most important! We would not undervalue either, and admit in some degree their connection; nor indeed is it difficult to show, as Cicero asserts, that there is a certain chain uniting all arts and sciences; but is it a vital one? One of identity of nature? Are they in the common acceptation of the terms, fine arts and manufactures, Siamese twins, with but one and the same nervous system? We are persuaded that it is a false view so to consider them. They are not one necessarily in origin, and differ in object. They are therefore built and founded upon different principles, though in certain points they may be subject to common rules; and so are often things extremely dissimilar. We doubt if either would be benefited by this compulsory association. The one would be under bondage, or the other under a sense of degradation. We might as well marry penmanship to poetry. We are convinced that it is the word "design" that induces this initiatory error.

The art of design for the artist is one thing, and the art of design for the manufacturer is another. They rest not upon the same principles of invention;—a facility of drawing, of delineating by the hand, is indeed the elementary necessity to both—but we contend, and suppose we shall be thought by many to deal in paradox, that further than this necessity they have little, we do not say nothing, to do with each other. They have not, in fact, the same objects, consequently they should not, even in this elementary part of their education, draw the same things. The object of manufactures, whatever they be, next to their essential utility, is ornament, admitting of infinite variety, and combination in form and color—that of the higher arts to instruct and to please by commanding our sympathies. The ambitious ornamentalist who will be half artist, will issue but tasteless, displeasing, incongruous productions, instead of works of completeness, referable to the rules of *his* art, which are strict and limited. We have been the more particular in the discussion of this point, because an idea seems to have been very general both with the committee and the evidence, that the study of the antique, and the drawing from statues, and casts of the Elgin marbles in particular, are the very first things that are necessary for incipient manufacturers, almost of every kind. We differ in opinion—these are not things whose great object ever was or ought to be ornament. Nay, we will go farther and say, that they wander far from the right line, who would urge even studies inferior, vastly inferior to this high antique, such as botanical drawing and knowledge; for, in fact, what is the principle of ornament which

should engage the manufacturer? *It is not* mimetic—form or color, or both together, but not shown in resemblances. It is the very contrary to that which is the artist's aim which gives the ornamentalist the scope for his genius. It may be capricious only, let it avoid strict delineation or portraiture of any thing in nature. We really think this the essential difference between the arts and manufactures, at their commencement. The one is inimitative of nothing, indeed in its higher kind; whence from its connection with higher art, manufacture is in some degree compelled to show its link, as may sometimes be the case in the finer arabesque, which will partly be under the direction of the artist; even then, if bird or beast appear, they should most capriciously terminate in delightful vagaries, out of all possibility, and in vague dissimilarity.* Why do we delight in old china, and why do we abominate all European ware, and more than all our own? We dislike it because of its jumbling and confounding the principles of arts and manufactures; we must be artists in all, and bad ones too. Our manufactures will effect resemblances, and we have on our earthenware and china, vulgar landscapes with vulgar figures, or worse copies of better things, better for other places and materials (and therefore our very pleasure in them is destroyed by association), or unmeaning flowers instead of unmeaning patterns—towns, villages—views from annuals. Let us have all "Byron's Beauties" on plates, dishes, and cream-jugs—but forbid it, art, that we should have the cartoons of Raphael upon platters, or the frieze of the Parthenon gallopading round a pudding dish, by way of "bringing the arts home to the poor man's door." The would-be artist presumption of the manufacturer disgusts us above all things; the very blinds for a pot-house, are transparencies of landscapes (that might have flourished, and perhaps have, on canvass at Somerset House, or the suffolk Street gallery), with a most unpleasing flippancy of execution—and we turn from the vulgarity of art, and in disgust for the moment think it scarcely worth a higher cost or labor. But to China—and would there were a Chinese wall of separation, built up, towered and guarded, to keep apart but for occasional and cautious embassies, the nation of arts from the nation of manufactures. How gratifying to our eyes is old China! The thin substance made purposely for the sensibility of the lip's delicate texture; and how

* We would not here be misunderstood. It might be said that in architecture, what is commonly the ornamental is the work of high art, as in friezes, &c.; and the Elgin marbles may be brought in illustration; but here, we would observe that the architect is a high artist, often himself a sculptor, and may choose or create his own ornament. And architecture and sculpture, being both highly inventive, go hand in hand for one object,—are really sister arts, and with painting, make up the three graces of the visible arts. So are there many things which may seem at the first view of the subject to come under ornament, which do not. Objects of commemoration, of reward, and presentation, of costly materials, wherein sculpture is the principal—such as vases, shields, &c., where the idea of daily use must never intrude; which idea of daily use, nevertheless, is the great merit and desideratum of the manufacture, and here is the great difference between them. We are aware that the uncostly materials of the Truscan vases may be objected against our argument; but were they very uncostly? Supposing them to have been so, they were of commemorative designs; they were in their origin, historical or domestic memorials, and deposited, sacredly deposited, abstracted from all idea of private use; nor, even as they are, out of this view of their consecration (which stamps upon them a value we can scarcely divest them of) do we think the figures that encircle them their best ornaments, and often for our own taste prefer less significant ornamental accompaniments, which would leave the impression of the beauty of the form of the object upon which they are designed more perfect. And if the shields of Achilles, or Hercules, as described by Homer and Hesiod, be objected against us, we throw ourselves back upon the same argument. They are commemorative and celestial gifts, not for use, but in the poet's conception, and indeed, where gods themselves were mingled with earthly combatants; and because the form of commemorative presentation to the Duke of Wellington, happens to have been a shield, will any one say, that the idea of its use, as such, at field-day, or even at another Waterloo, would not degrade it from its more sacred and depository character.

perfect and unerring the roundness of the form, fitting only the most graceful holding—how charming the colors and pattern! And does not the old china, you will say, furnish representations of figures human and inhuman? Indeed it does, but such representatives of species unknown! Dragons with three claws, and dragons with five, that would turn zological gardens into the Hesperides. And then, human figures—delightful unrealities, so divested of humanity—they may be inhabitants of the moon—who can imagine their anatomy under their embroidered wrappings? We gaze and wonder at the pale and peerless princesses of the celestial empire, unearthly, unfleshy substances; chaste and lustrous are their complexions of natural enamel. Look at their little roseate mouths unlike those of our omnivorous race,—did they ever open to aught grosser than æther or pomegranite seed? and those eyes that could behold nothing wrong, and those innocent feet, were they not made for that very particular, not quite earth, but soft-cushioned and aerated ground, surfaced and inlaid with thinnest mother-of-pearl, and dotted with china-asters? We would enthusiastically pat the very dragons on the back for guarding them. Air, earth, and water, are all under the same shining ideality, and bow out of all ordinary rules of our sublunary planet to do their pleasure,

"L'aura soave, e l' alba rugiadosa
L'acqua, la terra al suo favor sinctiena."

Blessed be the Genius of China, that, with a happy indifference of laws, anatomical, geometrical, and perspective, of the round or the square, avoids similarity to any thing terrestrial, and proudly favors our benighted world with the translucent idealities of the empire of porcelain. Now break through the wall of enchantment! what pictorial abominations do the mistaken views of ornamental manufacturers produce! What will the china manufacturer, the silk weaver, learn from "owen" exhibitions, though Somerset-House spread before him all her treasures, and though he be put to draw the Elgin Marbles from morning till night! As a private individual, indeed, he may have taste, and improve it, and delight in these things; but each of them, for the advantage of his art, will learn nothing. He had far better study the borders, pattern and color of old missals, and those beautiful works of arabesque, which abound and were executed upon true principles of the ornamental. Herculaneum and Pompeii have opened into day their treasures, and will give still more, whose value is not in the pictures but in the decoration. Some years ago we helped to paint a room for a friend from a drawing of one we brought from Pompeii. It was of the brightest colors, blue, red, and yellow, and yet such was the assortment, that the effect was any thing but gaudy.*

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* We are surprised to find so sensible a man as Mr. Ramsay Richard Reinagle theorising before the Committee, and we think upon rather a slippery foundation; but if it be really correct, the lecture may do for the school, but surely the Committee wanted evidence and matter of fact of another kind. We are, however, disposed to dispute his first position. He asserts that "all elegant forms are derived from curvilinear ones;" and "that any mere line, whether it be perpendicular or inclined to either side, and crossed by right angles, presents no form of beauty." Does Mr. Reinagle really believe that perpendicular lines in architecture, crossed at right angles, are not beautiful? What are architectural proportions but mostly perpendicular lines crossed at right angles? What will Mr. Cockrell say of the architrave? Mr. Reinagle certainly offers specimens, in which, by the shortness of the intersecting line, it is difficult to imagine a figure! His parallel lines he says may be a gridiron. We deny it, for they are not a figure; but once make a figure of perpendicular lines, and you have, perhaps, as near a chance for a beautiful result as in your circular lines. We imagine the beauty of the figure wholly composed of right angles, and the figure, the circle or oval, really to rest on the same principle, the repetition of the parts opposite, as in a reflection. This conveys the idea of perfect order, which is always pleasing; and it has occurred to us that architectural drawings are often defective in this, that the point of sight is taken in a cross direction where the perspective is more complicated, and

We may have whole sides of a room papered from the lauded French school with landscape and figures, and however well done of their kind, the designers, totally stepping out of their own line, and jumping into the artists', produce to the real eye of taste but contemptible works; and at the same time overlook the purpose of a room, which is to enclose, and not perpetually arrest our attention with views of the "Bay of Naples," or "Portsmouth Harbour," or hunting scenes, which, erelong, make the eyes so ache, that we wish them away a thousand times a-day. Put your pictures into frames, and know that you are looking at them *in* your room. And so is there an absurd affectation of flowers on carpets, pointers upon rugs, and an intermediate list of pictorial absurdities, turning from which, if you chance to light on a Turkey carpet, how gratified is the eye by the rich mixture of colors, and the repose of looking upon *no objects*. Yet, in spite of all our argument, which we really think founded in common sense, which is good taste, a great part of the inquiry and evidence goes to prove the necessity of giving the manufacturer the education of the artist. He is to learn geometry, botany, perspective, and we know not how many things of about as much use to him as Coptic or Arabic. We evidently see the bias of the Committee. The fine arts are to be finer than ever—high art to be interwoven into every kind of manufacture—painters shall no more monopolize. How many millions of hands, fair and dirty, are now at work in England, working in worsted and weaving high art imported from Germany, all on the "great" known and unknown "principles;" and when screens, carpets, sofas, cushions, and hangings, with a laudable national ambition, shall be laid before the Committee, we shall fancy them lifting up their hands in admiration of the works they have called up, and congratulating each other like the Syracusan gossips—

"Praxione, here!
Look at this tapestry first, how finely woven—
How elegant—You'd think the gods had woven it.
"*Prax.* Holy Minerva! how these weavers work;—
See how, like painters, they have wrought the hangings
With pictures large as life! How natural
They stand out! and how natural they move
Upon the wall—they look alive—not woven.
Well, man, it must be owned, is a wise creature!—
Ah, there he is, Adonis!—wonderful!—
All on a couch of silver."——ELTON *from Theocritus.*

From what has been said, it is evident that we consider the inquiry of the Committee, in some respect, has taken a misdirection. Yet we shall be happy if their plan of establishing schools throughout the kingdom be adopted, wherein drawing may be taught. That is the readiest mode of delineating objects; because we think this power of drawing must be a great

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where this great beauty of conspicuous order, column answering to column, and meeting in the arch, is overlooked. We should even prefer architectural views from the very centre. We do not see the beauty of Mr. Reinagle's *lines* until he encloses them, and thereby making figures, and those figures will ever be most beautiful where there is the greatest correspondence between the parts. It is this principle of the one half of a figure being the repetition of the other half, that makes the great fascination of the kaleidescope, a little instrument that, in the hands of the ornamentalist of many manufacturers would be (and in some *has* been) of more use in one day, than years of study of the antique, or the finest specimens that ever adorned galleries of art. "Ars est celare artem," is, however, no less to be observed here, than in all instances of taste. Order itself may be too precise, and too closely curb in and check variety. It is not necessary that this reflecting principle should be in every direction too exact, though it should have, perhaps, an approach throughout. It may be enough, as in vases, if it be laterally observed—perpendicularly, it may be but slightly, or even not all shown, as the subject may admit or require.

assistance, and, as it were, the tradesman's short-hand. He will certainly most readily create forms who can most readily draw them. The evidence upon the schools in France, Berlin, and in Bavaria, particularly the latter, where there are no less than 38, is of very great value. We had forgotten that Burke regretted the neglect of any general instruction in art at our universities and public schools. We are happy to be referred to the opinion of so great a man. We have ourselves frequently taken some pains in this Magazine to impress that sentiment upon the public, and upon the minds of those who only can bring any scheme to bear. The Fine Arts would thus chiefly be benefited, and how would their acquisition adorn and even elevate classical learning? If there be any one who for the most effectual prosecution of his profession, requires the highest mental cultivation, it is the artist. This would give rank and honor to the profession, and not only necessarily create patrons, but make them likewise nice judges. All vulgarity would then be banished to the area of lower tastes, and arts and artists would assume their genuine and true dignity. The known learning of some of the professors has already, we think, been beneficial. But will it not require a judgment of which we see no promise in the Report or evidence, perhaps with the exception of that of Baron von Klenze on the schools of Bavaria, in laying before the pupils, not indiscriminately every thing, but just such things as may best suit their ulterior destination? The mechanic will learn the art of delineation more completely by practising from complicated machinery, than from the Apollo or Venus de Medicis. The evidence of Dr. Bowring will be read with interest—particularly that part which relates to copyright. The want of separation of the subjects of arts and manufactures, is felt throughout his evidence. We are not always sure to which his answers may apply; nor indeed of the direct drift of the questions. There is too much jargon about "the great principles of art," and we are sometimes susprised that any answer should be given to questions as unintelligible as the following—"Is there that connection between such works (collections of arts called Exhibitions) and the great principles of art, that is, the principles of the truth in art, the correctness of representation, and those principles which are admitted to be principles of beauty in all ages, that there would be," &c. Though the speaker undertakes to be his own interpreter, we should say, as in the case of Mr. Puff, that "the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two." Dr. Bowring is a universal linguist, and catches the inconceivable idea in a moment, and answers, "Obviously there is not." Dr. Bowring had before this been rather willing to throw such indefinable examinations overboard, or at least their elucidation upon other shoulders, for being asked, "What is meant by those principles?" first answers certainly by what they are not—"That general instruction which exhibits the great principles of art, connected with its history and progress." How the instruction in principles can be the principles themselves, we leave to those to whom such replies are satisfactory; but Dr. Bowring, aware that he has slipped but from words to words, and the exhibition of riding their circuit will not show any extraordinary skill on the part of himself (the Commissioner), adroitly bolts over the pale, referring to Dr. Waagen. "Probably I can hardly do better than refer to the evidence of Dr. Waagen, as given to this Committee last session, for correct definitions of the distinctions between the principles of art and their practical application." The reader may, however, spare himself the trouble of looking for what he will not find. It is a happy figure in rhetoric to quote or refer to authors (the more foreign the better) who have never said one word upon the subject. A rather unlearned friend of ours thus puts to silence a literary bore—"You know Jablouski puts that matter clear." We were surprised at his attainments, till he assured us he knew nothing of Jablouski, but had accidentally seen his name in a review that morning, and that had he been conversing with a politician he would with equal success have used the name of Peter the Great.

We learn from Dr. Bowring's evidence that the superior taste of French

patterns in the silk* manufacture ensures to France an export of five-sixth of her whole produce, whilst ours does not exceed one-eighth, or one-tenth. This he ascribes to the establishment of Schools of Art, and instances particularly their good effect at Lyons. The following is a very interesting account of the inventor of the Jacquard loom.

"Jacquard, the inventor of the beautiful and simple machinery by which the most intricate and complicated patterns are produced by the common shuttle, was more than once exposed to assassination, in consequence of the prejudices of the people against his discovery; he was regarded as a public enemy. Three attempts were made upon his life, and he was obliged for years to hide himself from the vengeance of the laboring population. That machine, by which his stuff was wrought, was broken up in the public place by the order and in the presence of the authorities. But Lyons, while resisting all manufacturing improvement, saw her trade decline, and her inhabitants reduced to misery. In the time of her distress, Jacquard was again thought of, and the resuscitation of the manufacture of Lyons is solely due to the introduction of the mechanism which had been thus publicly and ignominiously destroyed. Jacquard not only lived to see himself reinstated in the affections of his fellow-citizens, he was pensioned by the town of Lyons to the extent of 1000 crowns yearly; he was decorated with the Legion of Honor; he became the pride and boast of the operative classes, and I venture to say, that among the work people of Lyons there is not at this moment a name held in any thing like the same esteem and affection as the name of Jacquard. He saw this change before he died, for his death took place only last year. He was accompanied to his grave by the most distinguished persons of his neighborhood, and by multitudes of the working orders, and his picture now occupies the place of honor in the museum of the School of Art.

"I mention these circumstances as a remarkable instance and evidence of improved opinion, and of the disposition to consider the contributions of art and science as valuable auxiliaries to the manufacturing interests."

It appears that in France there are "about eighty recognised Schools of Art." That "at the present moment there are 200 students in the Lyonese schools." It is not, however, clearly marked what portion are directed to the higher attainments of art, and what to manufacture.

"Question—What is the constitution of the principal School of Lyons?

"The School of Art of Lyons originated in a decree of Bonaparte, dated, I think, from Warsaw. Its object was to give elementary instruction in Art, with a view to the improvement of the silk manufactures of France. But its field of usefulness has widened from time to time, and it is now divided into six principal departments, that of, 1, Painting; 2, Architecture; 3, Ornament, and *mise en carte* (which is the means of communicating to a fabric, or to a manufacture any model or drawing upon paper.) There is also, 4, a Botanical department; 5, a Sculpture, department; and lastly, a department which has been added within the last year or two, that of Engraving. The department of Painting is divided into three sections; the first is the School of Painting, or drawing from the living subject; the second from busts, or inanimate nature; and the third is called the class of the Principles of Painting.

These Schools in France are assisted by the State.

"At Paris, the budget of the Minister of the Interior gives 20,000 francs to the Royal School of Design, and the Municipality gives 6000 francs. The course of study lasts for three years, and the Students pay five francs for the first year, and ten francs for each of the second and third. As a matter of opinion, do you think it better for Government to assist or to interfere in these matters? Perhaps an answer equally applicable to all countries can hardly be given. It must be remembered that in France the action of the Government is every where; that there is no branch of the Administration which is not directly or indirectly dependent upon the Government itself, and that the influence of the Government of Paris is so intermixed with the local organization, that it would be scarcely possible for those schools to move as they move, unless the protec-

* A fact has just come to our knowledge, which seems practically to deny our inferiority in "patterns." A lady has informed us that a partner or agent of a house in Brussels has been recently purchasing (and travelling for the express purpose) old shawls of English manufacture, solely for the patterns—not our imitations of Indian, but English patterns.

tion of Government were behind them. Every body looks to the Government, and the Government meddles with every thing."

Dr. Bowring speaks very favorably of the schools of art in Switzerland; he found that a Chinese had come from Canton, and had studied for three years at Geneva. He imagines that the average rate of wages is higher there than in any part of the European world, which he attributes to their great knowledge. In Geneva the schools are not quite gratuitous; "5 francs are paid for the first year, ten for the second and third, and the deficit is made up by the government funds." In treating on the very important subject of "Copyright," Dr. Bowring enters much into the detail of the French law, and gives an account of the establishment of the local tribunals, the "Conseil de Prud'hommes."

"The penal code recognises the right of every inventor to the protection of his patterns or other inventions, even though he should not be protected by patent, and provides that a penalty of not less than 100 francs, and not more than 2000, shall be levied on any individual who violates the copyright of another; and it also provides that a fine of not less that 25 francs, nor more than 500 francs should be levied on any individual who sells a pirated article. What is the French term for copyright? I recollect none but the general term propriété or property. The invasion of that property by the piracy of a patent mark or pattern is called a *contrefaçon* or forgery, and the invader is denominated a *contrefaiseur*, or forger. The law also provides for the confiscation of all pirated copyrights, whether of patents or otherwise, also all plates, moulds and matrices which have been pirated. Formerly the application of this law was left to the ordinary tribunals, but it was found that that machinery was too cumbrous and expensive, as is the fact at this moment in England, and a local tribunal now exists in most of the manufacturing towns of France, to which all questions of copyright are referred. That tribunal is called the Conseil de Prud'hommes; it is composed of an equal number of manufacturers, and workmen, plus one manufacturer, who is the president of the tribunal, and this tribunal is charged with the decision of every question of manufacturing interest."

Again—

"That institution is charged with the settlement of all manufacturing questions. It is really a tribunal of conciliation, against whose decision there is an appeal in certain cases. It has a power of fine and imprisonment. All questions of the 'marks' which any manufacturer chooses to adopt to designate his wares, and all questions of patent and copyright are referred to it. Patents in France are considered as manufacturing property, and are subjected to the conditions of two laws, known by the title of the Patent Laws, and bearing date January and May, 1791. The proprietor of a patent has the power of bringing any one who violates that patent before the ordinary tribunals; and independently of the fine which may be levied, the law requires that a quarter more than the fine shall be given to the poor of the district in which the patent has been invaded, provided the fine does not exceed the sum of 3000 francs. It is necessary to state that a patent has not legal effect until it is inserted in the Bulletin des Lois. The Conseil de Prud'hommes has always jurisdiction in all cases of patents; but it is required, in order that the patentee may have the right of calling upon the Conseil de Prud'hommes, that the patent should be recognised and recorded in the archives of the Conseil, as is the case in matters of pattern. And has the Conseil de Prud'hommes jurisdiction over patterns? Yes, the Conseil de Prud'hommes has jurisdictions over three descriptions of manufacturing property—over patents, over 'marks,' where 'marks' are violated, and over patterns. The Conseil de Prud'hommes being an economical tribunal, the patentee would have recourse to it rather than to the higher and more costly tribunals. Does a French patent, taken out for five years, come under the jurisdiction of this Court? Certainly. Or for ten years? Yes; any man may use this minor tribunal if he prefer it. The Conseil de Prud'hommes is, as I mentioned, a tribunal which decides on the violation of patents of marks and patterns employed, or claimed by a given manufacturer.

"Then it is at once a legal and an equitable tribunal?—It is."

Many of the manufacturers of France, as those of hardware and cutlery, are authorized to employ a "mark," and on their registering that "mark" at the grieffe of the Conseil, they get an exclusive title to its use: and the person who employs surreptitiously the mark or device of another, is not only responsible for the consequences and the losses, but it is considered by the French law as a forger, and subject to the penalties which apply to the forgery of handwriting. A "mark" is deemed a property, if a manufacturer choose to have it so recorded, and can give evidence from

the books of the Conseil of his priority of inscription, and the Conseil de Prud'hommes are judges as to whether the imitation of the "mark" is a violation of the property. In case of appeal the tribunals of commerce overrule the decisions of the Conseil de Prud'hommes. With respect to patterns, the law recognises equally, as in the case of patents, the right of property: and the decree of 1826, by which the Conseil de Prud'hommes is established at Lyons, especially invests that tribunal with the preservation of the property of drawings and patterns, and requires that any manufacturer who wishes to obtain security for a pattern, shall deposit his pattern under an envelope, with his seal and his signature, and to this packet shall be attached the seal of the Conseil de Prud'hommes; that a register shall be kept of all such inscriptions or claims to copyright, and that the manufacturer applying shall receive from the Conseil a certificate stating the date when he deposited the patern; that in case of dispute in respect to a copyright of a pattern, the register in the archives of the Conseil shall be taken as sufficient evidence of the priority of date when the pattern is deposited. The manufacturer shall declare for how long he desires the copyright should be possessed by him, whether for one, three, or five years, or in perpetuity.

The great hardship and disadvantage of the law of copyright and patent, as it now stands in this country, is manifested in the cases of Mr. Henning, the very able and ingenious modeller of the Elgin marbles, and of Mr. Martin, the celebrated painter of Belshazzar's Feast, and in the fact that the re-discovery of the most valuable part of metallic relief engraving has been again lost, and a second rediscovery now at the risk of being brought to no purpose. Mr. Henning must have bestowed immense time in his drawing and cutting them in intaglio; and yet they are now commonly pirated from casts, and may be had any where for a few shillings, leaving Mr. Henning a total loser. They are the twentieth part of the size of the originals—we have seen complete sets at the small cost of ten shillings. An instance occurred of a set being ordered by letter from Mr. Henning, and when packed up and ready to be sent off, it was found that the writer had furnished himself with a pirated set. Mr. Martin complains, that French copies of his works are brought over and sold at a cheap rate; and that they are lithographed, and put up in shop-windows, to his ruin; that he has endeavored in vain to obtain an injunction to prevent the exhibition of a diorama of Belshazzar's Feast; that the plagiarist is not only safe on account of the expenses of the prosecution, but that he is enabled to come into the market with a cheaper production, with all the advantages, not only of Mr. Martin's genius, but of his outlay in advertisements, &c. Mr. Martin suggests the following remedy:—

"I will venture to suggest a method of protection: A committee of gentlemen and artists might be appointed to sit at the Museum about once in the fortnight, or month; say in the following towns, namely, for England—London, Bath, Liverpool, Birmingham, Hull, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; for Scotland—Edinburgh and Glasgow; and for Ireland—Dublin and Cork, for the purpose of receiving and registering impressions of original works, after which the copyright should be considered as fixed, and all false copies found in any part of the United Kingdom, after the copyrighthas been fixed, should be siezed. We should likewise have the power of seizing all foreign copies as smuggled goods, and treating the possessors accordingly. Thus no print should be protected unless deposited at the Museum, or whatever other place or places might be appointed. I think by that it would be put a stop to. I would have it at the British Museum, certainly; it would be desirable also to have them in each manufacturing town."

Surely, if the imitating of an artist's or engraver's stamp, so easily affixed to a print, were in law a forgery, and treated accordingly, few would be bold enough to commit it, and fewer printsellers would incur the risk and odium which would fall upon them.

Mr. Martin's evidence likewise shows what injury the arts suffer under the excise laws. Others have amply shown that the expense of glass (that which costs in France 2s. 9d. being in England L.1, 3s.) prevents the sale of prints; but Mr. Martin shows its injury in a still higher department, as a check to genius. He thinks that if encouragement had been given to glass-painting, it "must have surpass-

ed all other branches of art in splendour, as it is capable of producing the most splendid and beautiful effects, far superior to oil-painting or water-colors, for by the transparency we have the means of bringing in real light, and have the full scale of nature as to light and as to shadow, as well as to the richness of color, which we have not in oil-painting nor in water-colors."—"When you were employed in painting on glass did you find the excise laws present any great obstacle to the improvement?" "Yes, that was the greatest obstacle."

The heavy duty on plate-glass prevented his pursuing it, although it would most peculiarly be adapted to the display of his powers. We are happy to find that it is quite a mistake that the art of painting on glass is lost — that we can produce every color but one, the ruby, and to that we can come very near; and in all other respects we have greater power than the old painters on glass. What may be the advantages or disadvantages of academies—how far they are schools, and in what they are not schools, &c.—we shall be better able to judge of when we have more distinct and certain information than we find either in the report or evidence. But we do consider our own Royal Academy most unfairly treated in this report. Every sort of abuse is raked together against it, repetitions of which are studiously and unnecessarily elicited. And although there is scarcely a fact in the evidence that is not denied, or an adverse opinion that is not directly refuted, yet it is plain that the committee are most desirous to revolution ze their constitution according to the new municipal principles which have done so much towards republicanizing England, and creating and perpetuating eternal dissension and unneighborly feeling throughout the kingdom. And so would their remodelling the Academy do infinite mischief among artists.*

But what does the evidence against the Academy amount to? Some are dissatisfied because their pictures have been badly hung, some twenty or more years ago; some have not received all the honors they deserve in their own estimation; some have received none, because they would not seek them, or because they insulted the body who should confer them; some dislike the patronage the Academicians meet with; some complain of their dinners; some that their place at the table is not where it should be; some are disappointed, and therefore dislike the whole constitution; some enact the fable of the fly on the wheel, and self-conceited, are therefore in perpetual wrath, and think the Academy have been indebted to them for all their

* Mr. Haydon is the most zealous of the opponents of the Royal Academy. It would have been better, perhaps, if the Committee had given him an opportunity of correcting all his mistatements. He is not always correct as to persons and dates. We have seen that gentleman's "Letter to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine," in the Morning Chronicle of the 30th November, which does him very great credit. It is that of a zealous, and we think of a sincere man, and written (perhaps under some provocation, for we had freely criticised his works) in a gentlemanlike and temperate spirit. We cannot here reply to the particulars, but we beg to assure Mr. Haydon that he is quite mistaken with regard to ourselves; we are not, as he conceives, an "old enemy," nor a new, nor any enemy at all. Our suspicion that he did criticise Mr. Bird's picture is excused by his own admission, and we think it is a pity that he did not withhold his remarks on the conduct of the Academy, just at the time that he and Mr. Bird were competitors, but we acquit him of any ill motive. With Bird we were most intimate, and are quite sure that he knew not, nor would have countenanced any remonstrance with Wilkie from an academician; indeed, we doubt if at that time Bird had one acquaintance among the B. A.'s. He was a single-hearted honorable man. Whatever may have been our belief upon the subject of the remarks upon Bird, it has never operated with us, for until very recently we never noticed Mr. Haydon's works at all, nor did we ever see him to our knowledge. It was by mere chance that we saw Mr. Haydon's letters in the Morning Chronicle. We mention this, that Mr. Haydon may not think that we purposely avoid a reply to him. It is ten to one if we see any remonstrance so published. If we have criticised his picture, as he may think, severely, we beg to assure him that we sincerely wish him the fullest success—loving the arts, we shall ever criticise works, publicly exhibited, freely, and from our ideas of the principles of art. We may be wrong, but give our reasons.

show. Varnish is (in imagination) denied; or accidentally was spilt "once upon a time." One informer looked for an Academician some eighteen years ago, and happened to find a bear. Then the Academy, fifty or sixty years ago, was founded in intrigue. "Alas," said the lamb to the wolf, "I was not born then."—"No matter; then it was your father or your grandfather." We have heard of a noble Duke, a patron of arts, much given to sneer at the Academy, laying particular emphasis on the word *Royal*, and we find that some are of his opinion, that whatever is Royal must be bad. Poor old Lear, who "gave up all," might well lack his Forty Followers. Then, there is the charge which is sure to be popular—"The misapplication of their Funds." But here the evidence, not resting on opinions, but facts, is highly to the honor of the Academicians.

We really are at a loss to know how the Royal Academy, founded by the King, located by him in his private palace, and so continued in succession by his present Majesty, is in any way amenable to a Committee of the House of Commons. Has the King delegated his authority over them? We may be wrong, but we have not seen a declaration to that effect. We find, indeed, by the putting of one of the questions, we think indecently, that the King may not be looked to as a judge of the arts. But we see no necessity for taking out of his hands his own Academy. Let the Committee, if they like, establish as many new as they please, and with such regulations as may counteract the pretended evils of the one established. Let his Majesty, an he please, look into the affairs of his own establishment, and consult competent persons—that is another matter; but we want here, no Committees, and Commissions of the appointment of his Majesty's meddlers. Mr. Howard's reply is admirable to Question 2145—"Do you think at the present time, the rules and regulations are susceptible of any important improvement? I imagine that no society can be said to be perfect." 2147.—"The Committee would be glad to hear from you any suggestion for the improvement of the laws and regulations of the Society, to which they seem susceptible, from your experience.—If I were aware that the Academy was susceptible of any improvement on those points, I should of course lay it before the Council." The Committee here dropped the subject. The scholar-like, gentlemanlike, masterly, and clear evidences of Sir M. A. Shee and Mr. Howard, are strikingly opposed to those of some of their heedless opponents. There is one thing for which we blame the Academy extremely. They have suffered themselves to be entrapped; they have given up an established right (and his Majesty's consent does not *appear* either to have been asked or given) for a mere sufferance tenure; and great pains are taken to show them and the public that they are liable to be turned out of the New National Gallery at any time. We copy from the appendix the statement upon this subject of their old tenure, in the return given in by the Secretary:—

"Statement of the Conditions, if any, on which the Apartments at Somerset House were originally bestowed on the Royal Academy; and of the period for which they were granted, whether unlimited, or terminable at the pleasure of the Crown, or otherwise.

"There are no expressed conditions on which the apartments at Somerset House were originally bestowed on the Royal Academy. The Royal Academy of Arts took possession of the apartments which they occupy in Somerset House, in Apr 1780, by virtue of a letter from the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to the Surveyor General, directing him to deliver over to the Treasurer of the Royal Academy, 'all the apartments allotted to His Majesty's said Academy in the new buildings at Somerset House, which are to be appropriated to the uses specified in the several plans of the same heretofore settled.

"The Royal Academy received these apartments as a gift from their munificent founder, George the Third; and it has been always understood by the members, that His Majesty, when he gave up to the Government his Palace of Old Somerset House (where the Royal Academy was originally established,) stipulated that apartments should be erected for that establishment in the new building. The Royal Academy remained in the old Palace till those rooms were completed, which had been destined for their occupation; plans of which had been submitted to their approval, and signed by the President, Council, and Officers."

They had been in possession of Somerset House for fifty years. Their

apartments became the property of the King by exchange, and he gave them to the Academy. We think it not honest now to make an exchange with them upon the understanding of their right, and when they find themselves entrapped in their new building, to turn round to them, and say, it is no bargain; you have, it is true, given up your old rooms to us, but you are only here upon sufferance. Doubtless the Academy did not look to the possibility of the adoption of such national morality—but they should have been more provident.

We leave this part of our subject for the present, upon which we may touch at a future time, when we consider the case of the Engravers, and their condition in the Royal Academy, as we intend to make some remarks upon their recently published pamphlets.—There is no part of the report so deserving of the public attention as that which relates to the National Gallery. But if we blame the Royal Academy for accepting, in exchange for a most respectable and solid tenure, an acknowledged liability to removal, and perhaps extinction—for there appears to be no mention of a future transfer to any other location—what terms can sufficiently express the folly, ignorance, or carelessness, or all together, of the parties, whoever they may be, who have perpetrated a scheme of a National Gallery so entirely inadequate to its purpose. It is seen by a plan annexed to the report, and by the evidence, that one half of the whole building is given up to the Royal Academy, who are, *for the present*, magnificently lodged, and that which should have been entirely open to the public, as built at the public expense, is devoted to the advantage and gain of a private society. So that one half of the country's magnificent promise terminates contemptibly in a Shilling Gallery—a paid Exhibition. Thus the space, the whole of which would scarcely have been sufficient for a great National Gallery, is *ab initio* hampered with the condition of giving up one half to the Royal Academicians. Sir M. A. Shee goes to Lord Grey—the business is settled—a committee appointed by the Treasury, who, without due competition being proposed, adopt Mr. Wilkins' plan; have no communication with him (but on one occasion for a trifling explanation of his plan)—do not lay before the architect plans of other galleries, though the most important have been erected in different parts of Europe; have no extended view of the subject, but with unpardonable carelessness, sanction a mere temporary depository for our present very small collection, as if it never was intended it should vie with the great galleries of infinitely less important states in Europe, yet presume to call their abortive scheme a National Gallery! They do not appear even to have taken the trouble to consider the additional pictures that may be *now* at the nation's command, to have calculated their number or dimensions. They have not even sufficiently provided against fire, for only one half of the building is fire-proof, and by allowing the other half to the Academy, in which is the keeper's residence, they have rendered fire *probable*, and that particular portion is not fire-proof. The subject of rooms for ancient sculpture has not been contemplated at all—consequently, there are none. Mr. Wilkins the architect, being asked who are the committee appointed by the Treasury, notices only seven, we are to suppose that they are the most active—Lord Farnborough, Lord Ripon, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Ridley Colborne, Mr. Hume, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Rogers. The only directions he seems to have received from these "Seven sleepers," were to make the rooms appropriated to the Academy a part of the plan. But the Royal Academy appointed likewise a committee, who did communicate with the architect, and doubtless they thought themselves, for their skill in architectural carving, "The seven wise men," but we would remind them "to look to the end," before they conclude themselves happy. The difficulty the committee have in extracting from Mr. Wilkins the simple fact, that but for the condition of the large accommodation to the Academy, the gallery would have exhibited more pictures, is very striking. Throughout the whole of Mr. Wilkins' evidence we are quite astonished at his own inadequate views, both as to the future and even present probable wants of such an institution, and at the indifference of the Committee and the Government who appoint-

ed them, and sanctioned a mutilated and lamentable plan. However, ill as we think of the whole scheme, of some of its errors we must partly acquit the architect (we say partly, for we think he should, with professional pride, have thrown up his employment rather than have risked his reputation upon an erection certain of being condemned). The Ministry, it appears, had been previously "pledged" to Lord Salisbury on behalf of the inhabitants of Castle Street and the neighborhood—they having always had a private approach through the Mews; in consequence of which "pledging" there are two passages through this important building. Surely this might have been otherwise settled. Then it appears that some "amateur architects," as Mr. Wilkins calls them, took it into their heads that by throwing back the building about 50 feet, they should get a sight of the whole extent of St. Martin's portico from Pall Mall east, which, they were told, they would not obtain, and which they have not obtained. But they have nearly annexed the National Gallery to the parish workhouse, which is ruinous to a proper lighting of a great part of the building. Perhaps it may be a practical and significant hint to the Royal Academicians to what they are to look if they do not behave themselves reverently to their betters.

"Question 1197. But is there not sufficient light, at all events, in the front? Certainly, and there would have been in the rear, only certain gentlemen amateurs chose to thrust us up in a corner where we could get no light; they made a great fuss about the change of position, and I verily believe nobody regrets more having given way to that popular clamor than the then premier. But we are now thrust back, so as to be nearly in contact with the workhouse building, obscuring the lights of the lower rooms of the east wing."

The impotence of the premier, and his regret at yielding to popular clamor, is amusing enough. It has been shown that no provision is made for ancient statues—nor is there any copying room, surely a very great oversight. Mr. Wilkins thinks that as the national pictures are now hung (that is, crowded together), the walls might contain three times the number, and will suffice for 50 years to come—by which it appears, that in the calculation of the committee and architect of a National Gallery, 50 years hence the British public are only to have 378 pictures, their present number being 126. The number of pictures in the National Gallery at Berlin is above 7 or 800. At Munich the new collection is not arranged, but the total number in the different palaces at Munich may be 7000. A selection according to the room, of these, it is expected, will be about 1000. At Petersburg, in the different Imperial palaces, there are between 4 and 5000; but the Russian government commenced their collection about the year 1822—ours in 1824. Have the architect and committee thus calculated upon our past progress? Even then they would be in error. But certainly, to bring them right again, we are now *doing nothing towards* an enlargement. We may make a few extracts from the Evidence, lest our extraordinary statement might appear incredible. It is, however, borne out by facts.

"Question 1600, to Mr. Wm. Seguier. Has there been no provision in the plan of the National Gallery for the historical arrangement of pictures according to schools, and for making distinction between the great schools of Italy, and the different national schools? I should doubt whether there is room for that. But has there been no arrangement made with a view to that? Certainly not. Then is this building, which ought to be on a great and comprehensive plan, to be an eternal monument of the arts in this country, to be merely a gallery where pictures are to be placed without due distribution, and not a gallery worthy of this nation? I should be afraid not; but Mr. Wilkins is better able to speak to that point than I am. (To Mr. Wilkins). Have you, in arranging the National Gallery, contemplated such an historical distribution of pictures as I have suggested? To a certain extent certainly, *as far as our* space would allow. Question 1641. (To Mr. Seguier.) Is the National Gallery constructed in such a way as to be capable of taking in any picture that might come into the possession of the public? I do not myself know the height of the walls. What may be the height of the Sebastion del Piombo? That is 18 feet. And what height do you consider it ought to be raised from the floor in order to be properly seen? It ought to be at least 3 feet, that would be the very lowest. Would not 3 feet be very much below the proper height? I think it would, but I should like to ask Mr. Wilkins what is the height of the walls of the gallery? (Mr. Wilkins) The height of the walls is about 18 feet. But to the cove? (Mr. Wilkins) 22. The hall is 50

feet high, and that would contain a great many pictures. What is the size of the Cartoons? The Cartoons, I should think, are about 12 feet by 16;—they are long. And what is the height? I should think 16 feet. And at what height do you consider they ought to be placed from the floor to be properly seen? I should say as high as they now are in Hampton Court. How high is that? About 12 feet from the ground. So that, in that case you would require a space of 22 feet. Yes—which is about the height of the room they are now in. I believe there are some very fine Rubenses in the banqueting room at Whitehall, are there not? They are magnificent pictures, and where they are, quite thrown away. In short, nothing can be so absurd as to have them in a Chapel—they would have been very desirable works indeed for a National Gallery. And if they should come into the possession of the National Gallery, do you think they will be able to dispose of them? The centre picture is 40 feet by 30. And what may the height be? It is an oblong picture, 40 feet one way, and 30 feet the other. So that it will be quite impossible that those shall be placed in the National Gallery? *Quite.* Then I think the fine specimens of the Venetian School are generally a very large size? Yes, generally, and for that reason cannot be placed very near the eye. Then, if the public should ever obtain possession of any specimens of that school, do you think they would be able to dispose of them in the National Gallery? I do not think in the present building that there would be room. (Mr. Wilkins). Certainly not for pictures of those dimensions. (Chairman to Mr. Wilkins.) Can you tell us the highest part of the gallery at Munich? No, I do not know. *These galleries are planned more with reference* to our present collection than to any larger pictures. (To Mr. Seguier.) Does the present gallery merely include those pictures that are in the present National Gallery, or those that are in possession of the public, that may be added to the National Collection? There are some not hung up. The King presented six pictures, five of which are very large, and there was no room to put them up here. Were you consulted as to the formation of the present National Gallery? *No.* 1665. Then, I understand, you had no immediate communication with the architect who planned the National Gallery, so that there might be a connection between the pictures to be placed in the National Gallery, and the construction of the Gallery itself? *No.* (To Mr. Wilkins.)—Was the great hall of entrance intended by you for pictures? For pictures of a large size; that we should call in this country a very large sized picture. Is there light enough? Yes—very good light. How many will it hold? *It will not hold many.* Will it hold a picture thirty feet high? *The room* itself is thirty feet high. Would it hold the Paolo Veronese in the Louvre? O yes, there *is* a room that would. What room is it? It is a room given for sculpture. Chairman, but does not that belong to the Royal Academy? Yes—not to the naton? Is there so large a room in that part given to the nation? O no, certainly not—I think the greatest length we have might be made fifty-five feet by twenty-two. (To Mr. Seguier.) But a room that requires a picture of large size to be placed on the ground, does not give it an opportunity of exhibition. *Certainly not;* it ought to be at a greater height from its size. In fact, most of the large pictures were intended for elevated altars? Certainly."

It is very manifest from the evidence of Dr. Waagen and others, that all governments, and courts of Europe are strenuously endeavoring at this moment (and have been long most earnest in the pursuit as the state of their galleries proclaims) to procure the finest works of art. And what are *we* doing? What *have* we been doing? The "Seven Sleepers," or all the sleepers are not yet awake! The great man of general management, to take down and put up at his pleasure, to advise, to seek, and to purchase, appears to be Mr. Seguier. The uninitiated may be desirous of knowing who Mr. Seguier is, and what are his high qualifications for this important national trust which seems really to devolve upon him. Mr. Seguier is keeper of the National Gallery—keeper of the King's pictures, and has the superintendence of the British Institution. If the public are to judge of his qualifications by his superintendence at the British Institution, they will not think very highly—as some few very inferior pictures, and bad copies have been there admitted, and we *have* reason to *think* that some very good have either been overlooked or refused by him. But then he has to study the whims of the great, and perhaps cannot do what he would, and must do what he would not. He is thought, however, to be exclusive. Mr. Seguier's evidence differs from that of other witnesses—he strikes "The Mill" by Claude, though he has never seen the one in the Doria Palace, and *has never been in Italy;* he thinks the horrid performance called Andrea del Sarto (which others do not) an original—is a judge of Andrea del Sarto, because he has seen seven works of that master in the possession of Lord Cowper—which he considers Andrea del Sarto's *finest* works, though he has never seen his *finest* works in his native town Florence—and, by the by, we had

some years ago the grandest specimen of that master in this country, mentioned by Vasari and Lanzi, and which was latterly offered for sale in Paris, and was purchased last Christmas by Dr. Waagen for the Museum at Berlin—vide Solley's evidence, who adds—"And which I think that the committee of taste, and their adviser Mr. Seguier, ought to have purchased for the National Gallery; we should then have been enabled to have compared a true and fine picture of the master who may be called 'the Senza errore, or the Faultless,' with the abortion now called 'Andrea del Sarto,' in the National Gallery." The same evidence likewise confirms Mr. Peel's view of the bad state of the national pictures, which Mr. Seguier considers to be in a good state. Then we know not, if Mr. Seguier advised the Institution to purchase, at 3000 guineas, or to present to the nation, Mr. West's detestable display of oil and brickdust, but he certainly speaks of it in high terms, and adds, "if it has a defect." He asserts that he purchased the "Holy Family" by * Sir Joshua, which he considers a very fine picture, and which others consider faded, and gone to a shadow, and which in its most perfect state must have been a burlesque, a caricature of a "Holy Family." Mr. Seguier is acquainted with the galleries of Flanders, Holland, and France, but has never been at Munich. Mr. Seguier then has never been in Italy nor at Munich, where is the finest gallery, and perhaps the finest collection of pictures in Europe, and yet is the *adviser* for purchases for the nation. Then what do the committee do? They have perhaps ten or twelve meetings in a year. "Examine letters," for there are "a great many offers of pictures." "There have been no purchases made lately." "But what proposals have been made?" Mr. Seguier is asked.—"There has been only, in a very trifling instance, two pictures by Gainsborough."—"But of Italian pictures?" "There have been no offers of Italian pictures."—To make up for all this, it appears that "at this moment some pictures which I consider of the very first importance are offered. Mr. Byng, the member for Middlesex, handsomely offered to give up two of the finest Italian pictures—one a Salvator Rosa, and the other a Parmegiano." We presume that these are the pictures recently exhibited at the British Institution—"Mercury and the Woodman"—Salvator; and "a portrait of the painter"—Parmegiano. The latter is undoubtedly a very fine portrait. The Salvator is so disguised by a dirty, stainy, something all over it (such as Gainsborough washed over his pictures latterly), that there is no saying what it is. We *have* seen this very subject, with fine ultramarine sky and distance, and great variety of color in parts, though in other respects perhaps injured; and before purchase, we should wish to see the *disguise* taken off this picture—in its present brown tobacco-stained state we know not what it is.

From Mr. Seguier's evidence we almost fear an influx of weak and washy Murillos. We know not Marshal Soult's in particular, but we are suspicious of the master and of the fashion—more particularly after the crimson-curtained exhibition of the Duke of Sutherland's, which we have criticised in another paper. Mr. Seguier is evidently in the *secret* about some negotiation for Murillos, or the best of Marshal Soult's Collection of Spanish plunder, but must not speak out. We will however add—beware of Murillos. But here we must do justice to Mr. Seguier, who "does not consider Murillo a painter of the first class." Whatever opinion we of the magazines and reviews, public critics, and criers may have, we do not think it quite courteous in a Committee of the House to ask an opinion, which they are to publish in their report, of the pictures belonging to an individual (the Duke of Sutherland's Murillos); even if offered for sale to the Gallery (and we hope not, most sincerely), such evidence should be given privately.

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* Poor Sir Joshua! what will become of his really fine pictures a century hence, and of all the works of magellup and varnish painters, if now, after so few years, his works are thus spoken of—would that Parliament would offer a reward for the rediscovery of the medium of the old masters—we could prove it to be different from that now in use, if other proof were wanting than that of the condition of Sir Joshua's pictures.

We are surprised at Mr. Brotherston's question as to what Mr. Seguier thinks of them. Now the Committee of Taste really seem to be as inactive and indifferent, as if fine pictures were to be dug out of the earth at any time, like coal for a winter's supply. Why, the painters have been dead and buried these hundreds of years. They are limited in number; and while we have been sleeping, all European cabinets have had their multitudes of emissaries, judges, and "experts," collecting with the greatest industry, whilst we are dozing over the trifling offer of two Gainsboroughs. We are really indignant that the reputation, honor, and great advantage of the country should be in such hands. There is not a moment to be lost. Pictures will soon be like the sybil's books—you will have to give ten times the amount for them a few years hence. Only consider a moment the number of great painters. They had but limited lives; calculate the number of their works, and see how the galleries abroad are filling, whilst we remain satisfied with a really contemptible number, for our poor 126 might be well weeded. We have appointing committees and commissioners *ad infinitum* to the cost of more than half a million of money (!!) and for what? But we must let every petty state go before us in the arts; we cannot afford to send proper persons about the world to collect for us, and must, through the Committee of the House, go about like beggars, and ask if people may not be encouraged to give money as well as pictures. We are persuaded that all this would be unnecessary, if the thing were properly placed before the nation; who should take it to their shame, and to the reproof of those who have had to cater for them, that since 1824, the establishment of the National Gallery, we have not done so much as one merchant or private gentleman would do in half the time for the ornament of his country house; and what is the expense of our National Gallery?—not including cost of pictures—not L.1000 per annum. The evidence of Dr. Waagen and others will sufficiently show what other countries are and have been doing. The Committee, in their report refer to the valuable evidence of Dr. Waagen and the Baron Von Klenze, on the subject of arrangement of schools. We confess we a little fear the arranging them historically, least it lead rather to the *curiosities* of art than its excellences; and we doubt if there be not too great a stress laid upon the difference of requisites for a public and a private collection. The first thing is to get good pictures. The arrangement for the schools in the Munich Gallery seems to be perfect. That gallery has three peculiarities: 1st, There is a long corridor, from which you can branch off into any school, without going through the intermediate schools; 2dly, For separate schools large rooms are formed, which are appropriated to the largest and most magnificent pictures, and attached to these large are smaller rooms for mere cabinet pictures. Lastly, a copying-room, where artists are allowed to copy without disturbing visitors. However, the consideration of all this, if we had room for the discussion, may be well deferred, until we have pictures to arrange; for to speak of our own poor 126 is absurd. But still our National Gallery ought to have been built with a view to the future; and why a long future to better things? It should have been a "κτημα εις αει." What is it now? As an architectural design, it is a mixture of pretension and meanness. The little windows, like small eyes, on each side the great proboscis entrance, trying to make up by their number for their deficiency of proportion. It wants room, though it is large; it wants dimensions in the rooms it has, and by confession a great part of it wants light. It is that "monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui *lumen ademptura*."

The commands given by the King of Bavaria to Baron Von Klenze were in another spirit. We extract from Mrs. Jameson's amusing work, "Sketches at Home and Abroad," the declaration from the Baron to herself:—"Build me a palace, in which nothing within or without shall be of transient fashion or interest—a palace for my posterity and my people, as well as myself; of which the decorations shall be durable as well as splendid; and shall appear one or two centuries hence as pleasing to the eye and taste as they do now." "Upon this principle," said the Baron, looking round,

and no doubt with the pride of genius, "I designed what you now see."

The Committee recommend the purchase of pictures by British artists, approved works, and that a portion of the National Gallery should be devoted to them; "especially such paintings as are more adapted by their style and subject to a gallery than a cabinet." After the evidence we have quoted, showing the entire inadequacy of the Gallery to its evident purposes, it will not be expected that either room has been provided, or any efforts whatever made to procure works of living British artists. Is the country to conclude that since the establishment of the National Gallery in 1824, the British artists have not produced *one* picture worthy the admiration of the public, and that so utterly hopeless is British art in the eyes of Mr. Seguier the adviser, and the advised or non-advised Committee of Taste, that it has not been thought worth while to take it into consideration in the building of a National Gallery? We venture to say, that both in the report and in the evidence an unnecessary distinction is made (and too much stress laid upon it), between gallery and cabinet pictures. What difference should there be, unless it be in size—scarce in subject—though the report connects that with style? Many of the most celebrated pictures by the old masters were necessarily large, because they were painted *for* particular situations in churches, and other large buildings, where size was required. But perhaps the greater part are not too large for private collections, which it is presumed the word cabinet implies. We do not, however, know of the subject of any of them, that is unfit for either national or private gallery. If size be really the thing meant (the necessity not existing now as it did when churches were to be adorned), it is feared encouragement will be given by a recommendation of the Committee to British artists to paint pictures of such a size and character as *will*, if they fail of obtaining the distinction of public purchase, leave them a very unprofitable speculation in the painter's hands. Size is, after all, a very ambiguous merit, and certainly has many disadvantages. There cannot be a doubt of the propriety of the British school having a place in a National Gallery; but we fear large dimensions, especially with West's three thousand guineas cost of canvas-daubing before our eyes, which we do not know the private collector who would risk his reputation by accepting. But it is time to conclude *this* paper, which we will do by recommending, that as the National Gallery is evidently unfit for a national collection! and as one half of the whole building is already given up to the Royal Academy, that the other half be given up to the British artists, and—and then there will be no room for complaint of the monopoly of the Royal Academicians. Either establish a rival society or societies, or throw it open to the world of artists, under wise regulations, and let them make what use they can of it. We will resume this subject.

DESPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

NO. II.—ARMAMENT AT TRINCOMALEE.

The biographer of Wellington necessarily labors under the disadvantage that the chief incidents he is called on to record, are already familiar to his readers. Let him shape his narrative as he may, the attraction of novelty is one which no exercise of his ingenuity can supply. He finds no province which he can regard as peculiarly his own. He attempts biography, and involuntarily writes history. His dates are epochs; his incidents, events; and, wishing only to narrate the circumstances of a life, he records achievements of great and imperishable interest. In short, he finds it utterly impossible to separate the *personal* from the *public*, and forced, like Molière's Doctor, to assume a new character, he becomes *historien malgré lui*.

Into this predicament all who write about Wellington must necessarily fall. The category is one, however, in which we hold ourselves to be only partially included. We pretend neither to be annalist nor biographer, our chief object being by no means to write about Wellington, but simply to illustrate what Wellington has written about himself. True it is, that the most conspicuous and memorable of his achievements have, in our imagination, become somewhat tainted and fly-blown by the vast number of literary blue bottles always on the watch for such prey, and who eagerly fasten on every occurrence which may excite the sympathy, or command the admiration of the public. Let us take Waterloo as an example.* With the details of that splendid victory every one is so familiar, that any further allusion to them, at the present day, would almost be regarded as an impertinence. Times are changed. Its localities are no longer the object of pilgrimage to "gentlemen of the press." The very names of Hougomont and Quatre Bras have become caviare to the most omniverous reader, and the word Waterloo, which, when duly emblazoned on a titlepage, could once sell a bad book, would now go very far to ruin a good one. And why is this? Not assuredly because Englishmen have ceased to regard that memorable triumph with sentiments

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* We have been favored by the Rev. John Sinclair with the following letter —direct to this point—from the Duke of Wellington to Sir John Sinclair:—

"Dear Sir, "Bruxelles, April 28, 1816.

"I have received your letter of the 20th. The people of England may be entitled to a detailed and accurate account of the battle of Waterloo, and I have no objection to their having it; but I do object to their being misinformed and misled by the novels called relations, impartial accounts, &c. &c. of this transaction, containing the stories which curious travellers have picked up from peasants, private soldiers, individual officers, &c. &c., and have published to the world as the truth. Hougomont was no more fortified than La Haye Sainte; and the latter was not lost for the want of fortification, but by one of those accidents from which human affairs are never entirely exempt.

"I am really disgusted with and ashamed of all that I have seen of the battle of Waterloo. The number of writings upon it would lead the world to believe that the British army had never fought a battle before; and there is not one which contains a true representation, or even an idea, of the transaction, and that is because the writers have referred themselves to the authorities above quoted instead of to the official sources and reports.

"It is not true that the British army was unprepared. The story of the Greek is equally unfounded, as is that of Vandamme having 46,000 men. Upon this last point I refer you to Marshal Ney's report, who, upon this point, must be the best authority. Ever, dear sir, yours most faithfully,

"Wellington."

of pride, or become ungrateful to the man whose vast genius achieved it, but simply because they can now expect to find in any work on the subject merely a recapitulation of details with which they are already intimately acquainted.

But when Wellington lays open the volumes of his secret correspondence, the case becomes very different, or rather is entirely reversed. The interest is then heightened by the very circumstances to which we have alluded. The portions of the work which afford us the highest gratification, are those connected with events, with the details of which we are most familiar, and which, by their magnitude and political importance, have left on our minds the most deep and durable impression. It is of course necessary to have understood and appreciated the result, before we can derive pleasure from the elucidation of the circumstances in which it originated.

Though we have no doubt, therefore, that the portions of Wellington's correspondence more immediately connected with his great victories, are those which will most forcibly arrest the attention of the public, yet there are some interludes—if we may so call them—of his life, which, though unconnected with success of any kind, and terminating in no remarkable result, are by no means without interest, as illustrating the character of the man. The reader will enjoy many opportunities of observing how Wellington thought and acted in the more brilliant periods of his career. It is our present object to exhibit him in a position where, from the ignorance and mismanagement of others, success was impossible. The circumstances connected with the episode, to which we are about to direct attention, are but little known, and but for the interest arising from the correspondence connected with it, unworthy of being more so. But the life of Wellington, like the picture of a great master, is deserving of minute study, and the portions involved in the deepest shadow will be found, on careful examination, to be entitled to equal admiration with those on which the artist has concentrated his light.

There is no doubt that whatever Lord Wellesley may have become since, he was, at the period of his government in India, a man of very considerable talents. The promptitude and decision of his measures in the Mysore war, have received merited applause from all writers on Indian affairs. The complete success, however, in which it terminated, had the effect of whetting his appetite for military operations so powerfully, that after the restoration of peace, visions of conquest in other quarters seem perpetually to have haunted his imagination. At the period in question, there was a very small amount of force in India, either naval or military, disposable for such objects, but this deficiency of offensive means had neither the effect of damping his ardor for the acquisition of fresh laurels, nor of inducing him to delay the execution of projects, which, when examined in detail, by no means appear to have originated in "absolute wisdom."

Allowing Lord Wellesley, therefore, full credit for the general vigor and success of his admiration, we fear it must be conceded that he had his weak points. Few men are without vanity, and certainly Lord Wellesley was not of the number. The world in those days thought highly of his merits, yet, in his own opinion, by no means so highly as they deserved. No man had a keener relish for praise, or could be more solicitous to obtain it. Lord Wellesley's great object consequently was to *make an impression*. His faculties were continually on the stretch to attract applause, by some striking and unanticipated result. Ordinary approbation was not enough for him; he was not satisfied, unless he succeeded in exciting surprise and admiration by some brilliant *coup d'état*. In short, Lord Wellesley seems to have been affected by a sort of mental St. Vitus' dance. His activity never slumbered, and his restless impatience of inaction was continually goading him to enterprise. That his enterprises were not always judicious, will be made apparent by the details to which we now solicit the attention of the reader.

The first of Lord Wellesley's projects was to gain possession of the settlement of Batavia. It appears that the surrender of Surinam had induced the King to imagine that the other Dutch settlements might be gained on similar condition, and he accordingly addressed a private and secret communication to Lord Wellesley, in his

individual capacity, authorizing him to take measures for inducing the settlement of Batavia to accept his Majesty's protection. There appears to have existed not the smallest ground for supposing that the Batavese contemplated any change of allegiance. No wish for British protection had been expressed by any portion of the inhabitants. No negotiations had taken place; no understanding been established with the authorities, and altogether so visionary was the project of thus acquiring this important colony, that it seems never to have been entertained by any of the King's Ministers. We are warranted in so concluding, both because not a syllable relating to it is to be found in the published despatches of Lord Wellesley or Mr. Dundas, and because, had it been otherwise, the recommendation would have been transmitted to the Governor-General, through the regular channel, instead of being made the subject of a private and personal communication from the King to Lord Wellesley in his non-official character. Altogether the affair is curious, as showing the keen interest felt by George III. in the concerns even of his most distant dominions, and that he occasionally exercised an influence on political measures of which his responsible advisers were by no means aware.

The suggestion of his sovereign was too much in accordance with the inclinations of Lord Wellesley not to be immediately acted upon, and he determined without delay, to fit out an expedition to Batavia. On announcing this intention to Lord Clive, then Governor of Madras, that nobleman, expressed in the strongest manner, his conviction of the imprudence and impolicy of the project. In a letter to Colonel Wellesley on the subject, he says—"Previous to the receipt of Lord Mornington's private letter, I had, in a despatch of the 24th instant, fully stated to his Lordship my sentiments upon the inexpediency and danger of further weakening our present incomplete and divided army; and I have not scrupled to give it as my opinion, that in the actual state of affairs in the Carnatic and Mysore, it will be most for the public good to attempt the attainment of the object of his Majesty's commands by a naval blockade only." The remonstrances of Lord Clive, however, and his representations of the danger to which any diminution of military force must expose the Company's possessions, were ineffectual. Lord Wellesley wrote immediately to Admiral Rainier, requiring the co-operation of the naval force at his disposal, and explaining his views in detail. The despatch informed the Admiral that it was by no means his intention "to attempt to reduce or to retain Batavia by force," but merely to send there "several ships of war, with a force sufficiently numerous to furnish an *ostensible justification* to the Governor-General to surrender the colony into our hands." In case, however, the Governor-General should not think proper to take advantage of this "ostensible justification," and should prefer retaining his own office and the colony, then we are left to conclude that the Admiral—after expressing, of course, his regret and astonishment at the bad taste of this perverse functionary—was to put about ship and return whence he came.

The service thus proposed was certainly not a brilliant one, and though Lord Wellesley endeavored to heighten its attractions by assurances that "the warehouses at Batavia contained public property to a very large amount," and that a considerable proportion of this might be expected to find its way into the pockets of the captors, the Admiral seems to have been by no means ambitious of engaging in it. The intention of Lord Wellesley was simply to *invite* the Governor of Batavia to give up the colony. Not a shot was to be fired, and the guns could be of no use, and it is only when acceptance is enforced by *these*, that a British Admiral is accustomed to send *invitations* to an enemy. The reply of Admiral Rainier, therefore, was unfavorable to the wishes of the Governor-General, and the result was the postponement of the expedition till "a more convenient season."

In truth the affair is utterly without interest, except from Colonel Wellesley's being in some measure connected with it. The command of the military force amounting to 1200 men was offered to him, and the circumstance is worthy of record from the high testimonies to his merit, and the value of his services, which it drew

from Lord Clive and some of the most distinguished men in India. The former expresses himself thus in a letter to Colonel Wellesley. "In sending you, therefore, the offer of the command of the land forces about to sail to the eastward, I have no hesitation in recommending in the strongest terms, and in requesting you—if I may be permitted to do so—to remain in a situation which I have long felt and still feel that you fill with singular advantage to our own country, as well as to Mysore; a situation in which for the prosperous settlement of our new acquisitions, integrity and vigilance of conduct are indispensable, and in which your acquired knowledge and experience, especially in the event of active operations, must give you the advantage over other men, and in which I should find it not only difficult but impossible to replace you to my satisfaction."

Under these circumstances the course adopted by Colonel Wellesley may be anticipated. In Mysore he held perhaps the most important command in India. Active operations against Doondian were about to commence, and he at once declined the command of the troops destined for Batavia, adding in his letter to Lord Clive, that no prospect of advantage or credit to be gained elsewhere should induce him to relinquish his command in Mysore at so interesting a period. In the propriety of this decision it appears from the following letter that Lord Wellesley acquiesced.

Marquis Wellesley to Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley. (Extract.)

"My Dear Arthur, Fort William, 6th June, 1800.

"Lord Clive has pressed for your continuance in Mysore with an earnestness so honorable to you, that I think you cannot accept the command of the forces destined for Batavia; indeed, I suspect that you could not quit Mysore at present. Your conduct there has secured your character and advancement for the remainder of life, and you may trust me for making the best use of your merits in your future promotion.

"Ever, my dear Arthur," &c.

For several months after this period we discover no traces of the existence of the Batavia project; but in the following October we find that it "is not dead, but sleeping." At the same time we are informed that its slumber is to remain unbroken for the present. In a despatch, dated October 22d, to Admiral Rainier, Lord Wellesley writes as follows. "I am decidedly of opinion that the British Government of India would not be justified in undertaking or prosecuting any expedition, the necessary effect of which must be, to remove the strength of your Excellency's squadron to any considerable distance, to the eastward, for any long period of time. The same objection applies in a certain degree, to the detachment of any part of our military force in the present conjuncture for the purposes of any foreign conquests unconnected with an increase of our means of defence against the probable point of danger. This objection applies most powerfully to any detachment of our European force; the whole disposable *amount* of which throughout India does not at this time *amount* to ten thousand men." Alluding more particularly to Batavia, in a subsequent part of the despatch, he again expresses his conviction that any attempt on that colony in the existing circumstances of India would be utterly unjustifiable. The time was come, he said, when "the pursuit of *any* foreign conquest, however easy and advantageous, must yield to the necessity of self defence," and he assures the Admiral that "the absence of our fleet and of any part of our disposable European force might be fatal to our existence in India."

Having thus made the Admiral fully aware of the danger and impolicy of engaging in aggressive operations at a conjuncture so critical, Lord Wellesley proceeds to point out to him the measures which, in his judgment, are most proper to be adopted. In the first place, he strongly recommends the blockade of Batavia to be immediately given up. In the second, he states that, after much consideration, he had selected Trincomalee as the station most favorable for protecting

the western coast of India, or proceeding up the Red Sea to co-operate with the British army in Egypt, as would probably be necessary. At Trincomalee, therefore, he had determined on assembling all his military disposable force, and strongly urges the propriety of its being made the chief rendezvous of the naval squadron. He also expresses a very earnest desire that the Admiral should personally repair to Trincomalee as speedily as possible, in order to concert measures with Colonel Wellesley, whom he expresses his intention of investing with the chief military command.

On the 22d of October, therefore, it was the firm and settled conviction of Lord Wellesley that "the pursuit of any foreign conquest, however easy and advantageous," would be most rash and dangerous. Before the 5th of November, however, it appears that a striking change had taken place in his opinions. On that day we find him engaged more appropriately than consistently—in arranging a gun-powder plot against the Mauritius. The following extract is from a letter to Colonel Wellesley, announcing his appointment to command the armament about to be assembled at Trincomalee.

"Intelligence which I have received has satisfied me that a blow might now be struck, with every prospect of success, against the Isle of France. If the state of my accounts from Europe and Egypt should leave me at liberty to make such an attempt, at the close of the month of December, my anxious wish is, that you should proceed, on or about the 25th of December, from Trincomalee directly to the Isle of France, and carry into execution the plan contained in the papers enclosed in my letter B of this date, provided you and the Admiral, after full consideration, should judge that plan to be practicable, with the means which I can enable you to command, and within the period of the season stated in the plan.

"The enclosures of this letter, and of my letter B of this date, contain such ample details as to require no explanation from me. You will meet the Admiral and Mr. Stokes at Trincomalee. In the mean while, I shall furnish you with such information as I possess respecting the expedition formerly projected against the Isle of France, directing your attention to the various changes of circumstances which favor the plan of Mr. Stokes, and also stating such observations as occur to me on the general principles of the plan. The particular details of the project involve many questions purely naval or military, on which the Admiral and you must be more competent to decide.

"It is necessary to apprise you that I have observed the strictest secrecy with regard to my views against the Isle of France. I have not yet communicated them even to Lord Clive. If I judge it advisable to disclose them to him, I will give you timely notice.

"Ever yours, dear Arthur," &c.

In order to explain this striking change of opinion, it is necessary to state that an "intelligent navigator," named Stokes, to whom allusion is made in the preceding extract, had in the interval been admitted to the honor of communicating with Lord Wellesley. It appears that this person, about six months before, had been made prisoner, and passed several weeks in the Mauritius. His report was, that the island at the period of his detention, was very weakly garrisoned, and might easily be captured by a British force. Whatever might be the pretensions of Mr. Stokes, he had certainly no reason to complain of the degree of credit accorded both to his facts and his opinions by the Governor-General. But there are some singular circumstances connected with this "intelligent navigator." Throughout these transactions, we hear a great deal of Mr. Stokes, but see nothing. His shadow is continually flitting across the stage, but he never appears on it. His presence seems to have gladened no visual orbs but those of Lord Wellesley. To every one else, he was "an invisible thing, a voice, a mystery." His approach is loudly announced, but he never comes, and when the curtain drops at the conclusion of the drama, we are left in a state of most perplexing doubt, whether Mr. Stokes be a true living man, eating, drinking, and tobacco-chewing, like other navigators equally in-

telligent, or merely a phantom conjured up by the imaginative brain of the Governor-General. No doubt much might be said on both sides of a question, fortunately not of importance proportionate to its difficulty of solution, but this at least is certain, that whether denizen of earth or air, navigator, spirit of grace, or goblin damned, upon his advice and unsupported testimony, did Lord Wellesley fit out an expedition to the Mauritius, an island both naturally and artificially of great strength, and to capture which—if at all suitably garrisoned,—the force at his disposal was wholly inadequate.

The merits and qualities of this intelligent but mysterious navigator form the subject of the following very interesting letter.

"*Marquis Wellesley to Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley.*

"My Dear Arthur, Fort William, 5th November, 1800.

"I enclose in this letter copies of several papers which I have received from Mr. C. Stokes, containing suggestions for an attack on the Isle of France. The sketch which accompanies these papers is imperfect, and was hastily copied from a very accurate original survey, during Mr. Stokes's passage down the river to the packet destined to convey him to the Admiral. I do not expect that these papers, without much personal explanation from Mr. Stokes, can enable you to form a competent judgment of his plan. My only object in forwarding these papers to you at present, is to save you the time which you must have otherwise employed in reading these papers after Mr. Stokes's arrival at Trincomalee.

"This letter will probably reach you before you can arrive at that place, where I trust you will find Mr. Stokes and the Admiral.

"It is only necessary to add some account of Mr. Stokes's character, and of his means of information on the subject of these papers. I have every reason to believe his character perfectly unexceptionable. You are aware that he accompanied me on board the Virginie. As an evidence, I know no man more deserving of credit.

"With regard to his means of information, he has resided three several times in the Isle of France: First: Previously to the war, when he proceeded to the Isle of France from America, on a commercial speculation. Secondly: He was taken prisoner in the year 1795, and detained for some time in the island. Thirdly: He was again taken prisoner and carried into the Isle of France early in the month of July last, and he remained in the island until the commencement of the month of August.

"Ever yours, dear Arthur," &c.

Immediately on his appointment to command the armament at Trincomalee, Colonel Wellesley repaired there and entered zealously on the task of completing its equipment for service. But Lord Wellesley's ardor on the subject of the expedition appeared by no means to have been contagious; at all events both Lord Clive and the Admiral escaped the infection. Weeks passed and neither the latter nor any part of his squadron appeared at Trincomalee. Indeed, his astonishment may readily be conceived, when, after having read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the contents of the despatch of the 22d of October, he became aware that on the 5th of November Lord Wellesley was actually busied with arrangements for an attack on the Mauritius. How Lord Wellesley explained the inconsistency between his words and his measures, or whether he attempted explanation at all, we have no means of ascertaining, since all the documents which could throw light on these projects have been carefully excluded from the collection of his despatches edited by Mr. Martin.

But whatever impressions may have been produced on the mind of Admiral Rainier, by the strange contradictions of the Governor-General, certain it is that he did not suffer them to influence his movements. To Trincomalee he did not come, and what was perhaps of still higher consequence, Mr. Stokes also was found absent by Colonel Wellesley, at the

very time and place where his services were most wanted. But in the mean time, a dismal apprehension had occurred to shake the nerves of Lord Wellesley. It haunted his imagination by day, and his dreams by night. At Fort-William, or at Barrackpore, in drawing-room, or durber, his peace was still poisoned by sad forebodings relative to Mr. Stokes. Intelligence of Mr. Stokes's arrival at Trincomalee would, of course, be wafted "from Indus to the pole." The Governor of the Mauritius would be roused by it from his dream of security, and then farewell to those air-born visions of conquest which gladdened the imagination of the Governor-General.

"The Secretary of the Supreme Government to Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley.

"My Dear Sir, Calcutta, 7th December, 1800.

"It has occurred to the Governor-General since closing his despatches by the Waller, that it may be of material importance to prevent Mr. Stokes's arrival at Trincomalee with Admiral Rainier being publicly known. If intelligence of Mr. Stokes's arrrival at Trincomalee should reach Tranquebar, the French agents at that settlement (who must be apprised of Mr. Stokes's recent return from the Isle of France) will probably at once conclude that the armament is destined against the Isle of France, and take some active measures for conveying intelligence of the armament to the Isle of France, and of the ground of their conjecture respecting its destination for that island.

"His Lordship therefore requests that you will suggest to the Admiral, the expediency of taking any precautions which may be practicable for preventing Mr. Stokes's arrival at Trincomalee being generally known; and also for preventing the conveyance of any intelligence respecting the armament from Tranquebar to the Isle of France, by sea. His Lordship desires me to add, that the Admiral and you will be the best judges what measures can be taken for the above-mentioned purposes.

"The Governor-General having ground to believe that a number of British subjects have voluntarily entered and served on board of the French privateers in the Indian seas, his Lordship requests, in the event of the enterprise against the Isle of France proving successful, you will endeavor to discover and apprehend all such persons, and that you will take the usual measures for bringing them to trial and punishment.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

On another occasion, the sensitive mind of Lord Wellesley seems to have been smitten with apprehension lest Mr. Stokes should not receive from his brother all those delicate attentions to which he considers him to be entitled. It is gratifying also to observe by the following extract from one of his letters to Colonel Wellesley, that his praises of Mr. Stokes were to be accompanied by—what was probably more to the taste of a navigator so intelligent—a little solid pudding. "I beg you will be particularly kind and attentive to Mr. Stokes, and that you will repose confidence in him, which you may venture with the utmost degree of security. He is a very honorable and honest man, of considerable knowledge in his own line, and of very uncommon talents. His ardor will not displease you. I have named him commissary of stores and provisions. If you should take the island, I desire he may be appointed intendant under you." In another letter Lord Wellesley expresses his strong desire that a naval force should accompany the expedition, since "Mr. Stokes has stated it to be advisable that as large a portion of the troops as possible should be embarked in his Majesty's ships.

After so much preparatory flourish, it is surely time that Mr. Stokes should make his appearance in good earnest. The lamps are lighted, the overture has been played, the curtain is ready to draw up, and the hero of the farce is not forthcoming. The actors are loudly demanding, where is Mr. Stokes? and echo answers, where? In tracing the circumstances connected with this armament, one cannot help feeling for Lord Wellesley, under the agonies of hope deferred, occa-

sioned by these repeated disappointments. "I am much concerned," he says in a letter to Colonel Wellesley, "to inform you that Mr. Stokes will not reach Trincomalee so soon as I expected."

But the cruelest cut of all was yet to come. When Colonel Wellesley had been several weeks at Trincomalee, and become master of all the circumstances connected with the intended operations, except those of which the invisible Mr. Stokes formed the sole depositary, he produced without further delay to demolish the airy fabric excited by Lord Wellesley. We beg the reader to observe how the edifice crumbles at every touch.

"Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to the Governor-General.

"My Lord, Trincomalee, 22d January, 1801.

"A month has nearly elapsed since I arrived here, but I have hitherto received no tidings of the Admiral or Mr. Stokes. It is evident from the papers received from Mr. Stokes, of which I am at present in possession, that he is of opinion that the attempt upon Mauritius should not be made, if it is not possible to reach the island before the month of February. It is probable, therefore, that it will be postponed, and that you will have to determine whether you will make the attack on the return of the season in April. As I think it desirable that you should be acquainted as soon as possible with certain circumstances, which in my opinion have altered the situation of affairs, I lose no time in writing to you.

"The circumstances of the island have altered in some degree, since Mr. Stokes was there, and procured the information upon which you determined to undertake the expedition. In the first place, it is impossible to suppose that the enemy will not have suspected the real object of the armament, and will not have prepared for defence. Indeed, before I arrived at Madras, and *before it was known that I was going there*, I received letters from the western coast, stating that the armament was destined either for Mauritius, Egypt, or Batavia, and would be commanded by Sir J. Craig. The removal of the 88th regiment from Bombay to Pointe de Galle has made it very clear that it was not destined for Egypt; and the alteration of the rendezvous, and the removal of the squadron from the straits of Malacca to Trincomalee, in consequence of the alteration of the plan, have made it equally clear that it was not destined for Batavia.

"Therefore, those who judge of the intentions of government by their acts, must have found out the real object of the expedition. But not only have the French had that mode of ascertaining our intentions, but Mr. Webbe informed me of a circumstance at Madras, which proves that they must receive intelligence of them from what they must have deemed at the time the best authority.

"A French lady residing at Madras, knew that an expedition was about to sail against Mauritius, and she had been desired to make known the means of her friends upon the island, in order that they and their property might be protected. It cannot be doubted but that this intelligence flew to Tranquebar immediately, and as no object for the armament was defined, it must have obtained great credit. It is probable, therefore, that the French will be made acquainted with the design, and will prepare themselves accordingly.

"I acknowledge that I have never been very sanguine in my expectations of the success of Mr. Stokes's plan to surprise the place, for many reasons; but I expected that the enemy would not have heard of the armament, would be unprepared, and their works in bad condition: this cannot be expected in April.

"In the second place, the number of men at present upon the island is greater than was stated by Mr. Stokes.

"I conclude that the government of Fort St. George will have communicated to you the accounts received at Tranquebar by the Esther. Two ships of war and several merchant ships intended for privateers had arrived at the island, and these must have added to its strength. But if we had been able to sail as first proposed, it is probable that we should have found that some of

them were gone out on a cruise, and the others unprepared for their defence. We cannot expect in April, that a ship will be out, or a man will be absent, and we must therefore reckon upon an addition to the numbers stated by Mr. Stokes, of at least 1500 men. In this calculation I do not reckon upon the troops expected; but only upon the vessels and their men positively stated to have arrived. Upon this statement the question is, whether our numbers will be sufficient to insure the object in April; and whether it would be proper to make a trial of Mr. Stokes's plan.

"I want much information, which Mr. Stokes alone can give, to enable me to decide upon his plan, and I therefore defer to write upon it till I see him. What I have above written may be, however, considered as independent of all particular plans, and applies only to the general question.

"The state of our provisions on the first of next month will be as follows:—

Four months' provisions remaining, for . .	1080 men.
Four months in the Rockingham . . .	100
Six months nearly, in the other transports . .	500
Five months in the ship at Pointe de Galle, which brought the 88th from Bombay	600

"This will give provisions for the whole number of Europeans for three months and a half, exclusive of some beef which I have taken from hence, and will last them more than four months, with the savings which I hope will be made upon the issue.

"The difference between this and my former statements upon this subject, arises from the want of the ship from Madras, which was to have carried 200 men, and to have been provided with provisions for them for six months; from the consumption of this month, in the ships occupied by the 10th regiment, the Bengal and Madras artillery at this place, and by the 88th regiment at Pointe de Galle; and for the deficiencies in the Rockingham, owing to the difficulty of embarking provisions at Madras in the bad season.

"I told you heretofore, that no refreshments could be procured upon this island for the troops; and if they had been landed, they must have lived upon their sea provisions; and therefore I thought it better to keep them in their ships, than to expose them in tents to the worst weather I have seen in India. Besides, so long as there was a prospect that the Admiral would arrive in such time as to enable us to undertake the expedition, I did not wish to increase the difficulty and trouble at the moment of our departure, by having so many more men to embark.

"The natives have been on shore ever since they arrived, but have been obliged to live on their sea provisions till within this fortnight; and I propose to land the Europeans, as soon as I shall have seen the Admiral, if it shall be determined that we are not to sail immediately.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

Before the preceding despatch had time to reach its destination, Lord Wellesley received a communication from Admiral Rainier, in which he positively declined employing any portion of the squadron under his command in the proposed enterprise. The Admiral, it appeared, was *Stokes-proof*, and declined holding any communication with the intelligent navigator on matters connected with the service. In short, it seemed as if Lord Wellesley's troubles connected with this individual were to have no end. All ears but his were deaf to the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely," and the refusal of naval co-operation increased both his difficulties and perplexity.

In truth only one course, sanctioned by sound judgment, was open to him. The station of Trincomalee was very favorably adapted for protecting those portions of our Indian territory liable to European aggression. The peril threatened by the success of the French army in Egypt, was not only great but imminent. French influence was already felt in our relations with the native powers, and there can be no doubt that the approach of an army led by Bonaparte, would have roused a spirit of resistance so general as to have led inevitably to the entire overthrow of our power. At that period England felt the weakness of an empire originating in conquest and maintained by

force. No assimilation had taken place between the conquerors and the conquered. Our government, either in form or principle, had never been accommodated to the habits and prejudices of the people. We had respected nothing that was sacred in their eyes. Intercourse had brought with it no sympathy nor union of interests. The natives of both religions had felt humbled by the very protection they had been compelled to court, and would have instantly joined the standard of any invader sufficiently powerful to promise emancipation from their thraldom. Had a French army entered Hindostan, what myriads of hearts and hands would have been united against us! There is a moral in such a state of things which it is of some consequence that statesmen should remember.

When our Indian possessions were threatened by such danger, there can be no doubt that the policy so strongly enforced in Lord Wellesley's despatch of the 22d October was sound and judicious. He had no force disposable for foreign conquest. It was with the greatest difficulty that he had been able to detach 2000 Europeans to Trincomalee: and this force, even when increased by the addition of a weak battalion from Ceylon, and a body of native volunteers, was evidently inadequate to the objects which he was ambitious of achieving. At all events, it was Lord Wellesley's duty, as he himself most truly said, to retain this force in a central and commanding position instead of detaching it, as he was most imprudently solicitous to do, on schemes of distant conquest.

But the mind of Lord Wellesley seems at that moment to have been a sort of pendulum, which could only oscillate between the Mauritius and Batavia. Exactly in proportion to its departure from the one was its approach to the other. Displaying remarkable acuteness in all his ordinary judgments, Lord Wellesley seems to have been affected by monomania in every thing connected with these expeditions. To give them up was, in his judgment, impossible.

Opposition had merely the effect of interesting his self-love in the cause, and inducing him to cling to them with a stronger and more convulsive grasp. Though the Admiral, therefore, had declared against the Mauritius project, Lord Wellesley still ventured to hope that he might be induced to bear some part in operations against Batavia. We should have thought that to make such a proposition, considering the tenor of his former despatches, must have been a matter of some delicacy and embarrassment. But Lord Wellesley seems to have got over this difficulty with astonishing facility, as will become apparent from the following official communication to his brother.

The Governor-General to Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley.

Fort William, 24th January, 1801.

Sir,

"Since the date of my last official despatch to you (December 6th, 1800) I have received advice from his Excellency Vice-Admiral Rainier, the unfavorable tenor of which has unfortunately compelled me to delay the proposed expedition against the Isle of France.

"2. This circumstance, combined with the general aspect of affairs in Europe and in India, requires an alteration in the measures which I had proposed to carry into effect, under a different view of our present situation and future prospects.

"3. I have therefore determined to resume the expedition against Batavia with the least possible delay; and it is my intention, that the whole force now assembled on the island of Ceylon shall be employed on this service.

"4 Under these circumstances I have judged it expedient to appoint Major-General Baird to the chief command of the expedition against Batavia, and to appoint you to be second in command in that expedition.

"5. Immediately after the reduction of Batavia, a proper garrison having been appropriated to the defence of that place, it is my intention that the remainder of the troops, together with such additional force as it may be advisable to apply to this service, from India, should proceed directly from Java to the attack of the Isle of France.

"6. The chief command of the expedition against Isle of France will be intrusted to you, with the same powers, and under the same instructions, with which you were furnished by my despatch of the 6th of December, 1800.

"7. Major-General Baird will proceed from hence in the course of a few days for Trincomalee; on his arrival at that port, he will assume the general command of the troops to be employed in the first instance against Batavia.

"8. When you shall proceed from Batavia to the attack of the Isle of France, you will act under my instructions of the 6th of December, in the same manner as if the expedition against that place had taken effect in the month of December, 1800, as far as those instructions may be applicable to the actual circumstances of the case.

"9. The details connected with the resumed expedition against the Isle of France will be communicated to you hereafter. Vice-Admiral Rainier will communicate to you my despatches addressed to him under this date.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

The reader will have learned from the contents of the preceding document, that Colonel Wellesley had been superseded in the command of the forces at Trincomalee, by Major-General Baird. It was the decided impression of the latter, and is still the impression of his family, that he was unfairly treated by Lord Wellesley. Our own conviction perfectly agrees with this. A more gallant or meritorious officer than General Baird did not exist. He had seen much service, and discharged many arduous and important duties with credit and distinction. Colonel Wellesley was junior in rank, and his claims arising from past services were decidedly inferior, yet at the termination of the Mysore war, General Baird had, contrary to his own wishes, been removed from the Madras establishment, to that of Bengal, in order that his superior rank might not interfere with the interests of Colonel Wellesley, who had immediately been appointed to the important command of Mysore. Under this injustice Baird was silent, but when he saw Colonel Wellesley again preferred to the command at Trincomalee, he determined no longer to remain the patient victim of Lord Wellesley's nepotism. He remonstrated, therefore, as became him, and the result was, that at the eleventh hour, he received the appointment to which his claims were acknowledged to be paramount. Colonel Wellesley, too, had just ground of complaint. Though his letters, subsequently quoted, will show that he felt his original appointment to be an act of injustice to Baird, yet having once received it, he considered his supercession to be one of equal injustice to himself. It was Lord Wellesley's duty to be guided only by public motives in the exercise of a patronage so important, but having once deliberately exercised it, he had no right, without proof of incapacity or misconduct in the person appointed, to rescind his decision. We have thought it necessary thus particularly to allude to this subject, because a full knowledge of it will be found to illustrate qualities, which do the highest honor to both of the distinguished individuals in question.

When the command of the force at Trincomalee was assigned to General Baird, our readers will remember that it formed part of Lord Wellesley's instructions, that having gained possession of Batavia, Colonel Wellesley should proceed to attack the Mauritius, with all the troops that could be spared, after adequately providing for the defence and maintenance of the settlement. As the whole amount of force to be employed in these operations did not exceed 4000 men, the residue available for attacking the Mauritius, after providing for the purposes above mentioned at Batavia, must have been small indeed. But such calculations exercised no disturbing influence on the projects of Lord Wellesley. Indeed his ideas as to the character and objects of the expedition to Batavia seem throughout to have been vague and contradictory. On a former occasion, he states it to be by "no means the intention of ministers to reduce or maintain Batavia by force," but merely to afford the Governor an "ostensible justification" for surrendering the colony. In no part of the documents before us, are we informed of any change of these pacific intentions, but subsequently we find the objects of the expedition designated very variously. On some occasions, it is *to*

reduce Batavia, on others *to attack it*, on others still to enter into *negotiations* for its surrender. In short, we only gather from this mass of discrepancy and confusion, that Lord Wellesley was extremely solicitous to gain possession of Batavia, but had no very clear and definite understanding as to the means by which it was to be effected. But, however inadequate his means, and ill-concerted his arrangements, it never entered into the mind of Lord Wellesley to doubt of success. It is rather amusing, indeed, to find him transmitting authority to Colonel Wellesley to draw from the treasuries of Batavia and Mauritius the amount of his personal disbursements at Trincomalee.

Admiral Rainier was still a thorn in the side of the Governor-General. Over his movements he could exercise no authority, yet he flattered himself, that the urgency of his representations had at length placed that officer between the Scylla and Charybdis of his two favorite schemes. The Admiral had already declined connecting himself with the Mauritius affair. With great promptitude, therefore, had Lord Wellesley changed his ground, and directing his persuasion into a new channel, entreated him to look with a favorable eye on Batavia. But he was still agitated by sad forebodings as to the decision of this unmanageable Admiral. After despatching the instructions which have already been communicated to the reader, it occurred to Lord Wellesley, that when thus resolutely pushed forward on Batavia, he (the Admiral) might suddenly turn round, and, in spite of all that had passed, say, "I dislike both your enterprises, but if I must choose one, why, give me the Mauritius." This was a contingency unprovided for, and supplementary instructions were therefore framed to meet it. Lord Wellesley was too anxious for the Admiral's assistance not to accept it on any terms. He willingly gave him choice of pistols, since both were loaded with a charge equally deadly.

"*The Governor-General to Vice-Admiral Rainier, Major-General Baird, and Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley.*

"GENTLEMEN, Fort-William, 5th February, 1801.

"It is possible that his Excellency Vice-Admiral Rainier may not judge it advisable to undertake the proposed expedition against Batavia during the present season; and that his Excellency may be disposed to prefer an early attack on the Isle of France. In order to provide for a case not considered in any of my despatches, by the present opportunity I think fit to transmit this separate despatch for eventual use.

"2. If his Excellency should make the option herein supposed, it is my wish that the whole of the armament, assembled at Trincomalee and Pointe de Galle, should proceed to the Isle of France at such period as his Excellency shall judge proper.

"3. In this case, the land forces are to be commanded in chief by Major-General Baird, and the Hon. Colonel Wellesley is to proceed with the expedition as second in command.

"4. On the arrival of the armament at the Isle of France, his Excellency Vice-Admiral Rainier and Major-General Baird will proceed to the attack and reduction of that island, according to the plan detailed in my despatches of the 22d of October, 1800, to his Excellency, and in my instructions of the 6th of December, 1800, to the Hon. Colonel Wellesley, who, in the case here supposed, is to deliver those instructions to Major-General Baird, previously to the departure of the expedition from the island of Ceylon.

"5. In the event of the conquest of the Isle of France, Major-General Baird and the Honorable Colonel Wellesley are, in concert, to establish such a garrison for that island as they shall think adequate to its protection, the Honorable Colonel Wellesley being left in the temporary civil and military government of the island, according to my former instructions. His Excellency Vice-Admiral Rainier and Major-General Baird, if they shall judge proper, will proceed with the remaining military force to the attack of Batavia.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

But alas! there was another contingency for which it was necessary to provide. The Admiral might after all prove impracticable, and finally, though unaccountably, decline all co-operation. Even in this case the armament, though shorn of half its honors, was to proceed on its march to conquest, with the trifling difference of programme, that the Mauritius having been postponed to Batavia, merely as a bait to catch the Admiral, it was to be restored to its former priority, when the Admiral refused to bite. General Baird therefore was directed to proceed even without convoy to the Mauritius, in hope of falling in with some of the Cape squadron, Lord Wellesley having written to Sir Roger Curtis, by whom it was commanded, soliciting such assistance as it might be in his power to afford.

But whatever might be the ultimate destination of the armament at Trincomalee, it will readily be supposed to form an integral part of Lord Wellesley's plan, that it should be honored by the presence and co-operation of Mr. Stokes. In the very last despatches, written by the Governor-General, relative to the proceedings of the armament, we find another announcement of the approach of that estimable individual to Trincomalee, accompanied with the usual testimonies of admiration and esteem. We rejoice to say, that with this despatch terminated the absurdities connected with the abortive enterprises, of which the reader has heard so much. Notwithstanding all his anxiety, the colonies in question were not destined to be added to the British dominions during the administration of Lord Wellesley.

But we have now done with a subject, in treating which we have probably been led too much into trivial details, possessing little interest, except that arising from their connection with Wellington. The reader cannot fail to have observed, that in all the correspondence connected with these transactions, Colonel Wellesley never once alludes with approbation to the plans of Lord Wellesley. On receiving his appointment he repaired to the scene of action, without offering any opinion on the subsequent operations. On arriving there, we find him prompt in action, but slow in decision. No time is lost in completing those arrangements and equipments necessary to render effective the force under his command, while he calmly and patiently examines all the circumstances by which success or failure could be be affected. Having done this, he no longer hesitates to inform Lord Wellesley, that his plans are ill-concerted and ill-arranged, founded in fallacy, and if persevered in, likely to terminate in defeat. His letter, conveying these opinions, is a model of perspicuous and convincing reasoning, and the prudence and coolness of judgment, which marked his conduct under circumstances of considerable difficulty, are worthy of observation. Had he possessed these qualities in a smaller degree, and suffered himself to be influenced by the rash hopes and fallacious representations of Lord Wellesley, he would in all probability have injured his own reputation, sacrificed the force under his command, and have left a tarnish on the British arms.

We now come to the dénouement of the piece. While Colonel Wellesley still remained in command of the armament, he received, through Lord Clive, a copy of a despatch from Mr. Dundas, then Secretary of State, to the Governor-General, directing a force of 1000 European, and 2000 native infantry, to be sent without delay from India to the Red Sea, with orders that Mocha should be the place of rendezvous. On becoming acquainted with the contents of this despatch, Colonel Wellesley determined, on his own responsibility, and without waiting for authority from the Governor-General, to act in accordance with the wishes of the Government at home. He therefore embarked the troops and proceeded at once to Bombay, leaving a letter for General Baird, informing him of his proceedings. At Bombay he expected to be enabled to procure the number of native troops wanting to complete the requisite quota, and to be enabled to lay in such store of provisions as the nature of service rendered necessary.

On his arrival at Bombay Colonel Wellesley labored with unwearied zeal in the task of completing the organization and equipment of the troops. The chief command of the expedition was, of course, invested in General Baird; but that officer had not arrived, and the whole labor of prepa-

ration consequently devolved on Colonel Wellesley, whose health had recently been much impaired by the debilitating influence of the climate. But even disease did not bring with it any relaxation of zeal in the service of his country; and so effectually did he labor to accelerate the arrangements for the departure of the expedition, that when General Baird arrived, he found most of the transports ready to put to sea, and in the course of a few days six of them sailed for Mocha, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Beresford.

Our readers are already aware that Colonel Wellesley felt a good deal of annoyance at being superseded in a command for which he had never solicited, even by an officer, whose superiority of claim he willingly admitted. He certainly would not have been induced to quit Mysore for the subordinate appointment to which the vacillation of the Governor-General had reduced him. Even the favoritism of Lord Wellesley had been too wavering and precarious to benefit its object. It had injured all parties, and gratified none. In a private communication to the Hon. Henry Wellesley, then recently arrived from England, we find a full disclosure of the feelings to which we have alluded.

"Colonel the Hon. A Wellesley to the Hon. H. Wellesley.

"My Dear Henry, Bombay, 22d March, 1801.

"I have received your note of the 3d of March, but none of your other letters, which you say you have written to me. I hope that you received those which I wrote to you while you were in England, giving an account of how we were going on in this country. I enclosed them to the Doctor, and desired him to destroy those which should arrive subsequent to your departure, on your return to this country; so that some of them written lately you will probably never see. I was very anxious about you, as you must have come from the Cape in the track of the French privateers homeward bound; and you were longer on your passage than we had reason to expect you would be. I have written a long letter to Government this day about my departure from Ceylon, which I hope will explain every thing. Whether it does or not, I shall always consider these expeditions as the most unfortunate circumstances for me, in every point of view, that could have occurred; and as such I shall always lament them.

"I was at the top of the tree in this country; the governments of Forts St. George and Bombay, which I had served, placed unlimited confidence in me, and I had received from both strong and repeated marks of their approbation. Before I quitted the Mysore country, I arranged the plan of taking possession of the ceded districts, which was done without striking a blow; and another plan for conquering Wynard and reconquering Malabar, which I am informed has succeeded without loss on our side. But this supercession has ruined all my prospects, founded on any service that I may have rendered. Upon this point I mut refer you to the letters written to me and to the governor of Fort St. George in May last, when an expedition to Batavia was in contemplation; and to those written to the governments of Fort St. George, Bombay, and Ceylon; and to the Admiral, Colonel Champagne, and myself, when the troops were assembled in Ceylon. I then ask you, has there been any change whatever of circumstances that was not expected when I was appointed to the command? If there has not (and no one can say there has, without doing injustice to the Governor-General's foresight), my supercession must have been occasioned, either by my own misconduct, or by an alteration of the sentiments of the Governor-General. I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both, or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished, like General Kray, to my estate in Hungary. I did not look, and did not wish, for the appointment which was given to me, and I say that it would probably have been more proper to give it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, and a circular written to Government upon the

subject, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it.

"I put private considerations out of the question, as they ought and have had no weight in causing either my original appointment or my suspension. I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which I have been treated by Government upon the occasion. However, I have lost neither my health, spirits, nor temper in consequence thereof.

"But it is useless to write any more upon the subject of which I wish to retain no remembrance whatever.

"I enclose a memorandum upon the subject of Trincomalee, which will point out to you the inconveniences of that port as one of rendezvous or equipment. You will find it of use in the next expeditions. Remember, also, that it is difficult for ships to get round Ceylon in the south-west monsoon after the middle of March.

"Yours," &c.

But whatever might be the extent of personal sacrifice it involved, Colonel Wellesley was not the man to shrink from the performance of his duty. His lot seemed to have been cast with the expedition to Egypt, and he was fully prepared to proceed with it. All his letters written at this period prove this to have been the case. We quote one to his brother:—

Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to the Hon. H. Wellesley.

"My Dear Henry, Bombay, 25th March, 1801.

"Letters arrived last night from Muscat, by which I learn that it is probable that Sir Ralph Abercrombie has commenced his operations. If the expedition from India against Egypt means any thing, it is to encourage the Mamelukes in Upper Egypt to rise against the French, and to create a diversion in favor of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. This must be done immediately, or as soon as possible, or it will be useless. General Baird is not come. They tell me that he will find it difficult to get round Ceylon, and the Lord knows when he will arrive. I therefore intend to go off immediately, and to commence the operations in the Red Sea with the troops now there, if General Baird should not be on board any of the ships now in the offing.

"My former letters will have shown you how much this will annoy me; but I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience, when it is necessary. As all my baggage, &c. are on board of one of the transports not yet come in, I go as bare as possible.

"Yours," &c.

It was decreed otherwise, however. The following letter will explain the circumstances which rendered it necessary for him to resign his command in the expedition under Baird. The concluding sentence may possibly excite a smile:—

"Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to the Hon. H. Wellesley.

"My Dear Henry, Bombay, 31st March, 1801.

"When I wrote to you on the 25th, I was in hopes that I should be able to sail the next day; but on that night I was siezed with a fever, which has lasted ever since, and of which I have not yet recovered. It is of the intermittent kind. General Baird has arrived. I am quite distressed about my officers, who followed me through the Mysore country. However, I have seen enough already to be certain, that if I do not go, matters will be uncomfortable; and if I well can, I will go. I have the satisfaction of finding that there is not a man here who would have come, had he known what was likely

to happen to me, if he had the power of refusal. Indeed, in this respect, the feelings of the greater part of the army agree with mine. Mr. Stokes is not yet come. "Believe me," &c.

The letters written by Colonel Wellesley from Bombay are peculiarly interesting, from the degree in which they admit us to a knowledge of his private feelings. His pride had evidently been wounded; but he is guilty, even in thought, of no injustice. He is even careful to prevent the supposition that General Baird's conduct towards him had not been all he could desire. To us there is something even affecting in the words,—"*I have been a slave to it till this moment, notwithstanding I was sick.*"

"*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to the Hon. H. Wellesley.*

"My dear Henry, Bombay, 8th April, 1801.

"My fever has left me, but I am still weak, and I have got another disorder, of which it appears the medical men here do not know the nature, and which, I think it probable, will oblige me to go to a cold climate. This circumstance, and the great probability held out by the the late despatches from Europe, that Sir Ralph Abercrombie's attack upon Lower Egypt will be postponed, or rather will never take place, and, therefore, that the operations proposed in the Red Sea will likewise be relinquished, have induced me to determine not to go. I shall write to the Governor-General upon this subject, as soon as I am able.

"In the mean time, it is but justice to General Baird to say, that his conduct towards me has by no means occasioned this determination, but that it has been perfectly satisfactory. He offered Colonel Coleman to appoint him Deputy Quarter-Master-General, which the latter declined.

"I hope that if the service goes on, matters will be conducted satisfactorily. I have been a slave to it till this moment, notwithstanding I was sick; and now they have only to take care of what they have got, till the operations on shore commence. I have given the General my opinion fully in writing upon this part of the subject.

"The ships are all gone, excepting one which came in only yesterday, having sprung a leak at sea. Arrangements were immediately made to move the troops to other ships, and they will go to-morrow. From what I have seen of the state of the ships, the troops, the water-casks, &c., I am convinced that if we had not come here, the expedition would have been obliged to quit the Red Sea before they would have been there one month. The 10th regiment have to a man got the scurvy, and lost above twenty men on their passage from Ceylon. "Affectionately yours," &c.

Much intimacy we believe, had never existed between Wellesley and Baird. The relative circumstances in which they were placed were, perhaps, unfavorable to this. Baird could not but feel that Wellesley had been made the instrument of injustice towards him, and the knowledge of the latter that such feelings existed must have occasioned some constraint in their intercourse. Though each of these eminent men, therefore, fully appreciated the high qualities of the other, it was scarcely to be expected that they should meet, when united in the same service, with very pleasurable feelings. Certainly Colonel Wellesley did not imagine that his appointment could be agreeable to General Baird; and the following despatch of Lord Wellesley will show that his anticipations were of a similar character:—

"*The Marquis Wellesley to Major-General Baird.*

"My dear General, Fort-William, February 10th 1801.

"You will find, by your instructions of this date, that your present destination is to the Red Sea and Egypt, for the purpose of co-operating in the great

object of expelling the French from that most important position. A more worthy sequel to the storm of Seringapatam could not be presented to your genius and valor. I have chosen my brother to second you in this glorious enterprise, and I rely on your giving the public the full benefit of his talents, by admitting him to your cordial confidence, and by uniting most harmoniously and zealously with him in the prosecution of my wishes.

"I have manifested an honorable confidence in you by selecting you for this service, which, if successful, will attract the applause and admiration of the whole world. In return, I claim from you the full benefit for myself and my country, not only of your services, but of those of my brother and of all the gallant and able officers whom he has brought with him to the army. I desire that you will arrange some mode of confirming in active and honorable stations the whole of his staff, and of those who have accompanied him.

"I recommend it to you also to employ Lieut.-Colonel Murray, of the 84th, whom I shall send to Mocha; he has been active, and has manifested ability at Suez and Aden. I also recommend Captain Wilson, aid-de-camp to Mr. Duncan, on the same grounds of experience in the affairs of Arabia and Egypt.

"May the same providential protection which accompanied you to the gates of Tippoo Sultaun's palace conduct you to Cairo; and may you be the happy instrument of completing the expulsion of the French from India—a work so nobly commenced in Mysore! Remember that the harmony and cordial union of our counsels in the field were the main sources of all our triumphs in that glorious war, which has rendered your name memorable in the annals of your country. For the rest I have no apprehension; and I trust you will preserve my favorable opinion, by preserving unanimity in your army.

"Believe me," &c.

The reply of General Baird to the preceding letter is worthy of a gallant soldier, and would do honor to any man. A noble confidence breathes in every line of it, and in simplicity of style it exhibits a striking contrast to the embellished and rhetorical composition of the Governor-General. We cannot resist the pleasure of giving it entire.

"*Major-General Baird to the Marquis Wellesley.*

"My Lord, On board the Phœnix, 22d February, 1801.

"Your Lordship's instructions to me of the 10th instant I have perused with much attention, as well as the letters to which they refer, pointing out many and serious difficulties. I beg to assure your Lordship that every possible exertion will be used on my part to surmount them; as yet I have never met with any that were not to be got the better of by a steady perseverance, and I hope I shall not on this occasion. The greatest difficulties we shall have to encounter are, a regular supply of provisions and the means of moving with celerity; but as these depend on your Lordship's foresight, and from the arrangements you have already made, I have no doubt we shall be enabled to surmount them. It is unnecessary to say more at present, than that the most vigorous measures shall be adopted to endeavor to carry into full effect the grand object of the expedition, and to assure your Lordship that the talents of your brother, as well as of every other officer, shall have full scope; trust me, my Lord, I harbor no little jealousy. All in my breast is zeal for my king and country.

"I will endeavor to make such an arrangement for the employment of those officers intended for the staff by Colonel Wellesley, as I hope will meet with your Lordship's approbation.

"I have now to request your Lordship's acceptance of my warmest acknowledgments for the very handsome and friendly manner you have been pleased to express yourself towards me, and particularly on this occasion in your private letter of the 10th instant.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

In another letter to lord Wellesley he expresses similar sentiments. "Your lordship may rest assured," he says, "that every thing in my power shall be done to promote and maintain harmony in the army of which you have honored me with the command, and particularly with your brother, for whom I entertain the most sincere regard."

Colonel Wellesley was not of a temperament to remain unmoved by the kind and conciliatory conduct of General Baird. Nothing can be more gratifying than to know that the feelings of alienation between such men not only ceased on more intimate intercourse, but were replaced by sentiments of sincere and lasting regard. It would be injustice to all parties were we to omit quoting the following letter. It is full of character.

Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major-General Baird.

"Dear General, Bombay, 9th April, 1801.

"The first circumstance I have to detail to you is the state of my health, which is indeed the cause of this letter. I have had no fever since I saw you; but I am sorry to say, that the breaking out of which I complained is worse than it was; and has become so bad as to induce Mr. Scott to order me to begin a course of nitrous baths. This remedy, exclusive of the disease itself, is sufficient to induce me to be desirous to wait, at least rather longer than the Susannah will; if not to give over all thoughts of joining you.

"I do this, I assure you, with reluctance, notwithstanding I think it very probable that I shall soon hear of your being recalled; however, considering that circumstance, and the bad state of my body, and the remedy which I am obliged to use, I should be mad if I were to think of going at this moment.

"As I am writing upon this subject, I will freely acknowledge that my regret at being prevented from accompanying you has been greatly increased by the kind, candid, and handsome manner in which you have behaved towards me; and I will confess as freely, not only that I did not expect such treatment, but that my wishes before you arrived, regarded going upon the expedition, were directly the reverse of what they are at this moment. I need not enter further upon this subject, than to entreat you will not attribute my stay to any other motive than that to which I have above assigned it: and to inform you, that as I know what has been said and expected by the world in general, I propose, as well for my own credit as for yours, to make known to my friends and to yours, not only the distinguished manner in which you have behaved towards me, but the causes which have prevented my demonstrating my gratitude, by giving you every assistance in the arduous service which you have to conduct.

"I shall stay here as long as the season will permit, and then I propose to go round to Madras; and if I cannot get well, I believe I must try a cold climate.

"The Maria Louisa is unable to go on at present, and the 80th regiment will sail by Saturday in the Morad Bey, 150; the Nelson, 70: the Dundas, 70; and about seventy followers distributed in the three ships. They will have six months' provisions of every thing, even of meat. The Asia would have been taken up for this detachment, according to your desire, only that she is dismasted, and wants copper on her bottom; and the owners were desirous she should go into dock, if only for three days, before she should take her departure for the Red Sea. This operation, however, and the equipment of her with masts, &c., were likely to take more time than will be lost by the slow sailing of the vessels above mentioned; and I, therefore, preferred them, and they will be ready immediately.

"I enclose the memorandum upon your operations, and I refer you to my public letter for other matters. Wishing you every success,

"Believe me," &c.

With this we terminate the present article. Our next will present the Victor of Assaye.

THE PAGE.

A STORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES IX.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Duke Lewis Gonzaga, the heir of Mantua, was standing by the window of his chamber in the Louvre. He had just dismissed the attendant, and had extinguished the lights which he had placed upon the table, as if to surround himself without with the same gloom which weighed upon his spirit within. In this, however, he was unsuccessful: for the silver moonlight, which had at first been overpowered by the glare of the tapers, now poured into the apartment in its full lustre, and illuminated the busy and crowded street beneath. The light which streamed upon all objects around him seemed to increase the discomposure of the Prince; he gazed from the window with looks of impatience almost approaching to passion.

"Am I not a fool," said he at length, "thus to fall in love with a statue, and still more so to lose my temper, that a mere statue should be without heart and without feeling? Yes, a statue indeed, she is rightly named; such is Diana of Nevers. But, I will have done with this folly. I will direct my affections to a worthier object. Her companion, the Princess Renée, has charms that, had not mine eyes been blinded by some spell, must have cast into the shade the marble beauties of Diana. She is the sister of the King. True; but a Prince—who sees before him in no remote perspective the prospect of a throne, may surely, without presumption, lift his eyes even to that lofty prize. Yes, Diana, you have rejected my hand—you have forbidden my attentions—you shall be gratified; I shall bestow them elsewhere."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of an attendant, who, astonished at finding the tapers extinguished, stood in the doorway without entering.

"What is the matter?" said the Duke with some irritation.

"My Lord, the unknown page, who has called twice without seeing you, is here a third time. He observed you enter the palace, and though I told him you had given orders not to be disturbed, he will not go away, but insists on speaking to you. I have therefore ventured to announce him."

"Light the tapers again," said the Duke, endeavoring to overcome the remnant of his feeling of ill-humor. "Let him enter."

A young man entered, dressed in the plain garb of a citizen, yet arranged with a certain air of studied simplicity; its dark color relieved by a small white scarf, worn on the shoulder, like that of a knight. The Duke eyed his visitor with astonishment; for the figure which this simple attire invested was one to which the court of Charles, remarkable as it then was for its display of manly beauty, scarcely furnished a parallel. The fine proportion of the limbs was equalled by the beauty of the features, on which sat an expression of boldness derived from the consciousness of their power, with which, however, the modesty of his bearing was at variance.

"What is your wish with me?" said Don Lewis, with a piercing look, and in a tone in which his secret vexation was perceptible.

The youth made a sudden and apparently almost involuntary movement, as if to clasp his hand; he dropped his own, however, immediately, and said with some confusion, "To obtain something which at present you do not seem inclined to grant, and yet upon which my whole hope is placed."

"And that is" —— continued the Duke, still eyeing him steadily.

"It is three days," replied the youth, "since I came to Paris: on the very day of my arrival your first page was killed by a fall of his horse in hunting. I come to ask his place; for I am not accustomed to make my way up to preferment from below."

"Hah!—that place is not to be obtained so lightly. Who are you?"

"A stranger," replied the youth, "as my accent must have informed you. I am what I appear. If you are pleased with my outside, you shall not find yourself deceived in the inner man; but I have no recommendations to present to you.

"Whence are you then? of what family?"

"If I please you, my lord, my zeal shall do no discredit to it."

"You may please me, but that is not enough."

"Let it be enough. How easy it would be for me to invent a story, to exhibit papers and letters of recommendation; but I disdain to deceive a good and confiding master by a lie, and I *cannot* tell the truth. My wish is simply to form myself under so renowned a master of arms, and believe me I shall do you no discredit."

"What is your name?"

"I call myself Caussade de St. Megret; but that is not my real name."

"Young man, I too am young, but older than you. Believe me, no good can come of half revelations. If you would gain my confidence—be open with me. Tell me all."

"Duke!" exclaimed the youth, interrupting him, "have I not already in what I have said shown the greatest confidence? I intrust you with my life, with my happiness—and willingly would I intrust you with all, did not the vow which I have made to my lady forbid."

"Your lady!" repeated the Duke, scarcely restraining a slight sneer as his eye glided over the beardless beauty of the youth, and rested on the white scarf he wore; "and that scarf is of course of her color?"

"Even so," said the youth.

"Strange!" whispered Gonzaga to himself—and the word was no sooner uttered than a sudden thought seemed to cross his mind. He rose and stood for a moment before the mirror, as if comparing his own noble and expressive features with those of the youth; then continuing his whispered soliloquy, "Be it so," he said. "Could I find a better or fitter revenge than that this proud beauty should prefer the page to the prince, the boy to the man?—that she has perhaps already done so. I will make the experiment. Caussade," turning to the page, "I will try at least how far you are qualified to fill the place of my poor follower."

That very evening Caussade was admitted into the service of the Prince. He seemed overjoyed at his situation. Not so Gonzaga himself. As he lay that night tossing on his couch, he began a little to repent the precipitancy with which he had acted. The reflection occurred to him that he had thus perhaps been the means of enabling an adventurer to prosecute some unworthy design against her whom he secretly—though he could hardly say why—believed to be the object of his attentions, and yet he felt again as if he could rely securely on the cold heart and icy virtue of Diana. A voice within whispered that she who had remained untouched by the honorable homage of the Prince's heart, would not yield to the arts or idle flatteries of a page. He determined, however, to keep a watchful eye on both; and should his worst apprehensions be confirmed, he would then at least have the bitter comfort of knowing that Diana had been unworthy of his love, and would be enabled to banish entirely every lingering thought of her from his bosom.

Several weeks elapsed, but with all his attention the Duke could perceive no traces of the least intelligence or even acquaintance between the page and the fair Diana. He thought he perceived indeed, that when Caussade was in the company of the Princess of Nevers, and her friend the Princess Renée, as he sometimes had occasion to be, while in attendance on the person of the Prince, the page's eye sparkled with unusual lustre; but if so, it encountered no answering glow on the part of Diana; and her look still wore that calm and moveless beauty which formed its habitual expression. To the Duke himself, since she had declined the offer of his hand, her conduct was marked by all her former gentleness; nay, he almost thought at times that he could trace an air of pity in her eye, as it rested upon him—though the instant he turned towards her, or addressed her, she seemed to shrink into herself, and to resume her former air of impassiveness.

While Caussade continued to rise in the good graces of his master, his position among his fellow-servants was very different. In proportion as he was zealous and dutiful in presence of his master, he was dictatorial and imperious among the household: contriving with great dexterity to throw upon his companions all the troublesome and disagreeable duties of his office, and yet in such a manner that they did not venture to complain, for the rapid and mysterious way in which

he had at once been placed over their heads, and the obvious freedom with which he treated even his master, plainly showed that he was far deeper in the Duke's confidence than themselves. His uncommon dexterity in every thing relating to hunting, and the presence of mind which he had occasional opportunities of showing, had not only won the favor of the Duke, but even attracted the notice of the King, at whose hunting parties he now formed a regular attendant. To the King's inquiry after his birth, he had answered that he was the son of a nobleman of Savoy; and although his accent was evidently that of a foreigner, he spoke French with so much fluency, that it would have required a more practised ear than was then to be found at the Court to determine to what nation he owed his birth.

It was on a fine summer morning about this time, when the rays of the sun, though giving promise of a sultry day, still shone only with a mild and refreshing warmth, that two females were seen standing side by side on a terrace of the castle of Vincennes, to which the Court had removed with the commencement of summer. An arbor, composed of rare and fragrant plants arranged in flower-pots, the branches of which were entwined in festoons above their heads, shaded them from the sun, and almost concealed them from the eye.

The one was little, delicate, ethereal, such as one would picture a sylph, though a complexion inclining to the brunette, and two dark eyes that sparkled like playful lightning, gave token, after all, of her terrestrial origin. The other was tall, slender, with features of the most regular beauty; the slightest tinge of color animated her cheek; mildness and repose spoke from the dark hue of her eye, while a dewy moisture within it gave to her countenance an expression of still melancholy, which seemed to speak of sacrifice and resignation. The former was the princess Renée of France—the latter her friend, Diana of Nevers.

The cheerful note of preparation for the hunt, which rose from the castle court below, had aroused the royal princess at an early hour. Waking her friend, who, according to the custom of the time, shared with her, as *dame d'atours*, her chamber and her couch, they hastened, in light morning attire, to the terrace, where, concealed within their flowery arbor, they waited to witness the departure of the royal cavalcade. They stood there in silence, with eyes and ears intent, till the train wound out, the last blast of the horn sounded, and the castle gates were again closed. The Princess Renée turned to her friend with a look of archness in her countenance. She saw that the shade of pensiveness which generally characterised her looks had now gathered itself into tears.

"Do I see aright?" she exclaimed joyfully. "Yes; you are not the cold statue which the Court calls you. Ah! that stolen glance, which sought you from below, I see, has found its object. You have a heart, Diana; conceal it not."

Diana looked at her as if with surprise. "I observed no glance," said she, with a constrained smile, through which, however, a suppressed sigh made its way.

"Happy girl!" replied the Princess, lightening her heart by a loud sigh, which she did not seek to suppress. "Why deny it? You are not prevented by the ceremonial of a court or the caprice of an imperious brother from following the inclinations of your heart. Why look you on me so suspiciously? Lay that glowing cheek on my bosom, and confess to me—'Sister, I am happy.' Ah! had that glance been directed to me!" And so saying, she embraced her friend with agitation, burying her cheeks and eyes in her bosom, as if seeking to conceal the tears which threatened to burst forth amidst the folds of her drapery.

"I understand ye not, Renée; speak more plainly."

"The glance—must I speak it?—of the fair Caussade," whispered the Princess, looking up with an air of suspicious fear: "he alone observed us. As he rode out, I saw him turn round twice to gaze upon you."

"I observed him not," said Diana, coldly, almost contemptuously.

"And yet there glitters a trembling moisture in your eye. On whom, if not on him, were its glances directed? Why do you blush? I disguise not my feelings. My brother's train

consists of the very flower of chivalry. To Charles himself Nature has not been indifferent; but I have eyes only for one. Forgive your friend if, occupied with her own thoughts, she has failed to spy out your favorite, and tell me, without further concealment, who, amidst that glittering cavalcade, appears the fairest and the most amiable in *your* eyes. Nay, no preaching tones," said she, laying her finger on Diana's lips. "Be gentle; repel not my confidence; for I, too, feel impelled, by an irresistible temptation, to deposit a sweet secret in your breast. Who is the fairest and the most amiable?"

"Be it so then," said Diana gazing on her with a look of anxiety, "your confidence is dearer to me than any thing. The fairest, say you—in truth, Renée, I know not—but the most amiable is the Duke Gonzaga."

"Gonzaga!" exclaimed the Princess, with surprise, "and is it he you love?"

"Love him!" repeated Diana, "I said not that; and yet, Renée"—and she with difficulty repressed her tears, —"I almost believe so. But fear not. You see how his whole attachment, his whole attentions are directed to you alone. Mistake me not. It is not love, —it is sisterly anxiety which agitates me. What can come of it? Your brother will never bestow your hand upon the Duke."

"I love him not," said the Princess, hastily; "but you!——This does indeed surprise me. Why then did you refuse his hand, or are the reports of his secret courtship and your refusal untrue? I cannot believe it."

"Were he again to offer me his hand it would be again refused," said Diana, sinking her eyes to the ground.

"How am I to understand this?"

"His happiness is too dear to me to allow me to sacrifice his prospects on my account. A princely coronet in prospect is his; but were his uncle in Mantua dead, his pretensions are not so clear, so undisputed, but that in that land of intrigue he would have ample need of powerful connections, active relations, and ample treasures to support his claims. What could the poor parentless Princess of Nevers do for him? A union with me would only close the door against his rights and make his wife a burden to him."

"Strange, overscrupulous girl!" said the Princess, looking at her intently and with surprise—"You might be happy, and yet for the sake of a mere chimera you sacrifice that happiness. Alas! what have we poor maidens left in this world, if we are voluntarily to sacrifice its brightest jewel—love? I must resign it, I was born to do so—but you—strange!"

"Then learn from me, dear Renée, to make the sacrifice patiently when it must be made."

"I shall make none to which I am not compelled by outward force," said Renée, with emotion. "And so it is to me that your faithless swain pays his court? I will not deny that I was flattered by the thought of being able by a gentle smile to atone for your coldness; but now since this confidence I look upon the matter in another light. I love him not—and could not—Oh! Diana, ungrateful friend"—stopping short, and concealing her glowing cheeks on the bosom of her friend—"Oh, Diana! you have attached to yourself a sweeter glance, and will not perceive it: Oh! how I loathe this greatness, which scares from the heart every feeling of love."

"What do you mean," said Diana; "and of what glance do you speak?"

"Of that which reached you without your knowing of it—of that of the handsome Caussade."

"The madman!" replied Diana, in a tone of irritation. "True, it is not the first time I have witnessed his shameless glances—not directed indeed to me, but to you; although I will not deny it, I perceived also that he had no objection to make use of me as a device to conceal their true direction. Be candid with me, Renée! you know it as well as I; trust not the audacious youth."

"I wished but to hear it confirmed by you," said Renée, blushing; "but you call him shameless, audacious. Why so? because he has an open heart—an eye for beauty—because love gives him courage to dare any thing"——

Their conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of some of the attendants of the Princess, to announce that her presence was required in some of the usual monotonous avocations of the day. Nor did the friends find an opportunity of meeting again till the vesper bells were ringing, and the hunting party, amidst a

peal of woodland music, had re-entered the castle.

Renée pressed the hand of Diana, and whispered, "I have thought of all you said. You are a saint, Diana, however heathenish your name may sound. Yet even the saints are permitted to be happy—and, by our Lady, I shall do my best to make you so: Gonzaga shall be yours."

"For God's sake," exclaimed the Princess of Nevers, in terror, "let me not have occasion to repent my confidence in you!"

"That you shall not," replied Renée. "Confide in me: I will not interfere, if such is your resolve; but, at least, be not angry if I would fain learn whether Gonzaga is to be the man. Listen, and do not chide me. I have spent the morning, as usual, in the apartment of the Duchess of Mantua, tumbling over her books. She is a very learned lady, as you know, though she makes little pretension to it. Among others, I met with a thick quarto volume, written on vellum, and illuminated with strange painted figures. Know you of what the book treated? Of natural magic! The Duchess and I talked a great deal about it: it is all perfectly innocent, I assure you. And now, tell me"—said she, pausing, and putting her finger to her forehead—"do you happen to have in your possession any sword or weapon belonging to your family?"

"I believe," said Diana, with some surprise, "my brothers, when they joined the army, left a number of articles in my possession; and that there are weapons among them."

"Excellent!" exclaimed her friend, clapping her hands joyfully together. "Come, come!" And hurrrying to the wardrobe, she was not long in finding a sword among its miscellaneous contents.

"But explain, explain," cried Diana, following her.

"We have found what was wanting. Ere to-morrow morning—if you have courage to confide in good spirits—you shall know whether Gonzaga is destined to be yours or not. Natural magic, you must know, Diana, teaches us, that if any one, man or woman, wishes to know whether the beloved object shall be theirs, she must place under his pillow a naked sword; and if she dream of him during the night, when he sleeps above the blade, her wishes shall be realised. Why do you look at me thus doubtingly? The hour is favorable. The Duke is engaged at a late dinner with the King: we can cross his mother's apartment, who is now gone to vespers. A small stair, as you know, leads from her chamber to his sleeping-room: we cannot be surprised; and we can easily conceal the weapon in the folds of our robes."

The princess of Nevers had listened in silence, with a blush on her cheek: she had involuntarily pressed the hand of her friend—a gentle hope seemed unconsciously to arise in her mind and to be reflected in her looks; but suddenly calming her emotion, she exclaimed, "To the Duke's chamber. Oh! never—never will I do that which would call a blush into my cheek, even though undetected; I will never do that which the whole world might not behold. Would Renée of France advise her friend to do what she conceives to be beneath her own dignity?"

"Had I the same inducement, Diana, I would not hesitate an instant."

"I cannot."

"And you believe me capable of leading my friend into a snare I would myself avoid? Give me the sword, I will myself place it under his pillow."

"You! the sister of the King, enter the chamber of the Duke!"

"And why not? He is not there. Come to the window; see how busily the pages and servants are still occupied with the banquet. Come, I will take your place."

"O, Renée, be prudent. Should any one meet you"——

"Accompany me only to the Duchess's apartment. Once there, all is easy. On the little stair leading to the Duke's there is no chance of meeting any one. And should impossibilities happen," she added, "a Princess may lose her way in the dark passages of the castle as well as others."

"Do as you will then," said Diana, "but remember your promise."

They soon reached the apartment of the Duchess. Renée, light as a nymph, with one finger placed on her smiling mouth, and the sword in her other hand, flew without hesitation

towards the door in the tapestry leading to the stair, and disappeared. Anxiously, and with beating heart, Diana awaited her return in the middle of the room; she could not hear a footstep, so gently had the Princess ascended the stair. She counted, with anxiety, the minutes till her return, which was not long delayed; but instead of the noiseless step with which she had mounted the stairs, Diana now heard her rush down the stair as if pursued. She burst into the room, glowing, breathless, almost sinking to the ground but for the support of the sword which she still held in her hand, and with terror in her looks she threw herself into the clasping arms of her friend.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the latter, almost on the point of fainting, like her friend.

"Oh, nothing—nothing; and yet everything! Nothing that will betray you; but I—I am lost. And yet would I not exchange that moment for a crown."

"Speak—speak—I am dying with anxiety and terror," interrupted Diana.

"Oh! would I had died before this," cried the princess, bursting out into a passion of tears. "But stay—calm yourself—you shall hear all. First, however, we must conceal the sword," and seating herself, she enveloped it dexterously in the folds of her dress. "Listen, then. I reached the Duke's chamber. The atmosphere felt faint and sultry—I never was conscious of such a feeling of oppression. I summoned up courage, however, and stood for a moment listening under the doorway. All was still around me—not a hush. Alas, it was a treacherous stillness. I advanced towards the bed with a stealthy pace. I drew back, with hasty hand, the silken curtains. The chamber, as you know, fronts the west. The last ruddy rays of the setting sun illuminated the couch. Oh! conceive my terror!—there he lay."

"How?—who? The Duke? Oh! my God!"

"No!—the graceful page, Caussade de St. Megret. The lazy page, tired with hunting, and, perhaps, unwilling to be caught asleep by his fellow-servants, had availed himself of his master's absence at the banquet to enjoy an hour upon his bed. I had never had an opportunity of seeing him so near—so exactly. And now I comprehended why I had found the air of the apartment so sultry so oppressive."

"And you hurried away immediately," cried Diana, clasping her hand.

Renée shook her head. "I could not, at first. I was fettered—fascinated"——and she paused.

"But why did you hurry back in such terror, Princess?"

"He awoke. Nay, start not. He did not recognise me. As he opened his eyes I vanished. He may have observed my flight, but ere he could raise himself from the couch I was gone. Chide me not, Diana; it was done through love of thee."

"But not through my wish, Princess;" then changing her tone of displeasure to one of deep pity—"Alas! Renée," said she, as she witnessed the agitation of her friend, "If this be love, I thank God for that coldness of heart with which you reproached me. Cold it is not; but it knows no flame like this. You terrify me. You love an adventurer, of whom the Duke himself, it appears, knows little, though he conceals his ignorance in a veil of mystery, that he may not appear to have been guilty of a foolish action. Renée, Princess, think of the consequences."

"The consequences!" repeated Renée, boldly. "I will tell you what they will be. First, a brief, happy dream of love, then a long and hapless marriage. I will secure some moments of happiness first, that I may have strength to bear my misery afterwards. Fear me not, though I am made of different mould from thee. Your friend, and the sister of a king, will not forget her rank; but to see him—to listen to the accents of his voice—to speak to him"——

"Speak to him!" exclaimed Diana, in terror.

"Not with words; but I fear my glances have spoken long before. Listen, Diana; it was but lately the King communicated to me that the second son of the King of England, the Duke of —— ah! what care I for the name—is a suitor for my hand. His picture will arrive immediately. Short is the space, then, allowed me to be my own mistress. If I lose it"——

"But if some spy—if the King himself"——

"The King! I fear him not. We have nothing to fear from the jealousy of any one except Gonzaga; and against his jealous observation a beloved friend knows how to guard us."

"I!" cried Diana, with anxiety.

"Why that look of terror? I ask not much. I ask you only, as before, to be by my side—to follow my footsteps—to watch my glances—to let him dwell upon your face when jealous observers are by; be my protecting spirit, if you will not be the patron of my love."

Reconciled, but not calmed, Diana withdrew from her friend's embrace to her chamber. The lively temperament of her friend—the recklessness with which she was accustomed to give free play to her inclinations, were not calculated to remove the fear she felt of some unfortunate issue, and it was with an anxious heart and gloomy presentiments that she retired to rest.

Renée, on the contrary, would readily have regained her ordinary lightheartedness, had not her apprehensions been awakened again by an unfortunate discovery. In undressing, she found she had lost a white silk sash, with a gold clasp ornamented with rubies, which had been the gift of her royal brother, and which the beauty of the workmanship would have enabled any one easily to recognise. She thought of her hasty retreat from the Duke's bedroom, and began to fear she might have dropt it on the stair, or even in the room itself. In this case it might have fallen into the hands of the Duke or of a servant, who could hardly be expected to conceal the discovery, and thus a detection might take place which would be attended with the most disagreeable consequences. So terrified was she that she did not even dare to consult Diana; but paying an early morning visit to the Duchess's apartment, she carried her eyes vainly into every corner; listened to every whisper among the attendants, but still without hearing of any thing having been found; and now the certainty that the sash must have been dropt outside the Duchess's room, increased her anxiety. Neither this day nor the following did any thing occur to throw light upon its disappearance. On the third day the King had another hunting party; but this time the Princess had not the heart to watch their departure. In the mean time it had occurred to her as possible, that the missing ornament might have fallen into the hands either of some covetous servant, or that perhaps some more trusty attendant, knowing or suspecting its owner, was only waiting a proper opportunity of placing it again in her hand.

Allowing her friend then to attend the Duchess that morning, she herself, under some pretext, took her away towards a gallery which connected her apartments with those of the King, and to which the way led through one or two narrow and solitary passages. As she was passing through one of these, Caussade suddenly presented himself before her. She had supposed him at the hunt, and was struck dumb by his unexpected appearance. What was her consternation, however, when, after casting a hasty glance around him, he knelt down, and without uttering a word, presented to her the sash with the ruby clasp.

What she would have snatched with avidity from any other hand, she allowed to remain for some moments in his. His evident conviction that she was its owner, his position, his silence, all announced to her that he had recognised her in the Duke's apartment, and she felt horrorstruck at the conclusion he might have drawn from her presence there. She ventured not to ask a question or to deign to him a look either of censure or of thanks; as she stretched out her arms to receive the sash, the hands of both trembled so that they involuntarily touched each other; and the ear of the agitated Princess caught the words, whispered soft and low, "I alone know of the discovery, and I am silent and true."

The words pointed too plainly towards the suspicion of a secret understanding between the Princess and the Duke, to allow Renée to hesitate a moment in putting an end to the suspicion. At first, however, her offended dignity could not find words. "It is well then for your master," said she gravely, "that you are so. To me you owe nothing, farther than that respect which my sex if not my dignity demands. That respect might teach you to believe that nothing but a mistake could have led my steps from the apartment of the Duchess-mother to that of her son; my very agitation on discovering you might have convinced you of this."

She paused, she could not proceed; a deep blush purpled her cheeks, and, unknown to herself, a look betrayed to Caussade what the mouth of the Princess would not for worlds have revealed to him.

It was true she had been discovered. Caussade had scarcely laid himself down on the Duke's bed, when he heard the tapestry pushed aside. Fearful of being surprised, he had drawn the curtains hastily together, and looked through the small opening still left. The open and almost smiling countenance of the Princess; the drawn sword in her hand, the haste and anxiety with which she approached the bed, were an enigma to him. Her terror on discovering him changing the same moment into a look of too expressive admiration, flattered his excited fancy too much not to quench every jealous suspicion which her appearance there might have at first awakened; and her sudden flight, when he pretended to awake, served to confirm the pleasing conclusions he had drawn.

"I was aware," he replied, without losing his presence of mind, notwithstanding the severity of the Princess's tone, "I was aware the instant you fled that your entrance was the consequence of mistake. And the proof that I did so, is that I did not mention to my master what I had found—as I should otherwise have thought myself bound to do, and that I had been vainly seeking an opportunity for two days past of restoring it to you."

"I thank you," said the Princess in a milder tone, "and will not forget your discretion."

"O, Princess," sighed he, still kneeling, "if you are not in truth offended with me, leave me a memorial of this hour, the sweetest of my life—when I was first permitted to exchange words with you. Take the jewels, but leave me this silken band, valueless to you—to me of priceless value."

Alas! poor Renée was in no condition to chide. Her thoughts were all confusion; terror, delight, maidenly shame, the recollections of her rank, crossed and bewildered each other; at last, in a tone, to which she endeavored to impart as much of coldness and indifference as she could throw into the words, she said, "Keep the whole it is enough for me to know that it is in safe hands."

She said no more; she hurried from him as she had done before, but with a look more eloquent than any confession in words. He sprang up, and would have pursued her, but at that instant he heard the door closed and bolted behind her. He paused for a moment, as if in thought. "No!" he exclaimed, "I were a monster if, after that look, I could believe in any connection with Gonzaga! Now my destiny is decided." And he hurried from the gallery.

When the Princess again reached her chamber, she sank exhausted into a seat. Agitation, repentence, shame, contended in her mind; but she could not but feel that at last every feeling merged in one of satisfaction, almost of transport. She determined to conceal this last secret even from her friend, who had no difficulty in discovering, notwithstanding, from her agitated embrace, and unconscious reveries, that something remarkable had taken place.

In the mean time the portrait of the English Prince arrived. It represented a young man, the unpleasing expression of whose features the painter had used all his art to disguise, but with partial success. Even the adroit representations of the ambassador, who requested the princess to suspend her judgment till the arrival of the original, on the ground that nothing but extreme haste could have induced him to present to her a portrait which did the Prince so much injustice, failed to remove the unfavorable impression which the miniature itself had produced. In the present excited state of the Princess's mind, even the disadvantages of the Prince's external appearance seemed rather to afford matter for satisfaction; and among her confidential friends she ventured to give vent to her satirical opinions on the subject, with a freedom which induced the Duchess-mother to remonstrate with her in the most serious manner on her conduct. The King, before whom she took no trouble to disguise her sentiments, measured her with a gloomy expression, but remained silent. He seemed less imperious than wont, but more suspicious, more irritable; a state of mind which was perhaps to be accounted for, or at least was naturally increased, by the evil

tidings which he at this time received of the fate of the Neapolitan campaign, in which his army, it appeared, had been completely defeated, many of his nobility killed, among others the two Princes de Nevers, the brothers of Diana. This intelligence, deeply as it grieved the heart of Diana, of course put an end to those projects of a conventual life, which her family had entertained for her in her childhood.

She became immediately, as might be expected, the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," the object of adoration at court. By the death of her brothers her fortune had now become enormous. No alteration, however, was observable in her demeanor, except that her friend observed that her gentle eye seemed secretly to rest oftener than before on Gonzaga, who with a corresponding anxiety seemed to avoid her glance.

The King, in the mean time, daily becoming more gloomy and more irritable through corporeal suffering, for his naturally weak habit of body had been increased by vexation at the failure of his military schemes, resorted every day to his favorite pastime of hunting, accompanied by a small train, of which Gonzaga and Caussade always formed a part. The latter seemed obviously advancing in his good graces, while his master was as visibly declining; for the attentions which the Duke openly paid to his sister could not escape his notice, while they plainly were in the highest degree distasteful to him; the more so that they appeared on her part to be received with approbation, and that at the very moment when he her brother was toiling to raise her to a throne, she was treating the individual whom he had selected only with sarcasm and contempt. With his usual power of controlling his emotions, however, he disguised his irritation; determined, nevertheless, to avail himself of the first opportunity to remove out of his way the impediment which opposed itself to his wishes.

Charles had on one occasion been separated from his train in pursuit of a stag, and had been extricated by the arrival and presence of mind of Caussade, who, however, had only succeeded in preserving the King's life, at the price of a severe wound, which was followed by a fainting fit occasioned by loss of blood. The King sprung from his horse, and hurried, without waiting for the arrival of his train, who were still at some distance, to restore the wounded page to his senses, by tearing open his vest to give him air. The first object on which his eye rested, as the Duke Gonzaga came up, was the white band with the ruby ornament resting on Caussade's breast. He recognised it at a glance. His next rested on the Duke, who, although he did not recognise the ornament, seemed confounded to see a white silk band so adorned on his page's breast. But remarking the penetrating eye of the King directed upon him, he thought it most prudent to pretend that he had seen nothing; so he hurried to a neighboring spring in search of water, while the King, with sudden resolve, placed the riband within his own breast. Caussade had in the mean time recovered his senses, and ignorant of the loss of his treasure, and delighted at having been the means of preserving the King's life, abandoned himself to a feeling of youthful triumph. He seemed determined not to quit the King's side. The latter, though his brow was clouded, seemed not displeased by his zeal. He gave his train a signal to ride on before, while he followed with Caussade at a little distance.

"Caussade," said he, turning suddenly, and directing a piercing glance towards the confounded page, "you have betrayed a secret—but (and thank the saints for it) as I hope, to me alone!—for thus I am enabled to requite life for life. Caussade, how comes my sister's sash in your hands?"

Caussade stood for an instant as if struck by lightning. "Your sister, sire?" said he at last mechanically.

"How comes it in your hands?" repeated the King, still more sternly. "I will promise to conceal what you tell me; but the honor of my house demands inquiry, and I will know how that ornament comes to be on your bosom."

"Sire," said Caussade, who had now recovered his presence of mind, "I know not the owner. A ruby in the clasp had broken loose. The Duke desired me to have it quietly replaced—perhaps the Princess may have directed him."

"The Princess!—direct him! Ah!

I see you would conceal some intrigue with some of her attendants. No matter, I will not betray the falsehood. Restore that riband to him who intrusted it to you. And be silent with regard to this conversation if you value your life."

The King rode forwards. Caussade's handsome lip curled into a sneer. "Yes, sire," he whispered to himself, "I might have told you such a tale of myself; but you would not have believed it. Well. The Duke must get out of the scrape now as he can. At all events, his head is not so likely to pay for it as that of a poor page. And I owe him a grudge, since he has taken it upon himself for some time past to direct his glances where they are little wished for."

Caussade was not the man to be daunted by what had taken place; he only followed the King a little more slowly, and when his master entered his own apartments late in the evening, the page seemed almost to have forgotten what had happened. Not so Gonzaga himself. The King had this evening treated him with more than usual coldness. A perpetual cloud seemed to lower upon his brow, and he was frequently lost in glomy reveries. The Duke could not but ascribe this increased irritability to the adventure of the morning. And setting down all to the credit of the unlucky page, he determined to bring matters to a crisis with him at once.

"It is time, Seigneur Caussade de St. Megret," said he, as soon as they were alone, "that I should tell you plainly what I have hitherto avoided doing. Your glances have long ago betrayed to me too much. But even these, it seems, will no longer content you. An adventurer, who is a riddle even to his patron, and yet is tolerated by him, should at least beware how he ventures to approach, even with his eyes, an element to which, notwithstanding his amphibious nature, he can scarcely hope to raise himself. What the King drew from your breast this morning might be to me a matter of indifference, were it not probable that the monarch holds me answerable for the audacity of my servants,—and had I not observed too the white color of the riband, which looked but too like a pledge of love. I advise you to make me your confidant at once. Have the goodness, Seigneur Caussade, once more to allow me to look at the jewel."

Shame and displeasure appeared to contend with each other in Caussade's features, but he did his best to affect extreme surprise and consternation. "How," said he, "what say you?—in the King's hands? I have indeed missed it with pain. Well, if he interrogates me I must answer him as I may."

"Him—but not me?" cried Gonzaga, with anger.

"Towards you I am candid, my Lord Duke. I have told you a vow restrains me."

"If it bind you one moment longer, you remain no more in my service. Stay—whither so fast."

"To take my leave, since such is your Grace's pleasure. Yet permit me to remark, you might have chosen a better time for my dismissal."

"That sounds like a threat.—Begone.—Quit the castle!"

Suddenly a dark glow shot into Caussade's cheek, which was as quickly exchanged for a deadly paleness. He made a movement as if to lay hand on his sword; but soon calming himself, he darted a look of indignation on the Duke, bowed with an air of mock reverence, and retreated in silence.

The next morning the King paid an early visit to his sister. He appeared more open and cheerful than for some time past; but his good humor seemed to excite the very opposite feeling in the Princess. The subject of her royal suitor was brought upon the carpet, and Renée could not resist indulging in the usual remarks with which she never failed to treat the matter. Hush! hush!" said Charles at last, with earnestness. "Be on your guard, Renée. The union is fixed. I have already pledged myself for your consent."

"Let him come. I will see him first, and then—time brings counsel."

The brow of the king became visibly clouded. "Renée," said he, "show me the sash with the gold and ruby ornaments, which I presented to you. I should like again to examine the workmanship."

Renée blushed crimson and remained standing before him. "I will not deceive you, brother," said she at last,—"I have it not. I gave it sometime since to the Princess of Nevers. Since her good fortune, a gift of value would have been unsuited to

her. A trifle from me best suits with her elevated fortunes. She throws your sister now into shade," she continued jestingly, scarcely knowing whether the observation proceeded from a slight feeling of envy, or the wish to lead the King's attention to another subject; "who knows but she may soon witness kings at her feet? Even before her accession of riches and dignity she had refused the hand of the Duke Gonzaga."

"In truth," said the King, with a bitter smile, "she seems fortunate in finding a friend disposed to take at second hand what she had rejected." And he retired precipitately, as he always did when he wished to conceal his rising passion, or had not matured his resolutions in regard to its object.

The Princess was at first rejoiced that she had escaped so easily out of this difficulty. But when Caussade suddenly disappeared from court. when neither Gonzaga nor any one else knew what had become of him—when the only intelligence which she could gather was that he had been dismissed from his master's service, a trouble arose in her bosom which every day tended to increase. Since her brief interview with Caussade she had concealed from her friend what had taken place; and the sudden change in Diana's fortunes had still further increased the temporary separation of the friends; but now in this hour of distress she again resolved to resort to her friendly sympathy and to disclose all, when her resolution was shaken by the sudden appearance of Caussade in the train of the King, and in the attire of a young courtier.

The King had perceived that he no longer appeared in the service of the Duke, and missing him at the hunt, where his services had become in a manner indispensable to him, his suspicion and displeasure against the Duke were increased by his disappearance. It appeared probable that the Duke had dismissed him as a penance for his indiscretion, or from fear of discovery. After some days he asked the Duke, with whom since the conversation with his sister he had had little communication (the more so as he suspected the introduction of Diana's name on that occasion to have been a mere pretext), what had become of the page.

"I know not," said the Duke, with apparent unconcern, "where the fellow has gone to. I disliked his mysterious bearing, and dismissed him."

It seemed as if every trifle increased the suspicions of the King. Even in the open avowal of the Duke he thought he perceived the secret consciousness of guilt. He was silent, but that same evening he gave instructions to a confidant, and next morning Caussade appeared in the antechamber of the King. He was soon summoned to the Royal presence.

"Caussade," said the King, "Gonzaga has dismissed you from his service. For what reason?"

"Probably," answered the page, boldly, "because I had not conducted myself therein with sufficient discretion."

"Can mine requite you for the loss?"

"It would indeed," exclaimed Caussade, with delighted surprise; but recovering himself, he asked, "In what service would my gracious master employ me?"

"Wear my colors only," said the King; "you shall no longer have to play the part of a page. You shall be one of my hunting train. You have a sure and steady hand. Tell me—Do you hate the Duke?"

"I love him not, sire!" answered Caussade, after a short silence.

"I hate him," exclaimed the King, gloomily. "Caussade, do thou likewise. I expect from you fidelity and devotion. If you know of any wrong done to me, it is your part to avenge it."

"Your wrongs shall be mine," exclaimed Caussade.

The King looked at him sharply. "Think well what you say or do, Caussade, if you would gain or keep my favor. I am sickly, irritable. A word may excite me to—more than words. There, take this weapon," continued he, with a strange smile, pushing across to Caussade a splendidly ornamented dagger which lay on the table, such as was then generally worn at the girdle; "that I may not be tempted in a moment of passion to raise it against you, since it lies so conveniently before me. Forget not this lesson. Provoke not Kings. Take it, and use it against your enemy, and mine, when need is."

Caussade turned pale as he took the dagger; "and when will need be?" said he, in a hurried and faltering voice.

"When *he* forgets once more that

Charles has no mercy for him, were he ten times a Duke, who seeks to mislead his sister, who forgets the respect due to him, and opposes his will. And now go!"

Caussade went; but scarcely had he reached the chamber assigned to him, when he cast the dagger from him with a shudder. "No, Charles!" said he to himself, "not to this did I engage myself—not to play the assassin's part am I here. True I dislike this imperious Gonzaga; I will revenge myself upon him; but it shall be by repaying evil with good. Now he is safe since his life is in my hand. Perhaps, too, it was I that brought him into this danger. Well, what better does he deserve! Why will he continue to court the favor of her who has eyes only for me, and play the magnifico as he does in her presence! No, pride must have a fall."

The time for decision soon arrived. Two days afterwards he was again hunting in the train of the King, and as he assisted the monarch to mount, Charles whispered in his ear—"Have you your new weapon by you, Caussade!"

Caussade nodded.

"Then to-day let the game fall; I will give you opportunities in the course of the day for executing the deed unobserved."

The King kept his word. In the course of the day he gave the Duke and the page several commissions, so as to separate them from the rest of the train; and in which Caussade easily discerned his intention, that he should attack the Duke in the dark and unfrequented part of the wood. He saw in the agitated features of the King an inquiring, restless, and discontented look when the Duke, after executing the commission, again appeared safe and sound. The day wore on by degrees, and the King, darting a look of vengeance on Caussade, gave the signal for return.

He sent for Caussade instantly into his cabinet. A sort of bold defiance sat upon the features of the youth as he entered; but the gloomy and lowering indignation which sat upon the brow of the King seemed gradually to banish his confidence, and for the first time perhaps in his life he felt his own insignificance in the presence of superior power.

"Boy!" thundered Charles in his ear, "You have made a fool of me. And yet you dare return to a house which you ought never to have entered alive till another had, through your means, been brought hither a corse! Did fear unman your mind,—for of opportunities you had enough!"

"Sire," said Caussade, calming himself and looking up with more confidence, "'twas on your account I paused. Repentance never comes too late—permit me"——

"Silence!" interrupted Charles. "The King knows not the word repentance. Bethink thee of the words with which I delivered that dagger to you. Think of them, and provoke me not. The dagger is destined for him—or you. There is no third course. No—go and choose: to-morrow we hunt again; till then you can deliberate."

Caussade retired. A feeling of despair to which his former life had been entirely a stranger, seemed to overmaster him. "A murderer or murdered—or"—he did not express the thought, but shook his head. "And yet a third course there must be," said he with determination, after an internal contest. "Fool that I am, I have deserved degradation; I will bear it him; my childish dislike to him must disappear before the prospect of his danger."

He hurried to the window. It was still early; lights were burning in all the chambers. He hastened to the chamber of the Duke, whom he fortunately found in the palace—he pushed past the page, who seemed to hesitate about announcing him, and entered the apartment unannouced.

The Duke sprang up in displeasure, and as he saw Caussade draw out a naked dagger, clapped his hand upon his sword; but ere he could draw it, or even utter a word, the latter, casting the dagger from him, had dropped upon his knee.

"What is the matter!" cried the Duke, in surprise.

"See," exclaimed Caussade, with an agitated voice, pointing to the dagger, "there lies my shame. That weapon the King forced into my hands to murder you—the secret suitor of his sister, as he and many believe. I cannot, I will not be a murderer. But both our lives are at stake, we must flee, and that on the instant."

"Flee!" replied the Duke, whose momentary agitation had soon given way to an appearance of cold composure, "Gonzaga never flees."

"So then," replied the youth, almost with a sneer, "you would willingly sa-

crifice existence; for, doubt not, hundreds of murderers are at the King's command, though in this case by good luck he has mistaken his man. I have perhaps unthinkingly been the means of drawing suspicion on you—but I have no time now to accuse *myself;* my purpose is to save *you;* weigh well what you do; you have time to consider till to-morrow's hunt."

Caussade now communicated to him the substance of his conversations with the King—the reports which prevailed at court with regard to his attentions to the Princess—his own suspicions, and all such with a degree of openness, that the Duke almost felt himself reconciled to the young adventurer.

He stood a moment in thought, then said, "lift up the dagger Caussade, and let me look at it. In truth a sharp and trusty weapon—which would glide through clothes and flesh into the heart like wax. Now retire, Gonzaga will not forget this moment. Come to me secretly to-morrow. Mean time I *will* consider of your plan. Take the dagger with you. Let it be to you from this moment a token of honor, and not of shame."

Caussade retired in strong agitation. The Duke looked after him with an apparent calmness; but no sooner had he disappeared, and he began to weigh in its full extent the danger which he had escaped—but as it appeared for a moment only, than the weakness of nature began to assert its power even over the resolution of his mind. He seemed to feel by anticipation the cold steel within his heart; he could see at the time no way of escape from the wrath of the young King, who, when roused to vengeance, was never known to listen to any other voice than that of passion. Wherever he turned his eye, a dagger's point seemed to threaten him. The thought which next to his own peril haunted him was that of his mother and of her grief. His mother! with the recollection of her a glimmering of hope revived, for he remembered how often in times of peril and difficulty her wise counsels had averted evil from her house. Without further pause, with an agitated and hopeful haste, as if he had been flying from the pursuing steel, he dashed down the secret stair into her chamber.

The Duchess was not alone. She was accompanied by the Duchess of Nevers, who had latterly become an almost daily visitor, accustomed to find in the instructive and clear-minded conversation of the Duchess a source of amusement and interest which she met with no where else. Diana, as she saw the Duke rush in in such agitation, withdrew into the recess of a window, not to interrupt a conversation which she foresaw was one requiring the presence of no witnesses. Gonzaga in his present state of excitement scarcely noticed her. In a whisper he communicated to his mother the danger of his position, and entreated her advice.

"Advice!" she repeated with a shudder; "where the King is inflamed to hatred! But stay," said she, interrupting herself, as if a sudden thought crossed her brain. Then after a pause, she continued. "I know but of one plan. You must marry—and to-night. The question is where to find a bride."

Her son stared at her in confusion. The plausibility of this plan as a means of escape was as evident to him as its execution appeared impracticable. In the same moment, however, he saw his mother, with her usual quickness of decision, at the feet of the Princess. "Be our benefactor—save me—save my son!"

Diana, who had overheard no part of the whispered communication, and was wholly at a loss to know to what to ascribe the agitated condition of the Duke, scarcely possessed composure enough to raise the Duchess from the ground, who, with all the eloquence of a mother, briefly put her in possession of the peril in which her son stood.

While she did so, the Duke had, with evident uneasiness, attempted to interrupt the narrative. A dark flush of shame, the herald of a feeling even more painful than the apprehension of death, crimsoned his cheek, while his piercing glance rested with an expression of offended pride upon the Princess, whose paleness by degrees was giving place to a blush not less intense than the Duke's. "Mother," he exclaimed, "what are you doing? This hand she has already"——

"Rejected," added Diana, hastily, "rejected while she was a dowerless and friendless maiden—dedicated by her relations to a conventual life—because she prized it too highly to think of obscuring the lustre of a life to which she would rather have imparted some added rays. When it might have been inclined to think and act otherwise, it was no-

longer placed within her power. If he, in truth, despises not this hand, I lay it with pleasure in his, dear mother." And so saying, she extended it towards the Duke.

"From compassion!" said the Duke, hesitating, and yet overpowered.

"Let not our union be concluded in wrath, Gonzaga," she replied. "My compassion, as you term it, may well be placed against the looks of dislike and anger with which, since that hour, you have met every look of mine. Even then I did not so interpret them: give me, in turn, credit for something better than compassion. To preserve your life, I would indeed, endure death; but how much more gladly would I live, to save it and to render it happy!"

"Do I dream?" said the Duke, sinking at her feet. "Is my hour of darkest peril to be changed at once into the happiest of my life? Oh, Diana, never one instant did I cease to love you! My very uneasiness, my anger, my looks of dislike, what were they all but love?"

The mother weeping tears of joy, laid their hands together, and hastily despatched a messenger to summon a priest, and to communicate to the Princess Renée that her friend would that night remain with her. The young pair, remained alone, exchanging, in a lengthened confidence, all the hopes, fears, and suspicions which, during their long estrangement, had crossed and agitated their minds.

"Now, then," said Gonzaga, at its close, "my faith in you is henceforth unalterable! Do what you will, I will believe in the heart you have bestowed upon me. Let circumstances be what they may, nothing shall hereafter shake my confidence. We are human beings liable to mistake; but I feel that, from this hour, my belief in your fidelity and affection is impregnable. If such be your feeling also, we shall, indeed, be an enviable pair."

She extended her hand to him solemnly. "I at least am so, for I trust in you."

In these confiding communications the night flew by like a moment. The morning had scarcely dawned, when the Duchess-mother reappeared with the priest, and in a few minutes they were secretly united—a circumstance at this time, and in this Court, of no unfrequent occurrence.

No sooner had the hour of the King's levee arrived than the Duke entered the presence, dressed more sumptously than usual; and, kneeling before Charles, requested his sanction and approbation to his marriage with the Princess Diana of Nevers, which had already been secretly concluded some time before, He took care, of course, to suppress the precise period of its celebration.

Charles listened to him with evident, and yet, on the whole, pleasing surprise. A new light seemed to have broke upon him. With a sudden return of good-humor and kindness, he wished the Duke joy. His displeasure vanished at once, and he acceded in all points to Gonzaga's wishes with regard to the solemnity. He lost no time in paying a visit to his sister, who had already been informed (and somewhat more accurately) of the whole circumstances by her friend; but, to his wonder, though her features, in answer to the triumphant glance of her brother, seemed to indicate surprise, he could perceive no traces of vexation or disappointment. He began to believe that the whole had after all, been a mistake. He repented—he was ashamed of the rashness with which he had sought the life of the Duke under this erroneous impression. He took the first opportunity of calling Caussade aside, and whispering to him,—

"Give me back the dagger. I will give you another jewel instead; or if you will keep it, keep it carefully, and to yourself."

"Allow me to retain it as a *memento mori*, and a token of royal favor," said the unabashed youth. And Charles, in this moment of returning cheerfulness, was good humored enough to overlook the sarcastic boldness of the answer.

The series of festivities which followed the nuptials of Gonzaga with the Princess of Nevers was like the last flicker of an expiring torch—a brilliant flash before extinction; for with the increasing illness of the young King the gaiety of the Court soon after disappeared. Banquets and masked balls of more than usual splendor, even at that splendid Court, announced on this occasion the satisfaction of the King; while the envy and dislike of many disappointed suitors was visible in the looks and observa-

tions with which the newly-married pair were received.

At the most splendid of these masked balls, Caussade, now high in favor at once with the Duke and the King, was present. Well acquainted with the Court, he had found little difficulty, while disguised himself, to detect most of the other maskers. His object was to procure, if possible, a short interview with the Princess, for in the ball-room alone he felt that, if possible at all, it was to be obtained; but Renée, whether from fear that Caussade, by some indiscretion, would bring destruction upon both, or from a resolution now to resign herself to her fate, excused herself, on pretext of sudden illness, at the commencement of the festival, and retired. It was only after Caussade had sought her through the crowd, with increasing impatience, that he had learned her absence; he gnashed his teeth with vexation. All at once a sudden resolution seemed to suggest itself to him. Making his way up to the young Duchess of Gonzaga, he requested to be allowed to speak to her for an instant in private. He drew her into a retired corner of the room, took off his mask, and entered, with all the eloquence of love, on the subject of his distress. What arguments he employed—what disclosures he made during this animated conversation, did not appear; but the result was, that even the prudent and cautious Diana seemed to be so moved by his tale, and by his representation of the state of the Princess's mind, that she agreed to give him a secret audience next day in her apartment.

The cheerful sound of the horns once more announced a hunting party, an amusement which the increasing weakness of the King had for some time prevented. Renée was awakened by the entrance of her friend, who, throwing her arms round her, exclaimed—"Be quick, slumberer! do you not hear the bugles? Rise, and let us once more see them depart, from the balcony. I, you know, must have eyes only for Don Lewis now. Nay, I will allow you to look on him too, provided only you spare a glance from him now and then to the fair Caussade."

"I comprehend you not, Diana," replied the Princess gazing on her with surprise. "But be it so. To please you I will go, though I have bid adieu to pleasure." But notwithstanding the apparent resignation of her answer, her hand trembled so that she could scarcely adjust her dress.

"When we were last seated here," said Diana, as they reached the balcony, "how different were then our views. You, reconciled to the unavoidable, and armed with courage to meet it, clung to the dreaming comfort of a love, which I (with despair in my own heart) would have denied to you. And yet you found time, amidst your own anxieties to speak words of comfort and kindness to me. That, Renée, I never can forget. Now, I am cheerful and happy—while you however little your fate may have really changed since—you have become melancholy. Once I may have thought you in the right; I might have lent my aid to encourage you in that feeling. Strange to say, however, since I became a wife, I am disposed to think less rigorously than before on these topics. But see, look, Princess, the train are departing. Caussade is looking up."

"O thoughtless being!" cried Renée, turning pale, and drawing back.

"Why this terror?" said the Duchess, surprised at her vehemence.

"Can *you* ask that, Diana, when your lover so nearly atoned by his life for some slight attentions, perhaps a few unguarded glances? Ah! for two nights past I have dreamt that I saw Caussade rise up pale and bleeding from a grave."

"You were resolved, dear Renée, to bring back Gonzaga to me, and you did so—no doubt through a little false play, but I am too happy at the end to scrutinize too nicely the means, now that it is past. Willingly would I show my gratitude—would console you—would actively assist you. Tell me, then, why are you more melancholy than before?"

"Why? Does not the day when I am to be sacrificed approach nearer and nearer. What have my resistance, my defiance availed? Has not my brother already pledged my consent against my will—is not this hated suitor on his way? O, friend, assist me, and I will adore you. Yes, I love him still, this fair Caussade, with those eyes of spirit and fire. But I am watched by jealous eyes—my glances can no longer meet his—and what, after all, are looks?—the longing heart asks for words—one hour of happy intercourse for a life of priva-

tion. No, believe me, if I despair of my destiny, it is from no want of love. Let this bridegroom, whom they force upon me, come, I will refuse him. And what can my brother do? Deprive me of life!"

"Renée—if I am to assist you, be reasonable. Provoke not your brother. Rather avert his attention from you by submission. Act up to your rank, your dignity. Submit to the sacrifice with resolution: then leave to your friend to provide for your happiness with silence and fidelity."

"Do I understand you aright—may I venture to do as my heart would dictate? Shall I see him? Speak to him? Where? when?"

"Be calm—remember our conditions. When you shall appear before the world as a Princess, as the destined and consenting bride of the English Prince, that day you shall meet Caussade in my apartment."

"I *am* a princess," said Renée lifting up her head proudly. "This day my consent shall be given. Diana, your friendship gives me courage for all. In your apartment, say you? Does then Gonzaga know?"—dropping her eyes, and almost terrified.

"Heaven forbid! This secret is not for him, I know the purity of my own intentions and yours; but of such matters men are no judges. No one, not even Gonzaga himself, shall learn of me aught regarding you, which might occasion in his mind a shade of suspicion: But I know the hours when his avocations demand his presence in the castle, and by means of the stair, which you know so well, you can easily pass into my chamber. If the matter is to be communicated to any one, rather let it be to the Duchess-mother."

Renée had, during this speech, pressed her glowing cheek to the bosom of her friend. "Oh! no—no!" she exclaimed—"and Caussade?"

"Be at ease; Gonzaga confides in me. Never will I unnecessarily subject his confidence in me to trial; but here, where the occasion is unavoidable, where a friend's happiness is at stake, I must run the risk."

These pages must not betray the secrets confided only to the seal of friendship. Thus far only we know, that more than one interview between the Princess and her lover took place in the apartments of Diana, interviews which Renée's consciousness of her own dignity would have rendered perfectly innocent, even if the presence of Diana had not afforded an additional security. Renée regained her cheerfulness and bloom, like a flower reviving in the rays of the morning sun, after being bent to the ground by the heavy showers of evening. The violence of her feelings was softened; it is true that an occasional sigh would escape her when the subject of the English Prince was mentioned; but she proceeded to select her wardrobe, and to accept the congratulations of the Court with a pale countenance, indeed, but with the composure and dignity fitted to her rank. In the Court circles, where Gaussade now invariably appeared in the train of the King, at the promenades, or at mass, her eye no longer sought her lover. She seemed to see his image in her heart, to which alone her looks were directed. Caussade on the contrary, bore himself with a look of triumph. His eye sought her neighborhood, if not herself; and if occasionally he thought he perceived that his glance was watched, he would direct it somewhat too boldly on Diana, who, as formerly, was generally to be found by her side.

There were not wanting many who watched these looks of Caussade, with all the jealous activity of hatred and envy. They were not slow to infer a secret understanding between him and the Duchess. Even before the honeymoon was over, rumors began to spread about the Court of secret visits paid by Caussade to the Duchess's apartment in the absence of the Duke; these rumors did not indeed reach the parties chiefly concerned, but hints were mysteriously given to the Duchess-mother, which however, she seemed resolved not to understand. It was then debated among the self-called confidential friends of the Duke, with great appearance of affectionate zeal, and in reality with secret satisfaction, whether it was not their duty to make him aware of the reports which prevailed. At last they did venture to give him a hint of them. He treated them with a calm smile of contempt.

"Caussade," said he, when the subject had been alluded to with some warmth by an Italian Count, a relation of his own—"Caussade has been my page; he is bound to me by many ties. He has—between ourselves—saved my life. I feel that in my own case, I should be incapable of entertaining a thought of love towards the wife of him on whom I had conferred such an obligation. Shall I think more

meanly of him than myself? Must I suspect my wife because Caussade is the handsomest man at Court? I grant my own inferiority in that respect; but I rate myself too highly in others to yield to such fears."

"But Caussade," cried another, "it is said, has himself boasted of the favor in which he stands with the Duchess."

"I believe it not; but even that testifies in favor of my wife. She is too prudent to bestow her favor on any one who would be weak enough to boast of it."

Tranquil as the Duke appeared, he could not but feel secretly annoyed at these injurious reports, the more so that he could not disguise from himself that the conduct of the Duchess did in some measure appear to give countenance to them. He had himself occasionally observed glances on the part of Caussade too much resembling those which had annoyed him when he thought his passion unrequited; and yet had not Diana in that case convinced him of the groundlessness of his suspicions? was it not possible that, recollecting his vow, she was disposed to put his confidence in her faith to a test? And if so, was it consistent with its chivalrous conscientiousness to grieve her feelings by mistrust?

An incident, however, shortly after occurred, calculated to shake his confidence in his own firmness. One afternoon after the banquet, when the King found himself somewhat better than usual, and was surrounded by a cheerful circle, a courier suddenly brought the intelligence that the English bridegroom had landed in France and might be expected the following evening. Charles, who had been latterly much pleased with the conduct of the Princess, and began to think, from her submission to his will, that the news of the arrival of her intended bridegroom would now no longer be disagreeable to her, invited several of the circle, and among others the Duke's Italian relation, to accompany him to the Princess's apartment to communicate the news. The plan was no sooner formed than executed; but on reaching her apartments they learned that she had gone to those of the Duchess. The King understood from this that she had gone to visit the Duchess of Gonzaga. The party accordingly followed in that direction.

The anxiety of love had outstripped the courier. The Princess had learned the painful intelligence an hour before the King, and had almost given way beneath this disaster. She had already communicated to her lover her resolve, that, from the moment her intended husband appeared, they should never meet again; but she felt she could not deny to him and to herself the consolation of a last interview before the actual arrival of the English Prince. She felt that for this purpose not a moment was to be lost. She foresaw that as soon as the intelligence of his arrival was publicly communicated, every hour, every instant of her time would be occupied with troublesome duties which would preclude the possibility of an interview. By means of the Duchess only, through whom Caussade had communicated the intelligence, could her purpose be effected; and though she felt that the hour was an uncommon and unseemly one, she determined to brave every thing, and once more to meet Caussade in the Duchess's apartments ere they parted for ever.

Caussade was already waiting. Renée, crossing with stealthy step the apartment of the Duchess-mother, entered by the private stair what had been the former bed-room of the Duke, which Diana had now selected as her ordinary sitting-room, when the Duchess's attendant, knocking hastily at the outer door, announced that the King was approaching from the Princess's apartments. Both ladies stood for an instant confounded: the next moment the Duchess exclaimed, "Quick, Renée—back to the Duchess-mother"—and almost pushed her out by the tapestry door.

"And you?—he?" stammered the Princess.

"I am conscious of no crime—only begone—away!"

"I must remain, generous friend," cried Caussade, "but fear no suspicion."

He had dropped on his knee in the excitement of his feeling, when the door opened. He sprang up, and with such rapidity, that although the King perceived his kneeling attitude, those who followed could scarcely say that they perceived his change of posture. The King cast a look of indignation on Caussade, and then an inquiring glance round the chamber. "Pardon, Duchess," said he, "this unceremonious intrusion, I thought to find my sister here."

Diana, thus found for the first time in the company of a stranger youth, and feeling the peril in which her reputation was placed, turned pale, as she faintly said, "She is probably with the Duchess-mother. She is not with me."

"I am glad of that," said the King involuntarily, breathing more freely. "Your pardon—I go in search of her."

He left the chamber quietly with his train; but as he went, the Italian Count found time to whisper to Caussade, with a sneer of contempt—"Behind the palace, after dusk, I shall avenge my cousin's honor.

"He himself, methinks, were the person to do so," replied Caussade, in the same tone; "No matter. I shall avenge the injuries of his wife."

Notwithstanding her consciousness of innocence, Diana for the first time began seriously to feel that innocence itself must pay regard to appearances; and with the painful feeling that she had given her husband apparent cause for distrust, she anxiously waited his arrival, determined to unload her heart, and to communicate to him all her anxiety. She waited, however, in vain; with every quarter of an hour her anxiety increased, but still he came not.

The scene in the Duchess's apartments had awakened too strong a sensation, not to find its way speedily to the ears of the Duke. As he listened to the tale, the glow of indignation more than once flushed his face; he clenched his fists; but again resuming his composure—"And yet," cried he, "I know she is innocent. I will not yield to mistrust. Tell me a handsome woman in Paris, at whose feet some fool has not thrown himself when he found an opportunity. True, his presumption calls for punishment, and it shall have it.

"It has been punished by this time," cried the brother of the Italian Count. "My brother has challenged him, and by this time the contest is decided."

"I grieve on your brother's account," said Gonzaga, with a frown, "that such should be the case; for if Caussade's sword reaches him not, he must meet mine. I will teach him not to interfere uncalled for where my honor is concerned, and I am here to do myself right."

At this moment the brother entered enraged. Caussade had broke his appointment; and when his opponent inquired after him at the palace, he was informed that he had just before mounted his horse and rode off; most probably he had taken to flight.

It is easy to conceive how the Duke was now besieged on all sides. The guilt of his wife seemed to be rendered in the highest degree probable by the flight of the alleged paramour. He was incited by his friends to every possible step—to revenge—to separation—to imprisonment of the guilty. A thousand trifling occurrences, which had formerly appeared in a milder light, were now misrepresented, and exhibited to him under their most envenomed aspect. He felt, at length, that further wavering must appear unmanly delay, or the mere dotage of affection.

"Be it so," he exclaimed at once, "I will avenge myself. Away with divorce—imprisonment; these may suit the populace. The unsullied honor of a Duke demands blood—death. Ere to-morrow's sun rises I shall have satisfaction. Ye shall be witnesses—judges, as well as me. Mean time," added he, with a wild look, "give orders for the banquet; let us have wine and revelry! To move to our revenge with a heavy heart would argue a consciousness that that vengeance was an unjust one. Why stare ye at me so? Am I not doing all ye ask of me—and more?"

The Duke returned not this night to his residence, though never before, since his marriage, had Diana missed him from her side. She passed the night awake and in tears.

Mean time, in the noisy circle of relations and friends which surrounded the Duke, he appeared the gayest of all. To the rest, the wine seemed to have lost its relish, and an irresistible feeling of melancholy spread over the company. With the first glimmer of morning the Duke gave the signal to rise. They all followed him silently to his apartments in the palace and to his chamber. After contemplating, not without shuddering, but without speaking,—for the earnest and imperious eye of Gonzaga awed them into silence—the preparations for his revenge, which he went about with a terrible composure, they advanced, headed by Gonzaga and two bearing torches, into the sleeping room of the Duchess. The Duke himself, in whose bearing not the slightest tre-

mor was observable, bore in his hand a salver, on which was placed a dagger and a cup evidently filled with poison. Thus they advanced to the bed.

The Duchess raised herself, pale and staring in astonishment at the unexpected intrusion.

"Diana," said the Duke, mournfully, "you are accused of infidelity—nay, in the opinion of these gentlemen, convicted of it. My honor demands revenge and punishment! The first this steel planted in the heart of your seducer shall procure me; the latter, this cup of poison, destined for you, shall ensure. Answer me nothing," he continued, as she made a movement with her lips to speak. "Nothing you can say, can shake my resolve. Remembering my belief in you, if you feel yourself innocent drain the cup with calmness; it is guilt alone that need fear death."

A deadly paleness for a moment overspread the cheek of the Duchess. But soon with a calm and almost celestial smile, and a look that sank deep into the hearts of all present, she stretched out her hand and took the cup.

"I drink, my Lewis," said she, "since you desire it. But listen to my last prayer. Cast away that dagger; let me be the only sacrifice. Promise me at least," she added, as she observed Gonzaga's troubled look, "not to use it for three days."

Gonzaga, with a restless and sorrowful glance, nodded consent. Gazing on him with composure, she drank the potion. When the cup was half drained, the Duke exclaimed, "Stop! the rest is mine. I have sworn that I would not overlive the conviction of innocence."

"Gonzaga!" she exclaimed, throwing away what remained in the cup, "live if you can; my innocence will survive me. Never have I offended against you."

"Bethink thee," said the Duke, sternly—"bethink thee. Death already flaps his wings above your head. Die not with a falsehood on your lips. Man will lie to save life, while it may be saved; but when salvation is past hope, truth resumes its rights. Are you guiltless?"

"I am, Gonzaga!"

"Is she?" exclaimed the Duke, turning to the rest. "See you this serene, unclouded look. Can this woman be guilty?"

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed all, and young and old, sinking on their knees by the bedside, wept aloud.

"To this then," exclaimed the Duke, "ye have brought me, to despair and death, because I was a fool like you, and unworthy of this pure angel, like yourselves. Begone! Ye are no relations of mine. But you, Diana," and he continued in a tone of calmness, "shake off the fear of death. I have not lost my confidence in you. The cup you drank of was innocent as is your life. O pardon me that I was under the necessity of agitating you with this terror; but you yourself compelled me to let all the world behold you in the same light in which I see you myself."

He threw his left arm round his astonished wife, while with his right he motioned to his companions to retire. When they had retired—"You may ask me," said he, turning to his wife, "why I have done this, and I may well answer, dearest Diana, why such reckless conduct on the part of a prudent wife? Even virtue must borrow its lustre in some measure from appearances; and my wife ought not to neglect them. The King, I am told, surprised Caussade in your apartment, and on his knees before you."

"Dearest Lewis," answered Diana, "I have indeed offended against your love, but I was compelled to do so that I might not commit a greater offence against friendship. But after what has happened, I owe you a full explanation. Never on one occasion was I alone with Caussade—for at the very moment when the King entered—the Princess Renée had taken her departure."

"In God's name!" exclaimed the Duke, springing up in surprise.

"Fear nothing. The Princess's bridegroom has arrived. Duty will now banish love. Caussade shall appear here no more. The King himself cannot chide me; for has not he, have not you, directed me in all things to be obedient to the desires of the Princess? When the wedding is over I shall appear justified in your eyes, ay, and in those of your bloodthirsty friends"

The conversation was interrupted by a message from the King, who felt himself worse, having been wearied out by the preparations of the day before

for the reception of the English guest. The Duke Gonzaga was directed, along with several of the courtiers, to set out to meet the Prince to conduct him to his residence, and thence, as soon as he wished it, to the royal presence. He started without delay. Shortly afterward, the Duchess was sent for by the Princess. More than ever at this trying moment did Renée feel the want of her friend's encouraging and soothing converse. Every instant, however, their conversation was interrupted. Pitiable, in truth, seemed the condition of the unfortunate Princess, compelled with heavy heart to wear the appearance of composure, and with tears in her eyes, which she tried to smother under a smile, to attend to the thousand little minutiæ of the bridal preparations.

Yet, in spite of her sorrow, curiosity maintained its right. She grew pale, indeed, when as evening began to darken, the din of music and the glare of torches announced the arrival of her bridegroom: but speedily a confidential messenger was despatched to bring back news of the Prince's external appearance. The answer which was brought—though evidently as favorable as possible, was not encouraging. He did not, said the messenger, resemble his portrait: he was older and more dignified, yet not handsomer. Gonzagn's gloomy countenance, as he sometime afterwards entered her chamber, seemed the herald of any thing but good fortune. He had spoken to the Prince, and had conducted him to court; and his account corresponded pretty nearly with that of the page. He came to announce that the King intended himself to be present the next day at the ceremony of presentation; and had sent him to learn at what hour the Princess could receive him. Renée threw her arms about Diana's neck, who received from her husband without difficulty permission to remain with her friend till the meeting.

The decisive morning at last arrived; and as the appointed hour struck, the Princess, beautiful in spite of her paleness and the traces of tears in her eyes, which, even thus shaded, outshone the lustre of the diamonds which covered her dress, entered the hall, a picture of resignation, accompanied by the Duchess and her ladies. The King and Queen with their attendants, and, in short, the whole court were already assembled. The King advanced towards his sister with a smile, and whispered in her ear, "Obedience meets reward."

The words sounded in her ear like mockery; she could not lift up her eyes, in which she felt the thickly gathering tears. Scarcely had she, supported by Diana's arm, taken the place assigned to her, when a murmur through the hall announced the arrival of the bridegroom. An indescribable feeling of agony began to overpower her; she saw nothing—she heard nothing more; when the folding doors unclosed, all grew black before her eyes. She first awoke out of her dream on hearing an involuntary shout, in which Gonzaga's voice was perceptible. The King was standing before her with the Prince in his hand. She felt she must raise her eyes to him; but she seemed turned to stone again when in the bridegroom, she recognised, in the apparel of a Prince—Caussade.

"Can my fair bride," said he, kneeling, "pardon the precipitation with which I sought in disguise to gain her affection? Had I read dislike in her looks I would have remained unknown. Since yesterday evening the King knows of my secret; the Duke of ——, who yesterday made his entrance under my name, informed him of all."

The astonishment of the Court, the joyful surprise of Gonzaga, the confusion of his relatives, who, though not yet informed of all, began to form plausible conjectures as to the truth, exceeded not the union of all these three feelings in the bosom of the bride; the bloom returned to her cheek, the lustre to her eye; yet the magic suddenness of this revolution made her feel a seriousness—in which delight seemed blended with melancholy.

The dream of her life had been unexpectedly realised; love and duty, by the strangest combination of circumstances, reconciled; the future spread in sunny prospect before her; but the recollections of the past threw a not unpleasing shadow across that sunshine; and tempering the natural gaiety and levity of her disposition, impressed her with the conviction that henceforth the Princess of England could be wiser and better than the Princess of France.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

MYRINUS.

Θύρσις ὁ κωμήτης.—κ. τ. λ.

DESCRIPTION OF A PICTURE.

Thyrsis who tends the Nymphs' wool-bearing sheep,
  Swain Thyrsis who at piping equals Pan,
Was drunk by noon,—and now lies fast asleep,
  'Neath the pine's shade,—a wine-o'er-master'd man.
While Eros herding with all might and main,
  Has ta'en the crook to scare wild beasts away:
Ye Nymphs! ye Nymphs! rouse the wolf-daring swain,
  Lest Eros to the monsters be a prey.

II.

AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST.

Αυτομάτως, Σατυρίσκε.—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE PICTURE OF A SATYR HOLDING A PIPE TO HIS EAR AND LISTENING TO ITS MUSIC.

1.

Satyr, thy pipe spontaneous tunes awakes,
  Or to its reeds why thus incline thine ear?
He smiles in silence, and no answer makes,
  Though he *could* speak if he would deign to hear.

2.

But his whole soul is in oblivion lapt
  Of every pleasure—but his vocal reeds—
Whose warbling occupation so has rapt
  His spirit, that no other sound he heeds.

III.

ISIDORUS ÆGEATES.

Εκ με γεωμορίης.—κ. τ. λ.

I Eteocles, lured by hope of gain,
Forsook my farm for commerce and the main:
Toss'd on the ridges of the Tuscan wave,
Down plunged the ship,—and there I found a grave.
Loud was the blast:—how different its roar,
Heard in the canvass and the threshing floor!

IV.

AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST TO PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Ενθάδε μὲν χλοάνουσα τεθηλοτι.—κ. τ. λ.

Here teeming earth her graceful verdure sees,
In foliaged loveliness of fruitful trees.
Here chirps the mother to her callow brood
'Neath the deep shadows of the cypress wood.
Here pipes the goldfinch,—and the prickly thorn,
Vocal with murmurs, greets the ear of morn.
But me forlorn, nor sight nor sound can cheer,
Far from the converse of my Paulus dear,
Whose burning accents more my bosom swell,
Than thrilling warblings of Apollo's shell.

Yea! by twain longings are my heart-strings drawn
To thee,—and *her* my gentle-hearted fawn,
My Dorcalis; but, oh! dull laws decree
A longer absence from my love and thee.

V.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY TO AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST.

Θεσμὸν Ἔρως, οὐκ οἶδε.—κ. τ. λ.

1.

The rebel Eros owns no code of laws
Which mortals from his sovereign sway release;
And since the law thy heart from love withdraws,
Love ruffles gently now thy bosom's peace.

2.

Strange love indeed! when even a frith detains
So brisk a lover from his mistress' charms;
Thou'rt no Leander, urged by passion's pains,
To swim the midnight waters to her arms.

3.

Still take a boat, my friend, if nothing loath
To own Athena's, not Cythera's spell;
One rules our laws, one rules our loves, and both
What man can serve at once, and prosper well?

VI.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Ἤδη μὲν ζεφύροισι μεμυκότα κόλπον.—κ. τ. λ.

ON SPRING.

1.

Now the mead-painting grace of soothing spring
Opens her bosom to the whispering breeze:
For foreign climes our vessels now on wing
Slide from our shores on rollers to the seas.

2.

Forth without fear, ye sailors, and expand
The swelling canvass to the breath of spring:
For meek-eyed Trade points out a distant land,
And gold will give you for the goods ye bring.

3.

And I Priapus to your barks when tossed
On tumbling billows, am a friend indeed;
Since Thetis aided,—proud to me the boast!
My father Bacchus in his hour of need.*

VII.

PHILODEMUS.

Ψυχή μοι προλίγει.—κ. τ. λ.

My love for Heliodora oft my soul
Bids me control,
For well it wots of all my former tears,
And jealous fears,
And urges me to break my bonds at length;
But where find strengh
For this unblushing soul, since thou dost prove
Even 'mid thy warnings all the pangs of love?

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* Vide Hom. Iliad. Z. 135.

——Διώνυσος δε φοβηθεὶς
Δύσετ' ἁλὸς κατὰ κῦμα Θέτις δ' ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ
Δειδιότα·

VIII.

ERYCIUS CYZICENUS.

Αἰεί τοι λιπαρῷ ἐπὶ σήματι.—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE TOMB OF SOPHOCLES.

Ever around thy tomb, great Sophocles,
May gadding ivy trail its tender feet:
Ever may swarms of ox-engendered* bees
Drop on thy dust Hymettus' nectared sweet;
O'er thy chaste page their waxen treasures spread,
While wreaths encircle thine immortal head.

IX.

PHILODEMUS.

Οὔπω σοι καλόκωμν γυμνὸν θέρος.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A YOUNG GIRL.

1.

Not yet hath time
For thee evolved that summer rose,
Thy beauty's prime:
The grape not yet with purple glows,
But only virgin graces shows.

2.

Yet mark, for thee
How infant Cupids point their darts,
Lysidice,
And teach thee fast their hidden arts,
How to inflame our captive hearts.

3.

Flee, lovers, flee,
Ere with bent bows the lovelings try
Their archery:
And, oh! what fires now smouldering lie,
If aught of prophecy have I!

X.

UNKNOWN.

α) Χῖος ἔφυς; β) οὔ φημι.—κ. τ. λ.

ON HOMER'S BIRTHPLACE.

"Wer't thou not born in Cos?" "Nay." "Smyrna." "Nay."
"Did Colophon or Cumæ, Homer, say,
Produce thee?" "Neither." "Salamis?" "Nor there
First breathed I." "Then do thou thyself declare."
"I will not." "Why?" "Because I know full well,
The rest will hate me, if the truth I tell."

XI.

PLATO TO ASTER.

† *Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς.—κ. τ. λ.*

Would I were Heaven, my star, with numerous eyes
To see thee gazing on the starry skies.

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* *βοόπαισι* Vide Virg. Georg. Lib. iv.
———liquefacta boum per viscera toto
Stridere apes utero, &c. &c.

† Thus exactly rendered by Appuleius;—
Astra vides: utinam fiam, mi sidus, Olympus!
Ut multis sic te luminibus videam.

A WORD IN SEASON TO THE CONSERVATIVES OF SCOTLAND.

It has been matter of frequent remark, that the Parliamentary majority by which Sir Robert Peel was driven from office, and on which the present Government depends for its precarious tenure of place, owes its existence to the votes of Scotch and Irish members. The disgraceful and unEnglish proceeding of condemning the Conservative Ministry without a trial was marked with a degree of guilt with which the representatives of the southern portion of the island as a body are not chargeable. The constituencies to whom the right of popular election was most familiar did not so abuse the trust committed to them, as to countenance conduct, the folly of which was equalled only by its wickedness. Had the issue of the struggle between the Conservatives and Destructives depended on the result of the elections *in England*, the triumph of the friends of the Constitution had been secure. And if ignorance and prejudice have for a time prevailed over sound political wisdom, and a coalition the most infamous that ever disgraced the annals of this country, has for the present succeeded in usurping the seat of Government, the blame is attachable—not to the representatives of the worth, property, and intelligence of the land, but to the pledged delegates who retail within the walls of St. Stephens the seditious sentiments of Irish Catholics and Scotch Radicals.

The evil in regard to Ireland admits of explanation more easily, we fear, than of remedy. The fatal measure of Catholic Emancipation gave to the priesthood in that country a power, which it was the effect—if not the object—of the Reform Bill to consolidate and increase. Every subsequent act of the Government has served to strengthen the influence of O'Connell and his auxiliaries the priests. Even before the openly avowed "compact" between the rump of the Whig Ministry and the Popish party, two-fifths of the Irish members were the representatives, not of the people of Ireland, but of the Lord of Derrinane Abbey. And the vast accession of power with which the possession of Government patronage has armed the Agitator, may ground a fearful anticipation of the possibility of such a further increase in the number of his adherents, as may lead some to adopt the anti-national project of the repeal of the union—and that for the very reason which O'Connell assigns for abandoning its agitation—namely, the supremacy of the Irish party in the British legislature.

But what shall be said of Scotland? Where shall we look for the causes that have secured for our own country a foremost place in the ranks of revolution? Ignorance cannot be pleaded as an excuse for error, in a country where education and, that of the best kind, has for centuries been within the reach of the poorest of the people. Here there are no religious animosities to be allayed—no powerful influences against which the friends of the constitution have to contend. The Aristocracy are by an overwhelming majority Conservative. Witness the result of every election of Peers. The higher ranks generally entertain similar opinions. No man—be his own politics what they may, can have moved in good society in Scotland, without remarking the almost invariable prevalence of such sentiments among the influential classes. A vast proportion of the wealth of the country—a still larger proportion of the land, is in the hands of the Tory party. In the church—the universities—the legal profession—the monied interest—in each of these the Conservatives outnumber their Liberal opponents by at least three to one. The very tone and temper of the national character—quick and ardent in the pursuit of truth, but proverbially tenacious of opinions once received and cherished—would seem to furnish a guarantee against the people of this country being made the dupes of political agitation. To crown all, the influence of religion—stronger here than among our southern neighbors—and that warm attachment to the Established Church which still exists, especially in the minds of the rural population, might have grounded a hope that the electors throughout Scotland would have been found supporting, by

a large majority, the cause of peace, and order, and good government, and occupying the foremost ranks of the Opposition to the present anti-national and anti-Christian administration. But although all these things are as we have described them, although the education—the intelligence—the rank—the wealth—the influence—the moral feelings, and the religious principles of the country are all arrayed in defence of the constitution—these powerful weapons have hitherto proved insufficient, with which to combat the demon of democracy. Of the thirty members returned at the last general election by the counties of Scotland, one-half only were chosen on account of their Conservative principles, while the burgh representation, extending to twenty-three seats, is, with one honorable exception, monopolized by the Whig-Radical party.

The preponderance thus obtained by the enemies of the Constitution in this part of the island is doubtless to be traced to causes of very temporary operation. The novelty of the electoral privilege was in itself a powerful impediment to its proper exercise. Those on whom the measure of Lord John Russell conferred the franchise, were naturally induced, by motives which we can scarcely blame, to limit themselves, in the first enjoyment of their new right, to the choice of those by whose influence it had been secured to them. A vote given against the Reform Bill at any of its stages, however patriotic and conscientious were the motives by which it was dictated, formed in the eyes of many constituencies, a stigma which no individual fitness for the office of a Parliamentary representative was able to efface; and when to this disadvantage, against which almost every Conservative candidate had to contend, is added the effect of the visionary expectations artfully instilled into the popular mind of the indefinite benefits which would accrue from the continuance in office of a Reform Ministry, we can scarcely be surprised that in the elections of 1832, and even to a certain extent in those of 1835, shallow self-conceit and empty declamation were in many instances preferred to sound principle, tried worth, and great senatorial ability, and the natural influence of talent—of rank—of fortune—of character—of local and family connection overborne for a time by popular excitement and plebeian intimidation. But before the dismissal of Lord Melbourne's government in November, 1834, the disease had begun to work out its own remedy. The Whigs were not four years in office without affording proof enough, that if grasping nepotism, open violation of the most solemn pledges, and selfish clinging to place, at whatever sacrifice, are the characteristics of any political party, they are not exclusively at least, the qualities of the Conservatives. The people of England learned long ago that the loudest professions of friendship afford no test by which to ascertain who are their true friends. Experience had begun to teach the electors throughout Scotland the same lesson. Doubts were suggested whether those whose conduct in every relation of private life had been unexceptionable, who were the kindest of landlords—the most indulgent of masters—the best of neighbors—were really deserving, on account of their public principles, of being assailed with abuse, pelted with mud, and burned in effigy. Long cherished feelings of private gratitude and personal esteem were beginning once more to assert the place among the motives of human action, which was for a time usurped by vague ideas of universal philanthropy, and a cordial attachment to the institutions of the country in Church and State, combined with a strong sense of the real identity of the best interests of the various classes of the community, were gradually substituting themselves for the senseless love of change, and the feverish desire for speculative improvements.

It cannot be doubted that the events of the last eighteen months have greatly accelerated the return of the public mind in Scotland to Conservative principles. An enlightened abhorrence of the tenets of Popery has ever been a marked feature in the religious character of the people of Scotland; and a measure, acknowledged by the Prime Minister himself to be "a heavy blow to Protestantism," was not likely to find favor in the eyes of the adherents of a church planted by Knox. One of the ablest of that Church's Theologians—and certainly the most eloquent of her preachers, has openly declared his conviction that her interests are not safe in the hands of a government maintaining the principle of appropriation. The effect which such a declaration—from so high a

quarter—is likely to produce in opening the eyes of the Scottish people to the unprincipled designs of the government, was virtually acknowledged by the coarse and brutal invective with which the venerated name of Chalmers was in consequence assailed by the Ministerial press. But the reverend Doctor only spoke the sentiments of every educated man not swayed by self-interest, or blinded by party prejudice. Go where we will, we find many who were the strenuous supporters of the Reform bill, and the willing adherents of Earl Grey's government, but who are now engaged heart and hand in maintaining the Conservative cause. Those at a distance can have no idea of the extent of the reaction which has taken place in Scotland since the reform fever in 1832. The counties of Edinburgh, Sterling, Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, Inverness, and Orkney, afford examples of constituencies among whom representatives of Conservative principles have already supplanted those of opposite sentiments, who were the first objects of their choice. In the event of another general election, Haddington would regain the character which, from accidental circumstances, it lost at the dissolution of 1835. Dumfries, Wigton, and Caithness would allow their present members to retain their seats only because, though Reformers in 1832, they are now opponents of the Melbourne Government—while the list of new acquisitions of territory to the Conservative cause would, we believe, be swelled by the addition of Perthshire, Ross-shire, Sutherland, Argyleshire, Lanark, Renfrew, and Dumbarton.

We are far from wishing that these anticipations of future success should create in the minds of the individuals of our party any thing like a feeling of security or over-confidence, or induce them in any degree to relax their exertions in the cause of good government. On the contrary, our expectations of future good are all founded, it will be observed, on an acknowledgment of past evil; and it is because we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact, that a portion at least of the ill success which attended the Conservative cause at the first popular election in Scotland, was to be traced to the errors of the Conservative party themselves, that we are anxious, with all sincerity and plainness, to declare to the individuals of that party our conviction, that nothing but an immediate and final abandonment of these errors will permanently secure for them that prominent place in the scale of political importance, to which they are on every account so well entitled.

The fundamental mistake into which, as it humbly appears to us, the majority of the Conservative party have more or less fallen, consists in their failing to perceive in its full extent the nature of the change, which the passing of the Reform Act has effected in the practical working of political affairs. Nothing has illustrated the pre-eminent abilities of the great leader of our party, Sir Robert Peel, so much as the admirable tact with which he has adapted himself to the extensive modifications, which the British Constitution underwent by the measure of 1832. Nothing certainly could have more entirely confounded our opponents, who in framing the Reform Bill, intended to construct a machine, the management of which should be as a sealed book to all except themselves. And it is by a similar line of conduct, adopted by every member of the Conservative party in his own sphere, that the triumph of right principles will be secured in the counties, and ultimately even in the burghs of Scotland.

Perhaps the most permanent change effected by the working of the Reform Act, is in the constitution of the House of Commons, and consequently in the office of a Parliamentary representative. A seat in Parliament is not now, as heretofore, an object of ambition in the eyes of almost every man of fortune and family in the kingdom. The privilege of sitting on the same bench with Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Gully is a distinction which few men will be inclined to value very highly. Nor will the pleasure derivable from listening to the eloquence of Mr. Hume or Mr. Poulett Thompson, be considered by many a sufficient recompense for the cares and toils of a Parliamentary life. To the needy adventurers who resort to politics as a trade, it may matter little of what materials the House of Commons is composed. But to those who hold a certain station in society, to men of cultivated taste and refined habits, who can appreciate the pleasures of intellectual

and literary pursuits, and whose position in life imposes upon them the performance of varied and interesting social duties, the nature of the companionship to which a seat in Parliament is to introduce them, cannot, under any circumstances, be a matter of indifference. It is of such men that the Conservative party in the House of Commons is composed. Even to the leaders of that party, it must be no small sacrifice, to renounce the tranquillity of domestic life, and the many sources of enjoyment which leisure, and affluence, and the consciousness of intellectual vigor, and local and personal influence open to their possessors, for the laborious and often thankless duties of the public service. And if in their case, the laudable ambition of filling places of trust in the Executive Government may be supposed to afford some inducement for the devotion of their time and talents to parliamentary life, no such object is presented to the great body of Conservative members. It is impossible, therefore, too highly to appreciate the vast sacrifice of personal gratification which is made by these gentlemen, who, from a single and disinterested desire to promote the public good, devote season after season to a pursuit, which in the present state of the House of Commons, can have few charms for a man of taste and intellect, and the toil of which is scarcely equalled by the drudgery of a laborious profession.

Let it not be supposed that these remarks are intended to afford an apology for those men—of whom we fear there are some—who refuse to avail themselves of any opportunities of serving their country with which Providence has furnished them. By the laws of Solon, non-interference in civil broils was accounted a crime. And in a season of national danger and difficulty, such as that in which this country is at present involved, we hold that man highly culpable, who from any motive, whether of selfish indulgence or mistaken diffidence, denies to the public the exercise of the talents which he possesses, or the employment of any degree of influence with which circumstances may invest him. If any county contains an individual, who from his political attainments, or personal popularity—from his own position, or his family connexions—is the most eligible candidate whom his party could select—no considerations of a personal nature will justify such a man in refusing to obey the call of the constituency. But we are satisfied that if instances of a contrary line of conduct have occasionally occurred, the fault lies principally with the electors, who will not sufficiently perceive that in imposing on an independent country gentleman the office of their representative in Parliament, they are not so much conferring a favor, as exacting the performance of a duty, of which the sole benefit will be theirs, while the burden falls entirely on the object of their choice.

Professions of gratitude to their Parliamentary representatives are very frequent in the mouths of Conservative electors. And to none is such a tribute so justly due, as to the members of a party who have no personal objects to serve, and whose public conduct is regulated by the purest and most disinterested motives. But do individuals of the party always evince by their conduct a conviction, that in estimating the relative amount of obligation between a body of electors and their representative, the balance is fearfully against the constituency? Do all act under the impression, that a zealous and conscientious member of Parliament confers an infinitely greater favor on those for whom he labors, than they conferred on him by placing him in that situation? Do personal dislikes, and private jealousies never interfere with that independent exercise of the franchise which every elector owes as a sacred duty to himself and his country, and which no selfish consideration ought ever to be permitted to influence or control? Under the old system of election, the existence of these or similar motives of action, if not excusable, were at least easily accounted for. The divisions which agitated the limited constituencies of those days were, in the general case, not so much political contests, as family rivalries, and the votes of the freeholders were bestowed less in reference to party distinctions, than to private friendships, and personal connexions. But the contest is now between the great majority of the landed proprietors and their tenantry on the one side, and a few powerful Whig families, supported by the town and village voters on the other. Nothing therefore can justify those, who calling themselves Conservatives, allow

their conduct in public matters to be influenced by inflated ideas of self-importance, and their votes to be dictated by paltry jealousies, or corrupted by fancied slights and imaginary insults. A visit not duly returned, or a letter unanswered by return of post, is in the eyes of some men, a much deeper stain on the character of a member of Parliament, than an unprincipled vote, or absence on an important division. It matters not with what zeal and fidelity a representative attends to his duties in the House of Commons,—there will always be those among his constituents, who grudge him the enjoyment of every hour snatched from public business for the purpose of health and recreation, and to conciliate whom his whole vocation must be one protracted canvass, and his every domestic arrangement have no object in view but the support and extension of his political importance.

We are far from denying the obligation under which every Member of Parliament lies to stand well with his constituents. On the contrary, we admit, that every man who accepts that honorable office, is bound to make every exertion which may be necessary for retaining it. But we demur altogether to the principle, by which this part of his duty is considered in any degree equal in importance to the right discharge of his legislative functions. And regarding the elective franchise as a trust reposed in individuals, not for their own benefit, but for the public good, we can find no apology for those who allow themselves to be influenced in its exercise by any consideration except the political principles of their representative, and his fitness to perform his parliamentary duties. If the mutual relations in which a Member of Parliament and his constituents stand to each other were rightly understood, any remissness or negligence on his part would be the most powerful argument for increased exertion and activity on theirs. The maintenance of the constitution, for which the Conservative party contend, is the cause not of the few, but of the many. Its defence is the duty of the electors as much as of their representative; and if those who are the loudest in their complaints of the negligence and inactivity of their Parliamentary leaders, are themselves the most backward to lend a helping hand to the good cause—if the very conduct which they blame in others serves as an apology for their own indulgence in a similar error—is it not to be feared that the class of men by whom the House of Commons ought to be filled will refuse to undertake a duty at once so irksome and so thankless, and that thus, instead of representatives selected from the landed aristocracy of the country, we shall be driven to the choice of political adventurers and speculating capitalists? The tendency of the state of public feeling in Scotland to produce such a result, is illustrated by a reference to the present representation of the Whig party, among whom the evil has been of more early growth, principally because their connection with the resident gentry is slender indeed compared with that of the Conservatives. What connection has Mr. Maule with Perthshire? Mr. Dennistoun with Dumbartonshire? Mr. Maxwell with Lanarkshire? What are Mr. Abercromby and Sir John Campbell's claims on the electors of Edinburgh—or Lord William Bentinck's on those of Glasgow? What made Sir Henry Parnell member for Dundee, or Dr. Bowring for Kilmarnock?—what but the impossibility of finding among the resident proprietors of similar political principles, men willing to submit, year after year, first, to all the drudgery of a parliamentary campaign, and afterwards to all the annoyances of a recess occupied in obeying the unreasonable exactions of a numerous constituency.

Another circumstance which has a tendency to produce the same effect, is the vast expense wth which a seat in Parliament is in the ordinary case attended. The annual charge incurred by the Registration Courts alone, is a serious drain on the pocket of any representative; and when to this is added the frequent recurrence of election contests, the sacrifice is greater than the fortune of almost any commoner in Scotland can be expected to bear. In order, therefore, to prevent the evils which would flow from the introduction into our county and burgh seats, of political hacks from Downing Street, and purse-proud speculators from the Stock Exchange, it is absolutely necessary that a portion of the expense in every district should be contributed by those for whose benefit it is incurred. This is especially true, in regard to the annual revisal of

the roll of electors, in which assuredly the interest of the constituency is much greater than that of any individual representative can possibly be. The expenses incident to the Registration Courts may be diminished and curtailed in various ways. Professional men ought, as far as possible, to lend their gratuitous assistance. Electors of all classes should attend as witnesses, without accepting of any remuneration; and in the preparation and lodging of claims and objections, material aid may be derived from the formation of local committees. But though all these measures are adopted, the business of the registrations cannot be properly conducted without incurring considerable expense. And when it is considered that the neglect of a single year may be productive of irretrievable consequences, it must be evident that the object is of far too high importance, to be suffered to depend on the will of any individual, however sincere and zealous in the cause. Besides, it is surely a more dignified attitude for a respectable constituency to assume, to refuse to be indebted for the annual purging of their roll to the man whom for the time they have chosen as their representative. By incurring to their present member such repeated obligations, they in fact renounce the power of future choice —and increase, not so much the strength of the party, as the influence of the individual. Without supposing it possible, in the case of any Conservative member, that that influence may one day be exerted in support of different principles, it is sufficient to recollect that it must die with its possessor. The only mode by which an ascendancy can be obtained for right principles, which shall be independent of the caprices of a single mind, and the chances of an individual life, is by the control of the registrations being assumed by the constituency themselves. And in no other way can this be properly effected, than by the institution of an annual registration fund, to which every elector shall be invited to contribute according to his means and inclination. For our own part we should be glad, for the sake of the electors, rather than the representatives, that a similar principle were adopted for defraying the election expenses of every Conservative candidate. In English counties the practice is almost universal, and no false delicacy prevents the scions of the noblest houses from acknowledging the contributions of the leal-hearted yeomen, in support of principles, in the maintenance of which all classes are alike interested. Nothing would contribute more materially to the propagation of sound political feeling in Scotland, than the adoption of a system which gives each individual elector as it were a personal interest in the issue of every contest. We are persuaded that the idea requires only to be familiarized to the minds of the Conservative party, in order to meet with almost universal adoption. And the liberal contributions which are continually flowing in from the members of that party, in support of every scheme of enlightened philanthropy and Christian benevolence, forbid us to doubt that an appeal to their principles in behalf of the cause of the Church and the Constitution would not be made in vain. Of the sacrifices which every citizen of a civilized state makes in return for the advantages of a free government and equal laws, none is more reasonable than would be a small annual contribution to a local Conservative fund. It would be in fact a tax proportioned to the station and property of the individual, and appropriated to the support of the institutions by which his best interests are preserved —a small expenditure of yearly income, to secure the enjoyment of the remainder—a trifling payment of interest, to prevent the loss of capital.

But it is not by money alone that the Conservative cause must be supported in the counties and burghs of Scotland. There is need of that which the party generally are much less lavish in bestowing—namely, labor. The representation of this country will never be permanently placed in right hands, till every elector feels the magnitude of the dangers by which we are threatened, and his own personal interest in the efforts made to avert them. It must be to each individual an object of daily and hourly solicitude, to gain converts to the good cause, and to strengthen the resolution of those already embarked in it. And in the pursuit of this object, none must forget the vast alteration which the Reform Act has effected in the constituencies, and consequently in the means by which alone any party can acquire political strength. The in-

vention of gunpowder did not introduce a greater change into the system of European warfare, than the infusion of Democracy into the electoral bodies has made in the weapons by which alone the battle of the constitution can henceforth be fought.

The conservative party have hitherto been too little ambitious of popular favor. Naturally disgusted with the sycophantic arts and clap-trap devices, with which the leaders of the Movement purchase the support of the most depraved and ignorant of the populace, public men on the other side have frequently confounded the deliberate expression of the nation's sentiments with the senseless clamor of the rabble. No error can be more mischievous, or since the extension of the elective franchise, more fatal. Whether it was expedient to vest in the large body of the middle classes that degree of political power which they now possess, it is too late to enquire. The Reform Bill is law; and none but a madman can ever dream of its repeal. To allow to the rural tenantry and ten-pound householders the exercise of the elective franchise and then to refuse attention to their wishes, and receive with indifference every expression of their approbation or censure, would be to grant the substance of authority, and grudge the possession of its shadow. But the influence which cannot be taken from them, may be controlled and regulated either for good or evil. And to deprive the revolutionary party of all hold over the allegiance and sympathies of the great mass of the community, all that is necessary is to instruct the reason of the nation as to the true objects of Conservative policy, and enlist their affections in a cause with the support of which their best interests are identified.

For these purposes, the most powerful instrument is the press; but it is one of which the friends of the Constitution have not hitherto sufficiently availed themselves. Of the talent by which its power may be wielded in defence of the truth, there is no lack in the Conservative ranks. Neither can it be difficult to insure the extensive circulation of newspapers reflecting the opinions of the vast majority of the educated classes. Moreover, the political party to which we address ourselves, is rich above measure in the various means of support, encouragement, and patronage, by which alone a periodical journal can be called into existence, and maintained in efficiency. It should be remembered too, that every week which is permitted to pass without the establishment in any district of a local organ of constitutional principles, is an inducement held out for the dissemination within that district of revolutionary sentiments. Every subscription paid to a Radical newspaper is a premium offered for the propagation of error. Every advertisement inserted in its columns is a tacit approval of the noxious principles they contain. If each county and every considerable burgh in Scotland possessed the powerful agency of an enlightened and independent press, which, without descending to local squabbles and vulgar personalities, might fearlessly expose the unprincipled conduct of the Whig-Radical faction and their subordinates and dependents, an important step would be gained toward disabusing the public mind of the prejudices instilled into it by selfish agitators for the promotion of their own private ends, and securing the ultimate triumph of those principles of government which are essential to the well-being of the nation.

What cannot be done by the public press may often be effected by private expostulation and personal intercourse. There is no elector in whatever sphere, who in his family circle, and among the pursuits and companionships of every-day life, cannot materially serve his country by the propagation of sound and patriotic political opinions. But the opportunities of gaining converts to the good cause are principally open to men of high station and cultivated minds. And in the relations subsisting between landed proprietors and their tenantry, nothing, we are persuaded, has prevented the universal adoption of the same sentiments on public matters, except those habits of exclusiveness which have frequently been referred to, as endangering the hold which the aristocracy of this country possess on the affections of the people. Nothing can be more unreasonable than the indulgence by the possessor of extensive estates in habits of sullen reserve or haughty indifference, towards those of the less wealthy proprietors or possessors of the soil, who, if his inferiors in birth, are his equals, it may be, in every quality of the man

and the citizen. In reference to the present state of political parties nothing can be more unwise. No country can boast of a more intelligent and independent race of men, than the tenantry of Scotland, and the lesser proprietors. If the extension of the franchise had been confined to these important and influential classes, there would have been few so enamored of the former system of election, as to quarrel with the change. The great majority of their number are attached by a community of sentiment, and an identity of interest, to the same cause as their landlords and richer neighbors; and on the occasion of a contested election, no class of the constituency render such efficient aid. If there are exceptions to this rule, their existence is, we are persuaded, mainly to be attributed to the cause to which we have alluded. Men conscious of no inferiority in point of taste, talents, or acquirements, to the landed aristocracy of the country, find themselves denied admittance to their society,—excluded from participation in their amusements,—and occupying apparently, no place in their regards and sympathies. Can we wonder if such men form harsh and erroneous conclusions as to the social qualities and political designs of the higher classes? or that, mistaking for heartless indifference what is in reality but a compliance with the cold formalities of fashion, they listen to the revolutionary projects of republican levellers, and instead of being the willing followers of their more influential neighbors in the cause of order and good government, become the leaders of the mob, and the prime instigators of the Movement? Let but the landed gentry throughout the kingdom show themselves in their true colors, divested of the cumbrous trappings in which pomp and fashion would involve their social intercourse, and almost every country in Scotland will exhibit the spectacle most hateful in the eyes of party rancor and Whig philanthropy, of a cordial union between the proprietors and possessors of the soil, and a common determination to support those principles by which both classes must prosper or fall together.

There may be some few individuals among the tenantry, to whom these anticipations do not apply; and whom no degree of cordiality on the part of their landlords could induce to view them with other feelings than those of distrust and envy. Preferring the first place at a village debating club, to the second at a county meeting, it is of such materials as these that the revolutionary party in every age and nation has been composed. For men of this stamp there is but one remedy — the expiry of their leases. We abhor nothing more than any unjust interference on the part of a landlord with the mode in which his tenants exercise the franchise. The electoral privilege is a trust committed by law to the possessor of the soil, for the right discharge of which he is responsible to his own conscience alone. So long as he continues to occupy the property to which the right of voting is attached, the vote is his; and no man has any right to quarrel with its exercise. But when the subject reverts to its proprietor, he too has a duty to perform. In the exercise of his undoubted right, he is bound to look to the good of his country; and unless the apprehensions with which we contemplate the continued ascendency of the Movement party be unfounded, no considerations of personal advantage can weigh for a moment against the political evil of allowing revolutionary principles to gain strength. Even if influenced solely by selfish considerations, the proprietor of land in this country may well ask himself, whether it is not better to rest satisfied with a smaller rent, if he can thus secure an additional vote for the good cause. But when the possession of property is considered in its true light; as a trust reposed in certain individuals, not for their own benefit, but for their country's good, it must be evident that that man is grossly culpable, who allows the estate of which he is the proprietor to be represented in the register by men of unsound political principles, and the influence which Providence has given him for upholding the institutions of the country to be wielded by those who seek their downfall.

But there is another class of the constituency which is more numerous than either the proprietors or occupants of land; we mean those who possess the franchise in respect of the household qualification. To conciliate this class of electors similar means are requisite to those which we have recommended towards the tenantry.

The agency of an honest and inde-

pendent press is even more powerful among the proprietors of ten-pound houses, than among the holders of agricultural leases. The visit of the professional canvasser is equally useless in the one class as in the other. It is by personal intercourse with the middle orders, and the constant display of an affectionate interest in all their concerns, that the aristocracy can alone hope to be regarded in their true light, and to remove from their political intentions that false coloring in which they have been involved by the calumnies of selfish demagogues. It should never be forgotten too, that a Conservative ten-pounder is generally speaking a marked man among his fellows. No one who has not witnessed it can be aware of the extent of persecution, which in many districts awaits any elector of this class who has the courage to vote for the Conservative candidate. The unmeaning abuse with which such men are assailed, is the least serious consequence of their conscientious exercise of opinion. Belonging as they generally do to the class of smaller shopkeepers, the loss of custom to which they are exposed by offending their *Liberal* neighbors, is attended with consequences, the apprehension of which has kept back many a recruit from the ranks of the Conservative party. It is surely then, no less the interest than the duty, of the natural leaders of that party, to take care that such men do not eventually suffer from their adherence to the right cause. In Scotland especially the distribution of wealth and influence is fortunately such, that the friends of the Constitution can do much more to benefit an honest and industrious tradesman, than the revolutionary party can do to injure him. In the present state of public affairs, it is extremely doubtful whether the advantage thus possessed ought not, like every other species of influence, to be exercised with a political view. It is not that Radicals are to be punished by the withdrawal of custom—or Conservatives gained by the prospect of pecuniary benefit. But they by whose support the estates and fortunes of the aristocracy are preserved to them, are surely entitled to share in the benefits which these were intended to confer on the neighborhood in which their possessors reside. And men attached on principle to the cause of the Church and the Constitution, are not to be driven by persecution on one side, and the want of due encouragement on the other, to join the ranks of the Revolutionary party. The system of exclusive dealing, as it is called, has been invariable and extensively acted on by the Whigs. The principle is recognised in its fullest extent by the present Government. Every situation of trust or emolument, from the highest place in the Church, or on the Judicial Bench, down to the most paltry commissionership, is bestowed with reference principally, if not solely, to the political principles of the individual on whom it is conferred; and any deviation from this rule is denounced by the Revolutionary press, as a dereliction of principle so gross as to endanger the very existence of the Ministry. It is difficult to conjecture how that conduct can be culpable in an individual, which is not only excusable, but highly commendable, in the administrative Government. Besides, the exclusive spirit which the Whig party generally have long displayed, and by which not only their commercial dealings, but their familiar intercourse and personal friendships have been regulated with a single view to the strengthening of their political connections, and extending the influence of their own *coterie*—while it debars our opponents from censuring in others the adoption of a similar principle—invests with a defensive character the undoubted right which every friend of the constitution possesses, of bestowing his patronage where he pleases, and refusing the sanction of his encouragement to men whose principles he condemns.

It cannot now be denied that one great object of the authors of the Reform Bill in fixing the amount of the county qualification in Scotland was, that the Conservative feeling, always prevalent among the agricultural electors, should be counteracted by the democratic passions of the town and village-voters. Their despair at the utter failure of the experiment has been proportioned to the abandoned wickedness of the design. The same legislative provision, which invested with the franchise the possessors of house property of inconsiderable value, has facilitated the acquisition of the electoral privilege by men of respectable station and right principles. The practice of procuring a title to

property, with the sole view of obtaining a vote, was commenced by the adherents of the Whig party, for the purpose of swamping the Conservative interest, in the agricultural and pastoral districts of Scotland. It is a practice fully recognised by law, and its general adoption must be productive of the utter discomfiture of the party in whom it originated. If the ten-pound voters cannot be convinced —they may in almost every county, be outnumbered. We are opposed, under ordinary circumstances, to the introduction to the roll of electors of men unconnected with the county, and influenced by no motive but the violence of political partisanship. The principle of self-defence may compel the proprietors of land to have recourse to the assistance of strangers, to repel the aggressions of the democratic party, and secure for the agricultural interests an adequate share of representation. But the numerical strength of the revolutionary faction, and their unceasing activity, are of themselves sufficient arguments for placing on the register the name of every man of right principles, who is connected with the district by any tie, whether of birth—of residence—of personal or family connection. It is almost inconceivable, in how many instances persons possessed of an undoubted qualification have hitherto neglected to secure enrolment: and when to these are added the numbers, whom a very slight exertion would with the greatest ease invest with property more than sufficient to confer the franchise, it must be evident to the most superficial observer, that in many districts of Scotland the Conservative party has not yet put forth half its strength.

In the calculation of political probabilities, let no one undervalue the effect of individual exertion. The Reform Bill was carried through one of its most important stages by a single vote—and that the vote of the Lord Advocate Jeffrey, whose election was not long afterwards declared null by the decision of a committee. The election of Mr. Abercrombie to the Speaker's chair was effected by a majority of ten. A little more exertion on the part of the Conservatives throughout the empire, on occasion of the general election, would have turned the scale the other way. Had such been the result of that division, Sir Robert Peel would have been in office at this hour. Can it be doubted, that all that is necessary to secure his speedy return to that post, which he alone, of all the statesmen of the day is qualified to fill, is the cordial and energetic union of good men of all classes, in the employment of the means with which Providence has intrusted them for the defence of the Constitution, and in the use of the privileges vested in them by law, and involving a heavy responsibility to their own conscience and to posterity? If any hesitation could have existed a few weeks ago as to the manner in which this question should be answered, the late Conservative demonstration at Glasgow has put an end to all doubt upon the subject. At that festival—by far the most splendid ever held in honor of any statesman—there were present hundreds of the most ardent and active supporters of the first Reform Government. The heart-stirring appeal addressed by the great Conservative leader to these men—his unanswerable exposition of the obligation under which they lie to vindicate their own measure from the stigma of being inconsistent with the safety of the British constitution, has been read by thousands of similar principles throughout the empire. If we do not say that it has inspired them with the resolution of uniting in defence of the civil and religious establishments of the country, it is only because we believe that they had been long so resolved. The exhortation of Sir Robert Peel did not so much find an echo in the hearts of the thousands who heard him, as it was itself a forcible and eloquent expression of a feeling very generally prevalent, both in England and Scotland. It was this feeling—call it re-action, or by any other name you will—that placed the champion of the church and the monarchy in the seat of academic honor. It was this feeling that originated, and carried into triumphant execution, the most magnificent public testimonial that a country's gratitude ever offered to political wisdom, energy, and worth—that with an enthusiasm, unbroken by one murmur of dissent, welcomed the Conservative leader to the first commercial city in the empire—and that won for him, from the hard-earned gains of humble mechanics, a civic compliment, which the paltry jealousy of their municipal rulers had refused

And it is this feeling, propelled and invigorated by the successful issue of the Glasgow banquet, that will exert a powerful influence in "widening the foundations on which the defence of the British constitution and the religious establishments must rest"—that, let a dissolution of Parliament come when it may, will wrest the supremacy in one House from the hands of the Popish faction and their infidel and Radical allies, and secure to the other the uncontrolled exercise of their independence—and that will ultimately save Britain, by strengthening through future ages the only bulwarks of her power—the limited monarchy, and the Protestant Church.

AFFAIRS OF ROME.

BY MONS. DE LA MENAIS.

It has been repeated of late years by a certain party of our liberals, *usque ad nauseam*, that the papal authority, whatever it may have been in times past, has become an authority exclusively spiritual; that it assumes not to dictate political opinions to its adherents, or in any way to bias their convictions on matters purely civil and temporal. Roman Catholics among us have been zealous to refute the imputation of any jurisdiction other than religious being exercised by their Church; and the very first man of all our Radicals, the late Mr. Cobbett, has written a history of the Reformation for the express purpose of showing what superior advantages, in many respects, Englishmen enjoyed whilst the papal supremacy extended over the country. In fact, there is a returning kindness felt very widely among us towards the Romish superstition. Its comparative powerlessness during a long lapse of time looks, to the unreflecting, very like harmlessness and innocence; and the reiterated asseverations one constantly hears of the perfect consistency of the doctrine and views of the Church of Rome with the largest measure of civil freedom, have not failed to make very deluding impressions. We should therefore omit to perform our duty if we did not show, from the volume whose title is prefixed to this article, that all these assertions and representations are false. One would think, indeed, that history would suffice to confute falsehoods so gross and palpable as those to which we allude. But since the uniform testimony of ages has been shoved aside as inapplicable to the *actual* character of the papal power, it is certainly not superfluous to produce a recent and striking exemplification of this character, which is as broad and complete as could possibly be desired.

Our readers may recollect that M. de la Menais, who has lately become so infamous by his book entitled "*Paroles d'un Croyant*," was some years ago the editor and originator of a paper called the "*Avenir*." The object of this publication was to ally the Roman Catholic religion with the democratic movement wherever it might appear. This idea was bold, and seemed ingenious, but betrayed a depth of incredulity with respect to the Divine origin of a religion which was in this manner to be revived. Those, however, who had no purposes of private ambition to serve, saw at once that the project would infallibly destroy the power to which it professed to impart new life. A certain spirit of free inquiry was necessarily presupposed in the hazardous experiment, and it was palpable, if Rome put herself in the van of such a spirit, that, from the moment in which she did so, her own foundations would be plucked up, and her complete overthrow would become inevitable. It was therefore intimated to the Abbé de la Menais, that however pure his intentions might be, his Holiness was greatly displeased with his speculations, and that if they were not discontinued, they would be condemned by authority. In consequence of this intimation, the *Avenir* was provisionally suspended. But the Abbé being unwilling to renounce his own views, determined to make an effort to bring the Pope and Cardinals to embrace them. For this purpose he set out with his two chief colleagues, Messieurs de la Cordaire and Montalembert, on a visit of expostulation to the Papal See.

"On this mission," says he, "three obscure Christians, true representatives of another age, by the *naïve simplicity* of their faith, to which was united perhaps some knowledge of the actual world, proceeded towards the Eternal

City. Being arrived, however, these sweetly simple and intelligent children of the Church obtained no satisfaction. After an interview with the Holy Father, in which it was stipulated that the matter which had brought the pilgrims so far should not even be alluded to, M. de la Menais received a letter from the Cardinal Pacca, condemning dogmatically all his political views. The following is an extract from this letter. Its sentiments are declared by the Cardinal to proceed from the infallible 'mouth of the successor of St. Peter.' They are therefore not to be regarded as private opinions, but as the decisions of the Roman Church, and *as such* they have been received and obeyed.

"As you love," says the Cardinal in this epistle, "the truth, and desire to know it that you may follow it, I will tell you frankly, and in few words, the principal points, which, on an examination of the *Avenir*, have displeased his Holiness. First, he has been greatly afflicted to perceive that the editors of that paper have taken on themselves to discuss in the presence of the public, and to decide on the most delicate questions touching the government of the Church and its supreme chief. The Holy Father also disapproves, and even reprobates the doctrine relative to *civil* (underlined in the original) and political liberty. The doctrines of the *Avenir* on *liberty of worship*, and *liberty of the press* (also underlined in the original), which have been treated with so much exaggeration, and pushed so far by its editors, are likewise very reprehensible, and in opposition to the instruction, the maxims, and the practice of the Church. They have greatly astonished and afflicted the Holy Father; for, if under certain circumstances, prudence requires they should be tolerated as a lesser evil, such doctrines can never be upheld by any Catholic, as either good or desirable."

In compliance with this decision of the Holy Father, the *Avenir* was finally discontinued, and a formal declaration was made by the editors, that its discontinuance was an act of obedience and submission to the authority of the Pope. This submission could not, one would think, have failed to be completely satisfactory. But it was not deemed so. The papal dignitaries, conceiving that the Abbé still retained some stubborn notions of a political nature, not derived absolutely from the dictation of the Roman See, required of him to follow up his first step towards obedience, by declaring his interior, simple, absolute, and unlimited adhesion to the sentiments expressed in a late encyclical letter of his Holiness to the general Church. Now, this letter, among other dogmatic *dicta* of the same complexion, declares "the liberty of the press to be a fatal liberty, which cannot be held in too much abhorrence," and that "the maxim, or rather DELIRIUM, which affirms that liberty of conscience ought to be guaranteed, is false and absurd." Besides this, the infallible epistle inculcates, with great earnestness, a blind submission to all the acts of established power, and marks with its reprobation every novelty. The Abbé de la Mennais no doubt perceived that formally to subscribe to the truth of these doctrines would be tantamount to bidding for ever adieu to his own trade of politico-religious demagogue, or would plunge him into many dishonorable inconsistencies. He therefore demurred, and found himself in a position extremely puzzling. He attempted to make a distinction between the temporal and spiritual power of the Popedom, but only got more and more involved in embarrassing questioning.

We will give some of his contradictory reasonings on this subject, though not absolutely needful to our argument. They are strongly illustrative, we think, both of the equivocating dishonesty of the individual, and of the intellectual misery which even a highly accomplished mind is reduced to whilst in bondage to Rome. The Abbé, in the sentence preceding the passage which follows, has declared his opinion, that civil and political matters do not belong to the jurisdiction of the Church; but frightened, it appears, at his own temerity in this assertion, he veers suddenly about, and says—"But if either by right or in fact the Pope decides otherwise, it is evidently the duty of Catholics rigorously to submit to his decisions, provisionally, at least, and even definitively, if the Episcopacy remain silent; for, according to the maxims of the Gallican Church, the tacit adhesion of the general Church suffices to stamp the pontifical decision with the seal of infallibility." The Abbé then, again taking courage after this admission, ventures to reason with the Papal power about liberty of conscience, and says boldly—"Supposing it admitted

that Catholicism should be in contradiction with the human conscience, under what obligation would men be to embrace its decisions? On the one side, it would be said, '*it is pride and madness to confide in reason naturally infirm*'" (this is from the Pope's letter); "and on the other, 'that the conscience itself is deceitful;' so that, to be a Catholic, one must abjure at the same time one's reason and one's conscience." After this sally, the Abbé becomes again submissive:—"For the sake of peace," says he, "I determined to sign the declaration demanded of me, but under the express reservation of my duty towards my country and humanity." This reservation, the next sentence informs us, was a flagrantly dishonest act of prevarication; for, he continues, "in signing this declaration, *simply, absolutely,* and *without limitation,* I knew very well that I affirmed *implicitly* that the Pope is God; and with the like object in view, I am ready to affirm the same *explicitly,* whenever it shall be required of me."

It is needless to make any comment on this brief exposition we have been able to furnish of the *actual* political principles of the Church of Rome. The doctrines of civil liberty, of the liberty of the press, and of liberty of worship, are all, we see, equally denounced by the "infallible" vicar of Christ. They can never be represented, says the successor of St. Peter, by any true Catholic as either good or desirable, but are to be reprobated, held in abhorrence, deemed false and absurd, and considered as the result of absolute delirium. After this, is there not something striking in the fact, that the most bigoted Papists among us are the most outrageous asserters of all these kinds of liberty? Are we then really to believe such persons frank and honest in their declamations on these subjects, or are we to conclude, that a desire to reach a certain position of influence falsifies their tongues, and brings their professions into contradiction with their convictions? Or do they consider it just and honorable to deceive *enemies* with a show of false colors? God forbid that we should make a bugbear of these men; but let us not deceive ourselves with respect to their character, or rather—not to do them injustice—let us not deceive ourselves with respect to the character of that Power which overshadows them, which is greater than they are. The Papist will always predominate over the man, however upright his natural disposition may be, when the interests of his Church are in question.

We must now return to some other parts of M. de La Mennais's volume, which demand a comment or two. There is a school of philosophers and politicians, so called in France, who may be appropriately denominated the *Mystics,* and of these our author is one of the most distinguished examples. The French Mystics correspond in one particular to our Utilitarians; that is, they are in the advance of the Movement party of their countrymen. Indeed, it is difficult to find a French democrat who has not a strain of mysticism in his views. The party, however, to whom we at present more especially allude, have no further resemblance to our Benthamites than what we have just pointed out. The two schools, Mystic and Utilitarian, merely occupy the same places in their several countries. In every other respect, they form perfect contrasts to each other, and show strikingly how the nations in which they have sprung up essentially differ in character. Our Radicals of "the greatest happiness principle," for instance, look to Reform, which according to their designs, is to proceed without stoppage, from detail to detail, till all things are newly modified, as their grand instrument. The French visionaries, on the contrary, regarding Reform (indeed the word is not in the political vocabulary of the country) as too slow, and not sufficiently regenerating, look to revolution. But their desire for revolution arises not *principally* out of a love of change, or of excitement, or out of ambition, or any of the other motives which usually urge men to subvert existing establishments. The passion which chiefly actuates them is much more potent, and altogether of a different description. The men we are writing of are *fanatics.* They anticipate, as far as we can catch their meaning, that through a long chain of revolutionary convulsions, a certain social Revelation is to be wrought out, which is to consummate the happiness of the human race. Compared with this passionate dream, the wildest projects and fancies of our English de-

structives are sobriety itself. But it may be generally observed, that Frenchmen, when they are not in the opposite extreme, mere selfish materialists, are almost always chasing a phantom in the clouds. Politics, to their mercurial and refining intellects, becomes quite a metaphysical subject, and so sublimated are their hopes and apprehensions of things to come, that the horizon before them looks to us very like the natural horizon:—a mingling, to all appearance, of heaven and earth. We cannot help attributing the peculiarity of mental character thus displayed to a strong native sentiment of religion operating on infidelity. We will endeavor to explain this thought more distinctly.

Every one must have noticed, that a certain class of French revolutionists never appear anxious to realize any *present* good; their aim seems always to be to reach some distant *future*, and the intermediate stage between this present and future are contemplated by them with impatience, as in no measure satisfying their wants. A perfectly new organization of society is the goal of all their efforts, and till this is attained, they resolve themselves into a state of permanent rebellion against every thing which has a show of stability. Now we are strongly persuaded that this strained projection of the mind into a state of things which can have no proximate accomplishment, is a kind of substitute for religion.* It is not the result of a superabundance of activity and enterprise, for these qualities always fasten upon objects which are near at hand to be realized. But it arises from a craving necessity to fill up the void which infidelity leaves in the heart. For, although unbelief may blot out a creed, it cannot blot out of human nature that property of which a creed of some kind or another is an essential counterpart. Frenchmen, however, when they rejected Christianity, rejected at the same time all fabled and philosophic prospects of an hereafter. The latter could not possibly *succeed to*, though they might and did *precede* the former. In the tormenting state, then, that ensued of spiritual desires without spiritual objects, they shaped to their imaginations a certain transcendental condition of society, which was and is to them in place of a gospel and a worship. This fancied acme of civilisation corresponds to the religious idea of a millennium, and although the expectation of its advent, through successive revolutions, is too remote and indistinct a sentiment to be broadly avowed, yet it is vaguely entertained, and constitutes the secret fire actuating, and, seemingly to those who feel it, sanctifying the grosser motives which impel them forever onwards. We have no doubt but that Robespierre, Marat, and the whole array of abhorred monsters, who astonished the world with their crimes in the first Revolution, acted under the spur of this illusion. They had, all of them, it is highly probable, a distant vision of pure and perfect glory before them, to realize which, even to far off generations, no sacrifice was deemed too great. We can conceive nothing which tends to confusion—to chaos we might almost say—so directly as this habit of pointing all those hopes and aspirations, which belong properly to a future state, towards speculations as to what mankind may attain to on the earth. But when a future state is rendered by incredulity a wide blank, there is nothing strange in men practising this gross delusion on themselves. Unbelievers of ardent and imaginative temperaments are very apt to fall into this fanatic trance. Believers also in a superstitious creed

* It may be said, perhaps, that, in Germany, where infidelity does not prevail as characteristic of the nation, the mysticism we are commenting on is still more rife than it is in France. There is here, however, a distinction to be made. The German mysticism is evidently nothing more than a literary amusement of idle, imaginative men. It points not at any of the realities of society, but is completely confined to the region of fiction. Were the Germans called upon to *act*, it is probable they would do so in a sober and practical, though ardent, temper. But the mysticism of France has been shown most supereminently *in action*, and even in speculation it contemplates action. From its virulent intense earnestness, it is impossible for a moment to mistake its purpose. There is a difference between fireworks thrown up into the air to delight spectators, and brands put into the hands of incendiaries to set fire to houses. This distinction separates the mystics of the two countries *toto cœlo*.

are naturally prone to mysticism. Yet we do not think the latter, when honestly devout, are possessed of the spirit we have above described, except perhaps by *infection* from a surrounding society. M. de Chateaubriand, from whose book on English literature we are now about to present an extract, quoted by M. de la Mennais in support of his own views, is evidently one of the infected. As to the Abbé himself, we look upon him as a decided infidel, and would much rather associate his name with that of M. Lerminier, or any other of the fevered visionists who abound in France, than with that of the celebrated man we have just named, and whom we are grieved to find in such company. The extract is as follows:—

"Society, such as it is at present, will cease to exist. In proportion as instruction descends to the inferior classes, the secret ulcer, which has corroded social order from the beginning of the world, and which is the cause of all popular disquietudes and agitations, will be discovered. The exaggerated inequality of conditions and fortunes which prevails might well be maintained, whilst, on the one side, it was hidden by ignorance, and, on the other, by a factitious civil organization; but, as far as this inequality is generally perceived, it will receive its mortal wound.

"Re-establish, if you can, the aristocratic fictions of past times; try to persuade the poor man who knows how to read—the poor man to whom knowledge is daily communicated by the press, from city to city, and from village to village—try to persuade such an one, so instructed, having the same enlightenment and intelligence as yourself, that he should submit to every privation, whilst his neighbor possesses, without labor, a thousand times more than the superfluities of life, and your attempt will be vain. Demand not of the multitude efforts above nature.

"The material development of society will hasten the development of intellect. When the powers of steam shall be put perfectly into operation; when, combined with the telegraph and railroads, it shall, so to speak, annihilate distance, it will not only be objects of traffic, which will travel with the speed of light from one end of the globe to the other, but ideas also. When fiscal and commercial barriers between different states shall be abolished, as they are now between the different provinces of the same state; when *wages*, which are only a prolonged *slavery*, shall be scored out by means of an equality established between the producer and consumer; when different countries, reciprocally deriving their characters from each other, abandoning their national prejudices, and their ancient ideas of supremacy and conquest, shall tend to unity—by what means can society be made to retrogade towards principles effete and exhausted?

"A future is before us—a future, powerful and free, in all the plenitude of evangelic equality—but it is yet distant—distant beyond the most extended visible horizon. It can be reached only by indefatigable hope, incorruptible by adversity, and whose wings wax strong, and widen under all the eclipses of disappointment."

We believe this passage fully justifies the observations which precede it. The views it holds forth are wide and vague to the utmost. A subversion of society from all its foundations is prophesied, and the passions which are to bring this about are described as holy impulses towards a state of evangelic equality. A revolution, total and complete, of social order, as it has existed from the beginning of the world—the consummation probably of several successive revolutions—is foreseen. The poor are no longer to endure the existence of the rich, wages are to be abolished as slavery, and all nations abandoning national enmities, are to have but one character and one common interest. Perfectly understanding each other, they are again to build up a tower which is to reach to the sky. An infidel design this was at first, and the same it is now. Mean time troubles and convulsions in procinct and in seed, are seen and hailed with "indefatigable hope." But the grand result is distant, "far distant beyond the most extended visible horizon."

It would be idle to expose in detail the fanaticism, absurdity, and iniquity of this *visionary* prospect. We should have hoped of M. de Chateaubriand that he would have been the foremost to lift up the warning voice, to set up a beacon to his contemporaries and to posterity, that the rocks and quicksands before them might be seen, and avoided by every strenuous effort of virtue and of courage; but instead of this he cheers them on their desperate course. He tells them they are in the strong stream of fate that will carry them, whether they will or not, they know not whither, and that they need not care, but only hope mightily, and entertain themselves with visions

of glory, whilst all is going to wreck about them. Let us now see what M. de La Mennais says.

"In certain former epochs," he begins, "a common opinion, growing gradually, and at last spreading universally, has prevailed, neither the origin nor the progress of which could be distinctly traced. An instinct of an indispensable reformation, of a change in preparation, of a development, of a revolution, has manifested itself in such seasons in a thousand ways; so that every one has been in a state of expectation, and when the sun rose it has been a question whether he would give his light to the same state of things in the evening he had risen on in the morning. Such a feeling as this is the especial warning which God gives to those to whom he has confided the government either of things divine or of things human, and all the evils which desolate the world, all the disorders which mark periods of transition, are caused principally by the obstinate resistance opposed to the law of progress which should govern the human race.

"Now at this actual time we are living in one of those epochs in which all things tend to renovation, and are passing from one state to another. Of this no one can entertain a doubt. Never did there exist so lively a presentiment, so universal a conviction of a coming change as at present. Some fear, and others hope, according as they look forward or look backward, and see life or death. But I repeat it, all believe in a radical alteration of the world, in a total revolution which is ready to break forth. This then will be accomplished. It is vain to attempt to arrest the flight of destiny, to remount the stream of time, or to build with stability on the chaos of actual society. This is impossible. There is in the womb of events a sovereign, fatal, irrevocable necessity superior to all opposing power. What are those petty arms stretched out to drive back the human race, and what can they do? An irresistible force urges the people onwards. However they may be opposed, they will advance as they should advance. None can stop them in their course on the high-road of centuries, for this is the career, in which, from one generation to another, man, in continual progress, prepares himself for eternity."

Alluding then to the restraints which men find in religion, M. de La Mennais thus expresses himself:—

"There is then a struggle, a terrible struggle. Man flies from God, if I may venture so to speak, that he may not cease to be man. He turns away from the road which leads to the temple, when the door through which human nature would force him to enter, is shut against him—(N. B. This door is revolution). He will overthrow the temple itself if there be no other means of cutting out his passage, for he must advance even over ruins; and there is nothing sacred enough to be spared in these moments of enthusiasm, of ineffable possession, in which a mysterious voice from the depths of futurity calls to him to press on. The more sacred the obstacle he encounters is, the more enraged and indignant he becomes. He turns with fury upon every hinderance. Its sacredness only increases his exasperation from the contrasts in which it stands to the Divine power within him, by which he feels himself impelled and ruled, &c."

Whilst translating the above passage, we have heard of another attempt made on the life of the King of the French. A crime like this appears to us indeed only the natural consequences of such sentiments as we have just transcribed, and which Monsieur de la Mennais and a whole host of popular authors are in the habit of scattering, as it were, from a tripod of inspiration among the French multitude. No one can read the extracts, short as they are, which we have given from the volume before us, of one of the most eloquent writers of France, without perceiving that their direct aim is to rouse up into fury all the troubled mind of the nation. The passionate restlessness of the worst part of society is every where represented as a divine impulse towards a great social regeneration. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that desperate men should lay hold of this doctrine as exactly suiting their condition, and as imparting to such a crime as the assassination of a King, a kind of sinister glory, which their misery and their overheated intellects strongly tempt them to appropriate to themselves. Such an act is considered by the fanatic theorists, whose works incite to its commission as nothing more than a flash of lightning from the thunder-cloud. It only confirms them in their views and hopes of approaching revolutions, and far from checking their speculations, is regarded as a direct corroboration of their truth, and encourages them to recommence their declamations with increasing confidence and animation.

We believe we have now given our readers specimens enough of Mon-

sieur de la Mennais's volume, and we assure them that we could furnish parallel passages from numerous modern works of great popularity, which are issuing daily from the French press. Indeed the extreme exultation of mind which prevails in France constitutes the principal and perhaps the sole danger to which that country is exposed. Happily *we* know little of this *kind* of intellectual fever, and therefore may find it difficult, at the first glance, to appreciate the full extent of its dangerousness. With us, for instance, every political agitation has some distinct cause, some definite object of a positive practical nature by which it is for the time bounded; and we confess we think there is comparatively little to be feared, whilst the passions of the people are roused only by subjects closely connected with their material interests. The appeals which are constantly making, in such cases, to practice and experience, soon temper an exaggerated violence, and produce an inevitable sobering reaction; and even in the very tempest of excitement thus occasioned, there exists a species of moderation, inasmuch as the end in view is specific and limited. But in France the disquietude and ferment of the public mind is not created by any precise cause, but arises from a tormenting vague sentiment that things are not as they ought to be, not in this or that particular, but generally and universally. Owing to some peculiarity in the character of Frenchmen, they have ever had the habit of viewing political matters in this wide manner. Even in the Chamber of Deputies to this present day, all topics relating to the *material* welfare of the state, to the prosperity of separate classes of men, are handed over to the *bureaux* or committees, and beyond those petty circles attract no regard. An Englishman sojourning in France, or attentive to the proceedings of its representative assembly, is struck with astonishment to find that the great establishments, institutions, and interests of the country, never strongly excite the popular attention. Any new laws or regulations to which these may be subjected, are discussed with coldness and indifference, and are supposed more nearly to concern the subaltern officers of the administration, who have the chief direction of such mechanical affairs, than any one else. But as soon as some subject which includes the assertion of a first principle, or which opens a prospect of extensive change, is started, then is there an animation, an eagerness, and a state of tip-toe expectation excited, which agitates the whole nation. Nothing can show more strikingly than this that the hearts and thoughts of the people are at some distant goal. They are not set upon any thing positively existing. Owing to this loose roving state of their political affections, their most precious liberties, actually had in possession, are, in the midst of violent contentions for the abstract doctrines of republican freedom, ravished from them or abridged. Thus the liberty of the press has been lately restrained, and the institution of the jury corrupted; and we can tell our readers, that it is in contemplation, during the present session of the Chambers, to revive an old law of Napoleon's, by which any individual may be banished either from Paris or the French territory, on a mere suspicion that he entertains dangerous political principles or projects—and this tyrannic measure will, we have no doubt, be carried, as others have been, almost without opposition. Why? Because the real substantial *details* which constitute civil liberty, are not, for their own sakes, loved in France. Theories and speculations occupy, in the minds of Frenchmen, that place which the solid institutions and positive interests of the kingdom ought to fill. There is an exaltation of mental temperament which will not stoop to homely realities, and of this M. de la Mennais, and the mystic school, afford the most prominent examples; but in a diminished degree, it is common to almost all the liberal politicians of the French nation; and whilst such men are unengaged and uninterested in *practical* affairs; till such affairs are rendered *popular*, disnested from the *bureaux* of the central government, and put into the hands of the people, there can be no safety or tranquillity in France. Whilst the intelligence of that country ranges wide, as it does now, it can only be compared to lightning. It may coruscate awhile in the clouds, but its great attraction will be towards the social edifice, which—unless such conductors as we have hinted at be found—it will smite and smite again into a heap of ruins.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

No. VIII.

REASONING.

We now proceed to consider the act of our Intellective Faculty, in the most distinguished and complex operation which our mind performs, namely, in reasoning—a subject which may be viewed in much simplicity when relieved from that load of disquisition which has been heaped upon it.

Reasoning may be considered as of two kinds, Demonstrative and Inductive, and we shall speak of both in order.

Of Demonstrative Reasoning the most remarkable and most perfect example is that which is afforded by the science of mathematics. And it is in this science, therefore, that we mean to consider it.

The distinguishing character of mathematical reasoning is its absolute certainty. This does not require to be insisted on. Every one who has the slightest acquaintance with the nature of mathematics is aware of this fact, and knows that every the least step in this kind of reasoning has a character that is wanting in the most overpowering and irresistible probability in every other. In all other reasonings, all other proofs, however conclusive they may be, however implicitly we may believe and act upon them, still there is the possibility that we may be deceived. But in mathematical demonstration there is no such possibility. We know that we reason aright. To question in the least degree the conclusion amounts to the dereliction of reason itself. Here then is, between the most convincing argument of any other kind and this, a wide and total separation.

This distinctive character of mathematical demonstration rests on two circumstances: the nature of the original grounds upon which the whole reasoning of the science proceeds, or the subjects of inquiry; and that of the successive steps of reasoning.

In all other speculation the subject of reasoning is something that is independent of our intelligence, having absolute existence in nature; and our reasoning, therefore, proceeds upon observation of the natural facts. Hence there is always in such inquiry a ground of uncertainty, because the knowledge on which we reason is itself uncertain. There is no way in which the human mind can absolutely assure itself, either that its observations are perfectly true, or that they have embraced the whole of the facts which may possibly affect the conclusion. The deduction is uncertain, therefore, because the grounds of reasoning are independent of the intellect which reasons. In mathematical science, on the contrary, the subjects of reasoning have no such independence. They exist not in nature. They subsist solely in the intelligence which is to explore their relations. For the mind itself creates in this instance the subjects of its speculation; and the grounds of reasoning are therefore known entire, and with absolute certainty, to the intellect that is to reason upon them. They do not subsist in nature; for the first essential properties of these subjects are directly at variance with the primary essential properties of material being. The mathematical point is without parts, but the ultimate atom of nature is, in respect to extension, still infinitely divisible. The line is without breadth, but the finest line traced in matter has breadth that is still infinitely divisible. The nearest approach to the perfect evenness of the right line, to the uniform curvature of the circle, must, we conceive, still vary from the exact delineation, in all material lines and curves, framed, as they are, by the apposition of particles, which have figures of their own. Or, if such figures can, or do exist in nature, they are to our mind the same as if they did not, since we cannot ascertain their existence. For we can know them only by our senses, and we know well, that though the form should appear to be in most perfect coincidence with the mathematical description, there can nevertheless be no reliance on the testimony of our

senses in such a case, for that there may be deviations from perfect figure infinitely more minute than they are able to apprehend. The subjects of mathematical reasoning, then, to which it is essential that they should correspond in the most absolute truth to their mathematical description, either do not, and cannot subsist in material mixture; or if they do, cannot, as so existing, be known to the mind; and cannot, therefore, afford the grounds of its reasoning.

Where, then, have they their existence? In the mind only, which, by assigning to them their essential properties, gives them existence—or, as it may be truly said, creates them. The subjects, then, of all mathematical reasonings are intellectual conceptions merely; and therefore are what they are conceived. It is of no consequence that these conceptions are not possible to be realised in matter. Intellect here frames its own subjects of thought, and is therefore at liberty to assign their properties, without regard to any laws, except those to which it is itself subjected; and it can be no objection to the constitution which it ascribes to its subjects, that it is found to be in contradiction with the constitution of matter, so long as it is not self-contradictory. In this science, then, whatever its subjects are conceived by the mind, that they are —the point is without extension—the line is without breadth—the tangent touches the circle but in a single point —the radii of the circle, declared to be equal, cannot vary by the difference of one indivisable atom of matter.

But if these subjects are, and can be nothing else than precisely what they are conceived by the mind, there are then two most important grounds of certainty obtained to all its subsequent proceedings—first that the relations apprehended by the mind, as subsisting in these subjects, do subsist in the most perfect degree, absolutely and unexceptionably;—the other—that the knowledge which the mind possesses of the primitive constitution of the subjects of its reasoning is a perfect knowledge, without omission and without error.

Such then are the grounds of certainty in the subjects themselves of mathematical inquiry.

All that is further necessary is, that the steps of reasoning which it pursues should be as free from the possible intermixture of error as its original grounds. And we may now therefore inquire, in what manner the same certainty is obtained in the steps of mathematical demonstration. It is remarked by Mr. Locke, that, "in demonstrative knowledge, there must be in every step of reasoning intuitive certainty." By intuition is meant the perception of truth by simple inspection of the subject—as the truth of the proposition that things equal to the same thing are equal to one another is said to be perceived by intuition. It is discerned as soon as the subject is presented to the understanding. Now it will be found, that all the steps employed in the course of mathematical demonstration have such intuitive certainty. For the proofs resorted to are either the axioms of the science, or its definitions. With respect to the axioms of mathematical science, they are precisely such truths as have just been described—they are propositions which, the moment they are presented to the mind, are discerned to be necessarily true. They are self-evident truths, or truths of intuition. With respect to the definitions, these serve to describe the subjects of reasoning by their essential properties; and the occasion of referring to them is simply this, that the reasoning is brought to a point when the next step of proof depends on that essential property assigned in the definition. The reference is merely an appeal to that original constitution of the subject, which was established by the mind as the basis of the science. Thus, whether the proof be by reference to the axioms or to the definitions of the science, the certainty is perfect: since in one case, it rests on a self-evident or intuitive truth;—in the other, on a fact given in the very constitution of the subject of reasoning.

We may here remark, that the subjects of mathematical reasoning existing in thought merely, the truths ascertained respecting them cannot in their intellectual purity and rigorous exactness be transferred to any thing existing out of thought. Nevertheless, the deductions of this reasoning are applicable so far to material subjects, as these materials subjects approximate to the truth of the intellectual conception. In their nearest approximation they are indeed absolutely di-

vided from that exact intellectual truth; but to the perception of our senses they may approach so undistinguishably near, that, as far as regards all our practical purposes, they may be conceived to coincide with it. Hence we are able to apply mathematical reasonings to the various material subjects of scientific observation and of art; the difference, in that application, from the absolute truth, being such as either is not perceptible by us, or such as does not affect our use.

The subjects then of all mathematical inquiry are given in those simple primary relations which are proposed and established in its outset. It then becomes the object of the science to educe by reasoning the other relations which these primary ones necessarily involve; proceeding from one discovery to another, in endless combinations, carried on step by step from these few and simple elements. The labor of the most powerful minds, through a long succession of time, is unable to exhaust the relations involved in the constitution of the subject that was at first so simply determined. "I have no doubt," says Dr. Reid, "that after all the investigations of mathematicians, of the simple figure of the circle, it contains many properties, which are yet undiscovered." So fruitful to intellect is every element of intellectual conception. The thought of a moment produces a subject for the study of ages.

In mathematical reasoning, therefore, what is attained is perfect certainty; the subject of reasoning being relations known absolutely to the mind, which has conceived them; and the process of reasoning being always such a comparison of one subject with another, that the new relation resulting is perceived by intuition; the purpose being from those fixed and known relations to ascertain unknown relations which they involve. And the whole may be thus summed up. The subjects of reasoning are known relations—the steps of reasoning intuitions—the end other relations—the ground of certainty intuition of relations among subjects certainly known—to doubt its reasonings, the mind must either doubt its own intuitions, which have carried it on at every step—or it must doubt its understanding of its own conceptions, from which originally it set out.

Let us now pass to Inductive Reasoning. The object of inductive reasoning is, to obtain knowledge of things having absolute and independent existence, their relations, and their laws of mutual action. The means are observation of the facts falling under our notice, with reasonings grounded on those facts—these reasonings in like manner consist of intuitive perceptions of relations—the grounds of certainty are the confidence of the mind in its own intuitions, and the belief of constancy and unity in the order of nature.

The process of the mind in such inductive reasoning will be best understood by considering particular cases of knowledge thus acquired from the study of material nature.

The first occasion to the great Harvey, of conceiving the circulation of the blood, was the anatomical observation of certain valves, that are placed at intervals in those vessels, which are now known to carry the blood towards the heart, the veins. The structure and situation of these valves is such, that they will permit any fluid contained in these vessels to flow in one direction, and not in the other: that direction is towards the heart. He argued that the blood did flow along them in that direction. It followed that the other vessels, the arteries, in which no such valves were found, must serve to carry it from the heart over the body. This, then, was at first, an hypothesis, grounded on a single observation. Innumerable observations, of various kinds, made during many years, all coinciding with, and explained by this opinion, and none contradicting it, enabled the illustrious discoverer to establish his theory with irresistible evidence. Here, then, was, in the first place, a fact observed—a hypothesis framed consonant to that fact—and numberless subsequent observations found coinciding with the hypothesis. The comparison of these observations with the hypothesis, and the perception of their coincidence, is what in this instance is to be understood by inductive reasoning.

As an example of the same process, far more removed, as it might seem, from absolute observation, may be mentioned the discovery by Copernicus of the true orbits of the planets. "When Copernicus," says Maclaurin, "considered the 'form,

disposition, and motions of the planetary system, as they were in his time represented according to the scheme of Ptolemy, he found the whole void of order, symmetry, and proportion; like a picture, as he expresses himself, made up of parts copied from different originals, which, not fitting each other, should rather represent a monster than a man. He therefore perused the writings of ancient philosophers, to see whether any more rational account had ever been proposed of the motions of the heavens. The first hint to this effect that he gained was from Cicero, who, in his 'Academical Questions,' acquaints us, that Nicetas, a Syracusan, had taught that the earth turns round on its axis, which, to a spectator on the earth's surface, makes the whole heavens appear daily to revolve. Afterwards, from Plutarch he found, that Philolaus had taught that the earth moved annually round the sun. He immediately perceived that, by allowing these two motions, all the perplexity, disorder, and confusion which had troubled him, in the celestial motions, vanished; and that, instead of them, a simple regular disposition of the whole, and a harmony of the motions appeared, worthy of the great Author of the world."

Now it is to be observed, that this theory of Copernicus was, in the first instance, a simple hypothesis. It accounted for the known appearances of the heavens; but those known appearances did not require it. For, in the system generally adopted at the time, that of Ptolemy, according to the natural suggestion as it may seem of human imagination, and which placed the earth in the centre of the world, there was nothing inconsistent with the then ascertained facts of the planatary notions. The choice was therefore between two hypotheses; and the reason for the preference of that of Copernicus was, not that it explained what was left unexplained by the other, but that one made the structure of our system perplexed and intricate, and the other reduced its motions to simple and beautiful order. But when this hypothesis had by its beautiful simplicity recommended its probability, then was science excited to find observations concurring with this hypothesis; and when numberless facts were ascertained which this hypothesis would explain and no other—when other later theories resting on their own grounds were found to agree with it—it was then considered as inductively demonstrated; yet all this weight of inductive evidence may be summed up in this, that each observation, severally taken and put in apposition, as Locke would say, with this theory, is perceived to coincide with it, and none to contradict it. The evidence than of inductive reasoning is merely an aggregate of simple perceptions of coincidence.

It may thus be understood what is meant by inductive reasoning. Appearances are first observed, which is all the knowledge directly conveyed to us of any existence. These appearances are to be accounted for, and the hypothesis which explains them reduces them into knowledge. But that hypothesis must, in the first instance, be matter of conjecture merely, and the comparison of various observations with it, and the perception of their coincidence, is the inductive reasoning which confirms it.

So far what we have seen is the discovery by induction of absolute facts of physical nature, which are so situated as to be out of the reach of our knowledge by direct observation, and this was the first point of discussion proposed. There is, however, another great result of the application of inductive reasoning to the observation of natural existence, that is, the discovery of the general laws by which nature is governed. But when philosophy speaks of the discovery of general laws, it is not to be understood as if it presumed to ascertain the power which determines action, or the true connections in nature, which are not discernible by us—all that is meant by such discovery is the perception of harmonies in the system of being by the intellectual extension of the law of one appearance to many, or, as it is commonly expressed, by resolving particular into more general facts. Thus the knowledge of the true places of the bodies of our planetary system, and of the true orbits which the planets by their revolutions describe, are merely facts. When Newton showed that the course of those motions agreed with what must take place if they were determined by the same cause by which unsupported bodies fall, assigning gravitation as the principle which regulated the descent of heavy bodies

and the motion of planets, he gave no explanation of the cause, for the cause in both instances is equally unknown; he merely resolved the two unlike facts of the fall of bodies, and the deflexion of the planets' course from a right line, into one common fact or law, namely, that the bodies of matter tend towards one another. This more general law might be said to be a harmony found in nature connecting the events which take place on the surface of our globe and the motions of the planets in one system. The mere discovery of the same tendency of matter to matter, existing alike here and in the mutual relations of those vast worlds, is itself a wide embracing harmony; but that effects so unlike in appearance fall under one law is a harmony of another kind, a harmony of simplicity in the design by which the world is ordered. Even when within the limits of our own planet philosophy examines and analyses the various appearances and effects which fall under this common law of gravitation, tracing the operation of this one principle in the agency that has given to the earth its solidity, in the law appointed to the ocean alike to lift up its tides and to retain its waters in their bed, when it finds that by the same power the vapors are carried up and sustained in the floating clouds, and that by this the upward growth of all vegetation is determined, with numberless other effects in which the operation of this one principle is more or less disguised in its appearances—when we see how many and various these results are, how much of the whole of the complex system of our knowledge and of our world they comprehend, we do not indeed obtain any knowledge of causation, but we resolve a vast diversity of facts under that one common fact, whatever its cause may be, that matter tends to matter. But in merely thus reducing these diverse effects under a common law, we cannot but feel that we have greatly enlarged the comprehension of our own intelligence: and with respect to our knowledge of the universe, we have acquired insight into the harmony of design in its constitution when we have seen one single principle employed, through so wide an extent of created existence, to produce effects so various from one another.

In this resolution of various appearances into universal laws, it is important to observe what is and what is not effected. There is no discovery of absolute causation, which is always hidden from our sight—what is obtained is the extended recognition of a single fact under a great diversity of appearances, viz. that matter tends towards matter. We had occasion to show in what manner a particular fact was ascertained, namely, by the proposal of a well conceived hypothesis, and then by inductive reasoning justifying and confirming it. In the same manner, in the extension of a single fact through such variety of appearances, or its generalization, as it is called, there is the same process pursued. First is the bold conjecture of philosophy that this is indeed the common law which prevails through all these appearances, and next in order is that inductive reasoning which confirms and establishes the hypothesis. But if we ask in what that inductive reasoning consists, it is found as before that it consists in nothing more than an aggregate of intellectual perceptions of coincidence. It consists in the collection of innumerable minute and partial facts—of appearances among the subjects—in the comparison of them with the hypothesis, and the perception of their coincidence. The particular manner in which these innumerable confirming observations are pursued and ascertained does not need to be considered in the present inquiry. It is when they are ascertained that they become, with respect to that hypothesis, the matter of inductive reasoning.

It needs only further to be observed, that every general law thus ascertained, becomes a means of further discovery; because the philosopher expects other effects yet unexplained to fall under it, and strong in this discovery, he goes on to observe and to explore, that he may comprehend under the same knowledge what yet remains unknown. His process being merely this—to observe individual facts, to generalize them, and then to advance again to the observation of further effects, to bring them under his known general law;—but here too his induction is still the same, being never more than the comparison of one thing with another, and the perception of their coincidence.

In all these reasonings, however, there is never more attained than probability upon probability, infinitely accumulated. There can be no demonstration. The belief that is forced upon the mind is indeed irresistible. But the conviction yet remains, that under the weight of all this evidence there may yet by possibility be error. It is still remembered that "no hypothesis, how numerous soever the facts may be with which it tallies, can completely exclude the possibility of exceptions or limitations, hitherto undiscovered." It is still considered, that our belief is grounded merely on the concurrence of numberless appearances coinciding with one Hypothesis; but that the absolute truth of the Hypothesis, or the connection in nature in which it subsists, is placed out of the reach of our discovery.

Such then is the nature of inductive reasoning. We have taken the illustrations which were necessary to explain it, from the appearances, facts, and laws of the Physical world, because these are more simply and easily stated, and are more generally and indisputably recognised. But the process of inductive reasoning is the same with respect to the mind: all reasoning which is employed to establish its facts or its laws, from appearances collected by self-observation or observation of others, being precisely the same—the aggregate result of many comparisons, and of intuitive perceptions—upon some comparison made—of disagreement or coincidence.

We have seen upon what grounds the belief of mathematical reasoning rests, namely, on the confidence of the mind in its perception of connections among its own thoughts. We may now consider upon what grounds its belief in the reasonings of induction is established. In all inductive inquiry, then, the ground of our reasoning is a belief of constancy in the appointed order, and of unity in the design of nature. Our belief of constancy in the appointed order of nature, that is to say, the determination of our mind to conceive, that whatever it discerns to take place, takes place by established and permanent laws, and will therefore recur continually in like circumstances, appears to be, as we observed in speaking formerly on the relation of cause and effect, one of those inherent intellectual tendencies which are originally impressed upon our minds in their constitution, and which are confirmed by the constant tenor of our experience. Upon the supposition of such a constancy, it is evident that all reliance upon our knowledge must be founded, since, if these laws could vary, the whole structure of our knowledge would be immediately overthrown. Upon this belief, then, rests our assurance that what we have ascertained is invariably true. The other element of our reasoning, namely, our belief of unity in the design of nature, may require to be more fully considered. This is the foundation of our reasoning by analogy, when, observing like appearances, the mind is irresistibly impelled to ascribe them to like causes—an implanted tendency which all experience confirms. It is the ground of that expectation which carries us forward continually in philosophic investigation, and which is the whole spirit of philosophy, the expectation of reducing more and more facts under the laws already known, so as to enlarge continually the conception of the law itself, and to comprehend under the dominion of intellect more and more of the yet uncomprehended facts of the universe. Lastly, it is the true ground of our belief in our reasoning at all, because the sole evidence to us of truth in our reasonings is their harmony; but this harmony is evidence of their truth, only because we presuppose unity in the design of created things, and the harmony we find in our own thoughts appears to us to betoken a correspondence between them, and that believed unity of design in the constitution of the world. If it were possible for us to conceive diversity of purpose in the scheme of creation, we could never know that what we beheld in one part had any connection with what we had known in another; we could not find, even in the consistency of our reasonings, a proof of their truth. It might be a proof of error.

Such then is the nature of inductive reasoning: a proceeding of the mind, not appertaining to science alone, but proper to the human intelligence from the beginning of its operations, accompanying it in all its steps, instructing those whose knowledge of the worlds physical and mental with which we are conversant is rudest and most unform-

ed, and constituting the ground and basis of the structure of all the knowledge which we can acquire through life. But it is most celebrated in science, because there only it had been long wanting;—the intellect, in its self-confidence, lifting itself above the servitude of observation, and trusting by its own meditative powers, by its own self-contemplation, to divine the laws of the universe. A presumption which might well blind it to the discovery of truth. From this false imagination of its own capacities, and this misdirection of its intellectual power, it was called by the great teacher of the inductive philosophy, who considering the ineffectual results of the speculations with which the mind had so long occupied itself in vain, and not believing that the cause of that unsuccessful labor could be in the insufficiency of the powers of the mind, perceived that it was to be found in the method of the inquiry which philosophy had pursued, and first directed them to the true course of investigation, when he called them away from their self-deluding imaginations, by the first simple and sublime words of that work in which he laid down the true principles, which were to guide the human mind in the investigation of truth.—"Homo naturæ minister et interpres tantum facit et intelligit quantum de naturæ ordine re vel mente observaverit, nec amplius scit aut potest."

Two great results attend the knowledge thus acquired; one the command which man thus possesses over the means which nature lays before him for his use,—and which has been wonderfully exemplified in the discoveries and inventions of art which have since been made, and are continually augmenting; the other, the intelligent wonder with which we are carried to understand, according to the range of our limited observation, the wisdom in which the world is created—an understanding in which we are especially rich beyond all the intellectual treasures of antiquity.

Having thus considered both kinds of reasoning, demonstrative and inductive, let us in a few words sum up what has been said, by a comparison of the two with each other.

We found in demonstrative reasoning, exhibited in its purest form, in mathematical science, a twofold ground of certainty; the first in the subjects of its reasonings, which being conceptions of the mind itself, are perfectly known to it; the other in the process of its reasonings, in which at every step the proof is intuitive. Hence it follows that from a few elements, a vast structure of science can be raised up by consecutive reasonings; because the science comprehends the whole of its data within itself; and combination may rise on combination without end —truth continuing throughout as certain as that in which it began. It is therefore the most perfect example of the application of reasoning; the whole connected chain of truths from the beginning to the utmost length, to which it can be carried, depending solely upon the power of reasoning. All that is necessary, is that no step of reasoning be omitted. If it is, there the certainty stops; and what follows hangs on nothing. The chain is broken. In inductive, probable, or contingent reasoning, the subjects not being framed by the mind, the essential conditions of their being are not known to it. Their existence, independent as it is of the reason that examines them, can be known to it at best imperfectly and uncertainly;—and so far only as the primary knowledge itself is probably true, have the reasonings of induction a probability of truth. Let it be remembered, however, that the reasonings of inductive science, as far as reasoning is applied, must be as severely logical, as those of mathematical science. There is but one Logic. But because the primary and essential conditions of the subject are not known, not all certainly known at least, the reasoning can never proceed far from the premises without great risk of error. Recourse must be had constantly to knowledge, and all conclusions verified by various reference to known facts. No severity of reasoning can secure truth, without this continual return upon facts and comparison with nature; as on the other hand, the constant reference to facts will often rectify the omissions and the errors of reasoning. From these different grounds of mathematical and inductive science, it may be observed as a consequence, that, in mathematical reasoning, to demonstrate one supposition to be false, demonstrates a contrary supposition to be true; because the whole of the elements are comprehended in the case, as in that method of proof which is called the

reductio ad absurdum. But in reasoning on the subjects of nature (inductive or physical reasoning), there is no such proof. The demonstration of the falsehood of a supposition determines your rejection, and nothing more; because there may be always other unsuggested hypotheses. If all the possible hypotheses could be known, the rejection of all but one would be sufficient to establish the truth of that one, as in mathematics. Hence, too, we may remark another characteristic difference between them, that in all mathematic reasonings there are no degrees of evidence. Every proof is at once perfect certainty. There is no probability; there is only conviction. In inductive reasoning, on the other hand, are to be found all degrees of probability, from the lowest presumption to the most irresistible belief.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE METAPHYSICIAN," IN MESSRS. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Without presuming even so much as a guess, to whom I deem it due to address this letter, under the designation expressed above; and, being, by advance of years, and still more by chronic indisposition, cut off from general reading, including that of periodicals; as well as denied the practicability of correspondence, unless in very rare cases, I owe to an accidental meeting with a friend, in the street, the knowledge of your Philosophical Speculations in Messrs. Blackwood's Magazine.

With regard to these speculations, in the first place, here I desire to express to you my congratulation on the *general tenor of philosophizing* which you have therein put forth: in which praise, however, perhaps I am only offering a tribute to my own self-love, since the coincidence of your views, with my own before the public, is equally extensive and striking. By this observation, I do not in the least doubt that the matter is a *pure coincidence;* and that we have, each, treated the subject from the suggestions of his own mind. But, certainly, such an extent of coincidence ought naturally to lead to further consequences. And, if your life admits of following out the subject—(while mine must, in the course of nature, soon close)—it may be reserved for you to resuscitate the defunct interest, in this country, in Metaphysical researches.

And, now, I have to offer you my due acknowledgements for your honorable assignment to me of the opposition which I first set up against the doctrine "of CONSCIOUSNESS," taught by the school of Reid: (Although, indeed, in that, I only justified, and enlarged upon, the sound doctrine of Locke) the denial of which was a badge of fallacy in the Reideian school. But while I confess I have always viewed my "Essay on Consciousness" as a *store-house of facts for the use of a philosophic mind,* I have been *fully sensible of its poverty in other respects,* owing to the extraordinary circumstances in which I elaborated that *my original sin in pneumatology.* And, having had no leisure to recast its style, I have suffered it to drift as a derelict. To it, however I owe the early approbation and friendship of Dr. Parr. And now owe, for your ingenuous quotation of it in your Metaphysics for August and October, the concurrence of which is gratifying to me in my decline.

But I am brought now, to express my wonder that, in thus doing justice to my *by-gone* work, you do not appear to be aware of the existence of my *subsequent and legitimate* writings. For it is in *these* that you may find a tenor of speculation, in a certain extent remarkably coincident with your own. From this, of course, is to be expected my views of the CATEGORY OF RELATION; *including in that Category my theory of Visual Perception,* which demonstrates *Visible Outline to be a phenomenon of mind, it being a line of meeting and contrast* between two sensations of different colors. As I conceive this analysis of visible lines to be the BASIS of the philosophy of the *intercourse between the mind and external objects,* I would earnestly commend it to your consideration. And, as I must suppose that you have not seen the work, I have forwarded to Messrs. Blackwood a bound copy of it; which I beg you will accept, as addressed to you in the fly leaf.

You may find a very effective critique on this volume ("First Lines of the

Human Mind") in the *Monthly Review for October* 1832, *the writer of which I have never been able to discover;* and another in the late "NEW Edinburgh Review."

I have only to wish that your health *and concurrence* may lead you to promulgate the scheme of "*Relatives and Relation.*" And that you may also advocate the NON-PERCEPTION OF *external bodies;* or, in other words *the non-existence of* MATTER—*a truth which is certainly* DEDUCIBLE FROM YOUR OWN VIEWS OF COLOR; and from that of Locke and Newton; although it never led them to the *rationale of visible lines*, which rationale demonstrates that we never perceive any lines, or figures, but in the modifications of our own sensations. By the general recognition of this last, I conceive, can a rational physiology of mind, and a rational logic of relation be alone effected; that is to say, taking visible lines for one great species of *Relation*, in its being *a line of partition between some two corelated colors.*

It would be equally indelicate, and contrary to my habitual disposition, to obtrude unnecessarily upon the train of your highly interesting speculations. And I by no means desire to provoke a correspondence, unless you may require of me to explain any thing I have advanced. But, as your views are *now upon the anvil*, it may perhaps be interesting to you *on account of your future fame*, that I offer the following remarks.

Your speculations on the *Sense of Sight* are, in the main, an illustration and promulgation of Bishop Berkeley's New Theory of Vision. But that beautiful department of science is *no more that of* VISION than it is of NECROMANCY. It is wholly a *science of judgments consequent upon acts of vision.* Hence, when I fell upon a *science of vision*, I distinguished it by the title of *Primary* vision, and imputed to Berkeley's department that of *secondary* vision. Now, Bishop Berkeley never knew, nor dreamed of *Primary* Vision; that is, *he never conceived that visible lines are the meetings of our* SENSATIONS of different co-existent sensations of colors. He talks of a *red* and a *blue line* added together into one sum, or lengthened *line;* he never discerning that the narrowest red, or blue, is not a line, but is only a narrow surface. He never dreamed of a BREADTHLESS *visible* line, which cannot possibly have color, since it is *only a line of demarcation between* any two sensations of color.

Now, I have to observe it is *Primary vision alone* (though Touch does the same in a less exquisite way), that solves the great problem of the *intercourse between the mind and the external world.* The train of judgments, which I have called *secondary* vision, have no part in this problem. Secondary vision is, Berkeley and you assert—a LANGUAGE. But Primary vision is not a language. It speaks of nothing but itself. It proclaims only perceived lines, which mean nothing but themselves, and the surfaces of sensations of colors which these lines either enclose or divide. It is a science of its own kind: And stands apart from all those judgments that may arise from it.

In fine, sir, if you shall re-embody your beautiful speculations in an appropriate work, and thus consign them to posterity, that posterity will demand of your memory to know *upon what ground you have virtually condemned Primary Vision*, by not at all adverting to it in your writings. It has been before the Public *Sixteen years and more.* And the Reviews which I have mentioned may satisfy you that *Primary Vision can never die.* If it had been brought into existence by a University Professor, it would, long ago, have been bruited over Europe. But its time MUST COME; and, with it, the time of those who have oppressed it.

I am glad to find you assert the *existence of relations between things themselves*—a truth asserted by Barrow, as well as largely maintained in my own speculations. Dr. Brown, on the contrary (following Bishop Berkeley), makes relation to be nothing but creations of the mind. And it must be owned that the Aristotelian definition of relation—namely, "*a way of comparing things*"—is father to this enormous fallacy. If I live, I shall have to show that this doctrine *results in the most dismal fruits in Ethics*—fruits drawn from it by Dr. Brown himself, in a revolting extent. As my Analysis of Language, entitled Anti-Tooke, is a *fruit and a test* of my scheme of Relatives and Relation, you may perhaps derive satisfaction from a perusal of the able analysis of the *First* Volume of that work, which forms nearly the whole of the *Article*

Philology, in the CYCLOPÆDIA EDINENSIS, the *Second* Volume being then not published.

As I perceive that some person has addressed you under the signature of a "SPIRITUALIST," I deem it proper to mention that I am *not* that person, nor have I a guess who it is. But I must suppose it to be some one who has seen and agreed with my speculations. Because BERKELEY *was no spiritualist*, his "*Ideas*" being *no more modifications of the mind*, than *rats, which inhabit a house, are modifications of that house.* And no writer in Britain has advocated the Spiritualism of Malebranche, or yet that of the Hindoos; both which, however, differ essentially from that which I assert. I altogether affirm that a SPIRITUALIST *is a* CORPOREALIST; so that you may surely prove your opposer to be the latter if he be the former.

I have now the honor to subscribe myself, with great consideration and respect,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN FEARN.

Late address, Tarlogie Lodge, Cheltenham, *but presently at No.* 32, *Sloane Street, Chelsea.*

LONDON, *November* 1*st*, 1836.

HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE GREEK OF MUSÆUS.

BY F. T. PRICE, HEREFORD.

UP, gentle muse, and sing the torch whose gleam
Shone o'er the tenderest scenes of secret love;
And him who braved the midnight sea to win
His mistress' favor; sing the warm embrace
In darkness shrouded, ere the morn arose.

I hear thee tell how fond Leander swam,
And how the torch, the beacon torch, led on
To nightly-wedded Hero's bed of joy
Sweet Venus' love-inspired ambassador.
That torch, that light of love! which father Jove,
Its nightly office over, should have placed
Among the bright assembly of the stars,
And called its blaze the lover's beacon flame;
For erst on earth its brightness ministered
To love's wild frenzy, when to the sleepless couch
Of waiting love it led, ere yet the wind
With envious blast had darkened every beam.
But come, sing thou with me their common fate,
The torch extinguished and Leander dead.

Opposite Sestos, fair Abydos stood,
Two neighboring cities, both beside the sea.
But from Love's bended bow a single dart
United both; for in the one a youth,
A smitten damsel in the other, burned.
The youth, Leander, in Abydos dwelt,
While Sestos' wall enclosed fair Hero's home.
Of equal beauty both, both shone supreme
In either city, beauty's brightest star.
Stranger, if e'er thou chance to pass that way,
Seek out the tower where Hero used to stand
And hold the torch to guide Leander's course:
Visit, too, old Abydos' sounding strait,
Whose waves still mourn Leander's love and death.

But to Abydos, to Leander's home.
How came the love of Hero? say my Muse—
And how in turn was Hero's heart enthralled?

Hero, fair daughter of a noble race,
Was Venus' virgin priest, and in a tow'r,
Far from her parents, on the sea-coast dwelt;
Herself a second Venus, Beauty's queen.
Her chaste and prudent wisdom bade her keep
Aloof from all assemblies of the fair;
She joined no dance, partook no youthful sport,
So dreaded she the envy of her sex
(Women with envious eye view beauty still);
But ever tending Aphrodite's shrine,
Oft at his mother's altar would she pour
A prayer to Love, whose glowing darts she feared;
Yet 'scaped she not the fiery shaft of Love.

In course the public festival came round
Which they of Sestos annually hold
To fair Adonis and the Cyprian queen—
And all the people crowded to the feast.
Then from the far-off islands of the sea,
Some from Hœmonia came, from Cyprus some;
In all the cities of Cythera staid,
Nor female form; nor one to thread the dance
Upon the balmy heights of Lebanon;
Nor tarried any in the neighboring lands;
In Phyrgia none—in fair Abydos none—
And there was all the band of joyous youths,
Whose eyes in rapture banquet on the fair,
And who at every feast in crowds are seen,
Not half so much in honor of the god,
As of the lovely forms that cluster there.

When as the virgin Hero paced the fane,
Such lustrous beams her brow of beauty flashed,
As at her rising sheds the pale-eyed Moon.
Her snowy cheeks, with sweetest blushes tinged,
Bloomed, as at dawn the double-tinted rose;
Her limbs a very bed of roses seemed,
So deep with blushes were they crimsoned o'er:
And, as she walked, her snowy garment swept
The scattered rose her step had barely crushed,
While from each limb a thousand graces flowed.
'Twas said of old the graces were but Three;
But O! 'tis false; for see, in every glance
Of Hero's laughing eye, a thousand smile.
Venus in sooth a fitting priest had found,
Who all created beauty so excelled,
That she herself a second Venus seemed.
In every heart she dwelt, and not a youth
E'er looked upon her but his inmost soul
Craved above all desire young Hero's love.
Where'er she walked throughout the spacious dome,
Souls, eyes, and hearts attended on her step;
And thus some wondering youth would fondly say:—

"In Sparta's loveliest city have I been,
Where is the mart and concourse of the fair,
Yet saw I never such a maid as this—
So pure and yet so melting—surely now
To Venus' worship some young Grace hath come!

Mine eyes with gazing ache, but still my heart
Insatiate craves to batten on her charms.
O! welcome Death! if to thy murky realm
Through Hero's couch of love the journey lay:
I'd envy not your Heav'n, ye gods above,
Had I but Hero mistress of mine house—
Yet if thy priestess may not share my heart,
Kind Venus grant me only such a bride."

Thus some spake out, while some concealed their wounds,
And longed in secret for the lovely maid.
But thou, ill-fated youth, Leander, thou,
When through thine eyes her beauty reached thy soul.
With secret pangs consumedst not away—
But, by the burning shaft struck unawares,
Thy soul, apart from Hero, craved not life.
Her radiant eyes had fired the brand of love,
And in thy bosom blazed the quenchless flame.
Yes, spotless woman's beauty deeper strikes
Than winged arrows force the heart of man—
In by the eyes the mischief makes its way,
And gliding downward settles in the breast.
Thus wonder, boldness, trembling, shame, by turns
Possessed him; trembling seized his heart of hearts,
And shame enchained him in her modest bonds.
Then as her beauty fixed his wondering gaze,
Impassioned rapture hurried shame away;
And he, with alll the boldness love inspires,
On tip-toe stole and stood beside the maid,
And on her rolled askance those longing eyes
Whose voiceless pleading won her soul to love.
But she, when she perceived Leander's flame,
Laughed in her heart at her own beauty's pride—
Anon she vailed the lustre of her brow,
And from her covert many a burning glance
Told the soft secret of Leander's eye,
Ere yet she raised her veil how leapt his heart
That she, the peerless, spurned him not away.
While thus, enraptured, for the secret hour
Leander waited, daylight calmly set,
And high uprose the shadowy Star of Eve.
Then stood he boldly by the virgin's side,
When black-robed Darkness hovered in the air.
And pressed her rosy fingers in his own,
While from his bosom's depth broke out a sigh.
Hero, in silence, and as though in wrath,
Pleased, yet offended, drew away her hand—
But he perceived the maid irresolute,
And by her dainty robe, with hand of strength,
Half led, half forced her onward, till they reached
The secret shadows of the inmost fane.
With slow and faltering step young Hero went
As one unwilling, and with girlish threats
Leander's bearing thus did she upbraid:—
"Begone, begone, Sir Stranger, art thou mad?
What! force a virgin?—fie, release my robe—
Brave not the mighty vengeance of our house—
'Tis ill to tamper thus with Venus' priest—
A thousand dangers guard my virgin couch."

Thus did she threaten—but Leander felt
In all the fury of her woman's wrath

The surest sign of yielding maidenhood—
(For when a loving youths young virgins rave,
Their threats are Love's most certain harbingers).
And all beside himself with frantic love
He kissed her lily neck, and madly spake:—

"Thou second Venus! Pallas' other self!
(To earthly beauties I compare thee not,
For Jove's own daughters only are thy peers)—
How blest thy sire! thy mother too, how blest!
How trebly blest the womb that gave thee birth.
O! hear my vows, nor spurn my earnest love—
By Venus' priest should Venus' work be done—
Then come enjoy her tender mysteries—
For maids to Venus minister but ill,
And Venus loves them not—her dearest rites
Are rapturous wedlock and the wreathed embrace.
If then thou hallow Venus in thine heart,
Spurn not the gentle soothing rites of love,
But look with pity on thy suppliant here—
Thy mate, if so it please thee, hunted down
And given a prey to thee by Love himself.
As Hermes erst to lovely Omphale
The bold Alcides brought, her willing slave,
So Venus now has sent me here to thee—
Then think how selfish Atalanta fared,
Who shunned the ardor of Milanion's love,
Till angry Venus in her heart enthroned
His image whom before that heart had spurned:
And O! beware, beware of Venus' wrath."

Thus did he win her coy and shrinking heart,
And rouse her passion by his words of love.
But she, in silence, and as though ashamed,
To hide her blushes fixed her gaze on earth,
And with her foot kept patting o'er the ground,
While oft around her shoulders would she draw
Her tightened robe—all these, as lovers know,
Are signs of soft persuasion; for a maid
When wooed, to winning silently consents.
And Love now struck his sweet and bitter barb
Deep into Hero's virgin heart, which burned
And raged with transport at Leander's form.
But while she fixed her eyes upon the ground,
Mean while Leander fed his amorous sight,
Nor wearied gazing on her tender neck.
At length she raised her sweetly trembling voice,
While tears of rapture gemmed her blushing cheek.

"Fair Sir, thy words would rouse a heart of stone?
Whence came that soft seducing gift of thine?
Alas! who brought thee to my native land?
Vain, vain are all thy words, for how may'st thou,
A wandering stranger, faithless, too, perhaps,
Indulge thy passion for a maid like me?
In holy wedlock never may we join—
For never would my lordly sire consent—
Nor wouldst thou dwell an alien in my land,
Couldst thou retain the secret of our love.
For men love scandal, and the closest deed
In secret done is twitted in the streets.
But tell me now, I pray, no longer hide

Thy name from me; declare thy country too.
My name is Hero; in yon sea-girt tow'r,
Whose summit tops the clouds, one female slave
The sole companion of my home, I dwell,
Near Sestos city, on the wave-lashed shore,
The sea my neighbor—such my parents' will!
No maids of equal age, no cheerful youths
E'er come to visit me; but night and morn
The roaring wild sea thunders in mine ear."

She ceased, and buried in her mantle's folds
Her rosy cheek, relapsing into shame,
And blamed her tongue that spake such kindly words.
But by Love's keenest dart Leander pierced
Was thinking how to fight Love's tender fight.
Now crafty Love strikes deep into the heart,
But heals himself the wounds himself hath made;
For where he reigns, his all-subduing power
With cunning counsel fills the captive mind.
So to Leander now he lent his aid,
Who thus at last with falt'ring accent spake:

"Ah! gentle maid, I'll dare for love of thee
The swelling storms, though waves of fire should boil,
And bubbling check the passage of the sea—
So I may gain thy bed, I dread nor wave,
Nor angry ocean's deepest thunder tone;
But nightly borne, thy salt-sea love to thee,
I'll swim through all the streams of Hellespont;
For in Abydos' neighboring town I dwell.
Thou through the darkness, from thy tower's height,
Display a single torch, that I may be
Thy boat of love; thy torch my leading star;
And gazing on it never will I heed
Böotes setting, nor Orion rude,
Nor in the north the Wain's unmoisten'd track,
So I may reach the haven of thy land.
But, O sweet love! beware the treacherous winds,
Lest they the torch extinguish—and I die;
For on its light depends my light of life.
But if to learn my name be thy desire—
I am Leander—fair hair'd Hero's spouse."

Thus to indulge them in their secret love
Did both consent, and that the torch's light
Should be the signal of their mighty bliss.
Its guiding beams she undertook to show,
And he to brave the dangers of the deep—
Then, having pass'd a night of sleepless love,
Torn from each other's heart, they went their way—
She to her tower, through morning's twilight; he,
No signal beacon now to guide his way,
To fair Abydos' well-built city swam,
Full oft would they, impatient for the bliss,
The night-long rapture of their secret love,
Bid darkness haste to spread the bridal couch.
And now, when black-robed Night had come at last,
And every mortal eye was bathed in sleep,
Leander kept his wakeful watch of love;
And on the loud resounding wave-worn shore
Gazed for the shining signal of his joy,
Expectant panting for the torch's gleam

That told from far his secret couch was laid.
Soon as she saw the sunless gloom of night
Then Hero lit the torch—and as it blazed,
Love's flame was kindled in Leander's heart,
Which burned in concert with the burning torch.
But as he stood beside the frantic sea,
And heard the bounding billows' rushing sound,
Then trembled he at first—but soon took heart,
And thus with thoughts of comfort soothed his soul:
"Dreadful is love—implacable the sea—
Yet is the sea but water—while the fire,
The fire of love consumes mine inmost heart.
Take fire, my heart! fear not the watery surge—
Hie to thy love—what! heedst thou the waves?
Know'st not that Venus out of Ocean sprung,
And rules the sea—and causes all my care?"

Then from his lovely limbs he doff'd his garb,
And, having tightly bound it on his head,
Leap'd from the shore, and dash'd into the wave.
Then steer'd he ever towards the light, himself
The pilot, crew, and vessel self-impelled.

Hero, mean while, upon her tower's height,
When howling winds their blasts of terror blew,
Oft with her robe would veil the flickering torch,
Till onward toiling to the Sestian beach
Leander came, and hied him to her tower.
Then to the gate she rush'd, and twined around
Her panting bridegroom's heart, too glad for speech;
And while adown him dripp'd the salt-sea drops,
She to the bridal-chamber led him on,
And dried his form, and with the soft perfume
Of roseate oil subdued the ocean smell:
Then laid him panting on her downy couch,
And wreathed around his bosom sweetly spake:
"Sore hast thou toil'd my love—no toil so sore
Hath ever loving bridegroom undergone—
Sore hast thou toil'd, my love! but now the waves
Enough have toss'd thee on their foamy breast—
Come, rest thy labors on this heart of mine."

Thus did she speak; but he untied her zone,
And link'd in Venus' blissful bonds they lay.
Theirs was a wedding—but no pomp was there;
No nuptial hymns about their bed were sung—
For them no bard kind Juno's favor sought—
Around their couch no bridal torches shone—
No light foot twinkled in their wedding dance—
No tender parents sung their marriage song—
But while dumb silence laid the nuptial bed,
And closed its curtains, Gloom attired the bride.
Far from the sound of hymeneal strains
Night ranged the bridal—nor did early Dawn
Surprise the bridegroom in his bed of love;
He'd to Abydos ta'en his watery way,
Panting insatiate from his night of bliss
With that dear nymph who baulk'd her parents' care,
A maid by day, by night a loving bride.
And many a time and oft would both implore
The lingering day to hasten to his close.

So from all eyes their passion did they hide,
And lonely revelled in their secret love.
But ah! too swiftly fled their dream of life;
Too soon, alas! their toil-won bliss decayed,
For Winter now led on his icy train,
And from their slumber roused the frightful storms,
And sent his winds to drive the baseless gulfs
And wet foundations of the watery main,
Lashing the waves to madness; sailors now,
Dreading the faithless wintry ocean, strove,
To lay their shattered vessels up on shore.
But to thy heart the storms no terror brought,
Too brave Leander! thee the ruthless torch,
Flashing the wonted signal of thy bliss,
Made spurn the fury of the rampant sea.
Ah! would to Heav'n, ill-fated Hero then,
While raged the stormy tempest, had resolved
From her Leander's love to fast awhile,
Nor light for him the deadly nuptial star!
But love and fate constrained her—and she fired
The brand of death—the torch of love no more.

'Twas night—that hour when most the blust'ring winds,
The winds in fury darting stormy blasts,
Rush down in masses on the breaking sea;
That hour Leander, longing for his bride,
Rode on the bosom of the roaring main;
Wave rolled on wave—confusion ruled the deep—
And air and ocean mingled—while the roar
Of battling winds tumultuous filled the air.
Zephyr with Eurus fought—the north wind drove
His threat'ning blasts against th' opposing south;
While loud the sea's resistless thunder boomed.
Then on the pitiless surge Leander toiled—
And many a pray'r to sea-born Venus poured,
And many a pray'r to thee, great Ocean King;
Nor failed he then rude Boreas to implore
By all the fondness of his Attic love *—
But all in vain! Love bowed the knee to Fate.
Dashed to and fro upon the raving tide,
His feet fell pow'rless—his o'er-labored hands
Lost all their strength—and as the impetuous stream
Gushed down his throat, he drank the briny draught.
And now the deadliest blast of all rush'd by,
And quench'd the faithless torch—then perish'd, too,
In one dark death, Leander's life and love.

But when he came not, she, with aching eyes,
Kept watch, by worst forebodings inly racked—
And morning came to her—but He came not.
Then o'er the wide expanse she strain'd her gaze,
In hope that when the torch's light expired,
He'd lost his course, and she might guide him now.
But when beneath her, at her tower's base,
Dash'd on the rocks, she saw her lover's corse,
She rent her garments, tore her beauteous breast—
Rush'd like a torrent headlong from the height,
And on her lover's clay-cold bosom died.

Thus perish'd Hero with her stricken Spouse,
In death's extremest hour united still.

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* Orithyia, daughter of Erectheus, King of Athens, carried off by Boreas.

TO MONT BLANC.

The desert is around thee,
  The desert is above,
An icy chain hath bound thee,
  Thou never can remove;
In vain thy throbbing temples strain,
It never shall be loosed again!

It was the first of winters
  That bound thy tortured brow,
In wreaths of icy splinters,
  And everlasting snow;
And summer never hath unwound
The wreath his sterner brother bound.

Beneath infernal rivers
  The fiend of Etna glows;
Thy genius sits and shivers
  Amidst impervious snows,
And prays that every icy blast
That shakes his frame may be the last.

How awful is thy fastness!
  Thy citadel how wild!
Within whose icy vastness
  Thy wint'ry arms are piled;
Enough again to shake the throne
Of many a new Napoleon.

Let man exult in toiling
  To reach thy lordly crown;
He trembles at thy smiling,
  And withers at thy frown.
The Avalanche hath left thy side,
And where is he, and where his pride.

Creation's meaner mountains
  May sink to vales again,
And ocean's refluent fountains
  Be poured upon the plain;
But earthquakes in their wildest shock
Rend not a snow wreath from thy rock.

It is not in the story
  Of man thy tale is shown;
Thou art creation's glory,
  Its records are thy own;
The annals of thy awful birth
Sleep in the archives of the earth.

The bands thy base that rivet
  To earth shall ne'er decay;
If matter might outlive it,
  Thou shouldst not pass away;
Nought but the flames that whelms the spheres
Can quench the full stream of thy rolling years.

Magdalen College, Oxford. L.

SONNETS. BY THE SKETCHER.

ECHO.

Echo, art thou no spiritual creature, bred
Within these woods, hunting the rocky dell,
Listener unseen, and yet responsive—Well!
And this Philosophy! arming the head
To rob the heart, laying the fancy dead
On the heart's threshold, but to break the spell,
And bid the poet forth to buy and sell,
With vulgar scoff, to earn his daily bread.
O, I would lay my knowledge at thy feet,
Enchantress,—cast it where no thought might reach
To fetch it back,—and wake from slumbers sweet
On the green moss, to hear thy gentle speech,
And follow thee, though we may never meet,
To thy clear fountain by the silver beech.

FORTUNE.

Why should I court thee, Fortune? Thou art blind,
And very few the worthy that have found
The treasures that thou scatterest on the ground,
Which they who grovel most most surely find;
And some, the worst, leap boldly up behind,
And seize thee, Fortune, e'en while spinning round,—
Purloin thy gifts, and for a while abound,
Whom, if they fall, thy wheel doth sorely grind;
And e'en thy smile is marked by bitter jokes
Against poor fallen merit, and the cries
Of wounded wretches, caught between thy spokes,—
And fools, thy favorites, mock their agonies.
On such false spinsters will I turn my heel,
That love to break their suitors on the wheel,

LIFE.

O there are passages of Life that lie
Each like a bright oasis in the heart,
The wilderness of years, standing apart
From noted action, daily History,
Unfelt, unseen, save by the inward eye,
That with its sudden vision makes to start
Him, whose they are, e'en in the very mart
Of men, that wonder at his ecstasy—
We are of twofold spirits; and the one
Loves, like the under current of the sea,
Invisible a diverse course to run;
The other, with necessity its plea,
Commends us outwardly: 'tis thus they give
A world in which we walk—a world in which we live.

SYMPATHY.

I had a grief—and learned from it to see
How, in the fashioning of natural things,
Lies mix'd, like Virtue, oft in hidden springs,
A rich endowment of pure sympathy.
Sleepless I rose, and sought the secresy
Of a lone glen, to shun vain questionings,
And mocks, perchance, that mirth or misery flings.
"O shelter me," quoth I, "thou gentle tree"
—I slept and woke—the sweet bird and her mate
Look'd down and sang to me—the boughs did borrow
A pitying air as they did undulate,
For there is such community in sorrow,
That birds, and beasts, and things inanimate,
Do look on you, and softly bid "Good morrow."

PITY.

There are attractions and affinities
In direct chain from God's high Providence—
And none more perfect than Benevolence—
That with sure instinct to affliction flies,
Whether on sea or land. Where Misery lies,
There is this universal influence,
That from without or from within supplies
Patience to bear, or sweetest recompense.
The greatest love e'er human bosom prov'd
Is but a portion inconceivable
Of that which first upon the water mov'd,
Of that which made thro' death retrievable
Our forfeit life; that love—which yet we trust
Shall draw us into God—to heaven from dust.

HOME.

The little bark upon wide waters lying,
The great leviathians that therein take
Pastime, and hurt it not—the birds that make
Their nests in cavern'd cliffs and crags, outflying
Over the billowy surge, and wildly crying—
The beasts that with their roar the forests shake,
And keep the fiends of night all broad awake;
The worn winds among lonely islands dying,
These are the poet's visions as he looks
Forth from his curtain'd casement, when long nights
Shut out the world, all save the moonlit brooks,
And valley twinkling with domestic lights,
Then thanks he God that here his lot is cast
In the soft bosom of a world so vast.

FOREIGN POLICY.

The fourth year of active warfare has dawned upon us, without even yet the "Gazette's pompous" call to arms, or signal of hostilities. Did the distant thunder not roll in our ears—were lists of the dead and the dying of our kith and kindred, by thousands sacrificed in an ignoble strife on the inhospitable shores of Biscay, not paraded before our eyes—did annual budgets not supplementarily record the waste of national treasure, as the despatches of Evans are dyed with that of blood—we might be tempted to believe in the existence of that state of blissful "peace," which the absence of hostile aggression from without seemed to guarantee as our lot, about which the somnolent Glenelg so poetically raves in his day-dreams, in the name of which Lord Palmerston concludes treatises of "co-operating non-intervention," and ever and anon upon the altars of the deity offers up hecatombs of victims, Dutch, Portuguese, Christinos, Carlists, or Britons, as the cause may be. For the accomplishment of peace, indeed, never did Minister yet toil, on his own showing, with ardor more intense or with means more directly opposed to the end—and yet the temple of Janus remains still with portals wide open. Is the modern janitor, perchance, two-faced like his ancient godship? Whilst with one front the Foreign Minister smiles heavenly harmony, do the bellicose propensities of the former Secretary *at* War lurk under the reverse of the bifrons? So it would seem; for whilst the words of the noble Viscount are all of concord and soft-sound, his action, if not his voice, has been all of war. Six years agone, the commencing era of his professional career as a "juvenile Whig," abroad the nation had not one cause for enmity, or one foe; whilst even now the dying strains of departing friendship—the last speech of Louis Philippe, the one only friend—are lingering in his ears; and of quarrels a plenteous harvest has ripened to his hands, the produce of seed of his own sowing, from the banks of the Neva to the Pillars of Hercules. For the readers of Maga the story is one of bygones already; the northern seer, wrapt in the abstractions of second sight, read the book of fate, and to the pages of forecasting history transferred the ominous chapters. The evidence of facts accomplished is little else than the repetition of those foretold, and needs only to be chronicled without comment or glossary.

Time has rolled on since the "secession" of Louis Philippe from copartnership with the "hare-brained Palmerston" was predicted from signs and tokens that could not be mistaken. The rapid fulfilment had wellnigh outstripped the publicity of our prognostication. Who does not remember the fury, indecent as uncontrollable, of Downing Street, when the timely warning was borne out by the issue? when the King of the French "warily resolved to retrace his course," as we had shown that he would, and as proof beyond the reach of doubt, discharged disgracefully from his cabinet the very creature fed by his bounty, who for some base purpose of traffic in stocks, perhaps was, unknowing of and unsanctioned by his royal master, organizing armies and preparing in secret the invasion of Spain. The rage and terror in Downing Street knew indeed no bounds, for place and pelf trembled in the balance, and were involved in the hazard of the cast. That portion of the ministerial press which battens on official offal, and performs as bellows to the Foreign department, reflected with irate blasts the crazed humors of their patron. Louis Phillippe, the "faithful," the "magnanimous" ally, became, from the moment of refusal to steep his diadem further in blood, a usurper, an ingrate, regardless of oaths, and false to alliance. Furious threats were darkly uttered against the peace of his realm and the safety of his throne. Nay, one, eager doubtless to put to shame the devotion less abject of its rival for ministerial favor, and to establish a title to higher wages and more exclusive patronage did not scruple to affect a semblance of the religion which, in customary slang, had been daily designated in its columns as cant, by blasphemously

denouncing with mock-fervor the disasters of Constantine and the route of the French army, as the visitation scathing as deserved of Almighty vengeance upon the perfidy and perjury of the French monarch—even as, and in servile imitation of, its lord and master, who at the close of the last parliamentary session, with piety original and pathetic, if not edifying, dared to invoke the protection of an all-seeing Providence as the sole hope for himself and his men-at-arms in St. Sebastian. In defiance of all, in withering scorn of all this bombast and invective, Louis Philippe has persevered, has reiterated the fixity of his purpose. He has done more; not satisfied with consigning it to diplomatic notes, the first occasion has been seized for proclaiming it solemnly before the estates of his kingdom in session assembled—for ratifying and consecrating it in the face of the civilized world. And in what language does he abjure "armed intervention" in the Peninsula? Each word is barbed with stinging satire—each sentence pointed with bitter derision, and with reprobation how pitiless and unsparing. upon the policy anti-national, anti-social, and therefore Palmerstonian. "J'espère que la monarchie constitutionelle triomphera des périls que la menacent. Mais j'ai voulu *préserver mon pays de sacrifices* dont on ne saurait prévoir l'étendue et des *conséquences incalculables de toute intervention armée* dans les affaires intérieures de la Peninsula." Here we see a mighty sovereign wishing to "spare his kingdom from sacrifices," because the extent of them cannot be foreseen, and declining an "armed intervention" in the affairs of another state, because the "consequences are incalculable;" and the people he rules over are not faint-hearted or impoverished, but rich to overflow, and gallant to excess—with an army of heroes 300,000 strong, and an exchequer abounding in the year's surplus over expenditure of one million and three quarters sterling, over and above taxes taken off to the extent of nearly £3,400,000 more. How magnificently does Downing Street contrast with the Tuileries! *Here* to "spare sacrifices" never enters into the account of Whig juvenility, for it would seem that Britons are born to them as naturally as the sparks fly upwards. We are indeed, in the manner of "honest Iago" Hume, "penny wise" in the most thrifty sense of saving, by candle-ends and cheese-parings, some half the cost for printing his waste motions; that we are "pound foolish," the account current of hundreds of thousands annually, and millions periodically, to the Palmerstonian debit is sufficient voucher for. And hence is it that whilst the farseeing Frenchman hesitates to plunge into the "consequences of intervention," which even, in his practised apprehension, are declared to be "incalculable," no reflection or enigma insolvable restrains the boiling action of the British Phœbus. He, with all the "faith undoubting" of full-blown ignorance, seizes the reins and dashes into the realms of mist, there to become the sport of chance, and to be driven from pillar to post even as the wind listeth. If reluctance, even in the money sense alone, were expressed in terms so explicit and by contrast so insulting towards his dashing ally on this side the water, with what nobleness of feeling, in what a spirit of exalted patriotism, is the peroration of the paragraph gloriously wound up. "*La France,*" continues the monarch, "garde *le sang de ses infans pour sa propre cause*, et lorsqu'elle est reduite à la douloureuse nécessité de les appeler à le verser pour sa défense, ce n'est que *sous notre glorieux drapeau* que les soldats Français marchent au combat."—(*Immense applause in the Assembly.*) Is there within the limits of this great empire one patriotic heart that does not respond to the full import of expressions so truly royal, so gracefully becoming the first magistrate of a free people? The sublimity of the sentiment corresponds with the beauty of the diction—the language is that not of one but of every nation—it exhibits the interests and sympathies of the man in subjection to the feelings of the patriot, and the forecasting sagacity of the statesman. This may not be comprehensible indeed by that special class with whom place and patriotism are convertible verbiage—who have been in turn the lacqueys and offscasts of every party, by each hackneyed or spit upon, as the caprice or expediency of the moment

prevailed; but the withering rebuke of the latent meaning will flash, nay has flashed upon eyes gloating over it through official rheum, and passion impotent as undissembled, will swell and fume at the merciless exposure of national betrayal and political imbecility. If France has cause to exult in a government which glories in "saving her from sacrifices, the extent of which could not be foreseen," England can have small reason to rejoice in a ministry which embarks irreflectively on a lavish career of "sacrifices," the sum and the term of which are abandoned to the solution of the doctrine of chances. If France, shrinking intuitively from "armed intervention in the affairs of the Peninsula," from fear of the "consequences incalculable," stamps with the seal of approbation the cautious abstinence of her rulers, England, plunged wildly in the strife, reckless of calculation, and careless of consequences—here warring by sea or land on the coasts of Biscay—there in the Tagus operating revolution, and madly arrayed against Constitution and people—will hardly applaud the hare-brained Quixotism of her leaders. If France triumphantly re-echoes the generous declaration of her chiefs, that "she reserves the blood of her sons for her own cause," and that when necessary to "shed it in her own defence, it is only under her own glorious standards that French soldiers shall march to battle," can England applaud in the men at the helm the same loftiness of purpose, the like nobleness of discrimination—a march equally measured, dignified, and rational?—Even in the metropolis of the empire have not foreign ensigns been unfurled, and "her sons," by thousands, armed and banded under them? Have they not, like mercenary lanznechts, been led to battle and slaughter, for a cause not that of their country, and sworn fealty to other than their own lawful monarch? Have they not battled without honor, and been foiled with disgrace by a handful of mountaineers, ill-disciplined, and worse accoutred? Have not these brave, but misguided and unfortunate Britons, entrapped under foreign colors, and subject therefore only to the rules of foreign discipline, been mercilessly flogged in a foreign land, according to the English code, and left to perish by wholesale of starvation and disease, from want of pay, rations, and quarters, according to Spanish practice? Have not hundreds been condemned to hard labor and incarceration, by summary sentences of courts-martial, constituted according to British martial law, to whose jurisdiction they were not amenable? Have they not, or most of them, been consigned and transported to Santander and other Spanish dungeons—to which, for filth and abomination, there is nothing comparable on the face of the earth—where, if survivors there be, they still, for aught that is known, linger in irons, like the vilest of felons? Was the only crime of these deluded victims that of demanding a release from duty, and restoration to their homes, upon the expiration of their term of service, according to the tenor of engagements formally drawn up, authenticated and signed by the contracting parties in England? Were these atrocities perpetrated under the sanction and by the orders of men still bearing his Majesty's commission, subject therefore to the royal pleasure and the laws of the realm, although authorized by his Majesty's advisers to admit the foreigner into a copartnery of allegiance, and do suit and service under her for value received? And have his Majesty's servants in high places connived at these flagrant violations of the rights—this felonious torture of the persons—these crimping, kidnapping attacks upon the liberties of British citizens? Or have they remonstrated, in the indignant tones of national feeling and dignity outraged, and exacted signal reparation for insults and injury accumulated upon their country and their fellow-subjects? We know not—we would fain hope against misgivings; but the day of reckoning must come, when, if the quick sense of national honor be not utterly extinct, they will be rendered responsible in the Legislature, by one branch of which they may indeed, under favor of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, be again redeemed, however deeply dyed in ignominy, from the pains of purgatory, as so often they have before been, but not even that unscrupulous accomplice can smother the publication of evidence; or, if the connivance be not purged, and the

vindication of wrong proved to have been both prompt and decisive, stay the outbreak of popular resentment, or mitigate the rigorous award of public opinion. The time will arrive too, we trust, when face to face the miserable sufferers who may fortunately survive for a Spanish gaol delivery, shall meet their ruthless oppressors at the bar of impartial justice, lodge their appeal against tyranny unexampled, and at the hands of a jury of their countrymen demand redress and retribution. Until the advent of an administration enslaved by faction at home, abroad contemned, and aliens in national sympathies, the name and the character of a British citizen were ever in all lands a passport and safe-guard sacred and unquestioned. Now, "none so poor to do him reverence." In Portugal he ventures forth by daylight only, content, as if "patience were the badge of all his tribe," to abide contumely and insult, so he only escape open violence or cowardly assassination. In Spain he is manacled as a malefactor, or thrust into the condemned cell like a murderer. In Turkey he is bastinadoed on the whim of a functionary, and by way of salve for lacerated flesh, and wounded honor, and the insolence of complaint, imprisoned afterwards. Invested every where, in his own despite, with the hatred or contempt inspired by his Government, whose repute in olden times had been his panoply of protection, he is sneeringly kicked or vindictively prosecuted according to law, as the case may be, as proxy for the sins of his superiors at home.

France and Frenchmen have understood national glory and national objects in a higher and holier light. They hold aloof from broils in which, whatever the sympathies of opinion, the exclusive interests of France are in no wise implicated. And accordingly, French citizens are neither bastinadoed, nor outraged, nor placed in fetters. She has resigned in favor of Lord Palmerston all the renown of bucaneering on the high seas, of arraying the British uniform, the once far-famed red coats, under foreign colors, of degrading the immortal "blue jackets" by marching them under and subjecting them to a foreign flag. Our valiant tars have fought, and conquered as they always must—our countrymen have been enrolled as soldiers, have combated courageously, have been betrayed and abandoned to death by famine, pestilence, and incarceration—under a foreign standard. Lives have been risked, blood has been shed, not for the defence of their native land—not under their own "glorious ensigns"—not in behalf of a nation unanimously in arms against a powerful oppressor, but, for there is none more valid or colorable pretext, that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs may earn his salary, and, by embroiling affairs, render himself indispensable to the Whigs, by whom he is despised, and perpetuate their reign by distracting attention from the official blunders and forced revolutionary tendencies for which they themselves are loathed and repudiated. In the midst of peace we have been at war for four long years—blood, British blood, has flowed in torrents, and yet Lord Glenelg, in one of those moments, few and far between, of incipient wakefulness from the long winter of a torpid lethargy, raved to his friends at Inverness about the "blessings of peace and the preservation of peace" by himself and his comates. His last long trance had doubtless been fruitful of the theme, and he shadowed forth to his hearers the beatific visions as sober realities.

The star of Lord Palmerston, from a total eclipse, has, however, latterly become visible in the ascendant. The relief of Bilboa is doubtless equal in his eyes to the triumph of a session, and security for the receipt of one whole year's salary. The festivities of Broadlands have recommenced upon the strength of it, and Mr. Poulett Thomson, who partakes of the hospitality, and is tolerated in turn by all his aristocratic colleagues, has experienced the benefit of the good cheer. It is a long lane that has never a turning, and for our part we are disposed to congratulate the noble Viscount upon that *long day* which convicted culprits always pray for. He will profit by it doubtless to put his house in order, for whatever be the chances in the march of events for some of his more consistent but not more thorough-going colleagues of the Radical school, upon him the fast color dye of oft-repeated apostacy is ineffaceable. Farther political harlequinades, or compound of

politico-chemicals, can no more discharge it than the Ethiopian, by casting his sable skin, hope to change milk-white. The favorite tints of all are reflected in the ever-changing hues of the cameleon, but nobody can swear by them, and all distrust their permanency. The days of the Secretary at War flowed smoothly when his chief dealings lay with *femmes soles, femmes couvertes* and *veuves désespérées* only—his miseries commenced on his commerce with men, war, and diplomacy—with Van Zuylen, Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, and Colonel Evans. Thrice happy will he account himself, ere many moons perchance, to escape into a glorious obscurity in the House of Lords, should the surcharged clouds of public wrath give such timely warning of the coming thunder, as to permit the fulfilment of stipulation. In that grave body the mincing speech and tripping gait will hardly tell so effectively as in the Commons, where the aristocracy of blood imposes state, as witness the solemn littlenesses of Lord John Russell and the babyisms of Lord Morpeth.

But the relief of Bilboa is not the pacification of Spain; it is not even the conquest of Biscay. The Carlists have scarcely lost an inch of ground; their advanced posts still overlook and beleaguer the city, though its walls are no longer battered in breach by their cannon. The loss of a few hundred men—which, taking for granted the gasconading report of their adversaries, was the upshot of damage, can exercise little influence of a decisive nature on the ultimate result of the contest. The loss of the Christinos was equally severe with that of the Carlists, and Espartero, after a victory, which he dared not follow up, over a foe, described as routed and flying on all sides in utter confusion, was still, weeks after, reposing within the defences of the town he had delivered, in sight of antagonists without, still eager for combat, and daring him to advance. Colonel Evans, lion-hearted as he is, but brainless of skill and resource as he has shown himself, on his side lies, where he has lain for months, quietly ensconced under shelter of the battlements of the castle de la Mota, at the head of nearly 10,000 troops, who ought to be brave, because they are Britons, and for discipline unequalled, seeing they have been surpassingly flogged. There he remains, bearded and blockaded by 3000 raw mountaineers at Ernani. There, in Castilian indolence, he abides, with Fuentarabia in sight, as a daily lesson of humility—as the ungrateful *memento* of the disastrous day of his last foray, when at the head of 6000 *valientes*, and an awful battering train, he was disgracefully repulsed from its mud fort, garnished with two pieces of artillery, served by seventy resolute Guipuzcoanos. The Legion is heard of at Madrid too often, but only on the frequent apparition and by the clamorous importunities of the paymaster and commissary for duros and rations. In England no bulletins, breathing war and smoked with powder from the field of battle, are received; but epistles arrive from mustachioed gallants of the staff, redolent of the fragrance of a lady's boudoir, and telling—immortal comrades of the great Wellington, hide your drooping laurels—in tender strains of the *Guipuzcoanas tan graciositas*, and *bayles*, and *tertulias*; or ever and anon, with bolder flight, of sopitas, *olla podridas*, and *fiestas*, where Daniel O'Connell, the recreant hero of a hundred kicks, is toasted with thundering salvos. The stentorian invincibles of Bacchus and Venus were less lavish of their lungs, however prodigal of their heels, at the Fuentarabian races. The enterprising chieftain, according to his own proclamation, will shortly be *en route* for Westminster; "tired of war's alarms," he will abandon St. Sebastian, where fighting should have been the order of the day, for St. Stephen's, where talking is. At Pamplona, Sarsfield, in like manner, with his Christino masses, has dozed away the summer; but now that the season for action has passed unimproved, the note of preparation is sounded. The old General will be content to tarry a while longer no doubt; the rich plains of the Arga will be, as they have been, preferred to the rugged steeps of Navarras, for the gout is a bad mountaineer, and the keen blast of Sierras little propitious to the indulgence of the siesta. Mean while, Ribeiro and Zavala, at Burgos or on the Ebro, are recruiting from their conflicts with and chase after Gomez, from which they reaped so little of renown, and he car-

ried off so vast a treasure. Instructions to march, to attack, to conquer, to capture, Don Carlos, in his haunts and fastnesses may be despatched in heaps from Madrid to all these commanders, but the engine cannot perform without steam, nor the animal machine without the sinews of war. "Instead of sending me," exclaimed General Alaix, "two thousand contradictory orders, why does not the minister forward my men two thousand pairs of shoes?" But Mendizabal can furnish no funds until he has raised the price of stocks, and whilst he is manœuvring on the stock exchanges of London and Paris, all manœuvres on the Ebro and the Bidassoa will be suspended. There is no danger of the Christinos seeking the lion in his lair, intruding on the retreat of Carlos at Durango or Onate, or looking for winter quarters amidst the wild steppes of Guipuzcoa, or the snow-crowned heights of Biscay. They will esteem themselves happy, should the *statu quo* rest untroubled till the spring by some sudden incursion of Cabrera or daring inroad of Gomez.

In proportion as the position of the Christinos has been awakened during the past year, has the sway of Don Carlos been extended, and his prospects improved. From the defensive he has been enabled to act offensively, and become the assailant in the North, and the triumphant invader in the South. From the hills he has descended into the plains. His arms have swept victoriously through the Asturias, over the plains of the two Castiles, and the rich and peopled provinces of Andalusia and Estramadura. The victory of Jadraque, within thirty-six miles of Madrid, shook the new throne of La Granja to its foundations—the Moorish castle of Cordova was taken by assault after the city had joyously opened its portals—the army of Malaguenos including the band of assassins, ferociously distinguished as the *companis sangriente*, surprised and slaughtered at Baena, expiated with their own gore the cowardly murders of Donadio and San Justo—Granada invited, and was taken possession of by the victors—the revolutionary troops and authorities fled from Seville in panic terror of a conqueror still fifty miles away—Cadiz prepared for siege, —the Sierra Morena was ascended, and Almaden, valiantly defended by an Englishman, stormed in sight and within gunshot of Christino armies superior in numbers—the famous entrenchments of San Roque were occupied, and the garrison saved from annihilation only by the cannon of Gibraltar—finally, the invincible Gomez, after detaching a division to scour and fix itself in Aragon, after realizing the boast of Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici*, retraced his steps, surrounded by hostile forces, and ever repulsing them, repassing almost within view of the capital, and rejoining his sovereign in Biscay with an army stronger than when he left, and gorged with spoil and conquest. The march in advance, and return triumphant of this extraordinary chief, have been compared to the celebrated retreat of the Ten Thousand. There is this distinction, that the Greek had to contend with rude barbarians or effeminate satraps only, whilst the opponents of Gomez were soldiers regularly trained to war, and led by the ablest generals of Spain. From the far north to the extreme south, he overran nearly the whole of Spain, and in marches and counter-marches traversed between two and three thousand miles. Had Villareal, towards Burgos and the high road to the capital, emulated and seconded the enterprise of his gallant lieutenant at Jadraque and in Cordova, Don Carlos might long ere now have autographed his decrees, Yo el Rey, from San Ildefonso or the Escurial. Something was still accomplished in the north; Biscay was all cleared of foes, save the metropolis—in Navarre the Christinos held no dominion beyond, and were imprisoned within the walls of Pamplona—in Guipuzcoa Colonel Evans and his men-of-war were kept captive in St. Sebastian—Bilboa was besieged. Against these achievements, and as the whole set-off to this tide of flowing success, all the Christinos have to array is the solitary relief of Bilboa. The balance of the year's *finiquito de todas cuentas* exhibits therefore largely to the credit of Don Carlos. The constant progression of his cause hitherto, whether in war or in public opinion, is unquestionable. No one doubts now that the great majority of the Spanish people are openly or covertly ranged on his side, however the indolence and apathy,

which are the national characteristics of the centre and the south, may indispose to active demonstration, and induce them to succumb to the empire of force. Whatever isolated advantages may have attended the operations of his antagonists, they are solely referable, and publicly acknowledged so, to foreign energy—to the skill and impetuosity resistless of the British Marine. The Cortes and Christino exist by sufferance or support alone of France and Great Britain. Powerless for defence even, they rely for safety upon the "co-operation" of Lord Palmerston, and all their hopes of ultimate triumph are based upon the "intervention" of Louis Philippe. Their condition otherwise is one of helpless weakness and hopeless despondency—they are the shadows of power merely, and as shadows they would depart.

The position of Christino, and of the more measured of the revolutionary party, who yet retain an influence in affairs, would, in the event of success against Don Carlos, exchange only one description of peril for another more nearly touching them, and therefore more terrible. The throne of La Granja is seated on a volcano, from which the fire and flame of party broil would too surely issue in the capital, should the Bizcaino craters be closed, and the threatening proximity of the mutual foe cease to restrain, by the well-understood obligations of common safety. Secret and treasonable affiliations swarm in the chief cities, in the National Guards, and in every regiment of the army; in Madrid itself the initiated scarcely affect concealment now, and are impatient of authority. Extraordinary powers, suspension of the Constitution, and of individual liberty, have been conferred by the Cortes upon the Government, to imprison without form of trial, to banish without cause assigned, to establish summary and military law for prompt execution of persons qualified as disaffected, a category large enough to include all who may chance to be suspected. The expedition of Gomez calmed these feuds of faction; the partial success of Espartero may renew—the total overthrow of the Carlists would inflame them to madness. In 1823, previous to the entrance of the French into the Peninsula, when the Constitution of 1812 was in full swing, and the reign of the Cortes undisputed save by the inconsiderable guerillas of the regency of Seo d'Urgel, scattered over isolated points on the frontiers of Catalonia confining on France—even then, we say, when the sovereign power of the Cortes would seem to have existed, as it ought, in its full plentitude, anarchy ruled in all its horrors. Each day was signalized by a revolt, a revolution, conspiracies, massacres, and assassinations. One day Martinez de la Rosa was ministerial lord of the ascendant; the next, as we have seen it repeated of yesterday, cast off as too moderate, too *couleur de rose*, and replaced by Augustin Arguelles, who in turn made way for San Miguel, of diplomatic fame, and he to the rash, ignorant, and ultra-destructive, but still gallant and generous Torrijos. One day we had Riego, at the head of his myrmidons of the Isla de Leon, with following tumultuous crowds, rebelliously parading the streets, and denouncing vengeance against the monarch in his palace, or at the theatre roaring couplets of sanguinary rhymes to his beard, to the abominable chorus of *Tragula perro* (gulp it down, dog); the next a combat betwixt the guards royal* and guards national, which deluged the city with blood.

One day the text was "down with the Church," which a ferocious mob interpreted by literally hammering out the brains of the Canon Vinuesa; the next, the cry of Mejia and his crew in the gallery of the assembly and outside the doors was changed to "down with the Cortes," from which the liberal representatives were too happy to escape with no greater damage than a storm of blows and volleys

* On this occasion Cordova, so well known of late as General-in-Chief of the Christino army of the North, was a lieutenant of the royal guard, and as such engaged in the affray. He was discovered after its termination under the bed of one of the Infantas at the palace, where he had concealed himself from the fury of the mob, bared in the assassination of such of his comrades as could not place themselves under the protection, and claim the clemency of Morillo.

of execrations. The entrance of the Duke d'Angouleme, at the head of a numerous French army, had the instant effect of reconciling all rivalries, and postponing all enmities between the patriot factions, late so rancorously implacable and waging the *guerra a cuchillo* against each other. In presence of a crisis which menaced all, because all were compromised in greater or less degree, they fraternised for the time, being as now may be witnessed, on the same spot and among the same people. The truce is not the less hollow, however; Calatrava can no more consort with Caballero than Mendez Vigo with either. Fortunate generals, too, will not be wanting to repeat the former example of Llander in Catalonia, and at the head of armies, desperate from misery endured and want of pay, revenging their own wrongs or satisfying their own ambition. Whilst Mendizabal presides over the finances and disposes of the plunder, pretexts for rebellion can never be wanting. The stock-jobbing charlatan has recently been raising the wind by surreptitious sales in the money market of bonds redeemed by the sinking fund, and therefore cancelled. The disposal of national domains, after the fashion of Carvalho, in Portugal, is announced as effected at hundreds per cent above value, the amount, however, being liquidated in vales or obligations of no worth beyond the paper which represents them. His projects for negotiating bills on Havana can no longer avail, now that the constitution has invaded Cuba, and Santiago in the south has hoisted the standard of insurrection against Captain General Tacon in the north. Mean while the camp of Carlos is supplied, if frugally, with regularity; the able and indefatigable Ouvrard, like an exchequer ambulante, visits every exchange, and taxes every capitalist or state. One moment he is heard of in London, and the next in Amsterdam; at another in Vienna, and anon in Naples or Turin.*

Such being the present posture of affairs, and such the prospects contingent on changes of the actual government of Madrid, do they offer such guarantees as should satisfy statesmen of the efficacy of intervention to the pacification of Spain? And are they such as to secure full compensation to the country for the immense sacrifices to which it has submitted or would be called on to sanction? We say "intervention," discarding that mock subtlety of distinction, by which fribbling sciolists would define a difference betwixt "intervention" and "co-operation;" a distinction which now imposes on no one, which Marshal Soult, with the honest frankness of a soldier, has recently stigmatized in the French House of Peers as "disgraceful and dishonorable," and which may be classed with the farcical absurdity of *pildoras para encontrar perros*. The "intervention" of Lord Palmerston has but aggravated the disease for which he has so long administered it with the matchless effrontery of an empiric, as a nostrum infallible. The greatness of Carlos has grown with the thunder of our ships of war, with the number and exploits of our marines, with the stripes and mortality of the legion. Until the revolution of La Granja, and the proclamation of a Constitution which levelled both Crown and Peerage, even he deprecated French "intervention" on a larger scale than his own. Subsequent to that event, he became even more importunate for it to any extent, for revolutions are contagious, and the note of peerage reform was sounded nearer home. Influenced probably by the same fears, and sympathetic by a versatility of principle and superficiality of character similar, although set off by more brilliant endowments, M. Thiers, then premier of France,

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* Amongst other projects of this extraordinory man, he has lately prevailed with the Court of Turin to establish in the island of Sardinia free ports, or ports entrepôt, by which a large share of the Mediterranean trade will be attracted. We observe by the foreign papers, that the Sardinian consul at Constantinople has succeeded in obtaining the concession of some special privileges in favor of the Sardinian trade in the Ottoman dominions, part of the plan, doubtless, of M. Ouvrard. By letters from Turin in our possession, dated two months ago, we learn that whilst Cortes bonds rated there only at 25, the Carlist loan was at 37.

impatient to distinguish his administration, and perhaps not less so to swell the hoards of sordid pelf, in barter for which he has apostatized from all the former opinions of his life, and betrayed the ancient patrons of his abject fortunes—M. Thiers committed himself and almost compromised France to the policy of large and more direct intervention. But what were the terms imposed—under what conditions were the "consequences incalculable" to be encountered? Hear them, ye Westminster Radicals—listen to them, ye men of the legion—blush for them, ye patriots of the old English school! The British troops destined to form part of the "intervention" army were to be placed under the orders of French generals, as alone capable of leading them to victory—they were to be prevailed on, and the plain inference is that it was settled, to *accepter un commandement Français*, and the combined force of the Quadruple Alliance, *commandé par un* GENERAL HABILE, *dont nous aurions pu* FAIRE CHOIX, *aurait peut-être, non pas fini les affaires d'Espagne, car on n'a pas fini les affaires de la Belgique, même avec* DEUX INTERVENTIONS, *mais les aurait accélérées.* This is not the language of a Carlist, or a Conservative, or a Constitutional Whig, but of a pure Whig-Radical, until 1830 a furious Democrat, in France, and contains the pith of a bargain between him and a brother Whig-Radical at the Foreign Office in England. The incapacity of Colonel Evans is a matter notorious therefore, and on all hands agreed upon, in both countries; he was to be replaced by an *able general*—un général habile—nay, M. Thiers takes more than one occasion to repeat the sneer that he was not a general *capable*. If the date of the proclamation of the gallant member to his Westminster constituents be compared with that (the beginning of October, we think) of the period when his *incapacity* was thus, with wondrous accord, voted by M. Thiers and Lord Palmerston, we shall arrive at the secret of the reasons which led to his sudden preference of St. Stephens over St. Sebastian. This, however, is not all. M. Thiers was of opinion in 1835 as in 1836 that a time for direct "intervention" presented itself, but the Cabinet, of which he was then a member, having disagreed with him, he tendered his resignation. In order to conciliate and retain him, his colleagues imagined a compromise, or what he terms a "transaction;" we give it in his own words. "Ainsi on m'offrit la légion étrangère et la formation de corps Français, et ensuite le *commandement des forces navales* de la France et de l'Angleterre." The naval forces of England, moreover, were to be placed under his orders, and to be commanded by a French officer. Was Lord Minto, as well as Lord Palmerston, a party to this disgraceful *transaction?*

Happily the penetration of the monarch discovered, and his firmness disconcerted, the Ministerial intrigue by which the peace, no less than the interests, of his subjects were to be staked—to be engulfed—in a contest of which the event could no more be predicted than the duration calculated. For it was not alone entrance into Spain and the annihilation of 40 or 50,000 Carlists that was in question, but the occupation for a term of years indefinite to secure the stability of the existing government, and to crush the hydra-headed factions which encircle it most nearly, and wait only for times and circumstances propitious to overthrow it utterly. The foundations of the reign of anarchy and terror have already been too deeply laid to quake under any but the pressure of material force; and the field is vast enough to require and absorb all the disposable strength of the state—all the 3 or 400,000 men which it keeps under arms. The occupation of Ancona had already lasted six years, and yet conspiracy and commotion heave and threaten under the soil of Italy. After "two interventions," the settlement is not yet accomplished—the retention of Algiers breathes conquest to which France is pledged in the interior, and their consolidation are now costing her dear. An intervention in Spain would complicate beyond all the difficulties of her situation, with a dynasty scarcely fixed, and a disputed succession in prospect. Should an European war, through accidents not to be guarded against, supervene, could the genius of Louis Philippe surmount those multiplied dangers under which the master-mind of Napoleon succumbed? With his hundreds of thou-

sands of troops, embattled, perhaps, on the Ebro, the Manzanares, and the Guadalquivir, how would he garnish his frontiers towards the Rhine, and Luxembourg, and the Alps? How will he replenish the waste of Arab warfare, and retain his African acquisitions? Will England, for other objects in alliance with him, buckle on her armor in his behalf, and campaign it against Austria, or Prussia, or Russia, or all combined, on the Rhine and the Scheldt? Nor is he bound, by any stipulation of the quadruple treaty, to an intervention more active or large than may square with the prudence of his policy and the bent of his inclination, as will be seen by the first article, which they define the most positive of his obligations:—"Art. 1er. S. M. le Roi des Français s'engage à prendre dans la partie de ses Etats qui avoisine l'Espagne, les mesures les mieux calculées pour empêcher qu'aucune espèce de secours en hommes, armes ou munitions de guerre soient envoyes du territoire Français aux insurgés en Espagne."

We cannot do better than close with the following *resumé* of facts, extracted from an unanswerable vindication of the measured policy in *La Presse*, an ably conducted Paris paper, supposed to be written under the inspiration of the Tuileries.

The reign of Napoleon, as Emperor of the French, lasted nearly ten years, from the 18th of May, 1804, to the 3d of April, 1814.

We annex the list of the Senatus-Consultus, or decrees for the levy of men, enacted during that period:—

	Men.
1st. 24th September, 1805,	80,000
2d. 7th April, 1807, - - -	80,000
3d and 5th. 21st January, 10th September, 1808, - -	240,000
6th and 7th. 18th April, 5th October, 1809, - - - -	76,000
9th and 10th. 13th December, 1810, - - - - - -	160,000
11th. 20th December, 1811,	120,000
12th and 13th. 13th March, 1st September 1812, - -	237,000
14th and 19th. 16th January, 3d April, 24th August, 9th October, 11th November, 1813, - - - - - - - -	1,040,000
Total	2,033,000

exclusive of voluntary enlistments, departmental guards, the 17,000 equipped horsemen, offered in January, 1813; the levies in mass, organised in 1814, amounting to 143,000 men. The number of soldiers enrolled between the 24th of September, 1805, at which period our army was already formidable, and 1814, may be estimated at 3,000,000 men. In 1814, the effective force of our troops, employed in active service, retreated or prisoners of war, amounted to 802,600 individuals. If we deduct that number from the 3,000,000, we shall find that 2,197,400 men fell victims to war during those nine years, or 244,155 per annum.

On the 12th of July, 1814, a document was published, recapitulating the losses of war *materiel* sustained in 1812, 1813, and 1814, and consisting of the following objects:—

210 pieces of artillery of all sizes;
1,200,000 projectiles of all kinds;
600,000 muskets and other arms;
12,000 artillery wagons;
70,000 horses;
These objects are valued at 250,000,000 francs.

This, however, is not all. During a space of 13 years, from 1801 to 1813, the increase of the national debt leaves, according to the official return, a deficit of 1,645,469,000 francs.

Behold the consequences of ten years' war, of which Waterloo was the finale. Three millions of soldiers, 2,000,000,000 of debt, the agriculture, manufactures and trade of France, sacrificed to a false point of honor, more military than national—has all that, we ask, rendered France more glorious and powerful?

Who will dare reply in the affirmative, in presence of the treaties of 1815?

Taught by a fatal experience, we must not suffer ourselves to be led astray by empty words. The honor of a nation rests in the power it possesses and exercises. The power of Governments now resides less in the force of their armies than in the organization of their credit and the extent of their commerce.

Let your finances be in good order, and pay small armies, and you will be more powerful than with a large standing force and a budget exhibiting a

deficit; and, if you be powerful, you may be disdainful or severe, as your interests may command contempt or chastisement.

The weak are always the most susceptible, and this feeling constitutes nearly all the courage of those who want for strength.

Well had it been for Great Britain to have been guided by views of equal forecast and moderation. We have, however, dared more adventurously, or as M. Thiers, in complimentary vein, expresses it, we have pursued a bolder policy, and accordingly the bitter fruits of rashness are returned upon us. Whilst France carefully enshrined herself within the recorded limits of a "moral" and a negative co-operation, as we have seen, the Foreign Secretary scorned the trammels of a well-kept path, which required not the irrigation of human gore, and along whose sides no laurels were to be gathered. Nothing loth, and emboldened by impunity, he launched the vessel of state at once on the ocean of strife in the very second article of the same treaty:—"Art. 2. S. M. le Roi du royaume uni de la Grande Bretagne et d'Irlande s'engage à fournir à S. M. C. tous les secours d'armes et de munitions de guerre que S. M. C. pourra réclamer, et en outre à *l'assister* avec *des forces navales*, si cela est nécessaire." Thus, not only was the Treasury pledged without reserve, but the whole naval force of the empire placed at the disposal, and embarked in the cause of a disputed succession in the Peninsula. And wherewith have we been recompensed for all the sacrifices, untold and uncalculable, in time past, for the same land, though in a more holy cause? Has commerce been enriched and augmented by the abandonment of a prohibitory code, and the admission of British products been tolerated, even upon the same fiscal footing which governs here for those of Spain? Did the Cortes of 1812, or those which swayed the destinies of Spain from 1820 to 1823, advance one step in the career of economical reforms reciprocally beneficially to trade? Or rather, were not all our proposals to that effect listened to with repugnance, and repulsed with manifest aversion? Let us not deceive ourselves; the day that shall dawn on the adoption of a liberal and reciprocal system, may witness also the dismemberment, if not dissolution of the federal monarchy. Manufacturing interests have grown into life and extension—Catalonia, scarcely now held under a subjection nominal, and powerful enough to resist the Government when in its integrity, would hail a tariff for silks and cottons, and hardware and iron, as the signal for her secession, and the declaration of independence; and so also with other provinces, where the same or other interests would seem to be equally involved. In return, also, for special favor to her own productions in her ancient colonies, Spain must concede equal advantages to the colonial products of America, which, like a two-edged policy, must cut us both ways. Whether Carlos or Christino succeed, to us, therefore, should have been, as it is abstractedly, further than sympathy of feeling, an affair of pure indifference. As it is, we have been made the slaves of party, and become principals in a contest in which wo had no intelligible stake to contend for. The triumph of Carlos entails upon us an irreconcileable, because an injured enemy—the ascendency of Christino a powerless, a burdensome, and a dubious friend; for, after all, the policy of Spain will be in future, as it has been in times past, subordinate to that of France, and variable with her alliances.

The insurrection of La Granja, and the proclamation of the democratic constitution of 1812, was, as we have seen, the signal for unlimited intervention in Spain, both with the French and English Ministers. So also, in Portugal, the like cause produced the same effects. The democratic party at Lisbon overthrew the charter of Dom Pedro, as their fellows at San Ildefonso that of the Estatuto Real, and raised the standard of the popular Cortes. British intervention was forthwith not openly declared, but insidiously acted upon. Lord Palmerston hoisted the signal of the charter, and denounced perdition to the constitution. Marines were embarked at Woolwich, and ships of war with all speed manned and despatched from Portsmouth — they were anchored broadside to the Quay do Comerço, off Lisbon—the people, constitution-

mad, saw the wide-mouthed cannon of seven or eight British ships of war (besides French) ready to vomit fire and ball upon them, their children, their city—the price of forbearance being the reinauguration of the charter, and death to the constitution. Roused to fury by the insolent dictation of strangers, they rushed to arms—straitway six hundred of our gallant marines were landed, and banded with bayonets fixed to reduce them to reason. Need we tell the inglorious issue of the disgraceful struggle? The marines were in mercy suffered to re-embark—the charter of Lord Palmerston, with a nation's imprecations, was returned to him, and can now be heard of nowhere, but among the moth-eaten papers of the Foreign office. No Englishman can now pace Lisbon streets in safety; and shall we wonder, after a display of arrogance so senseless, and usurpation so frantic? The puny, frothy, and false apology of the Secretary is, that the fleet was there for the protection of British subjects. Where is the dotard to believe it? By whom were they threatened—to whom did they appeal for safeguard? If Lord Howard de Walden, then we shall be furnished with evidence of crimes meditated by the Portuguese, and the names of the English merchants and others invoking his guardianship, and flying for shelter to the British admiral. But was nothing less than the thunder of seven men-of-war equal to the object? Was one ship per man, or—to speak within compass—twenty guns per head indispensable to mount guard over the residents? Even now the marines are occasionally landed, reviewed, and exercised with the most insulting parade, before a justly exasperated population, as if to irritate the "established race," and remind them that the chains from which they have escaped are reforging and retempering to bind them yet. And what have we gained by the charter of Dom Pedro and the dethronement of Dom Miguel? The commercial treaties by which almost a monopoly of the supply of Portugal was secured to our manufactures have been repealed without ceremony; nay more, whilst exportation of the wines of her own indigenous growth of all descriptions is permitted free to all other countries, by fiscal regulations lately enacted, none but the highest priced are allowed to be exported to Great Britain. The purchaser or consumer is not to be allowed the common privilege of choice. Need we be surprised that—insulted personally, and in their trade shackled and aggrieved—British merchants are closing their stores, and quitting a country so cheerless of promise? And yet Portugal *was* the most tried ally, the most ancient friend, in adversity as in prosperity, of England. Of what concern to us was the absolutism of Dom Miguel, the charter of Dom Pedro, or the democratic constitution of the Cortes? Let the people decide for themselves what suits them best, as it touches them nearest, and God speed them in their election! So far the tyranny was incalculably more for our interest as well for the peace and happiness of the Portuguse nation.

If we glance across the Atlantic, the Palmerstonian policy has found an imitator in President Jackson—my Lord's arms have been turned against himself. The rich, fertile, and extensive province of Texas is forcibly wrested from the dominion of our ally of Mexico by a horde of adventurers and freebooters, organized, trained, and furnished *with arms, ammunition, artillery and naval forces*, in the very spirit of the quadruple treaty, in the cities and territories of the United States, and with the full knowledge and connivance, if not openly avowed approbation, of the President. It is no matter of private enlistment, or clandestine succor. War committees sit as publicly at New Orleans and elsewhere, and advertise as unreservedly for men and supplies, as Colonel Evans and the Christino junto in London when empowered by Lord Palmerston to levy men for his expedition off the Isle of Dogs. The general, and chief magistrate of the Mexican state, taken prisoner in battle, was forthwith loaded with irons, like the vilest felon, or a flogged victim of the Legion, and for more than twelve months had been languishing in prison, subject to every indignity which the malignity of his ferocious persecutors could devise. No remonstrance was made from Washington, nor, so far as we know, from Downing Street. No efforts of

General Jackson to punish the miscreants for the piratical assault upon a friendly power. Yet, in a case similar, he caused the unfortunate Englishmen, Ambrister and Arbuthnot, to be shot, although one of them was acquitted by an American court-martial for taking part with the Seminoles, in a war legally proclaimed, and waged by them against the Americans. But how, indeed, can Lord Palmerston resort to the language of remonstrance, or of what avail would it be? The hoary chief has but to refer him to the quadruple treaty, to the Pedroite expedition, and the Legion of Evans, for a full and ample vindication of atrocities connived at, treachery convicted, and flagrant usurpation contemplated. The annexation of Texas is now the subject of deliberation in the Congress of the United States.

Such are the consequences — such the facts accomplished—of the policy Palmerstonian. We said in the commencement that they needed no comment of glossary—little of either have we offered. The voice of reason may for a while be overpowered amid the conflicts of passions and parties, unclouded by the veil of sophistry—but the language of facts appeals to every sense, and speaks to every understanding. The Jehu charioteer, will, as these pages see the light, be then in his place in Parliament to answer for himself—is it peace or is it war? The reckoning of national faith betrayed, of national loss inflicted, of national degradation completed, is a long and heavy score—the items various and multiplied — the sum total to be discharged or justified, of fearful account —and all within the statute of limitations. The insolvent will be there to explain the prodigal waste of a nation's honor and reputation abroad—it may be doubted whether even a tribunal so little scrupulous will vote him a certificate of good conduct as a receipt in full of all his doings.

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PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

Pericles and Aspasia! What names! We linger with loving iteration on the syllables that compose them. We know not how to silence a chord that vibrates with tones so exquisite. For six hundred years these names were as household words in every family, of the civilized world. Again, for eleven centuries, they ceased to dwell even upon the lips of genius, haunted by other memories, and conscious of a past that was not classical. Again, for a space as long as that of their old predominance, they have sounded in the ears of cultivated men like some symphony of far-off music, which has lost a portion of its loudness, but nothing of its sweetness.

Pericles was *first of the Athenians, most powerful in speaking and in acting.** Of Pericles it could be said, although in a republic *that he freely controlled the multitude*—that *he cared not to please them by his words*—and that *he ventured, on the strength of his character, to brave their anger by contradicting their will.*† Pericles could say of himself, Thucydides vouching for the fact, *I am second to none in discerning and expounding a true policy—I am a lover of my country—I am above the reach of gold.*‡ Pericles—if it be permissible or possible to add to the image bodied forth by these strokes of an immortal pen—was at once the creator and ruiner of Athens, covering her, while he lived, with glory and with beauty, but bequeathing to her, at his death, the fatal inheritance of a broken constitution and a debased people.

His thousand virtues and his one vice were alike necessary to make him foremost among men of the third degree—the worshippers of Power. The second place is due to the worshippers of Fame. There is an order of souls above them both, but for those who are content with Happiness history inscribes no tablet.

And Aspasia—what was she? She was meet to share with Pericles a throne founded upon intellect. She was the living muse of Eloquence. In body and in mind she was the very temple of all the Graces.

To rejoice that *such* subjects have fallen into *such* hands, is to feel every thing in favor of Mr. Landor's genius. It is to feel that, notwithstanding all his faults—and no man has more or more disgusting ones—he *is* qualified and entitled "to take his stand on the fragments of antiquity, and look about him." With an unparalleled pitch of insolent and half-insane contempt for his equals and his betters, there is gathered up within the garners of his mind a large and varied store of real learning. And the waters of bitter-

* Thucyd. I. 139. † Thucyd. II. 65. ‡ Thucyd. II. 60.

ness have not been able to drown all generous emotions in his bosom. And his empty, paltry, puerile abuse of priests and kings, worthy of a French regicide or an Irish agitator, is nevertheless combined with some sensibility to intrinsic greatness in high places. Moreover, much quaintness, affectation, and even bad grammar, while they disfigure many passages of his writings, still leave him undoubted master of a profound and piercing eloquence. Though his intellectual rank, therefore, is probably far below his own estimate, and his originality is by no means so remarkable as his idolators suppose, still, looking at the whole sum of his peculiar talents and acquirements, we pronounce confidently that if any modern hyperborean could hope for success in a bold effort to catch the style of Pericles, or a still bolder to imagine that of Aspasia, Mr. Landor was the man.

This conviction was strong enough to carry us into the first volume of his present work, even over such a threshold as the first of his two dedications. Let our reader attempt to guess on WHOM, amid the brilliant throng of English peers, that dedication has bestowed the epithet *illustrious*—of WHOM it asserts that the aspect of the times demanded of him to become *more than a man of rank or even of genius*—WHO it is that, according to this oracular dedication, will *compensate for the iniquities and atrocities of six centuries*, and *unite Great Britain and Ireland, which our princes and Parliaments until now have never wisely planned nor honestly intended*—let the most Œdipodean of our readers try to solve this magnificent enigma, and we will stake twice the copyright of Mr. Landor's whole productions that never—be he Conservative or Revolutionist—never, in his brightest mood for divining, will he once hit upon *his Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave*. What! a liveried menial of Mr. Daniel O'Connell's realize the Union! an acknowledged tool—a beggar's staff—a mere implement in the hands of an unbadged mendicant, transcend the altitude of genius!—a bad actor, worse novelist, and worst politician, hailed *illustrious* by any one above the grade of a link-boy! bepraised and beflattered by one whose mind has held communion with the spirits of Sophocles and Plato! Well was it said by the all-wise—

> "The learn'd pate
> Ducks to the golden fool;"

and those who have been accustomed to compare republican profession with republican practice, will not be surprised to find the pate in this instance on the shoulders of Mr. Landor.

Having gulped Mr. O'Connell's Lord Lieutenant—a bitter pill, but what with two wry faces and three draughts of fair water, he is down at last—having gulped the author of *Matilda*, *Yes and No*, and something else whose name is not forthcoming, we arrive at Mr. Landor's plan as announced in his *advertisement*, and the plan is better than the patron.

Two things are very clear to us without spectacles. First, that the characters and events of Grecian story, with all their classic simplicity of outline, admit of being so filled up in the details as to become entirely suffused with a rich glow of romantic interest. We allow that there are some impediments in the way of this result. Heathenism is one, and is felt to be one even by practical pagans. It leads us into a labyrinth of associations that are very prone to cross and check the flow of our sympathies. But Heathenism may be kept in the background, and its ugliest features may be hid with flowers. The condition of women in ancient Greece, and the general lack of chivalry (except indeed in the heroic age, wherein we recognise something very like it,) constitute another obstacle. And yet love, love hailed "unconquerable" by hoary men in the Antigone, though commonly too physical in his temperament and propensities,

> "Did sometimes there his golden shafts employ,
> Light there his lamp and wave his purple wings—
> Reign'd there and revell'd!"

Melpomene forgot not altogether to strike upon that string. Witness for us, shades of Hæmon and his martyred bride! Witness for us, sorrows of Phædra, tender amid your guiltiness, and to Nature not untrue! So judged the noble bard of Parisina when he transferred to his canvass some of the fine touches of Euripides.

"But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
And red her cheek with troubled dreams,
And mutters she in her unrest
A name she dare not breathe by day,
And clasps her lord unto the breast
Which pants for one away.

* * * * *

But every now and then a tear,
So large and slowly gather'd slid
From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
It was a thing to see not hear!
And those who saw, it did surprise,
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was chok'd within her swelling throat,
Yet seemed in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
It ceased—again she thought to speak,
Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
And to the earth she fell like stone
Or statue from its base o'erthrown.
More like a thing that ne'er had life,—
A monument of Azo's wife,—
Than her, that living guilty thing,
Whose every passion was a sting,
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
That guilt's detection and despair."

Traits there are of the erotic passion—and highly poetical traits too—which are common to all epochs, and can be made impressive in all skilful hands. Granting, therefore, that the difficulties here indicated may be conquered or eluded, in other respects the manners and costume of classical antiquity are not more remote from those of the present age than many other modes and aspects of social life, whose representation excites curiosity or imparts pleasure. And as for striking adventures, wonderful vicissitudes, terrible reverses, and such like machinery for playing on the susceptibility of human breasts, the Greek annals supply them as plentiful as blackberries. They are to be had for the gathering. Indulge us, kind Nature!—indulge us with but a tithe of the plastic power you were pleased to lavish on your favorite Scott, and we will promise that Aristomenes the Messenian, or Themistocles of Athens, shall become the heroes of works as popular as Kenilworth, or Ivanhoe.

Nevertheless, it is equally plain, in the second place, that, with very few exceptions, books of fiction, constructed, in modern times, upon a Greek classical basis, are unreadable at any premium. Either, like those most respectable volumes, the *Athenian Letters*, on which the dust of our library has gathered an inch thick, they turn out to be history in a sad-colored domino; or, should, something more diversified and entertaining be attempted, the huge cloven hoof of useful knowledge is sure to protrude in ostentatious ugliness, from the too-slender drapery of its imaginative dress. What "mortal mixture of earth's mould" was ever tempered to such enduring stubbornness as to get through Barthélemy? Did the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth perform that feat for his fellowship? We doubt it; although in his own delightful volume on Athens and Attica—that little book which seems to us to testify that more than shreds of Porson's mantle still clothe some shoulders—that book which together with Thirlwall's Greek History, and Chapman's Bucolics, and many passages of Walsh's Aristophanes, has tended to convince us, a haughty Œdechristian, that *all* the Trinity bull-dogs of late years cannot possibly have travelled by the pluck-coach from Oxford to Cambridge—he does speak of the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis* as an agreeable companion. The terms of the eulogium, you perceive, are ambiguous. We often like a companion for the road, who will answer questions—when we ask them—but who has no notion of telling a good story, and is on no account allowed to lead the conversation.

Of the errors above adverted to, Mr. Landor has steered wide. "He who opens these Letters for a History of the Times, will be disappointed. Did he find it in a Montagu's or a Walpole's?"—"It is easy to throw pieces of history into letters: many have done it: but there is no species of composition so remote from verisimilitude. Who can imagine to himself a couple of correspondents sitting down for such a purpose, and never turning their eyes toward any other object?" And, in addition to this, we must say for him—we wonder he does not say it for himself—that his unquestionably large and intimate acquaintance with classic things and persons is not awkwardly thrust forward. It enters easily, naturally, inevitably, into the whole tissue of his design. It forms part and parcel of it. You are transported, without the

least semblance of effort made by the author, to Athens and Ionia in their brightest age. You inhale the very perfume of the Attic atmosphere;

"Where, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day
The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave;
And blest the stream, and breath'd across the land
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers;
And there the sister loves, a smiling band,
Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!"

If this impression be ever broken, it is only by the wilful, forced, perverse interposition of Mr. Landor's peculiar tenets, religious and political, after a fashion which has marred the truth and the effect of so many of his Imaginary Conversations. So offending, and with such a rare capability of avoiding the transgression, he deserves no quarter. In the case of some delinquents, one might hope that the beauties of their composition flowed spontaneously from hearts warm with gracious sentiment, and surcharged with exquisite imagery, and that for occasional obliquities a certain portion of wrongheadedness alone was answerable. But, in the instance before us, we fear the reverse holds good. We would rather have Mr. Landor's head than his heart.

Something more of incident, even of complication in the plot, would not, we think, have hurt the interest of *Pericles and Aspasia*, and obviously would not have been incompatible with its expistolary form. The extreme witchery of Landor's pencil, wherever he enters on this province, evinces that no want of power, but a determined choice, has led him, by preference, into other parts. None does he utterly refuse to tread, where tempting blossoms may be culled, or fascinating objects gazed at. But, among all the regions open to intellect, those are his favorits haunts, which harmonize best with the pensive expression of deep thought, or the eloquent outpourings of a pure and passionate taste. Rambling about after his erratic steps, and extracting at random on the way, we might offer a fair image of the author's mind and work. Since, however, there is at least a sketch of the loves of the Athenian statesmen and the Milesian courtesan, with a charming figure of her friend Cleone on the back ground of the piece, we choose to begin by collecting the broken and scattered portions of this picture, as far as the first volume supplies them.

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"Cleone! I write from Athens. I hasten to meet your reproaches, and to stifle them in my embrace. It was wrong to have left Miletus at all: it was wrong to have parted from you without intrusting you with my secret. No, no, neither was wrong. I have withstood many tears, my sweet Cleone, but never yours; you could always do what you would with me; and I should have been windbound by you on the Meander as surely and inexorably as the fleet at Aulis by Diana.

"Ionia is far more beautiful than Attica, Miletus than Athens; for about Athens there is no verdure—no spacious and full and flowing river; few gardens, many olive-trees, so many indeed that we seem to be in an eternal cloud of dust. However, when the sea-breezes blow, this tree itself looks beautiful; it looks, in its pliable and undulating branches, irresolute as Ariadne when she was urged to fly, and pale as Orithyia when she was borne away."

That last touch is a whole landscape by Claude Lorrain. We see it at this moment, in our mind's eye, and bid one thousand guineas for the original. But now for an adventure.

Aspasia to Cleone. (*Letter IV.*)

"I was determined to close my letter when your curiosity was at the highest, that you might flutter and fall from the clouds like Icarus. I wanted two things; first, that you should bite your lip, an attitude in which you alone look pretty; and, secondly, that you should say, half angrily, 'This now is exactly like Aspasia.' I *will* be remembered; and I will make you look as I would have you.

"How fortunate to have arrived at Athens, at dawn, on the 12th of Elaphebolion. On this day begin the festivals of Bacchus, and the theatre is thrown open at sunrise.

"What a theatre! what an elevation! what a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticos and temples, of men and heroes, of demi-gods and gods!

"It was indeed my wish and intention, when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacks; but how rarely are

wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when winds and waters do not interfere!

"I will now tell you all. No time was to be lost, so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy, who came over with his mother from Lemnos. In the giddiness of youth, he forgot to tell me that, not being yet eighteen years old, he could not be admitted, and left me on the steps. My heart sank within me, so many young men stared and whispered; yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun), every one made room for me. When they were seated, and I too, I looked towards the stage; and behold there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestical form, and bearing a countenance more heroic, I should rather say more divine, than ever my imagination had conceived! I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed towards me as towards the competitor of the gods. I was neither flattered by it nor abashed. Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the champion of the human race, with his antagonist Jove, and his creator Æschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries! how often hath his vulture torn our breasts! how often have we thrown our arms around each other's neck, and half-renounced the religion of our fathers! Even your image, so inseparable at other times, came not across me then; Prometheus stood between us. He had resisted in silence and disdain the cruelest tortures that Almightiness could inflict; and now arose the Nymphs of Ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us; and now they descended with open arms and sweet benign countenances, and spake with pity; and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled.

"I sobbed—I dropt."

There—we call that criticism—and 'tis all the better for being interwoven with the texture of such delicious narrative!

But—says Mr. Richard Payne Knight—criticism of this kind is of no earthly use, nor ornament either. Hear his own words in the Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet:—"The judgment of the public, upon the merits of critics, is peculiarly partial and unjust. Those among them who assume the office of pointing out the beauties, and detecting the faults, of literary composition, are placed with the orator and historian in the highest ranks. Nevertheless, we shall find that critics of this class *have been of no use whatever*. All persons of taste and understanding know, from their own feelings, when to approve and disapprove, and therefore stand in no need of instructions from the critic."

Never was elderly gentlemen more mistaken. Never did disappointed writer more ineptly vent his spleen upon a fine art—(for what is good criticism but rhetoric employed in the most just of causes, on the most lofty of subjects?)—Rightly does the enlightened public honor criticism, as an art that at once vindicates genius and displays it—adding to the greatest original productions a new charm as well as fresh celebrity. And as to its *use*—only look at that sixth-form boy, just risen from the perusal of the above quoted letter! Back he goes to his "Prometheus Bound," with an image of the martyr-demi-god stamped upon his brain and heart, such as he hardly could have gathered from Wellauer's text or Blomfield's glossary. More than a new sense—a new sympathy—is wakened in his bosom. We see obscurely through our own eyes—tear-bedimmed—if there be not gracious drops trembling in his. Glory to the critic who draws them!

With Mr. Landor as critic, however, we shall have many opportunities of dealing. Mean while Letter VI. shall continue the story.

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"* * * Every thing appeared to me an illusion but the tragedy. What was divine seemed human, and what was human seemed divine.

"An apparition of resplendent and unearthly beauty threw aside, with his slender arms, the youths, philosophers, magistrates, and generals that surrounded me, with a countenance as confident, a motion as rapid, and a command as unresisted as a god.

"'Stranger!' said he, 'I come from Pericles to offer you my assistance.'

"I looked in his face—it was a child's.*

"'We have attendants here, who shall conduct you from the crowd,' said he.

* Her next letter reveals him—Alcibiades.

"'Venus and Cupid!' cried one.

"'We are dogs,' growled another.

"'Worse!' rejoined a third; 'We are slaves.'

"'Happy man! happy man! if thou art theirs;" whispered the next in his ear, and followed us close behind.

"I have since been informed that Pericles, who sate below us on the first seat, was the only man who did not rise. No matter: why should he? Why did the rest? But it was very kind in him to send his cousin; I mean it was very kind for so proud a man."

"Aspasia!" says Cleone, in reply to the heart-betraying symptoms here disclosed to her, "I foresee that henceforward you will admire the tragedy of Prometheus more than ever." A shrewd guesser is Cleone, according to the correct meaning of these words. In fact, the plot thickens so fast, that we dare not interrupt it.

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"Pericles has visited me. After many grave and gentle inquiries, often suspended, all relating to my health; and after praises of Miletus, and pity for my friends left behind, he told me that when he was quite assured of my perfect recovery from the fatigues of the voyage, he hoped I would allow him to collect from me, at my leisure-hours, the information he wanted on the literature of Ionia. Simple-hearted man! in praising the authors of our country he showed me that he knew them perfectly from first to last. And now, indeed, his energy was displayed: I thought he had none at all. With how sonorous and modulated a voice did he repeat the more poetical passages of our elder historians, and how his whole soul did lean upon Herodotus! Happily for me, he observed not my enthusiasm. And now he brought me into the presence of Homer. 'We claim him,' said he, 'but he is yours. Observe with what partiality he always dwells on Asia! How infinitely more civilized are Glaucus and Sarpedon than any of the Grecians he was called upon to celebrate! Priam, Paris, Hector—what polished men! Civilization has never made a step in advance, and never will, in those countries; she had gone so far in the days of Homer.' * * *

"'And Æschylus,' said I, but could not continue. Blushes rose into my cheek, and pained me at the recollection of my weakness.

* * * * * * *

"'We ought to change places,' said he, 'at the feet of the poets. Æschylus, I see, is yours; Homer is mine. Aspasia should be a Pallas to Achilles; and Pericles a subordinate power, comforting and consoling the afflicted demi-god. Impetuosity, impatience, resentment, revenge itself, are pardonable sins in the very softest of your sex; on brave endurance rises our admiration.'

"'I love those better who endure with constancy,' said I.

"'Happy,' replied he, 'thrice happy, O Aspasia, the constancy thus tried and thus rewarded!'

"He spoke with tenderness; he rose with majesty; bowed to Epimedea;* touched gently, scarcely at all, the hand I presented to him, bent over it, and departed."

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"I told you I would love, O Cleone! but I am so near it that I dare not.

"Tell me what I am to do; I can do any thing but write and think.

"Pericles has not returned.

"I am nothing here in Athens.

"Five days are over—six almost.

"O, what long days are these of Elaphebolion!"

In the fifteenth letter, Pericles is brought to his confession; and before one-eighth part of the first volume is exhausted, the interest of the main action is over, an unfortunate precocity, had dramatic development been the real aim of the author. It is thus that the prince of Athenian politicians makes love.

"Pericles to Aspasia.

"It is not wisdom in itself, O Aspasia! it is the manner of imparting it that affects the soul, and alone deserves the name of eloquence. I have never been moved by any but yours.

"Is it the beauty that shines over it, is it the voice that ripens it, giving it those lively colors, that delicious freshness; is it the modesty and diffidence with which you present it to us, looking for nothing but support? Sufficient were any

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* The "venerable and good-natured old widow," who is Aspasia's hostess. "Trouble enough," says Cleone, prettily, "will she have with her visitor from Asia. *The Milesian kid will overleap her garden-wall, and browze and butt everywhere.*"

one of them singly; but all united have come forward to subdue me, and have deprived me of my courage, my self-possession, and my repose.

"I dare not hope to be beloved, Aspasia, I did hope it once in my life, and have been disappointed. Where I sought for happiness none is offered me: I have neither the sunshine nor the shade.

"If, then, I was so unfortunate in earlier days, ought I, ten years later, to believe that she, to whom the earth, with whatever is beautiful and graceful in it, bows prostrate, will listen to me as her lover? I dare not; too much have I dared already. But if, O Aspasia! I should sometimes seem heavy and dull in conversation, when happier men surround you, pardon my infirmity.

"I have only one wish—I may not utter it: I have only one fear—this, at least is not irrational, and I will own it—the fear that Aspasia could never be sufficiently happy with me."

"Aspasia to Pericles.

"Do you doubt, O Pericles, that I shall be sufficiently happy with you? This doubt of yours assures me that I shall be.

"I throw aside my pen to crown the gods; and I worship thee first, O Pallas, who protectest the life, enlightenest the mind, establishest the power, and exaltest the glory of Pericles."

Seldom has a woman's *yes* been accorded in a nobler strain. But Landor knows full well that the all-absorbing passion, while it lasts, gives revelations more authentic through the medium of a subtler utterance. All the fine speeches, even of Aspasia, are nothing, in point of evidence, to the following short sentence in a subsequent letter to her female friend:—

Pericles, I think I never told you, has a little elevation on the crown of his head; I should rather say his head has a crown, others have none."

The fact being, that his skull was shaped after the fashion of a sea-onion—a craniological feature which the comic poets, not being in love with him, never thought of twisting to a compliment!

To the bright grouping of this classical armor an admirable foil is furnished by the melancholy episode of the Milesian Xeniades. Cleone first mentions him, in the 17th epistle.

"Xeniades has left Miletus. We know not whither he is gone, but we presume to his mines in Lemnos. It was always with difficulty he could be persuaded to look after his affairs. He is too rich, too young, too thoughtless. But since you left Miletus, we have nothing here to detain him."

But to Athens—not to Lemnos—has he followed the smiling mischief that consumes him. Landor has the good taste not to break the pathos of this piteous tale by any uncongenial interruptions, and we shall follow his example.

"Xeniades to Aspasia.

"Aspasia! Aspasia! have you forgotten me? have you forgotten *us*? Our childhood was one, our earliest youth was undivided. Why would you not see me? Did you fear that you should have to reproach me for any fault I have committed? This would have pained you formerly; ah, how lately!

"Your absence—not absence, flight—has broken my health, and left me fever and frenzy. Eumedes is certain I can only recover my health by composure. Foolish man! as if composure were more easy to recover than health. Was there ever such a madman as to say, 'You will never have the use of your limbs again, unless you walk and run!'

"I am weary of advice, of remonstrance, of pity, of every thing; above all, of life.

"Was it anger (how dared I be angry with you?) that withheld me from imploring the sight of you? Was it pride? Alas! what pride is left me? I am preferred no longer; I am rejected, scorned, loathed, Was it always so? Well may I ask the question; for every thing seems uncertain to me but my misery. At times I know not whether I am mad or dreaming. No, no, Aspasia! the past was a dream, the present is a reality. The mad and the dreaming do not shed tears as I do. And yet in these bitter tears are my happiest moments; and some angry demon knows it, and presses my temples that there shall fall but few.

"You refused to admit me. I asked too little, and deserved the refusal. Come to me. This you will not refuse, unless you are bowed to slavery. Go, tell your despot this, with my curses and defiance.

"I am calmer, but insist. Spare yourself, Aspasia, one tear, and not by an effort, but by a duty."

"Aspasia to Xeniades.

"I am pained to my innermost heart that you are ill.

"Pericles is not the person you ima-

gine him. Behold his billet! And cannot you think of me with equal generosity?

"True, we saw much of each other in our childhood, and many childish things we did together. This is the reason why I went out of your way as much as I could afterwards. There is another too. I hoped you would love more the friend that I love most. How much happier would she make you than the flighty Aspasia! We resemble each other too much Xeniades! We should never have been happy, so ill mated. Nature hates these alliances, they are like those of brother and sister. I never loved any one but Pericles. None else attracts the admiration of the world. I stand, O Xeniades! not only above slavery, but above splendor, in that serene light which Homer describes as encompassing the happy on Olympus. I will come to visit you within the hour. Be calm, be contented! Love me, but not too much, Xeniades!"

"Aspasia to Pericles.

"Xeniades, whom I loved a little in my childhood, and (do not look serious now, my dearest Pericles!) a very little afterwards, is sadly ill. He was always, I know not how, extravagant in his wishes, although not so extravagant as many others. And what do you imagine he wishes now? He wishes—but he is very ill, so ill he cannot rise from his bed—that I would go and visit him. I wonder whether it would be quite considerate: I am half inclined to go, if you approve of it.

"Poor youth! he grieves me bitterly.

"I shall not weep before him, I have wept so much here. Indeed, indeed, I wept, my Pericles, only because I had written too unkindly."

"Pericles to Aspasia.

"Do you what your heart tells you: yes, Aspasia, do *all* it tells you. Remember how august it is. It contains the temple, not only of Love, but of Conscience; and a whisper is heard from the extremity of the one to the extremity of the other.

"Bend in pensiveness, even in sorrow, on the flowery bank of youth, where under runs the stream that passes irreversibly! Let the garland drop into it, let the hand be refreshed by it—but—may the beautiful feet of Aspasia stand firm!"

"Xeniades to Aspasia.

"You promised you would return. I thought you only broke hearts, not promises.

"It is now broad day light: I see it clearly although the blinds are closed. A long sharp ray cuts off one corner of the room, and we shall hear the crash presently.

"Come; but without that pale silent girl: I hate her. Place her on the other side of you, not on mine.

"And this plane-tree gives no shade whatever. We will sit in some other place.

"No, no; I will not have you call her to us. Let her play where she is—the notes are low—she plays sweetly."

"Aspasia to Pericles.

"See what incoherency! He did not write it, not one word. The slave who brought it, told me that he was desired by the guest to write his orders, whenever he found his mind composed enough to give any.

"About four hours after my departure, he called him mildly, and said, 'I am quite recovered.'

"He gave no orders, however, and spake nothing more for some time. At last he raised himself up, and rested on his elbow, and began (said the slave) like one inspired. The slave added, 'that finding he was indeed quite well again, both in body and mind, and capable of making as fine poetry as any man in Athens, he had written down every word with the greatest punctuality; and that, looking at him for more, he found he had fallen into as sound a slumber as a reaper.'

"'Upon this I ran off with the verses,' said he."

"Pericles to Aspasia.

"Tears, O Aspasia, do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.

"Weep, and perform the offices of friendship. The season of life leading you by the hand, will not permit you to linger at the tomb of the departed; and Xeniades, when your first tear fell upon it, entered into the number of the blessed."

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"What shall I say to you, tender and sweet Cleone! the wanderer is in the haven of happiness—the restless has found rest.

"Weep not; I have shed all your tears—not all—they burst from me again."

"Cleone to Aspasia.

"O! he was too beautiful to live! Is there any thing that shoots through the world so swiftly as a sunbeam! Ephialtes has told me every thing. He sailed back without waiting at the islands, by your orders, he says.

"What hopes could I, with any prudence entertain? The chaplet you threw away would have cooled and adorned my

temples; but how could he ever love another who once loved you? I am casting my broken thoughts before my Aspasia: the little shells upon the shore, that the storm has scattered there, and that feet have trampled on.

"I have prayed to Venus; but I never prayed her to turn toward me the fondness that was yours. I fancied, I even hoped, you might accept it; and my prayer was—'Grant I may never love!' Afar from me, O goddess! be the malignant warmth that dries up the dews of friendship."

It is after a certain interval that Aspasia urges Cleone to love Xanthus, a brave Milesian, a friend of dead Xeniades. "Ay ay, Cleone! simplicity, bravery, well-merited, and well-borne distinction! Take him, take him; we must not all be cruel . . . to ourselves." And this the reply.

"Cleone to Aspasia.

"Aspasia! you mistake. Grant me the presence of friendship and the memory of love! It is only in this condition that a woman can be secure from fears and other weaknesses. I may admire Xanthus; and there is pleasure in admiration. If I thought I could love him, I should begin to distrust and despise myself. I would not desecrate my heart, even were it in ruins; but I am happy, very happy; not indeed altogether as I was in early youth—perhaps it was youth itself that occasioned it. Let me think so! Indulge me in the silence and solitude of this one fancy. If there was any thing else, how sacred should it ever be to me! *Ah yes, there was! and sacred it is, and shall be.*

"Laodamia saw with gladness, not with passion, a God, conductor of her sole beloved. The shade of Xeniades follows the steps of Xanthus."

Were we not right to mourn that the writer of letters so delicately beautiful as these has thought fit to deal so little with the interest of action and even of character? Did ancient or modern poet ever feign a domestic tragedy more graceful, more tender, more pathetic, or dip his pen more deeply in the core of human hearts? Above all, was there ever a more bewitching creation than Cleone? To one half of his conception of Aspasia the author may have been helped by old memorials; but her correspondent, whom we love better, is the mintage of his own brain.

Another too slender episode, of a livelier description, must find a place here. And then—to use the phraseology of Tristram Shandy—we will have a chapter of criticisms, a chapter of mistakes, a chapter of offences, a chapter of coincidences, and so conclude for the present.

"'Two pretty Milesians,' says Cleone, 'Agapenthe and Peristera, who are in love with you for loving me, are quite resolved to kiss your hand. You must not detain them long with me. Miletus is not to send all her beauty to be kept at Athens. We have no such treaty.'"

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"Agapenthe and Peristera, the bearers of your letter, came hither in safety and health, late as the season is for navigation. They complain of our old climate in Athens, and shudder at the sight of snow upon the mountains in the horizon.

"Hardly had they been seen with me, before the housewives and sages were indignant at their effrontery. In fact, they gazed in wonder at the ugliness of our sex in Attica, and at the gravity of philosophers, of whom stories so ludicrous are related. I do not think I shall be able to find them lovers here. Peristera hath lost a little of her dove-like faculty [f ever she had much,] at the report which has been raised about her cousin and herself. Dracontides was very fond of Agapenthe; she, however, was by no means so fond of him, which is always the case when young men would warm us at their fire before ours is kindled. For, honestly to confess the truth, the very best of us are more capricious than sensitive, and more sensitive than grateful. Dracontides is not indeed a man to excite so delightful a feeling. He is confident that Peristera must be the cause of Agapenthe's disinclination to him; for how is it possible that a young girl of unperverted mind could be indifferent to Dracontides? Unable to discover that any sorceress was employed against him, he turned his anger toward Peristera, and declared in her presence that her malignity alone could influence so abusively the generous mind of Agapenthe. At my request the playful girl consented to receive him. Seated upon an amphora in the aviary, she was stroking the neck of a noble peacock, while the bird pecked at the berries on a branch of arbatus in her bosom. Dracontides entered, conducted by Peristera, who desired her cousin to declare at once whether it was by any malignity of hers that he had hitherto failed to conciliate her regard.

"'O the ill-tempered, frightful man! cried Agapenthe; 'does any body that

is not malicious ever talk of malignity?'

"Dracontides went away, calling upon the gods for justice.

"The next morning a rumor ran throughout Athens, how he had broken off his intended nuptials, on the discovery that Aspasia had destined the two Ionians to the pleasures of Pericles. Moreover, he had discovered that one of them, he would not say which, had certainly threads of several colors in her threadcase, not to mention a lock of hair, whether of a dead man or no, might by some be doubted; and that the other was about to be consigned to Pyrilampes, in exchange for a peacock and sundry smaller birds.

"No question could be entertained of the fact, for the girls were actually in the house, and the birds in the aviary.

"Agapenthe declares she waits only for the spring, and will then leave Athens for her dear Miletus, where she never heard such an expression as malignity.

"'O what rude people the Athenians are!' said she."

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"Rather than open my letter again, I write another.

"Agapenthe's heart is won by Mnasylus. I never suspected it.

"On his return out of Thessaly (whither I fancy he went on purpose) he brought a cage of nightingales. There are few of them in Attica; and none being kept tame, none remain with us through the winter. Of the four brought by Mnasylus, one sings even in this season of the year. Agapenthe and Peristera were awakened in the morning by the thrilling song of a bird, like a nightingale, in the aviary. They went down together; and over the door they found these verses:—

'Maiden or youth, who standest here,
Think not, if hap'ly we should fear
A stranger's voice or stranger's face
(Such is the nature of our race,)
That we would sadly fly again
To gloomy wood or windy plain.
Certain we are we ne'er should find
A care so provident, so kind,
Although by flight we repossess
The tenderest mother's warmest nest.
O may you prove, as well as we,
That even in Athens there may be
A sweeter thing than liberty!'

"'This is surely the handwriting of Mnasylus,' said Agapenthe.

"'How do you know his handwriting?' cried Peristera.

"A blush and a kiss, and one gentle push, were the answer.

"Mnasylus, on hearing the sound of footsteps, had retreated behind a thicket of laurestine and pyracanthus, in which the aviary is situated, fearful of bringing the gardener into reproof for admitting him. However, his passion was uncontrollable; and Peristera declares, although Agapenthe denies it, that he caught a kiss upon each of his cheeks by the interruption. Certain it is, for they agree in it, that he threw his arms around them both as they were embracing, and implored them to conceal the fault of poor old Alcon, 'who showed me,' said he, 'more pity than Agapenthe will ever show me.'

"'Why did you bring these birds hither?' said she, trying to frown.

"'Because you asked,' replied he, 'the other day, whether we had any in Attica, and told me you had many at home.'

"She turned away abruptly, and, running up to my chamber, would have informed me why.

"Superfluous confidence! Her tears wetted my cheek.

"Agapenthe!" said I, smiling, "are you sure you have cried for the last time, *O! what rude people the Athenians are?*"

And now for our chapter of criticisms—that is, you will please to mark, criticisms scattered by the ingenious author over the pages of this first volume, on which we are sitting in judgment. Criticisms of our own—*in propria persona*—you can have any day, and, by permission of the Fates and the Muses, shall have enough of them for some time to come; but it is not in every month of the year we can draw upon Pericles, Aspasia, and Cleone, and have our bills indorsed by Mr. Walter Savage Landor. We admire the expression and assent to the substance of all the critical opinions we shall now proceed to extract. It is needless to apostrophize the reader or the writer at the end of each individual paragraph; but the beauty of some of them is quite enough to make you buy the book, if you have still neglected to gratify Messrs. Saunders and Otley by that delicate attention.

Æschylus and Homer compared.

"Do not tell any one, excepting so fond a friend as Cleone, that you prefer Æschylus to Homer. I agree with you that the conception of such a drama is in itself a stupendous effort of genius; that the execution is equal to the conception; that the character of Prometheus is more heroic than any in heroic poetry; and that no production of the same extent is so

magnificent and so exalted. But the Iliad is not a region, it is a continent; and you might as well compare this prodigy to it, as the cataract of the Nile to the ocean. In the one we are overpowered by the compression and burst of the element; in the other we are carried over an immensity of space, bounding the earth, not bounded by her, and having nothing above but the heavens."

HESIOD.

"Hesiod is admirable for the purity of his life and soundness of his precepts, but there is hardly a trace of poetry in his ploughed field.

"I find in all his writings but one verse worth transcribing, and that only for the melody.

"'In a soft meadow, and on vernal flowers.'

"I do not wonder he was opposed to Homer. What an advantage to the enemies of greatness (that is, to mankind) to be able to match one so low against one so lofty!

"The Greek army before Troy would have been curious to listen to a dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles, but would have been transported with ecstacy to have been present at one between the King of Men and Thersites."

We take it for granted that Mr. Landor speaks only of an imaginary competition between the two bards. He does not believe in sober earnest that the match ever really *came off*, or could have done so. To quote an authority which will have immense weight with our author, "this tale will not stand against the many arguments for Hesiod's juniority to Homer; and the extant narrative of the competition, which pretends to give the very lines pronounced by the immortal rivals, may be proved to have been written after the reign of the emperor Adrian —1000 years from the supposed event. It is manifest some sophist's trial of ability — that is, specimen of folly. Never was any thing more wretchedly bald and spiritless. First we have a metrical catechism — Hesiod the examiner, and Homer the respondent; then a sort of Hellenic crambo—Hesiod singing one verse, and Homer filling up the meaning with another; then a second bout of the catechism— of which a single sample, quite equal to the original may suffice:

"HESIOD.

"To this one question, thou the answer name—
How many Greeks to Troy's proud ramparts came?"

"HOMER.

"Fifty red fires beneath the ramparts burn'd,
And fifty spits at every fire were turn'd;
These fifty spits full fifty gigots graced,
And thrice three hundred Greeks around each joint were placed!"

"Observe the calculation, 50 × 50 = 2500 × 900 = 2,250,000, and compare it with the estimate and the remark of Thucydides!* But enough of a fiction, which would have afforded so fine a scope for a man of real imagination."†

"MIMNERMUS.

"He is among the many poets who never make us laugh or weep; among the many whom we take into the hand like pretty insects, turn them over, look at them for a moment, and toss them into the grass again. The earth swarms with these; they live their season, and others similar come into life next.

"POETRY.

"To me it appears that poetry ought neither to be all body nor all soul. Beautiful features, limbs compact, sweetness of voice, and easiness of transition, belong to the Deity who inspires and represents it. We may loiter by the stream, and allay our thirst as it runs, but we should not be forbidden the larger draught for the deeper well.

"ELOQUENCE OF PERICLES.

"At last I have heard him speak in public.

"Apollo may shake the rocks of Delphi, and may turn the pious pale; my Pericles rises with serenity; his voice hath at once left his lips, and entered the heart of Athens. The violent and desperate tremble in every hostile city; a thunderbolt seems to have split in the centre, and to have scattered its sacred fire unto the whole circumference of Greece.

None the worse is that noble image for being borrowed at first hand from Aristophanes, at second hand from Cicero, a third hand from Pliny, Plu-

* L. I. 10. † Edinburgh Review, No. CIX.

tarch, or Longinus, and at fourth hand from Milton. But we had forgotten. Mr. Landor never borrows. 'Tis only a coincidence.

"Sculpture, Painting, and Poetry."

"Sculpture has made great advances in my time," (Pericles is speaking) "painting still greater; for until the last forty years it was inelegant and rude. Sculpture can go no farther; painting can; she may add scenery and climate to her forms. She may give to Philoctetes not only the wing of the sea-bird, wherewith he cools the throbbing of his wound; not only the bow and quiver at his feet, but likewise the gloomy rocks, the Vulcanian vaults, and the distant fires of Lemnos, the fierce inhabitants subdued by pity, the remorseless betrayer, and the various emotions of his retiring friends. Her reign is boundless, but the fairer and the richer part of her dominions lies with the Odyssea. Painting, by degrees, will perceive her advantages over sculpture; but if there are *paces* between sculpture and painting, there are *parasangs* between painting and poetry. The difference is, that of a lake confined by mountains, and a river running on through all the varieties of scenery, perpetual and unimpeded. Sculpture and painting are moments of life; poetry is life itself, and every thing around it and above it."

Right, Walter Savage! — except that Pericles would not have said *parasangs*, a word which his contemporary Herodotus finds it necessary to define. Drop the alliteration, and read *stadia*. In like manner we suggest that Aspasia would hardly have written *Iconoclast*.*—not having been much conversant, we presume, with the ecclesiastical wars of the eighth century, or the phraseology of Johannes Damascenus.

What a graceful transition that remark would afford us to our chapter of mistakes! Here we have them—a dozen at least—"gross as a mountain, open, palpable." And some eight or nine "marvellous coincidences," with critical sentiments previously promulgated in periodical works which Mr. Landor never reads, and a fair assortment of unforgivable offences, resulting from the most perverse determination to make modern politics of the loathsomest character pass through an ancient medium, distorted to suit the sinner's purposes. But for this month Influenza—grisly power—steps in to ward the meditated blow. We are writhing under the crisis of a third attack within ten weeks—head, hand, and universal frame prostrated in all their faculties. So we must be content to begin our next paper—when the "foul fiend" shall have been pleased to give us leave—with these stimulating topics.

PARENTAL LOVE.

BY THE SKETCHER.

I saw three maidens, and a child did sit
In midst of them; and as they danced round,
Come, let us tend, they cried, our garden ground,
And see our plant, 'tis time we cherish it;
And as they sported in such merry fit
His fresh bright forhead with a wreath they crown'd,
And wav'd their hands, bidding their spells abound;
One gave him health, and one beauty, and one wit—
It was a dream, and vanished—but there grew
Daily in my observance, one so fair,
So like a plant—it ever did imbue
With that dream's promise all my love, my care;
And many times I thought the graces smiled
On the sweet boyhood of my gentle child.

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* P. 92.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

THE King's speech has told us all that we expected, and has told us nothing. A recapitulation of the few topics which have been flung from newspaper to newspaper for the last six months, and the shadowy promise of a few measures to which the Lords gave the death-blow at the close of the last session. But the King's speech is merely the drop-scene of the drama, always the same, always the mere cover for the emptiness of the stage, and always swept aside when the true action begins.

To form a due estimate of the state of Parliament we must look to the condition of parties when the two Houses last finished their labors. First, of the Cabinet. Have they received any accession of ability, of popular force, or personal fame? None. Lord Melbourne, in his nightgown and slippers, Lord John Russell, equally renowned as historian, poet, orator, and statesman, Lord Palmerston, the object of unlimited burlesque, Mr. Poulett Thompson, the obscure creature of the counting-house, and Mr. Spring Rice, notoriously plunged in financial perplexities every hour, still constitute the Ministry. We may pass by the harmless clamor of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the senile babbling of old Lord Holland. Brougham has been tried, and has thrown them off. All their efforts to buttress their crazy pile have failed, and they now trust, like the Turks, to the chance which protects idiots and children. And those are the men to hold the government of the British empire! This mixture of the presumptuous and the imbecile, the audacious and the cowardly, the arrogant and the servile, is to shape the destinies of England! This cannot last long. With the indignation of the empire rising against them on one side, and the rage of Radicalism dashing against their mouldering ramparts on the other, they must embrace the only alternative, and either resign, or throw themselves on that furious billow which will never sink till it carries them on to revolution.

We now come to the Conservatives. Their condition at the close of the last session was triumphant. They had risen almost to a majority in the Commons. They had with them the entire voice of the Lords. They had, more than both, the voice of all that constitutes the nation. Combining moderation with force, and constitutional knowledge with manly determination, they had baffled, nay, more than baffled, they had crushed every lawless measure of the Cabinet. They governed the Cabinet. The miserable ministry dared not stir a step but by permission of the powerful hand that alternately guided and repelled him. Every measure was framed not with a view to its fitness, but to the authority of Opposition. Nothing could be issued without the *imprimatur* of the Lords. Every flighty attempt to catch the popular gaze was preceded by a pilot balloon to find out the current of opinion from the Lords. All was palliation, adaptation, and emendation. No travelling mountebank ever more anxiously opened his booth with an eye to the magistrate, dispensed his nostrums more in terror of the law, or more suddenly closed the whole establishment, when the hand of the law threatened to extinguish his fraudulent trade.

The leaders of Opposition were the three leading men of the empire, not in the eyes of England alone, but of Europe. While the ministers were unknown beyond their desks, the names of Wellington, Lyndhurst, and Peel were heard in every council, every court, and every senate of the civilized world.

Have they fallen off since? The fame of Wellington is perennial. It is identified with the noblest era of England, with the proudest memory of British soldiership, and with the most consummate deliverance of Europe. It stands at that height which can neither be increased nor diminished by human change. An Alp is not more imperishable, more elevated above the common decays of nature, more fixed in the region of perpetual splendor.

The last blow of the session was Lord Lyndhurst's speech. It was a deathblow. The nation instantly recognised its force. It fell like a thunderbolt. Nothing could resist it. No resistance was attempted. While the empire was delighted by its brilliancy, it withered the Cabinet, and withered they have remained.

Sir Robert Peel's labors during

the session were unrelaxing. He never lost sight of the Ministry. Neither sleight nor force could avail them to escape from his powerful hand. Always possessing the highest information on the subject of debate, always enforcing it by the clearest arguments, and adorning it with the manliest eloquence, he pressed hourly on the Cabinet, until their only resource from being extinguished was the prorogation. Too advanced and too eminent for a conflict with such adversaries, he has before him the struggle with the more furious strength and more envenomed hostility of revolution. He has powers for it.

> Mox in ovilia,
> Nunc in reluctantes dracones.

The Hydra, fed on the bottomless marshes and poisoned atmosphere of popular passion, is already lifting up its heads, and to crush it will require the strength of a giant. But it *can* be crushed, and by the blessing of Providence on a manly people, it *will*. The speech at the Glasgow dinner was an example of the faculties, and an evidence of their demand for this final conflict. Its merits were that it was a great British declaration of public principle. It was more than a party speech, it was even more than a Parliamentary one. It looked beyond the legislature, and extended to the empire. Unrestricted by any reference to the impressions of individuals, it spoke the sense of the nation. Embodying the soundest wisdom for the exigencies of the time, it pronounced those maxims of public morals, strength, and sincerity, which are universal and everlasting.

During the recess, a long succession of celebrations of Conservative principle took place throughout England. The character of those meetings was decisive of the comprehensiveness, vigor, and truth of the great change which had been effected in the public mind. It was clear, that the timidity which had suffered the Reform Bill to be passed, and which had equally suffered Parliament to be filled with the creatures of the mob, was no more; that the country had resumed the natural spirit of Englismen, and that thenceforth the struggle of principle would be maintained with the intrepidity of truth. It was to be observed, that those meetings were *not* constructed by the leaders of Conservatism in public life, that their chairmen and speakers were in general persons but little known beyond their own counties, and that their sentiments were utterly untinged with any of that reserve and caution which almost necessarily belong to Parliamentary partisans, but that they were plain, straightforward, often indignant, and always ardent expressions of feeling for the degraded condition of their country, and of disgust for the Whig-papist faction which held it in fetters.

It was equally to be observed, that in those meetings men of every rank joined; yet that there was a peculiarity in their junction. The first who united, on those occasions, were chiefly persons of the better condition of middle life. The landed gentry, barristers, clergy, and respectable men of the other established professions. The original impulse was decidedly of the middle order. That order, in which it has been so often said that the strength of English opinion and English virtue unequivocally consists. As those meetings acquired force, they invited Peers and Members of Parliament to join them. As they acquired additional force, they opened their doors to the more intelligent among the working classes. Those classes again formed associations among themselves, and the manly, pious, and principled feelings of attachment to the religion and constitution of England have thus spread large and deep through those very portions of society on which the artifices of rebellion had been most eagerly employed, and which were conceived to be the natural abettors of all revolution.

But if the nature of the change was to be still more powerfully illustrated, it was by the contrast of the Whig dinners. They were in all points the direct reverse. In number not one to fifty. In attendance meagre, vulgar, riotous, and disunited. As to their component parts, utterly abandoned by all the higher and more honorable ranks of the community, by the Peerage, the clergy, the great proprietors of land, by all but a few official adherents of the Cabinet in the several counties, and a few of those Members of Parliament who were notoriously creatures of the Ministry. In another point, the contrast was not less striking. Not one of those meetings appears to have been *spontaneous*. Some Member of the Government was regularly sent to canvass an invitation for

himself; and, through his personal and political connections, construct a public dinner. Thus Spring Rice was sent to Limerick to try the temptations of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and make a defence of the Minister. Thus Lord Glenelg was sent to Inverness to play the part of owl in the sunshine, and make a defence of the Ministry. Thus the Attorney-General was sent to Edinburgh to tell his Radical constituents the undiscoverable merits of a Ministry which had done nothing for the last twelve months, and take to himself the merit of having saved the Prime Minister from the clutches of the law in an action *for adultery.*

In fact, all the demonstrations of public feeling on the Ministerial side were the work of plan, of labor, of stratagem, of the influence of those good things of which a minister supplicating for the popular shout is supposed to be the direct depositary. But let those forced and systematic toils for popularity be taken as they are. Let those fabricated feelings and canvassed celebrations be contrasted, for a moment, with the free and open, the unpremeditated and powerful displays of the true public heart, exhibited in every county of England, pouring upon us till the public journals cannot find words to vary their description, till the language of loyalty seems to be the common language of the realm, and till those noble evidences of the true national mind are rendered almost superfluous by their acknowledged and uncontested superiority. With those evidences before us, what possible doubt can there be that the nation is beginning to feel the necessity for the exertion of its powers—that, like the blind man by the wayside, its quick ear has caught the sound of deliverance, and its only outcry now is, that the last scale may be taken from its eyes?

But a third party has sprung up, bitter, loud-tongued, and utterly unprincipled—Radicalism—the last birth of that low hypocrisy by which the Whigs have so long pampered the vanity of the rabble—Radicalism, the open champion of overthrow, the professed clamorer for revolution, demanding endless change, and, with a precipitate folly, untaught by the old miseries of national convulsion, and with a sanguinary frenzy incurable but by its own pikes and scaffolds, rejoicing in the hope of national evil. If some great painter of the passions should arise, with what colors of gloom and terror would he embody the time! in what features of conscious guilt and late remorse would he paint the form of that feeble yet criminal Cabinet who have bound themselves in the spell of those masters of evil—the Macbeth of a truer history listening to his fate from the spirits of darkness, evoked with rites of profanation and blood! Can any man who hears the meagre protestations of that Cabinet against faction doubt that they feel themselves already in its power?

It is easy to talk lightly of those things. There are indolent minds which care nothing for the deepest public change, provided it seems not likely to molest their own pillows. There are others who care for no consequences whatever, if they think that they will not occur until they themselves are out of the world. There are still more who will not give themselves the trouble of a second thought upon the subject, or obstinately and foolishly persevere in thinking that nothing evil *can* occur, because extreme evil has not yet fallen upon the country. Let the reader consider whether he is in any of those classes, and learn that it is to such apathy that the whole menace of national ruin is due at this moment. The villany which threatens the Constitution would not have dared to lift its head, if the vigilance of England had been awake to the growth of this reptile adversary. But let apathy itself hear what are the actual declarations of Radicalism, and then ask how would it be possible for laws, religion, or public peace to subsist from the moment when they were realized. At the dinner to the representatives of Bath in January, a muster of Radicalism, a leading speaker thus gave the Radicals' confession of faith:—"Our demands are for *Annual Parliaments*, *Universal Suffrage*, and *Vote by Ballot*. In addition, *the House of Lords must be reformed.*"

Now, nothing can be clearer than that the complete operation of any one of these four measures would be a Democracy. The operation of the whole four would go still further than a Democracy, and would be ANARCHY. Let us suppose, for instance, Annual Parliaments to become law. What man of any character, substance, profession, or landed property could be a

candidate after the first few trials? Time, fortune, and talent would be wasted with an ineffectiveness that would rapidly disgust every man of respectability. The return for a county now costs, at the most reduced rate of Reform, about 4000*l.* The keenest cutting down of those expenses will always leave room for heavy demands on the purse of any candidate who is supposed able to meet them. There will be placards, agents, canvassers, dinners, conveyances, and a multitude of other expenses, while there is any chance of their being paid. And all this for the precarious seat of one year! that year being partly occupied in canvassing, and the Parliament being always sure, if we are to judge from all experience, of being dissolved before the regulated time. The average duration of the actual Parliamentary year would probably not exceed six months. This would soon drive every candidate of respectability out of the field. But other candidates would not be wanting. The characterless, the penniless, the unprincipled, the whole crowd of those who, in default of having any thing else to sell, sell themselves, would be the perpetual hirelings of the mob. Canvassing would be their profession. They would pay nothing, because it was known that they could pay nothing. But *pledges* to every frantic caprice of the mob would be the price of their admission to the hustings. And the performance of those pledges would be the price of their existence in the House. Every new villain, who hoped to gain in the common division of the spoil, would outbid his villain predecessor, and, with a legislature whose only principle was robbery, what would be the security of a shilling in the pocket of any honest man? Yet annual Parliaments are the open demand of the Radicals, and if we suffer them once to become our masters, annual Parliaments they will have. Even triennial Parliaments, the most moderated demand of their most moderate portion, would rapidly have the same result. Radicalism *must be resisted* with all our heart and strength, or we shall see civil convulsion, confiscation of property, tyranny over the person, banishment, and loss of life. No human power can sustain England against the direst extremities of ruin, if her indolence shall have once suffered Radicalism to have the upper hand.

Or take the instance of Universal Suffrage. What would be the value of property an hour, if every wretch who walks the streets were to be entitled to return members to Parliament? If the whole vice, vileness, dishonesty, beggary, and corruption of the metropolis and the towns were let loose to elect representatives, the influence of character, property, name, old connections, old services, all that constitutes the generous, manly, and substantial grounds of popularity, would be trampled down by a countless rabble, exulting in its power of revenge, and roaring for some Hunt or Cobbett. They would inevitably choose men after their own hearts. Highwaymen, pickpockets, forgers, coiners, gaming housekeepers, the vilest instruments of the vilest sources of existence, the man of fraud, the man of plunder, the man of blood—those would be the electors; the more reputable classes would be instantly *swamped* at the hustings, and the most profligate, audacious, and promising bargainer would be the man of the day. With 658 men of this class to make the laws of England, to guard its property, and sustain its religion, what *must be* the result to England?

Or take the *Vote by Ballot.* An acknowledged and base expedient to allow the voter to promise one thing, and do another; a public privilege of *lying*, and a private one of corruption. Who can doubt that the whole business of elections would become a matter of bribery, while there was any candidate able to bribe? What would the man of the purse have to do, but to send his agent into the clubs of voters, and to say to each coterie, "If my man is returned, fifty or five hundred pounds will be forthcoming for the club; if he is thrown out, the fault is yours, and you shall not have a shilling." And the ballot would have this peculiar attraction for such a traffic, that there being no presumed possibility of knowing how the individual voted, there would be no actual possibility of examining his vote on a petition, no power of proving bribery against him, and of course all the natural precautions now adopted to prevent excessive corruption would be abandoned as useless. It is true, that bribery itself would at length be abandoned; but it would be only by the

failure of individual means. But when money was no more in the market, other influences, still more hazardous, would take its place. Pledges to divide the public property among the populace would be the more tempting bribe. The extinction of the national debt, and the robbery of the public creditor, the lowering of rents, the spoliation of all property dedicated to religious objects—those would be the more comprehensive corruptions of a populace, which, working in the dark, and freed by the ballot from all considerations of personal character, would hurry on from one rapine to another, until all was pillage.

We ask any man of sense, whether this catastrophe would not be inevitable? We ask of the Radical himself, whether he does not contemplate a democracy, and by democracy an overthrow of the existing order of things, a change of property, a republic, a revolution?

But are we not to ask Englishmen, where is the shadow of a necessity for those tremendous changes? What outrage is effected against the liberty of the subject?—what tyranny on conscience?—what threat of despotic power from the throne?—what corruption of justice? Is not England the freest, the fairest, the wealthiest, the most fully employed, the most prosperous portion of the globe? And why are we to stab all this to the heart, and fling the national prosperity into the grave, merely to try whether it may or may not start up from its dissolution in some more vigorous form? Has any man counted the cost of those gratuitous experiments on the frame of a mighty kingdom? What, but the most extravagant folly, or the most wanton malice, is it that would throw the constitution into the flames of civil discord, merely to see into what shapes its noble metal would run among the embers of the empire? What sullen frenzy or Satanic guilt would raise the image of the revolutionary Moloch among us, and fill it with human victims, only to take the augury from their cries, and fertilize the spot of the sacrifice with their ashes?

We call upon the whole energy of the British people to resist this fraudulent and implacable enemy of God and man. Radicalism *must* be crushed. Its hand is against every man, every man's hand must be against it. The piety, the vigor, the learning, the constitutional integrity, the indignant native virtue of England must be summoned to the struggle; and unless we are abandoned by the supreme source of all virtue, hope, and help, and abandoned for our old apathy and our deepening crimes, we shall plunge it in the abyss from which it arose. *Satan shall be bound!*

But Radicalism has one virtue, the ruffian's virtue, courage. It is the direct reverse of Whig hypocrisy. It leaves the grovelling, fawning, perfidious spirit of Whiggism immersed in its own baseness. It resists the Tories, but it tramples on the Whigs. It puts its heel on the loftiest of them, and pronounces all his motives contemptible, and all his actions worthy of his motives. It draws up a bill of indictment against the whole party as against a gang of political swindlers, and pronounces them naked of all character. It stigmatizes them as a nest of coiners, counterfeiting the sterling circulation of honor by their own base metal. Roebuck asserts, without any circumlocution, that "the Whigs have deceived and defrauded the people." Colonel Napier says, with as little apology, "That on the fall of the Wellington Ministry, the Whigs came fawning on the people, and offered to lead the movement which they were determined to *mislead*. The Irish said, Give us our rights, or give us our Parliament, that we may do justice to ourselves. What said the Whig government? It said, No, we will give you civil war. We will give you the sword to smite, the torch to burn, the whip to torture, and the halter to hang you with." And all this was followed by tremendous cheers.

There is still a fourth party, suspected by all, hated by all, disdained by all, and the master of all.—The party of the Popish priesthood; sustained by the rent, and headed by O'Connell. Utterly insignificant in individual ability, with the single exception of its leader, obscure in personal name, and despised in personal character, still, by its very want of principle, it sways the Cabinet. If it possessed principle, it could not so flexibly answer all the purposes of a cause essentially Jesuitical. But ready to move in any direction at a nod, it thus keeps its power

as an arbiter. It is the sword and belt which the barbarian leader of the Popish invasion arrogantly flings into the British scale.

But, to give testimony more direct than our own, we take an authority which has just challenged public attention.

The writer to whose opinions we allude,* is a gentleman of fortune, resident in the north of Ireland. A Whig, strong upon all the weak points of Whiggism, an advocate for every one of those measures of fatal *liberality* which have plunged the empire into successive depths of danger. A declaimer against all restrictions on account of religion, which (forgetting that they are mere defences of the public peace) he pronounces to be restrictions on liberty of conscience; and loudly demanding why power should not be as safely confided to Papists as to Protestants; equally forgetting the great essential distinction, that the Papist exercises his power to persecute, and does so on the principles of his church, while the Protestant faith prohibits all persecution; that Popery declares all heretics condemned to eternal sufferings, and, therefore, declares itself authorised to torture the body to redeem the soul; while Protestantism pronounces that cruelty can never be the source of good—that the tyranny of man can never be virtue, and that the use of the rack and the scaffold to coerce belief is only murder.

Yet we find this *liberal*, this thorough Whig, this man varnished all over with the most flaunting colors of the new school, actually so penetrated with a sense of the atrocity of the Popish faction, from seeing its workings on the spot, that he unconsciously throws down his old weight of Whig prejudices, and starts forward to summon his countrymen to a sense of their imminent ruin. He thus unhesitatingly declares his slow and compulsory conviction, that the Popish Association is the prime agent of national hazard.

"I have paid some attention," says he, "to the progress of our public affairs, and, I fear, it is because I have looked on them impartially, that they seem the more deplorable and desperate." He thus pursues, "We are told by the National Association that they have claims to an indefinite extent. *But they cannot say how far their demands may be carried, for that must depend on unknown events!* They tell us, however, that what would have satisfied them a year or two ago, will fall very short of satisfying them now. And that whatever is offered, will be received *in part*, because it will enable them to proceed in their incessant importunities with the better prospect of success. The demandant may be a gainer by this mode of proceeding, but there cannot be a reciprocity of advantage. And as peace alone could be the price of concession, *the value is not likely to be realized*. The principle will apply equally to individuals, members, and nations."

Next, as to Lord Mulgrave—"The position in which they have been pleased to place our Lord Lieutenant, appears somewhat ludicrous. They boast of his favor, and say at the same time, that their countenance is necessary to his protection. If we may believe them, they carry on their business under his patronage. I wish they would place a board over their shop door, announcing that they are 'mischief-makers to the viceroy of Ireland,' and 'licensed to deal in sedition.' They confer all the honor they can upon his excellency. They call the process of their manufactory *Mulgravizing*. * * * In the north of Ireland, we cannot account for a toleration of the 'association' in the metropolis; nor reconcile the endurance of it with the prosecutions which are now pending over hundreds for having walked in procession as Orangemen on the 12th of July last! We believe it to be illegal, and, if it were not permitted by the government, we could not entertain a doubt of its illegality. What say the law officers? Is it their opinion, (we know what can be done under privilege of Parliament) that men may associate out of Parliament, demand the repeal of some statutes, the modification of some, and the enactment of some, and threaten a dismemberment of the empire, in case of non-compliance? Yet the Association agitates throughout the year, avowedly to this end, unmolested. 'Sed Julius ardet.' If folly is to be punished, why not prosecute crime?

* Observations on the Present State of Ireland, by Sir Francis Macnaughten, Bart.

'To die for treason is a common evil,
But, to be hanged for nonsense is the d—l.'"

From the writer's residence in the north of Ireland he has had peculiar opportunities of seeing the operation of this severity of government to the Orangemen, whose only crime was that of exhibiting an unfashionable zeal for the faith and freedom of their Protestant ancestors. "After the 12th of July it was deemed proper to order an indiscriminate prosecution of all who had walked in procession on that day. From the numbers implicated within the limits of the petty sessions I attend, I conclude, that the amount of offenders within the county of Antrim must come to several hundreds. They will all be upon the scale of suffering between inconvenience and ruin. Many of them will be obliged to tramp fifty or sixty miles through the mire to our assize town. This, to be sure, seems pretty well adapted to the exigency of their case, for, as walking was the whole of their offence, so walking may constitute a part of their expiation. There is some difference indeed between walking against and with a man's inclination. In July, besides, he had nothing to do, and could be spared a day from the field. But, in March and April he will have the seed labor on his hands, and he cannot so conveniently absent himself for a week, or, as it may chance, a much longer period. The costs which he must necessarily incur, are not to be forgotten. I should think that the law's dignity would have been sufficiently vindicated by the prosecution of those whose walkings were at all connected with a *breach of the peace*. I am sure many of the heedless people who have become obnoxious to punishment were unconscious of having offended. But penalty is condign to all."

On the abominable knavery, by which the faction disturb the country, and yet leave every actual suffering of the peasant disregarded, if not increased, Sir F. Macnaughten justly observes,—

"If it cannot be proved that our agitators are authorized by the people, it will be iniquitous to impute agitation to *them*. 'Justice for Ireland.' If this mean to include justice to the poor peasant, I say, be it so. Every one who knows any thing of Ireland, must admit, that the poor man's condition calls most loudly and righteously for relief. Believe him, for Heaven's sake, and you may then talk of Justice for Ireland, without blasphemy! I have seen a succession of governments, and of agitating societies. But I have not observed the attention of any directed to the most miserable hovels that ever were used for the residence of mankind. Can we relieve from hunger and cold, and allow the forlorn peasant, in his looped and windowed raggedness, any condiment to his scanty potato? No, no! *this does not fall within the circle of our Agitator's humanity*. He would feed the poor fellow with a reform of the Peers! and season his mess with a purified municipality. But his physical wants have been laudably unnoticed. They agitate, however, and that is enough. We can be agitated out of all our wrongs, and into all our rights. Diet, lodging, raiment, are all comprehended in agitation."

On the contemptible jesuitry of language by which the faction stimulate the populace, while they pretend to soothe, he forcibly remarks—"To be sure, the rules of our agitators are not very intelligible. The actors are to resist by the means of submission, and to submit by the means of resistance. They threaten by implication, and exclude menace in distinct terms. They challenge an adversary to the field, but declare that a drop of his blood shall not be shed, nor a hair of his head injured in the conflict. If no other agitation will do, then a *Repeal of the Union* shall be agitated. Peaceful agitation and 'war to the knife.' What is to be gained by this Repeal, it might, before we have seen the balance-sheet, be thought premature to pronounce. But we may confidently anticipate a most *tremendous extinction of human life*—that of Mr. Sharman Crawford included. We may reckon upon *a very general confiscation* of property, a *ferocious and bloody despotism*, and an absolute abolition of *all liberty and law*."

But against this hideous consummation of the triumph of the faction, the writer protests. "No. We *will* not have a separation of the kingdom. Leaving social and patriotic feelings aside, there is no rational man who would not, for his own sake, rather enter upon warfare, and die in defence

of the union, than survive, to the desolation and horrors which must, as we are now situated, follow from its repeal. No repeal. 'Death's-head and cross bones have no charms for us.'"

And yet O'Connell is suffered, day by day, to menace the country with a repeal of the Union. Why is not the *agitation* of this topic declared by statute to be high treason—as high treason it is to attempt to dissever the empire—and the villain who should henceforth pronounce it be hanged, whoever he might be? But what are the open demands of the faction, demands which must be yielded, or repeal is to be the consequence? "A Municipal Reform Act according to their own taste—an absolute abolition of tithes—the appropriation clause (unless it should merge in the abolition of tithes)—a new (and lowered) qualification of voters—short Parliaments—an organic change in the constitution of the House of Lords. All this, and much more, they are to have, or else—a breaking up of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and a severance of Ireland from Great Britain."

From this he goes into the legal view of the existence of the Association, and shows it to be utterly against the letter and the spirit of the law. "If the Association," says he, "be *lawful* (if lawless, why is it endured?) we must conclude that our Government is too feeble to stand against, or without the favor of a mob having profligacy enough to menace and insult it. But the statute 33d of George the Third, chap. 29, is still in force, entitled, 'To prevent the election or appointment of unlawful Assemblies, under pretence of preparing or presenting petitions or other addresses to his Majesty or the Parliament.' We must admit that the Association does not proceed under such or any other pretence; it acts boldly of itself, and is *sui juris*."

We call upon all honest Englishmen to look well to themselves at this moment. The day of harmless party contests is gone by. All the old outworks of the Constitution are thrown down, and the storm is now against the citadel. It is no longer a mere question between Whig and Tory, but, as the orators at the Bath dinner openly declare, "between *Aristocracy* and *Democracy*;" in other words, between property as it exists, and the rapine that desires to seize it. Twelve months' unresisted progress of Radicalism might strip every landed proprietor of half or the whole of his property, bring the country into such a state of confusion, that all trade would be paralyzed, all banking firms run upon, and half our merchants bankrupts. Twelve months' unresisted progress of the Popish faction might utterly destroy the Protestant church in Ireland, with it throw every shape of Protestantism into the jaws of persecution, enact some furious tax, inhibition, or composition against the Church of England, whose resistance by the clergy would produce the closing of their churches, the confinement of the clergy themselves in dungeons, fines and penalties of all kinds, and the most universal misery, poverty, and convulsion through the empire. All those things have been before, under the united influence of Radicalism and fanaticism, and what is there in human nature to prevent their being again? And is not the chance of such consequences the most natural summons to exert every power of human activity, vigilance, and principle, under God, to keep them as far from us as we can?

Of the four parties which now divide public opinion, it is a remarkable distinction, that the most desperately mischievous in its principle is by far the most persevering, the most systematic, and the most effective in its progress. Popery, the sworn enemy of our religion, our nation, our freedom, and our empire, leaves all at a distance in point of actual power. The Conservatives, though growing in influence with the growing apprehensions of all good men, act chiefly on the defensive. A weak policy at all times, and worst of all now—the barbarian policy, which Demosthenes describes as never anticipating the blow, but clapping its hands helplessly on the wound. The Whigs act upon neither the defensive nor the offensive; they feel themselves merely tenants at will, and exert all their ingenuity in contriving to remain on the premises without paying the rent. In the lowest spirit of state-traffic, they are perfectly willing to bargain with either side, and having no other object than that of place, they have no other conception of policy than that of taking the side which will longest ensure them their salaries.

The Radicals are bitter, loud, and active. But they are still few in the House; their leaders are personally without weight; their projects are too nakedly furious for effect in Parliament until vote by ballot and household suffrage shall have radicalized Parliament itself. Their republicanism is too glaring, rash, and ferocious. The Members of the House are not yet prepared for the worship of the guillotine.

But it is the Popish faction which is the incarnation of evil. It is openly pronounced by every man acquainted with the present condition of Ireland, that it rules that unhappy country. It possesses the whole Irish patronage. It is now filling all the higher situations of the law with its creatures. It is making Judges, Attorneys-General, and Solicitors-General. It has just made the Master of the Rolls. It has just appointed a Papist, Mr. Pigott, to the place of confidential law adviser to the crown in Ireland, one of the most important possible in the present state of affairs, for to his department come all questions relative to the disputes on church property and tithes, the conduct of magistrates, and the control of the constabulary force. By its Attorney and Solicitors-General the Popish faction puts the councils of the crown into the hands of Papists. It now openly proclaims, that when Lord Plunket can be driven from his place, it will have the Chancellorship in its grasp. It has made the Lord-Lieutenant; it has made the Irish Secretary. In short, it has made the whole existing fabric of the Irish Government.

Having thus established an executive after its own heart, it has proceeded to establish a legislature. In the General National Association it has a Parliament to all intents and purposes. In that Parliament it proposes public measures, debates on the leading questions of the day, poor-laws, finance, &c., raises taxes, appropriates them, and does all this in the most open defiance, and with the most undisturbed impunity. In this Parliament it assembles all the official representatives of Popery, the archbishops, bishops, and inferior priesthood of its church, the lay lords, and public demagogues, and thus exhibits to the Papists of Ireland the complete form of a legislature of their own.

In the mean time, what may be called the domestic government of the faction, never relaxes. The payment of the Protestant clergy is, as the Duke of Wellington observed on the first night of the Session, rendered a nullity. The serving of law processes is death to the server, and the clergy, thus deprived of their lawful means, are forced to live on the charity of England. The man who pays tithe is menaced with the death's-head and cross-bones, and all resistance to the Popish mandate is a matter of the utmost peril to the individual.

But even this is too tardy for the Association. Within these few weeks a manifesto has been issued, under the hand of its leader, whose effect must be to keep Ireland in a perpetual state of "agitation." This paper is divided formally into heads, and its object is beyond all misunderstanding. Its first section proposes "to call upon *every parish of Ireland*, without any delay, to appoint *two pacificators* (!) for the purpose of forwarding the objects of the Association, and obtaining 'justice to Ireland.'" We perfectly comprehend the sort of pacification such agents would produce, and the Association comprehends it too. A long series of directions for the *duties* of those persons follows. They are to be elected, one by the populace, and the other by the priest of the parish. They are to be furnished with newspapers, of what kind and for what purpose we may easily conjecture. Another employment of those persons is, to intermeddle in all faction-fights, for the purpo e, as Mr. O'Connell says, of *putting them down!* Another is, to report to the Association the names of all voters in the parish, their landlords, their principles, and the *influence* that may be exerted to make them vote for, or *against their country!* In fact, a regular spy system, with the wrath of the Association, to keep men's consciences in order. Another is, to procure the collections of the justice rent a regular tax system. Another, to ascertain the number of persons *illegally and unjustly sued, or persecuted for tithes*, and to report their names and *grievances* to the Association. As Mr. O'Connell pronounces the whole system of tithes criminal, bloody, and so forth, we may imagine the purpose of this part of his diplomatic instructions. There are more duties of the same kind

in his list. And it is to be remembered that his *pacificators* constitute a complete Papist police. That as there are about two thousand parishes in Ireland, he would thus have 4000 regular and constant agents in every corner of the country. Besides the 2000 priests, who are *his* to a man, besides the volunteer partisans, who look for places great and small, from a seat on the bench of judges to a guagership, or a constableship in the police. And above all, the secret force which the Jesuits, the monkish orders, and the whole intrigue of Popery, Irish, French, Spanish, and Italian, organizes in Ireland. Thus stands the account between England and the Agitator. It is with this boundless power that our folly, our negligence of Protestantism, and our criminal forgetfulness of the true unchangeableness and virulence of Popery has armed him.

But, are we not to find some refuge in a Government which has not yet declared itself Papist, and which now and then attempts to disclaim its miserable dependence on the faction? Let us rest on that hope if we will. The very first night of the Session settled the question.

Lord Melbourne's speech on the address, January 31, shows distinctly the conditions on which his Ministry live. "One subject," said this Prime Minister of England! "which had called forth the noble Duke's (Wellington's) observations, was the establishment of the National Association in Ireland. *No man had viewed with more regret than he did, the existence of that Association. He did not think that the grounds on which it was stated to have been built, justified its erection!* (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.)"

So far went the English Minister, then came the O'Connellite. "He could not help saying, that proceedings had taken place in that Association, of which *he* could not, *for one*, approve." No Cabinet affair, but simply the disapprobation of an *individual* in a coffee-house or a club-room. However, something more direct must be hazarded. "And I must in justice say," pronounces the head of the Cabinet in the face of the peerage of England, "that their procedings are open as the day, and that no concealment of what they intended has taken place!" Was such an excuse ever offered before for a knot of disturbers, since the world was created! Their actions are indefensible, says this depositary of Government; their declared reasons are unfounded and false. But the plliation is, that they are neither ashamed nor afraid to insult the Government, the law, and the common sense of the nation! Let us take a case. If a gang of murderers were to start up in the streets of London, would their guilt be the less by choosing mid-day instead of midnight for cutting throats; or by proclaiming in the public ear, that their *principle* was to cut throats, and that they would go on, knife in hand? If it be treason to demand the separation of the empire, those men demand that separation. But they talk it openly, and *therefore*. Or, if it be productive of measureless misery, tumult and bloodshed to stimulate the Popish peasantry against the payment of those tithes, which they have all, by their leases, *voluntarily* bound themselves to pay, then all those charges fall on the head of those men. Yet all become innocent because they openly brave all Government, abjure all law, and defy all obligation!

Can any man doubt the motives of this language? But Lord John Russell makes them clearer still, if possible. He was called on, on the first night of the Session, to say whether he would dare to go even so far as the Premier. "I shall say nothing now," said Lord John; "but you shall hear all on Tuesday." Tuesday came, and in the debate on the Municipal Bill for Ireland, he came to this embarrassing point at last. And what was his contrivance? A manly speaker would have said at once that he either approved or disapproved of the Association. But he was not to be caught in this track. He approached it by a double, worthy of Maynooth. "If," said he "any body were to tell me that an association was formed in Scotland, making laws, raising money, and demanding the change of national polity, I should very much *regret* it indeed." His Lordship dares not, even here, go the length of reprobating it. No, it merely a source of sentimental sorrow. What! the usurpation of the powers of government, a virtual rebellion, can stir his tender nature no further than *regret*? "But," says he, with O'Connell full in his front, "as

to Ireland, the question is different. I ask has she not had wrongs?"—Wrongs! Lord Melbourne attempted to justify the Association merely by the insolence of its achievements. "It scorned to hide any of its acts, be their color what they may." Lord John shifts the ground, and justifies their illegality on their wrongs. What wrongs, we demand? If they have them, why not apply to Parliament—to the tribunals? But nine years after the Emancipation bill, which was declared to have wiped away all the recollection and all the existence of Popish wrongs! Seven years after the halcyon commencement of Whig supremacy! Three years after the jubilee of Lord John's accession! But when was it ever heard of before, that the wrongs of a party justified it in forming a government for itself, in defiance of the Government of the country; entitled it to seize the whole power of a large portion of empire in equal defiance of the laws, and invested it with authority to persecute a great class of their fellow-subjects in defiance of the constitution? We demand, what *are* their wrongs? We defy the faction to bring forward any, but their being prohibited from having their full vengeance on the Church, the Protestantism, and the English connection of Ireland. Can there be more unequivocal proofs that the Ministry are tied hand and foot in the fetters of the faction; that the tenure of their existence is submission to that faction; and that the longer they are suffered to retain the name of Ministers, the heavier must be the price which they, and we through them, still will be compelled to pay to this faction.

But the great question for us is this—By what means shall England be saved? They must be prompt, for all things are urged on to rapid overthrow; vigorous, for they have to resist ferocious activity; and high principled, for they struggle for the noblest inheritance of man, civil and religious freedom, against every artifice and atrocity of men to whom principle is unknown. Englishmen must not, for a moment, let it escape their view, that the first and last object of the faction is the *utter ruin of Protestantism.* The cry is for the subjection of England to the old sway of Rome, and the reinstalment of the old pollutions of Popery in the churches of the empire. The Papists have no hesitation in avowing this object. "Your church shall perish, and with it the heresy of England," say the Popish haranguers. The Popish publications are already insolently congratulating England on the increasing numbers of Popish chapels and colleges. And the Popish ecclesiastics are in all directions sounding their coming triumph. To this purpose all their political movements are subservient. O'Connell is but the creature of the priests; the peasantry, for whose wrongs his clamor is raised, are but dust under the march of that arrogant and sanguinary supremacy. Let not Englishmen, in their lazy confidence, imagine that such things are impossible. Nothing is more within the judgment of Providence than the loss of religion to a people careless of the gift. Where are the early churches of Asia? Where the Protestant churches of Spain, Italy, and France? Every portion of the civilized world has had a church on Protestant principles in its day of light. Where are those churches now? Removed from nations, negligent of their purity, indolent in their preservation, and thus unworthy of their presence. And what is there to exempt England from the common punishment, if she is found guilty of the common crime? What is there to save her pastors and her people from the horrid tyrannies, which the returning power of Rome has *always* exercised upon those who resist her pollutions. We are as far from superstitions as any men alive. But who can see the system, the practices, and the purposes of Popery, without seeing their utter opposition to the Scriptures? Who can read those sacred books, without seeing the solemn denunciations launched against all who worship the "persecutor of the saints?" Who can hear, without conviction, the divine command—"To come out of her, lest we perish in her plagues?"

LEILA.

"I CAN'T for my part see the least use of wind when we could go so nicely by steam without it—can *you*, sir?" This very sensible observation was addressed to me by a tall good-natured looking lady, my fellow passenger on board the Apollo, from Portsmouth to Havre. There are certain seasons of a man's life when he is not disposed to be so particularly polite as at others; and the awkward hour or two after getting on rough water, before you have quite ascertained whether you are going to be squeamish or not, is not exactly the time for the display of the graces. I accordingly made my responses in a tone not much calculated, as I imagined, to tempt the lady to prolong the conversation. But she was not so easily daunted.

"Pretty invention steam, sir; wasn't it?"

"Yes, very."

"But they say it is only in its infancy yet. Fine baby, sir! don't you think so?"

I looked at her as she said this. She was as grave-visaged as a judge, and had her eyes fixed on me as if expecting my opinion.

"Fine baby, ma'am!" I exclaimed, determined to silence my talkative friend with a burst of the sublime; "a chubby child, madam; but what can you expect of a boy, the offspring of fire and water; who was nursed by a hurricane, and suckled by a volcano!'

"This is charming! How I wish my lord were here to hear you! He is so fond of poetry."

"My lord?" I inquired.

"My husband, sir," replied the lady, drawing herself up to her full height, and throwing her veil still further back upon her bonnet. There was not a line of Debrett written in her countenance; not a vestige of the red book was there, except that her nose, under the influence of the stiffish south wester then blowing, might have furnished the binding. I only bowed to this half discovery she had made of her rank and title; and I confess I became interested in the very unusual style of her conversation.

"Oh, my lord so doats upon poetry," she continued; "he knows all Lord Byron by heart, and Shakspeare, and Barry Cornwall, and all the rest of the moderns. 'Tis quite delightful to hear him quote long passages when he comes home fatigued."

"A pleasing relaxation, no doubt, madam. Does his lordship speak much in the House?"

"Oh! no—he generally reads in the house; but you ought to hear him spouting so beautifully when we take our walk into the fields on Sundays."

"His lordship," I replied, "must indeed be a powerful orator; may I ask if he has published?"

"Lots of advertisements every week."

"Advertisements!" I thought, why, this silly she-grenadier must be quizzing, though she keeps her countenance so well. A lord spouting Barry Cornwall in the fields on Sundays, and sending advertisements every week to the newspapers—preparing, I suppose, for the reformed House of Peers. "And does his lordship," I said, "reside principally in town?"

"Constantly. Business, you know, sir, must be attended to."

"Ah! Downing Street?" I said, with a knowing look, anxious to humor what I now thought was the insanity of my companion.

"Never heard of it. We live in the very middle of the City."

"His lordship studies the fluctuations of trade?"

"He does, indeed; but of course,—every one, you know, sir, for himself; he attends principally to his own concerns."

"He is a sensible man."

"Oh, very, sir; I wish you were acquainted with him; and if you stay any time at Rouen I shall be so happy to introduce you."

"Is his lordship at Rouen now?"

"Oh, yes; we have lived constantly there since our removal from England. An immense establishment like ours requires the eye of a master. In fact I scarcely know what we shall do next month when we retire altogether into the country; complete idleness, I am afraid, will scarcely do for any of us. After being so long accustomed to a large house and immense numbers of dependents; kicking one for

laziness, rewarding another for attention; seeing to all their meals, and, counting year after year the gains and losses. My lord, I am sure, will feel quite at a nonplus at the chateau Rosigny, with nothing to do but superintend his crops."

"And quote the poets."

"Ah, true enough, sir, but even that would very soon grow tiresome. I am half afraid of the experiment, I assure you. I sometimes think it would be better to stay as we are."

"His lordship, perhaps, has no turn for agriculture?

"I don't know. He has never tried. He has stuck very close to the shop."

"To the shop! Do I understand you clearly, madam? Does his lordship, amuse his leisure hours by keeping a shop?"

"No; not exactly a shop—but he is a manufacturer on a great scale. They call shops counting-houses there."

"Pray, what article is honored by his lordship's manufacture?"

The lady bent forward with a very consequential air, and said—"Buttons."

There could now be no manner of doubt that her ladyship was a humorist, and I accordingly rewarded her last effort with a burst of uproarious laughter. But she seemed by no means pleased with the compliment.

"Buttons, I assure you, sir," she said, very coldly; "both gold and silver, plain and ornamented, ivory, horn, and mother-o'-pearl of the very finest quality. We supply all the buttons to the Legion of Honor." I looked again at the communicative lady, but there was nothing in her face that favored the supposition that she was trotting me out. A lord making buttons for the Legion of Honor was a sight too extraordinary to be passed over, and I resolved, if my companion again asked me to remain at Rouen, that I would put off a day or two in that fine old town, and examine her and her husband, along with the other curiosities. Happily, though the passage was rather rough, I managed to strengthen my inner man to such a comfortable extent with some medicines furnished to me by the steward out of a Dutch-built bottle, that smelt uncommonly like veritable Cognac, that before we had got under the lee of the Channel Islands, I could have navigated the Bay of Biscay in a washing-tub. When a man feels unexpectedly that he has got quit of a great calamity, such a reaction takes place on his previously low spirits that he becomes rather perhaps too boisterous in his mirth. When I discovered that for this time I had escaped the demon of sea-sickness nothing could surpass the hilarity of my conversation. I could have paid compliments to my grandmother; but as she did not happen to be within reach, I betook myself to the next object of admiration I could find, and poured all manner of soft speeches into the ears of the right honorable the Countess of Buttons. If she had been a *bona fide* duchess, I could scarcely have paid her more attention, As it was, I found I had made myself an especial favorite. She did not rest satisfied till I had promised to stay a week with them at Rouen, and afterwards to visit them when they should have settled in the neighborhood of Bordeaux; and to all these polite invitations I answered of course in the affirmative, though with no great intention of keeping my engagement, at least to the full extent. A whole week in the same house with my lord and my lady appeared to me too much; but I resolved, as I had nothing to do and only intended to amuse myself by a few months' residence in France, to devote a day or two to consolidating my acquaintance with my new and hospitable friend. The voyage at last came to an end; the deck was covered with trunks and packages of all sorts and sizes; the passengers were superintending the debarkation of their goods; some, who had had a salutary terror of the dangers of the seas, now came up from the lower regions, for the first time; and, in short what with porters, sailors, passengers, custom-house officers, and hackney coachmen, swearing, scolding, and quarrelling in all sorts of languages, it seemed as if the Glorious Apollo had been boarded by the plasterers of the Tower of Babel; and in the *mêlée* I nearly lost sight of my friend. At last, however, I found her, but now she was no longer alone. On her arm leant a figure wrapt up in a cloak, and covered with a very thick veil, so that she was almost completely concealed. I do not know how it happens, yet it must assuredly always *does* happen, that one knows by the first glance at a cloak, however

loosely it may be made, whether there is a beauty or a fright beneath it. For my own part, I know things of that sort to a certainty; so that all disguises are quite useless, so far as I am concerned. Luckily, also, on this occasion, the wind had not altogether ceased, and did me the favor to blow aside—only for one instant—the lower part of the cloak, so that I saw the prettiest foot and ankle in the world. The bonnet, veil and all, could not hide the tournure of the head, and in one moment I felt that Cupid had stuck one of his arrows up to the very feathers in my heart. I looked round to discover the villanous god, but an old boatswain chewing tobacco was the only person I could suspect. Love, I know, takes many disguises, but such a metamorphosis as that was scarcely to be met with in Ovid; so I resolved to submit to the wound as I best could, and try to persuade the fair *incognita* to pull the arrow out again herself. I went up to them directly, and was profuse in my offers of assistance, keeping my eye all the time on the movements of the mysterious veil. It seemed glued over the face, which I felt quite certain was beautiful. My friend the Countess never thought of introducing us, or indeed of speaking a syllable to the lovely being at her side. To me, however, her kindness continued unabated. As her arrangements were concluded first, she soon stept ashore; but before leaving the vessel she gave me her card, reiterating her invitation to see her the following day at Rouen. There was now no hesitation whatever in according her the honor of my company for a week—or a month, if she expressed the least desire for it. But in the mean time her card bewildered me more than ever. All that it contained was simply, "Arnaud Crequillez, Fabricant de Boutons, Rouen." Not a single word about lord or right honorable, or even (for now I saw, from the name, he was a Frenchman) prince, comte, or seigneur. It was a perfect riddle, and I wasn't Edipus enough to unbutton it. However, I consoled myself by thinking that the following day would lift up the veil from this perplexing mystery, and also from the beautiful unknown.

Chapter II.

There was no great difficulty in finding my way to the house of M. Crequillez. A fine, large, handsome, house it was, with a huge port-cocher, lofty rooms, and immense rambling passages. In the apartment usually occupied by Madame there had been some attempts made at English comforts. A carpet and rug, an open grate, sofas of tolerable width, and chairs, strong enough to bear an ordinary weight, gave an appearance of snugness such as is rarely to be met with out of the "tight little island." Madame Crequillez received me very graciously, told me that her husband longed for the pleasure of my acquaintance, and that he would even hurry home from the counting-house an hour earlier than usual to have the delight of welcoming me to his house. How was it possible to resist so much kindness? I resolved to gratify every wish they might express to see as much of me as possible, for with an eye fixed inalienably on the door, I expected that every moment would present to me the object of my curiosity. But the whole morning passed in listening to the talk of my friend Madame, who still continued the same style of conversation that had astonished me so much on board the Apollo; and even now when I knew her so much better, I could not exactly decide whether she was only very odd, and played off the simpleton by way of an amusement, or was in reality the noodle she appeared. She still went on very magniloquently about "her lord." "His lordship" would soon be here; "his lordship" would return from his shop; "his lordship" would close his ledger; and, in fact, she so pestered me with her continuous prattle on that single subject, that I began to think America must really be a delightful country to live in. But patience and politeness, like time and the hour, wear through the roughest day; and my curiosity continued if possible to increase as the hour of dinner drew near. I listened to every sound—but always to be disappointed. At last I heard a light step in the passage;—it paused at the door—the handle turned

round—I sprang to my feet, feeling assured my hopes were now to be realized,—and was immediately inclosed in the firm embrace of "M. Crequillez, button-maker at Rouen." He was a light, active little man of about fifty-five years of age, dressed in a bright blue coat, glaring-colored, close-fitting nankeen pantaloons, and yet with all that, and in spite of his exaggerated manners, and the previous idea I had conceived of the husband of Madame and the manufacturer of buttons, he was evidently a gentleman. Strange how impossible it is either to conceal or to assume that indefinable, inexplicable "something," which at a glance reveals to you that its possessor has that within which passeth show. Nine tailors can make a man, but a whole universe of tailors can neither make nor hide a gentleman—a most distressing piece of news for Sunday bloods and the overdressed worshippers of Baron Stultz. But my friend M. Crequillez, though you saw in a moment that he was thoroughbred, contrived to make himself a very ridiculous individual notwithstanding. How was it possible to help laughing at a little fellow, dressed in the way I have described, sidling up to the three-decker he called his wife, and elevating himself on tiptoe to give her a salute?

"Aha, Madame!" he cried, "I have great honor to receive your friend on board the steam ship in my house here; and, sare, how you do? Make yourself at home—'I give thee all; I can't no more.'"

"Mr. Charles Montague," I suppose, "wants nothing so much as his dinner;" said Madame Crequillez, giving her husband a card with my name on it, which, in the hurry of our parting in the steamboat, I had torn off one of my trunks.

"I am rejoiced," said mine host, "to see you, Mister Charles Montague, and shall take good care to give you an umbrella if it rains, and a great-coat on the top of all. Are you damp just now, sare?"

"Damp, sir?" I said.

"Yes; for if you are at all moist, there is a large fire in de kitchen, which will put you right very soon. Will you go down into the fire, sare?"

This, be it observed, was in the dog days—no rain had fallen for months; and here was an extremely civil little man pressing me to go into his kitchen to have the benefit of his stove. I said nothing, expecting every moment he would ask me to walk into the oven; but his lady came to my assistance.

"What do you want Mr. Montague to roast himself for, in a day like this? the thing is ridiculous."

"What is there of the ridicule in it, Madame? does he not write upon his card, Mister Charles Montague, to be kept dry?"

And there to be sure was the direction plain enough, which I had included for the benefit of my clothes, but which had produced me so warm a reception in my own person. The matter was soon explained to Monsieur Crequillez's entire satisfaction, and we shortly adjourned into the dining-room, but still without the company of the lady of the veil. There were chairs set for four—but no notice was taken of the supernumerary. We ate and talked, and I watched every word that was said, in hopes of hearing something or other about the additional guest who had evidently been expected. But Monsieur's thoughts were fixed on far higher concerns. He was intent on showing the perfect acquaintance he had with English literature, and for this purpose, he lost no opportunity of lugging in quotations, whether, as it appeared to me, they were pat to the subject or not. When he discovered that I had been often in France before, and that I could comprehend him, if any thing, better in his own language than in his attempts at mine, he betook himself to French for every thing but his eternal quotations. And it is a very extraordinary thing what a different appearance a man has when he speaks his own language, from the miserable figure he cuts when laboring at a foreign tongue. Monsieur Crequillez immediately became a shrewd, clever, intelligent companion, instead of the grimacing silly sort of fellow I had thought him at first. Perhaps one great reason of my altering my opinion, was the compliment he paid me of assuming English fashions while I condescended to be his guest, and among others, that of sitting a good while after dinner. The wine was admirable; we got near an open window looking upon a little

green court, and as he himself would have said—

"There we talk'd, that man and I,
Affectionate and true."

My story was soon told; in fact, like the Knife-grinder, I had none to tell; but Monsieur Crequillez opened himself (and a second bottle of Lafitte), and gave me a sketch of his adventures.

"The Revolution," he said, "found me and my elder brother orphans of twelve and thirteen years of age, and as our family was the most distinguished in the province for its loyalty as well as its rank, even our extreme youth could not save us from the persecution of that most miserable time. You smile perhaps to hear me, here in Rouen, within sound of the wheels of my manufactory, talk of my family being high and noble, but 'tis true nevertheless. By the kindness of some people who still took an interest in us, we were smuggled out of the country, and in the year 1793 we found ourselves, without a shilling or even an acquaintance, in the streets of London. How we managed to live for some time I do not now remember. Our desolate appearance occasionally made people pause and press their benevolence upon us. At last one day, as we passed the door of a very poor looking shop in one of the obscure parts of the town, the woman of the shop came out and stopt us. She had often seen us passing that way, and her heart had been softened by our miserable appearance. That good woman, who made but a scanty subsistence for herself and a young daughter, took us into her house, and was to us in the place of a mother. We helped her in the best way we were able, and as her trade was that of a dressmaker in a very humble way, I am not ashamed to tell you, nay, I am proud of having done it, that many are the caps and bonnets that have been trimmed by these hands. But my brother was too proud, or too restless for such occupations as these. We might indeed, if we had known of it, have applied to the English Government for support; but in the first place, we never heard of any such fund, and in the next place, we had provided ourselves with no certificates of who we were, and amid the crowd of clamorous claimants, the voices of two little boys would scarcely have been heard. My brother, who, even at that age, had a gread deal of pride, had made me promise never to tell our real names till the fortunes of our family assumed a better appearance, and we took the name I still bear, of Crequillez. Alain was a proud, bold boy, and one day, after we had been about two months under the hospitable care of Mrs. Brown, he told me that the next day he should part with us for some years, for he had been offered a passage in a vessel sailing from the Thames to South America. It was the first time we had ever been separated, and the thoughts of being left altogether alone in the world quite overcame the little fortitude I possessed. We both of us lay awake all night weeping over the misfortunes of our family; but all my prayers and intreaties were of no avail in turning Alain from his resolution. In the morning he arose, and after our breakfast, which we generally had at the first dawn of day, he knelt down before our benefactress and begged her blessing; then kissed little Mary a thousand times, and turning to me, said, 'Arnaud, if ever fortune smiles on us again, I call you to witness that my first act will be to show my gratitude to these good people, and, as your elder brother and your chief, I lay my commands upon you to show your love to them in every way you can. And now, come, let us part.' Again he knelt before our benefactress, again kissed little Mary, and he and I wended our way in silence to the Thames. The ship was soon found; he leant for a long time on my shoulder without saying a word, then kissing me on the brow, leapt on board, and I never saw Alain again. My heart seemed now quite broken; the indomitable courage of my brother had hitherto held me up. Years and years passed on, and we heard no tidings of the voyager. In the mean time I had met with a friend, a countryman, who employed me in his business; he established a manufactory here, when France became more settled under the Consulate. I was sent over to this place, and by honesty and perseverance so won upon my master that he made me his partner. I now had it in my power to show my gratitude to the woman who had been so kind to poor Alain and me. I went over to London, and found them in the shop where I had left them some

years before. The mother was now very ill; the daughter laboring day and night to gain bread enough to keep them alive, and every thing wore such an air of desolation that my heart sank within me as I passed the threshold. Mary was at work when I entered, and looked up with such a haggard expression, that I scarcely knew her again. But when she recognised me, her joy made her quite beautiful in my eyes. She had grown up to be very tall; but she had still the same sweet smile, and her very appearance recalled the days when her mother's kindness had saved my brother and me from starvation so vividly, that if she had been as ugly as a fury, gratitude would have, in my eyes, transformed her into a grace. Her mother was up stairs in bed, and evidently dying; and dying in such want; ah! it would do every one good if they could only see the misery that is going on in the very midst of all the splendor and magnificence of London! When I saw that good lady so reduced, I thought upon Alain and his last commands. I banished from my mind all foolish thoughts of my nobility, and remembered only that those two humble, virtuous people, had been the kindest friends I had had, and I made up my mind at once. The next day I took Mary out, under pretence of a short walk, and we were married in the nearest church. On our return I made all the bonnets and caps into a bundle, and was going to kick them into the street:—I took my bride up stairs, and presented her to her mother; and if in that moment Alain had witnessed the group, he would have known that his parting injunctions had been fulfilled. I had every comfort and consolation that money could procure for her, and the last days of that benevolent old lady were rendered happy by the assiduities of a son. A few weeks after her death Mary and I came over to this place, and here we have been happy and contented ever since. Ah! as the English poet says,

'Vat is the guilty tinker of the skin,
To a piece of wind and sharity with inn:
Vat the bright sparkles of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm answer?

"My mornings occupied by my business, my evenings devoted to the noble authors of England, time passed happily away, nor should I ever have changed, or wished to change my place, had it not been that the demon of vanity entered into my heart. I saw a large portion of my patrimonial property advertised to be sold; I inquired the price; I found I had saved much more than sufficient to enable me to resume the rank and title of my ancestors, and after having disposed of all my property here, I have purchased back the old chateau, and in a month from this time I shall be comfortably settled in the abode of my childhood, and the manufacturer Crequillez will hardly be recognised in the Seigneur de Rosigny."

I congratulated my host on his success, not without a feeling of anger at myself for having laughed at his simple helpmate, whose gratitude conspiring with her vanity, could not retain the secret of her husband's greatness.

"And your brother Alain," I said, "did you hear any more of him?"

"Oh, yes—he had many turns of fortune. Sometimes we heard of him as a successful leader of the troops of one of the native kingdoms, which were then as now disturbed by intestine commotions—sometimes he was a fugitive. At last there was a long silence, and then he wrote to tell us, for the first time, that he was married, and had a daughter, and that ere he started on an expedition which he meditated, he wished to confide her to our care. If we heard nothing of him in a year from that time we were to send for information to a house in London. Alas! he was defeated and slain on the field of battle—his orphan was sent to London, and from thence she was brought here by my wife. You must have seen her on board the vessel."

I pretended not to have observed her.

"Ah, well—she is very young, and knows not a word of any language we are acquainted with. A short time, I hope, will reclaim her, for at present she seems as wild as a free Indian—and hark!"

As he spoke, a guitar was played most tastefully at an open window in the corner of the court — it was a plaintive air, to which the sweetest voice I ever heard gave all possible effect. The words were in some language I had never met with. But before the song was ended my worthy

host had covered his face with his handkerchief, and was busily employed wiping away his tears. When it was finished he looked up at me with his eyes still red, and laying his hand on his bosom, he said, "Monsieur Montague, dat puts into my mind the English poet—

"She sang so neatly,
And so completely,
Arrah, now jewel, 'twas nuts to me;
If you'd been near her,
And there to hear her,
'Twould have charm'd a frog, boys, from off the tree."

Chapter III.

It was not till the third day of my residence with the De Rosignys (for it will be as well to call them now by their real name), that I got sight of the beautiful niece. And beautiful she undoubtedly was beyond any human "mixture of earth's mould" I had ever seen. It was then I understood the meaning of the description in Christabel—

"A thing to dream of, not to see,
Like a ladye from a far countree,
Beautiful exceedingly,"

Large, soft, black eyes, through their long silken lashes appearing actually to throw a blaze of light on any object they rested on! a very dark cheek, through which, however, flowed "the pure and eloquent blood," redeeming it from the inexpressiveness of the olive-colored cheeks of Europe, along with a mouth, whose sternly compressed yet beautifully chiselled lips bespoke firmness and determination, were the first things that struck me in gazing on her countenance. Her figure was the perfection of graceful elegance; her walk the step of an Indian queen in her native forests; and the dress she wore did not destroy the illusion created by her appearance. Trowsers of rich silk, bound in at the ankles with silver chains; and open sort of richly embroidered shoe; arms bare from the elbow, except where they were covered with glittering ornaments: and a scarf hung over her left shoulder, exposing at the same time the close-fitting tunic that covered her bosom, was a dress that seemed in exact accordance both with her face and form. Her hair hung over her back far below her waist in thick plaits. Such an apparition had never gladdened my eyes before, and I was most bitterly grieved that I had no means of ascertaining by conversation whether "the gem within was worthy of the casket." But the attempt was useless. She sat unmoved by every thing that was said to her. Indeed she seemed immersed in her own thoughts, and never took the slightest interest in any thing that was said in her presence. At last, beautiful and interesting as she was, her silence was so unbroken, that I began not to take much more notice of her presence than if she had been "the glorious statue that enchants the world," and continued my conversation with my friends the De Rosignys as if we had not had any accession to our society. That conversation comprehended many subjects, and among others contained a full, free, and particular account of my own sayings and doings, and the object I had in coming to France. I told them, that, after paying a visit to a family who had settled for a few months in Paris, I intended to ramble wherever my fancy might lead me—to sigh, like the rest of my countrymen, in the shadows of the Coliseum, and perhaps add one to the numerous hordes of young gentlemen and ladies who take a run over, once or twice a year, to breakfast beneath the Pyramids.

"Do they never dine there?" enquired Madame de Rosigny, with her usual look of extreme simplicity.

"No, I said; "they go on to Jerusalem to dinner, and finish the evening at a fancy-ball in the tent of Ibrahim Bey."

"And you don't intend to travel so prodigiously far as that?" rejoined the lady.

"No; a few excursions in La Belle France will probably be the full extent of my peregrinations. I must rest quiet and contented in the house of my friend and guardian, Colonel Moreton."

An exclamation from the silent beauty interrupted our conversation at this point. She had started up

from the sofa where she had been reclining; her beautiful eyes, filled with an indefinable expression of inquiry, were fixed upon me; her lips half open, her hand stretched out, and her breast heaving visibly beneath the tight-fitting robe. But in a moment her whole attitude was altered; her arm fell listlessly at her side, and drooping her head on her bosom, she again sank down on the sofa, without uttering a word. The rest of the party were equally silent, except, indeed, that Madame de Rosigny, to my great horror, said something about a wasp, perhaps, having stung the young lady, and produced her involuntary start; and in a few minutes, as if by universal consent, no farther notice was taken of the incident. As the conversation was again going on in its usual level, M. de Rosigny said to me, with an expressive look at his niece, who now seemed as inattentive to what was going on as ever, "Aha, Monsieur Montague, dat puts in my mind what your English pôt, Bry Cronnel, says in his song of the Ghost of Gil Scrogg:—

'She starts a start, and she scrims a scrim,
And wakes and finds it was all a drim,
Rite fol de riddle lol de lay."

But though I made no remark at the time, I thought over the whole incident continually. So beautiful a creature, and such a magnificently expressive countenance, could not fail to excite my admiration; and the strangeness of her position, added to her uncommon loveliness, made me look on her as a sort of heroine of a romance. Nor were my ideas put into a state of less confusion by what immediately followed. When we were about to retire to prepare for dinner, my host and his lady had left the room before me, and just as I was about to follow their example, I felt a touch upon my shoulder. The beautiful stranger beckoned me to remain.

"Start not," she said, in a very good language, but with a foreign accent, to hear me speak in the words of England,—"preserve my secret—and tell me does he live?"

"Who?" I said.

"The lord of the bright sword, the young star of Guemalla. Something tells me he is yet alive; answer me, answer me!"

I shook my head at this impassioned adjuration, being now fully persuaded that the beautiful being before me was deranged.

"He is dead then!" she said, dropping her head on her bosom, "and my dreams deceive me. The brave, the free, the beautiful, fell where the storm of fight was wildest. With these eyes I saw him fall; with this hand—oh! that it might have saved—but—it avenged him!—and now they will bid me ply the loom and drive the needle, I that have handled the spear, and been foremost among the brave—but enough; forget this, as if it had never been—and now farewell!"

She retired slowly as she spoke. "Nay," I said, "leave me not so soon; it is possible perhaps that you have over-rated your causes of grief. Be comforted"—

"What! when I tell you that I am alone—that the dry earth of Huamanga drank the blood of my father, and that the foul vulture of Cordillero is even now flapping his wing over the bright locks of him who loved me, whom I loved,—you talk to me of being comforted! This too I can bear."

"But you have friends," I said soothingly, for her eye flashed with unnatural fire, and her nostrils were distended with the heavings of her beautiful disdain—"you have friends who will console you. Your uncle De Rosigny"—

"Away!" she interrupted; "what communion can I have with such souls as these? The eagle sits alone on the craggy peak. If there is anguish at its heart, the black depths of heaven receive its scream; 'tis but the wounded deer that weeps among the herd. It is to avoid such sympathy as theirs that I keep my soul apart."

"Beautiful being!" I said, touched by the deep pathos of her voice and manner, "let *me* be your friend, let me know how I may serve you—I will not break in on the sanctity of your sorrows by saying how much I deplore them—but"—.

"Is it so?" she said, springing forward—"yes, I know by your tones that you are sincere, and I will trust you. You may aid me in diving into the awful truth, for ere I left our stronghold among the mountains I heard a rumor that he was not dead; but worse than that, that he was prisoner in Huanuco. You may learn it

all where you are going, for I have heard him talk of the brave old man and his noble sons."

"Who? who, is it that talked to you, and of whom?"

"Gerald Moreton—the adopted of my father, the glory of our band—he has spoken to me of his uncle, whom I heard you name to-day as your friend."

"My playmate, Gerald? and is he slain? and is it him you spoke of?"

"You knew him? you loved him? you speak of him as your playmate? you will help me to find out his fate? thanks, thanks!" and she laid her head upon my shoulder. What a solemn thing is the sorrow of a devoted heart!

"Now then let us part, for we understand each other from henceforth," she said, resuming her former attitude. "If he but lives we may yet be happy, and the plains of Huamanga be brightened with the glory of revenge! Preserve my secret from the dull souled beings around us. You shall be as brother in Leila's heart. Adieu!" She glided from the apartment as she said these words, and Monsieur de Rosigny, dressed as if for a fancy ball, with a bouquet of flowers as large as a sentry box covering the expanse of his bosom, found her still in the same attitude of deep thought into which the incidents of the last few minutes had plunged her. With a hurried apology as I rushed from the room to make up my lost time, I heard him quoting some English verses, which began "Kick! kick! you have but a second."

Chapter IV.

My welcome in the Rue St. Honoré was all I could require. Hospitality seems one of the few English virtues which bear transplantation without suffering by the change of climate. A suite of rooms was assigned me in the enormous mansion, which had belonged, in the days of old, to one of the ancient families of France, who seem never to have been contented without corridors as long as their pedigrees, and a number of chambers that might have done for the Grand Turk. The Colonel, though the best natured man in the world, had taken it into his head that the only way to compensate for never having had the command of an army, was to have his family under martial law, and he was accordingly as strict a martinet in all domestic arrangements as an indolent, yielding disposition would allow him to be. He had also, to the great dismay of every one who came near him, by some means or other been pushed into Parliament, where he prided himself beyond any thing else on being an "independent gentleman," a character which he supported by blaming all parties alike, and giving very intelligible hints that the only person capable of governing the country was himself. "Charles," he said to me at breakfast on the day after my arrival, "listen to me for a few minutes. I am a man of few words, and always make a point of expressing myself in the shortest way possible, for prolixity is a thing which nobody attaches any value to, because generally when a man has spoken more than people are inclined to listen to, it happens that what he has said has not made any great impression on the persons he has addressed in so long-winded, prosaic, and unintelligible a manner. You will therefore, sir, at once see the propriety of the course I have through life considered it necessary to adopt, as a precaution against any possible misconstruction which a more profuse mode of conversation might give rise to—a thing I abominate and detest as useless, embarrassing and obscure. The hours of this house are nine o'clock for breakfast, a meal, which, after the good old custom of our ancestors,—a class of people most unjustly decried by a certain paltry set of politicians of the present day—I insist on being a family reunion; lunch where you please—a foolish *juste milieu*—a contemptible line of policy too much in vogue of late years between breakfast and dinner, wisely abrogated by modern ideas—ideas, I say, against which a certain class of paltry politicians are most unjustly prejudiced at the present time; and dinner at five o'clock—an hour peculiarly proper, at all times of the year, for the principal refreshment of the day, as it gives ample time, prior to its arrival, for the busiest of mankind

to fulfil the labors of his vocation, and an equal sufficiency of time, after its completion, for the thirstiest and most convivial of men to indulge in his predilections to a degree at once healthful, invigorating, and extended. Such, Mr. Speaker—my dear Charles, I mean—are the regulations of this house. In all other respects you are your own master, and having thus, in the shortest way possible, expressed the opinions of so humble an individual—a plain independent gentleman—as myself, I refer you for more minute information, on all other subjects, to my daughter Harriet."

I promised an exact conformity to all his directions; and on looking more closely to Harriet Moreton, who, since I had last seen her two years ago, had overgrown her school days, and turned a fine, pure-complexioned English girl of nineteen years of age, I felt inclined to include his last command among those which I should obey most willingly. The house felt quite deserted, for none of the young men were at home; the Colonel devoted his mornings to the English newspapers, and, as we strongly suspected from the sounds that occasionally were heard from the library, to the practice of oratory; and as I had nothing else to do, and Harriet seemed quite as unoccupied as I was, I betook myself according to her father's recommendation, to the dangerous task of asking her questions. She was a fine, playful, openhearted girl, forming, in her womanliness and refinement, a strong contrast to the proud impetuous Leila, who had attracted me so much at Rouen, and whose image I could scarcely for a moment banish from my mind. I asked one morning, as indifferently as I could, what had become of Gerald. In a moment the playfulness of Harriet's manner disappeared. "Hush," she said, "my father has ordered his name never to be mentioned—something wrong poor Gerald has done, but we none of us know what it is. We only gather from what my father said, that he had mixed himself up with a very dangerous class of people in South America; and, in fact, that he had been inveigled, by some means or other, to unite himself with one of the hordes of banditti in that country, who live by plunder and the sword"——

"And have you heard whether he is yet alive?"

"No; my father got all his information from some man with a Spanish name, a minister from one of the newly recognised states, but I believe he has heard nothing of poor Gerald for the last year."

"Then *I* have; and if the Colonel retains any interest with his informant, he may be useful in saving his nephew, if, poor fellow, he is not already dead."

"How did you hear of him—where was he?" But to this question I did not give so full an answer as I might have done. There was a feeling which I could not account for, that induced me to keep my acquaintance with Leila a profound secret; and I therefore briefly informed Harriet of the circumstances of Gerald's death or capture, without saying a word of my authority.

"Gerald slain, or in a dungeon! Oh, go this instant to my father! He is good, though he appears so cold. He will do all he can to save his nephew, for he always liked him, in spite of his wildness, and all his faults. Go, go." And the earnestness of her anxiety brought such animation to her whole bearing, that, when I looked on her quivering lips, and eyes half filled with tears, I could not help thinking that Harriet Moreton was lovelier even than the proud-souled Peruvian.

My interview with the Colonel was soon over. At first, when I mentioned the name of Gerald, a double portion of pomposity adorned his language. He said something about the impropriety of an honest independent gentleman, bound to no party, taking any interest in the fate of a young man who had so far deviated from the path of rectitude as to enlist under the banners of a lawless bandit; but when I told him the probable fate of the delinquent, the ice of his manner thawed in a moment; his words reduced themselves to two syllables, or even one; and had I not been in the room, I verily believe the independent gentleman would have shed tears of real sorrow. In a moment he had thrust Entick's Speaker under a pile of papers, seized his hat and cane, and started off in search of Don Diego De Souza, who, he believed, was luckily on a mission in Paris at the time.

Well pleased with the success of this attempt to benefit poor Gerald, I returned to the gentle Harriet, and was rewarded for the interest I had taken in her cousin in a way that made me take every moment a deeper and warmer interest in herself. Among the questions that, in obedience to the Colonel's direction, I had a right to ask her, was one which trembled every moment on the tip of my tongue, namely, whether she did not think Montague a very pretty name; and, in fact, I believe I must have propounded some such interrogation, for, without knowing very well how, I found myself consulting Harriet on the alterations required in the old house in Hampshire, and speaking to her very earnestly on the necessity of becoming acquainted with Bishop Luscombe. But, in the mean time, hour after hour passed away, and the Colonel did not return. Even the magic hour of dinner went by without his appearance, and we began to augur unfavorably of his good news from De Souza. I had gone into my own wing of the house, and had thrown myself listlessly on the sofa, indulging in the dreams of future happiness which my conversation with Harriet had inspired; my door opened, but so noiselessly as not to wake me from my reverie, till a voice close to my ear, startled me to my feet.

"I am come; for the barb is in my soul, and I can find no repose." Leila stood before me, her form muffled in a mantle, and her face so hidden that I could only recognise her by the thrilling tones of her voice.

"Have you heard of him, my brother?"

I told her what I had done.

"'Tis well," she said; "the weight of this uncertainty is more intolerable than would be the full knowledge of my fate. Three days longer I will subdue my spirit—at the end of that time my sorrows end."

"How? what mean you?"

"Mean I?—That there is a pillow tempting me to sleep where there is darkness and no sound—where the ear is not startled by the whisperings of fearful thoughts, where the eye is unscared by the glimmering of lurid dreams—why should I not press it, when my heart is so weary, and my eyes so heavy with slumber?"

"Why did you leave Rouen?" I said, anxious to turn the current of her thoughts, for I perceived that her grief had been too much for her.

"For the wretched can find no rest. Why did I leave the land where all that I loved has perished? Let me back—let me back to my wild rocks and bright skies. There would be peace to my spirit in the sights and sounds of my home. Give me my war-horse and my spear—let me again cleave foremost through the red cloud of battle—and let my veins, in which flows the proud blood of Peruvian kings, mingle its full stream with the torrents already poured forth by the brave and free!"

"Be calm," I said, taking her by the hand which was burning with feverish heat—"Show yourself the lofty being that nature made you, and be mistress of yourself. Every hour I hope to hear the news of Gerald's safety. Banish such dreadful thoughts—they are as foolish as they are sinful."

"Perhaps you are right," she answered in a subdued tone—"Your advice is kind—I will strive to profit by it. But every moment that I stayed at Rouen, a voice was sounding in my ear bidding me see you again, and again hear you name his name, and speak of him kindly, and bid me hope to be re-united to him. And I could not conquer the desire that came upon my soul to see the faces of his kindred, to tell them that, far away on the wild banks of the Tuchäi, their names have been spoken to one that loved them for the sake of him who named them;—that he was noble, and true, and brave, and that for his sake they ought to love me. And I longed to hear the sweet voice of his beautiful cousin, and see her soft blue eyes—once, only once—before I died"——

Her voice faltered as she spoke, and her strength seemed about to fail her. I did not know what to do under these circumstances, but at last, believing that a few minutes' rest was what she principally required, I led her gently into the inner room, which I had converted into a library, and begged her to repose herself on the sofa for a short time. In the meanwhile, my situation was very embarrassing. With a foolish fear of being thought to have taken too deep an

interest in the fortunes of the beautiful Leila, I had never mentioned my acquaintance with her at Rouen. She had now, as it were, thrown herself on my care, and the difficulty of informing Harriet of all the circumstances was redoubled. While I was plunged in these thoughts, my door was pushed violently open——

"Mr. Charles Montague," said a voice half choked with passion, "you are a scoundrel, sare!—as the poet says, 'A wretch, a villain, lost to sham and root'"——

And my friend, Monsieur de Rosigny, stood before me. Unluckly my mother was Irish, and my hand was on the poor gentleman's throat before I had time to remember my obligations to him.

"Villain, sir?—what the devil do you mean, you ineffable abortion?"—but at the sound of my own voice my reason returned; and I let go my hold, waiting quietly what might follow after this extraordinary introduction.

"I have traced her from Rouen, sare—I have not lost sight of her for an hour, and I know that she is in this house. What do you say to that, eh?"

"Who is in this house, sir?" I repeated, in order to gain time to form my resolution.

"My niece, sare!—the daughter of Alain! Do you deny that she is here, sare?"

"Monsieur de Rosigny, I beg you will speak in more measured language. Wherever the young lady may be, depend upon this fact, that she is as safe from wrong or insult as in your own house at Rouen."

"You confess, then, that you have her here?—here, under your protection?" He knocked his hand upon his brow; and at this moment the Colonel briskly entered. De Rosigny turned to him—"I appeal to you, sare; and I tell you that Mr. Charles Montague is a thief—he has robbed me of that vich not enriches him, and leaves me poor indeed!"

The Colonel drew back. "In rising, sir, to demand an explanation from the honorable gentleman;—I—I—that is to say—Charles, what the devil does this little fellow mean?"

"Mean?—I tell you myself what I mean. I means he come into mine house—he eats of my bread—he drinks of my cup—he sees my niece—he then goes away,—my niece goes after—ah!—as Bry Cronnel says—

'He twiddled his thumb,
And said come, Dido, come,
And she's off with Æneas the rover, O!',

The Colonel took a long pinch of snuff. "I am but a plain country gentleman," he said, "and have no great skill in unravelling an intricate plot; but if the suspicion be correct which this gentleman's language leads me to form, it is to me, Mr. Montague, you shall answer;—you shall, by Heaven!—May I ask your name, sir?"

De Rosigny fumbled in his pocket, found his card, and gave it to the Colonel.

"Sir," he continued, "it is no extenuation of this offence to say it is committed in the family of a manufacturer of buttons. A man may make buttons, and yet have some faint sort of sentiment of honor; and this I say, in spite of the absurd prejudice against the lower classes entertained by a miserable class of politicians of the present time. I say, sir, that this Arnaud Creque—Crick—that this humble artisan, Monsieur Crick of Rouen, feels the insult, sir, almost, perhaps, as much as if he were a gentleman."

"What you mean, sare?" exclaimed De Rosigny, in a greater passion than before. "Do you talk of me, sare, as if I were no gentleman?—me that have the blazons of the Rosignys, the De Coucys, the Ermenonvilles? I tell you, sare, I was noble while the blood of the Moretons was a thick puddle in the veins of serfs."

At this address the anger of the Colonel changed its object altogether. "Charles," he said to me, "who is this ridiculous individual?—what is it you know of him?"

"That he is a gentleman," I replied—"that he is chief of the De Rosignys, one of the noblest families in France; but that he accuses me unjustly of having imagined the slightest evil to him or his family."

"Then what is this card he has put into my hand about button-making at Rouen?"

"Oh, some mistake I suppose."

"No mistake, sare," interrupted De Rosigny. "I was poor—I made buttons—I am now rich, butmy heart

was as proud when I was poor as now. But, ah! my friend, Mr. Montague, you have spoken so well against the calumnies of this old man, that I cannot believe you have deceived me—tell me where poor Leila is—the last of the Rosignys—the daughter of poor Alain."

"She is here!" said Leila, walking calmly forward into the middle of the room. Her mantle was thrown off—her lips compressed, her step proud and graceful, and her whole appearance stately and commanding. The Colonel and De Rosigny were awed and silent.

"You asked for Leila," she continued, addressing her uncle—"she comes at your call. And was it for me you feared—for me you trembled? and thought you that from me there was danger to your honor? Back to your looms and engines, where your soul has been ground down to dust, and leave the daughter of Sorigny to the guard of her own hand."

"Of Sorigny?" interrupted the Colonel, who was struck with a feeling near akin to reverence by the calm dignity of the strange and beautiful being before him.

"Yes, of Sorigny. The warrior, the patriot, the legislator of his adopted land, whom some, with the base hatred of cowards, and the baser servility of slaves, have called"——

"A traitor," said the Colonel. "But from what I heard this very day from Don Diego de Souza, I believe the character of General de Sorigny has been most unjustly calumniated. My nephew, Gerald Moreton, who is on his way home"——

"Home! home! thank Heaven!"

If De Rosigny and I had not rushed forward to save her she would have fallen senseless on the floor. The Colonel, who forgot in the agitation of the moment the dignity of an independent gentleman, ran helplessly about the room, but happily at last bethought him of summoning his daughter.

Matters were very soon explained. Gerald had been reclaimed by the English authorities as a British subject, and delivered from prison, on condition of leaving the country. The Colonel, who every day took a kinder interest in the Peruvian beauty, waited impatiently the arrival of his nephew in London to summon him to Paris. "I shall consider it my duty, under existing circumstances, to do every thing in my power to hurry matters to a final adjustment, through the medium of the sacred ceremonies of the church—ceremonies most unjustly undervalued by certain wretched statesmen of the existing crisis. Monsieur de Rosigny has given up the very honorable and highly useful branch of industry to which he had directed his cares, and his estate, I hear, is highly valuable. Gerald, also, has considerable patrimonial possessions, and the experience he has already gained will impress him with the indescribable advantages of peace and quiet. The marriage will take place in August"—

"Colonel," I said, "Bishop Luscombe might perhaps be induced to make a little room for another couple at the same time, if you would have the kindness to ask him."

"Eh, what!"

"Why, Harriet and I, sir, have known each other for a length of time, and"—

"Hem! Sir! I am free to confess that in rising on this occasion—hem—hem—sir—I say, there are paternal duties, duties unfortunately too much neglec——Poh! what nonsense it is to say any more—take her, my dear Charles, and my blessing with her." And the eyes of the no longer eloquent Colonel swam in tears as he shook me by the hand.

Early in September, when Gerald and I, with our young brides, made our first appearance at the Italian Opera, the house was almost equally divided in its admiration of Harriet and Leila. The Signeur de Rosigny, with a star on his breast, and restored to all his titles and estates, who accompanied us, expressed perhaps what was the general opinion as well as his own. "Ah! these two beautiful creatures," he said, "put into my head the words of the English poet—

'Ven I look on the one I could swear
Dat none other was ever so fair;
Ven I look on the other I'd vow
None was ever so lovely till now.
To decide on the rivals I'm loth,
So here's in a bumper to both.
Hip, hurra!
A bumper, a bumper to both!'"

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. V.

There are some trades in which the organ of knavery is inevitably protuberant. It would be difficult to find, for instance, a Jew slop-seller, a dealer in marine stores, or a small vintner of aloe juice and smuggled brandy under the name of all the wines under the sun, from the meagre produce of the Cape to the lordly luxury of Madeira, without pretty particular evidence of the activity of this popular organ. But the tribe in which it essentially predominates, indeed almost to the absorption of every other, is that connected with whips, horses, stages, short and long, racing calendars, cabs, and hackney-coaches. We are not sure that steeple-chases themselves, though under the superintendence of the renowned Mr. Osbaldiston, may not be scenes of very considerable knavery. The miraculous exploits of the two Irish patriots in turning four-year-old horses into colts of two, with other happy dexterities recorded in the annals of the Irish Jockey Club, are fresh within memory; which exploits, however, have not impaired their previous character a tittle, and have left them only more patriotic, high-minded, and pure in the minds of the generous friends of O'Connell and public principle all round the world. Those recollections give rather a slippery idea of the morality of the *stable* (*punica fides*), show that the bridle is more easily managed in the mouth of the horse than in the conscience of his rider, and that whatever part of the racing machinery wants a spur, it is certainly not the taste for swindling. However, to descend from generalities to particulars. A happy instance occurred within these few days, of the biter bit; a minute, but remarkably well applied lash to the sensibilities of a driving rogue. The omnibuses are convenient things, but have the misfortune to be attended by a most impudent and knavish set of fellows, called conductors. They canvass for company along the road, throwing themselves into telegraphic attitudes, pack them in when they can catch them, give them a shove into the huge trunk, letting them tumble into them, over knees and feet into their places, and receive their sixpences, when they let them down, which, by a practical joke, they generally do in the most miry part of the street, road, or highway.

General Sir John Waters having arrrived at Blackwall, by a steamer, engaged one of the Blackwall omnibuses to carry himself and his party with their luggage to his house in Clarges Street, Picadilly, for a sovereign. This was a handsome allowance; for the regular fare is, we believe, but sixpence a head. The omnibus proceeded, but on reaching Hatchet's in Picadilly, a few hundred yards from Clarges Street, it came to a dead stop; the conductor saying that his bargain was over there. The fact was, that the honest conductor had begun to think that a little more might be squeezed out of the General, who would probably not like being set down, baggage and all, in the centre of Picadilly. The General certainly did not like it at all, and told his mind on the subject without any circumlocution whatever. Still the conductor was steady, but, after some consideration, said, rather than put the party to trouble, he would take them home for five shillings more. The General shrewdly acquiesced, paid the knave his twenty-five shillings, was conveyed home, and in a day or two after, retaliated by a summons to the proprietor of the omnibus, to answer at Bow Street for "using his stage as a hackney-coach, without being duly licensed."

The question was clear; the case was settled in a moment; the conductor had completely outwitted himself by the five shilling extortion. Sir F. Roe, the magistrate, said, that no doubt could exist that the law had been violated in the second hiring. "The defendant's servants had misconducted themselves most grossly, and the full penalty of L.10, with costs must be inflicted." Sir John Waters desired that the five pounds which became his as the informer, should be given to the poor-box of the office. The fine was paid, which, of course, the proprietor will deduct from the wages of the conductor, and a very happy ex-

ample was given, which will help to teach those gentlemen that they may now and then catch a Tartar.

A paragraph which lately appeared in the papers gave rise to an excitement, sufficient to show that all the political harassing of our late years has not been sufficient to extinguish the natural feelings of Englishmen. The paragraph was to the effect, that the famous flag-ship of Lord Duncan at Camperdown, the Venerable, was sold, to be broken up, for L.4000. A good deal of indignation was produced by this announcement, and the admiralty came in for their full share of rebuke. But, on inquiry, it has turned out, that this violation of national feeling has not actually taken place. The Venerable, it is true, has been sold, and is to be broken up. But it is *not* the flag-ship of the gallant Duncan, that noble vessel having unfortunately foundered some years ago in a gale, when commanded by Captain Hunter, the Governor of New South Wales.

It is to be hoped, that the name of the Venerable will not be suffered to perish from the British navy, but that it will be borne forever by a succession of proud three-deckers, as a monument of one of the most distinguished courses of service of one of the bravest and most intelligent officers that ever commanded British seamen. During Duncan's blockade of the Texel, the mutiny which threatened the naval existence of England broke out in all the squadrons afloat. Duncan's whole fleet were seized with the infection, and sailed away. In the Texel the Dutch fleet were ready for sea, with the French general Hoche and 40,000 troops embarked, for the invasion of Ireland. Duncan, with the Venerable and the Adamant alone, then commanded by Sir Wm. Hotham, still kept the station By exchanging signals from time to time with the Adamant, he gave the Dutch the idea that his whole fleet were lying off, and ready to attack them the moment they should come out. He thus sealed up this formidable expedition. He was at last told, that the Dutch Admiral had found out the stratagem, and that his fleet were under weigh. Duncan, instead of making his escape instantly from this dangerous neighborhood, ordered the lead to be hove. When the depth of water was reported, he looked up to his flag at the masthead, and calmly said, "*Well, then, when they shall have sunk us, my flag will still fly.*"

But the Dutch kept within their harbors, until the mutiny had ceased, and the squadron rejoined their heroic Admiral. De Winter, at last, forced out by the commander of the French, gave him the opportunity he had so long wished for. The British fleet, as if to wipe off the shame of the past, fought with desperation. The whole Dutch fleet, except a few ships which fled early in the action into the adjoining harbors, were taken or destroyed. But the Venerable still held its superiority. Its fire was tremendous. Its first broadside, poured into the Dutch Vice-Admiral, disabled him at once, and it is said to have struck down 280 men on his decks. It afterwards ranged through the battle, sweeping every thing before it, and at one time sustaining the fire of four of the enemy's ships. It was a glorious day for the fleet and England, and one of the most important of the whole contest in its consequences, for it rendered the invasion of Ireland hopeless, and extinguished the Dutch navy for the remainder of the war.

The working of the Whig Poor Law is producing bitter fruits through the country. Cases of the most desperate hardship are constantly coming before the parish officers, which, by the new law, they are destitute of all power to relieve, and the consequence is, that the miserable sufferers are driven from parish to parish, till they can be driven no more, and die. One of the results is—that which was so strongly predicted by the Bishop of Exeter—the abandonment and exposure of infants. The guilt of the wretched mothers is generally unquestionable; but the equally guilty fathers find themselves so far exonerated from maintaining either the mother or the child, that both are instantly on the verge of famine. The law affords no resource. The heartless ruffian is protected, the miserable mother has only to wander about with her miserable infant, until it perishes, or they both perish together. The alternative is frequent abandonment, and, in some cases, infanticide, and suicide. It is

clear that some improvement of the poor law must take place, or child murder will become a national crime.

A curious case occurred lately in the Department of the Lower Alps, which shows the simple yet true view taken of such matters by untutored reason. A woman was tried, on a charge of infanticide. The charge was proved. But the peasant jury acquitted her on the ground—"that if the prefet, by a late order, had not taken away the basket hitherto kept in every *hospice* for the reception of infants, the mother would never have destroyed her child." In fact, they thus brought in the prefet as the virtual destroyer. What would those honest peasants say of Whig Poor Laws?

The Radical Meeting at Drury Lane Theatre turned out, after three months' boasting and three weeks' preparation, a contemptible failure. Nothing could show more strongly the actual want of management, common tact, and sense of their true situation, than having the dinner at all. It was but last April, that the single association of the City of London Conservatives had a dinner, almost without any preparation beyond the moment; yet at that dinner they had a list of upwards of 300 stewards, all belonging to the City, all well known, and combining almost the entire of the commercial, banking, and opulent firms of London. At that dinner upwards of 1100 gentlemen sat down, together with a crowd of dukes, earls, men of high legal rank, clergy, and individuals conspicuous for their offices, fortunes, and character.

At the Drury Lane meeting of the 23d of January, certainly not 1000 attended! Of the whole number, not one-half were in any way connected with Middlesex! Of the whole list, even of the Whig Peerage, pompously advertised to attend, *not one was present*, nor even condescended to apologize for his absence. With the exception of young Lord Russell, who took the chair, and old Lord William Russell, who supported him, pretty much in the way in which the blind lead the blind, all were vulgar. The principal personages were actually the notorious Tom Duncombe, Mr. Scales, the Radical butcher of Whitechapel, and Joseph Parkes, whose short memory forgot some time ago whether he was, or was not, Secretary of the Birmingham Radicals, Mr. Wakely of fire-office memory, and that rather *too* dexterous paper-seller, Sir John Key. The speeches were by the regular performers alone, Messrs. Hume, Molesworth, Grote, and Clay; all remarkably bad speakers at all times, and all on this occasion deplorably commonplace, giving us the mere repetition of the tiresome twaddle and vulgar radicalism which we have heard from them these ten years past. Nothing could be more adust. Old Mr. Byng, whose age might excuse the visible decay of his faculties, tremblingly said, "that he was still a Whig, and that he was content with the Reform Bill." Joseph Hume, who is a Whig and *a good deal more*, said that he differed from the old man (whom he evidently insinuated to be little better than an old woman,) and was *not* content with the Reform Bill. That, in fact, with the bill, they were worse off than ever—that they must go on, finding an end to the means, and means to the end; till when and where he cared not, but they must go on. So we are to have the national fever kept up by national quackery, until Mr. Hume discovers that he is a hopeless blockhead—a discovery that his common experience ought to have made for him twenty years ago, but which his sullen and brute vanity will never suffer him to make, until it is forced upon him by exhibitions such as those of Drury Lane.

It would be a mere waste of time, to argue against the incredible nonsense talked by the whole clique. Mr. Clay, who is evidently looking for some windfall among the Commissioners provided by Lord John for the enlightening of puzzled consciences, panegyrized the Ministers; for what? for all that they had intended to do, but could not—a very easy source of praise of this trifling and tedious personage. One of the papers, with contemptuous pleasantry says:—

"When Israel of old forsook all that was good,
She fell down and worshipped an idol of wood:
Our Radicals play the same part to this day—
But, like blockheads, bow down to an image of Clay."

There are few things more observable among those men than the miser-

able nature of their public speaking. Of course, it would be idle to expect that they should be all *orators*. But it would be natural to suppose that the practice of public delivery, the custom of debate, and even the nerve to be acquired by constantly coming before vast assemblies, would give them some of the ordinary ease, clearness, and effect of good speaking. On the contrary, they are all wretched. Their speeches may occasionally *read* well enough in the papers, though they are all evidently dry, heavy, and commonplace. But the reporters put them all into this readable shape, condense their perpetual repetitions, strike away every thing that is absolute nonsense in them, and reducing a speech of an hour to one of fourth part of the time, make it pass muster. But to *hear* one of those speakers is a singular trial of patience; a trial, indeed, to which the House very seldom submits. Joseph Hume used to take his seat nightly by one of the pillars supporting the gallery, and there, with his hand leaning upon the pillar, he talked his financial nonsense by the hour. Nobody in the body of the House ever listened to him. The members got up from their seats, made their bow to the Speaker, and then rambled about the floor, as if they were in a large coffee-house. The buzz of voices was loud, every man talked of his own affairs, the gossip of the day, and so forth; while Joseph Hume, with his hand on the pillar, and his face turned to the Speaker, was edifying that most weary functionary with his wisdom; and was actually listened to only by the writers for the newspapers. His voice is utterly bad, heavy, harsh and indistinct. His manner just what might be expected from a vulgar man educated in vulgarity, and his matter is the dullest, most unidea'd, and prosaic stuff that could possibly be engendered in the brain of a dull man. Grote is somewhat brisker, but equally trite and commonplace. One frenzy has got into his head, that he is the chosen apostle of the ballot. A foolish man, craving for rabble popularity, is naturally delighted with having made such a subject his own. He accordingly brings forward his motion once a session, and at intervals, drags it in as a makeweight to his harangues, let the subject be what it may. Thus, if the discussion were of the price of figs, or the politics of Madagascar, Mr. Grote would wind up his very weak harangue, by insisting that neither figs would be cheap, nor the politics of Madagascar quiet, unless Englishmen got the ballot. Leader is a noisy personage, whose roar has only the effect of thinning the House. He is *ex-officio* the dinner bell, and the coffee-house keeper ought certainly to fee him handsomely for his services to his counter. He attempts metaphor, a dangerous exercise for a blockhead, and, like the bear, the higher he rises, the more he shows his unseemly parts. Radicalism, with such faculties, can never be hazardous, but it can be infinitely contemptible. He is a wretched speaker. Clay is prosy, feeble, and intolerable. And among the whole set, as if a judgment was upon them, there is actually not a vestige of ability beyond that of the very lowest description. What must Drury Lane dinner, then, have been, with these wretched and tiresome people for its orators, with a feeble boy in the chair, and a superannuated old man for his director? They were certainly worthy of the rabble of Radicalism gathered from every low haunt of the country, and probably one half of them coming on tickets given by the Committee. But the whole meeting was contemptible. What a contrast did it form to the Glasgow meeting!—a meeting in a provincial town 400 miles from the metropolis. And this in the heart of London, with the whole Whig-Radical force pledged to it on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, when party naturally makes its best effort for a muster, and with the nephew and uncle of the minister in the House of Commons as its ostensible heads! And yet all was failure. In what light are we to regard this, but as the signal triumph of the renewed Conservative spirit of England!

Mr. Kavanagh, the member for Carlow, has lately died. He was, of course, abhorred by the faction whose member he displaced, on proof of corruption and intimidation. He had interfered terribly with the Great Agitator's pleasant and well-known pecuniary arrangement with the notorious Raphael; and Mr. O'Connell accordingly insulted him on his deathbed.

The heroism of the Agitator always loves a safe subject While this gentleman was known to be suffering under a mortal malady, and obviously approaching the grave, the honest and manly Agitator took his revenge in the following decent expressions, before the mob in Carlow—"Poor old Kavanagh! Alas, poor Kavanagh.—(Laughter.)—If he had not made the fatal alliance he did, one would be glad that he would sink into his grave in that peaceful obscurity in which, for his own sake, he ought to have remained, and not have *the dead cats and dogs of the neighborhood thrown into it along with him.*" The Dublin Mail says that Mr. Kavanagh was still alive while this fine hint was given to the villain hearers of the Agitator. It was not, however, acted upon. The remains of this much revered and respected gentleman were convered from Borris House to the family vault at St. Mullins, amid the cries and lamentations of hundreds of the poor peasantry and their families who lived upon his bounty for years. So heart-rending a scene was never witnessed. On the hearse passing through the gates into the town of Borris, the people congregated round the remains of him who was their friend and benefactor, uttering curses "both loud and deep" on the heartless miscreants who would dare insult the memory of the most kind-hearted and honorable man that this country ever produced—the man who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and whose doors were ever open to give a friendly reception to the stranger. The funeral extended about two miles on the road to St. Mullins, every part of his extensive estates pouring forth their tributary streams to swell the melancholy procession. There were twenty-one clergymen of the Established Church in attendance; and, on arriving at the burial-ground, there could not be less than 10,000 persons present. The funeral service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hawkshaw, vicar of St. Mullins. After which an eloquent and appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. P. Roe of Kilkenny. Throughout the whole day not a person could be seen in the fields; the people having abandoned their usual pursuits to pay their last respects to the remains of their lamented landlord. The chief mourners on the occasion were his son-in-law, Colonel Bruen, and his brother-in-law, Lord Dunlo, who were accompanied by most of the gentry in the country, with their servants and equipages.

A remarkably interesting collection of Etruscan antiquities has been just opened in Pall-mall, London. The collection also contains many fine Greek reliques. The proprietor is an intelligent Italian, Signor Campanari, whose treasures, we should hope, the liberality of the English nation will regard as a fit accession to the British museum. The land of Etruria appears to have been one great mausoleum. The spade constantly turns up urns and fragments of urns. It is probable that a vast amount of those most beautiful works of art, where the feeling of the poet and the grace of the artist are so wonderfully combined, may be hidden from this generation, to be reserved for the renewed curiosity of the future. The soil seems inexhaustible. The spectator, on entering the exhibition, is first shown a chamber, arranged so as to represent the inside of one of the tombs from which the reliques have been obtained. "The original chamber had been lately discovered on the ancient road leading from Toscanella (Tuscania) to Corneto (Tarquinia). In the thickness of the wall at the entrance are painted two Charons, or guardians at the gate of the dead, with strange and disagreeable countenances, after the Etruscan fashion. Both of them bear the double mace, to chastise the wicked who might attempt to violate the tranquillity of the tombs; one of them is also armed with a scythe."

The second chamber is the *fac simile* of one which was discovered on the road leading from Tuscania to Tarquinia, at a little distance from the former. "It seems to have been the sepulchre of a whole family, from the number of urns which it contains." These urns are, in fact, oblong stone sarcophagi, of which this division of the collection contains four. On the top or lid of the first is the recumbent statue of a priest of Bacchus, in fine preservation, holding in his hand the *præfericulum;* his head is surrounded by a chaplet of ivy leaves. In the sarcophagus the skull is exposed to

view, surrounded with a similar chaplet of pure gold, well wrought. The sarcophagus contains also many curious objects of antique worship. On the lid of an opposite sarcophagus is the figure of a recumbent female, and within it is seen the skull, surrounded with a chaplet of gold myrtle leaves. The other sarcophagi in this apartment are surmounted with two figures, apparently of older persons, but well executed, and in perfect preservation. The sides of these coffins are all adorned with *alto reliefs* of good workmanship. In the third chamber is the sarcophagus of a warrior; it is open on the top. Within are seen the skull of the deceased, covered with a casque of the Greek shape, an enormous circular shield, capable, from its convexity, of holding a great quantity of water, and differing totally from the Venetian shields and the shields of later ages; the greaves, or leg pieces of the warrior, of brass; and a sword and lance of iron, much rusted, but yet in comparatively good preservation. The reliefs on the side of this coffin, which is of soft stone, are admirable, and show a very high state of the arts: they represent the immolation of human victims. This coffin is the finest thing in the collection. In the fourth chamber there is another sarcophagus, surmounted with an *alto relief*, as large as life, of a recumbent figure. The walls are decorated with copies of the original paintings found in the actual excavations. In the rooms up stairs some very fine specimens of Etruscan and Greek vases are displayed, with urns, *patere*, drinking cups, &c. Some of those are most elaborately painted. The walls of the room are covered with copies from paintings found in the tombs, and all remarkable for their composition, correct drawing, and spirit. In addition to all this, there is a small collection of gems set in pure gold; and very beautiful and delicately manufactured ear-rings, representing the chariot of the sun, drawn by four horses: the shape of these earrings is perfectly of the present fashion, and the workmanship is equal to any thing produced by modern jewellers. There is also a gold bracelet of good workmanship; with a neck chain of pure gold, elaborately executed, &c.

This notice can furnish only a vague notion of the collection. It is only a personal view that can enable a just estimate to be made of its value. It would be writing a treatise on Etruscan antiquity to describe its contents with the accuracy their elegance, value, and antiquity deserve.

THE RADICAL FEAST.

Drury's in a glorious bustle,
  Radicals to see the fun come:
Harlequin by baby Russell,
  Pantaloon by "sweet Tom Duncombe."

Butter Byng is quite pathetic;
  Bathos more in Joseph's way;
Gaffer Grote is all prophetic,
  And (though moistened) dry is Clay.

Now the pantomime begins,
  Off at once go all disguises;
Patriote in their proper skins,
  Asses of all shapes and sizes.

Molesworth, great a goose as ever,
  With his mercenary quill:
Sir John Donkey, Parkes the clever,
  Scales, the genuine butcher still.

All is now a gallant tussle
  (Patriots scoff at hulks and jail);
Screams with rapture Baby Russell,
  Lowest tip of Daniel's tail.

Harlequin now waves his dagger
  (Magic king of paint and lath);
Joey Hume starts up to swagger,
  Full of pudding, port, and wrath.

Ladies, have you read the fable
  Of the lap-dog and the ass?
Joey jumps upon the table,
  Makes his bow, and drains his glass.

Then commences his harangue,
  Stuttering, shambling, loose and low:
Nonsense half, half rabble-slang,
  Middlesex's true Jim Crow!

So concludes the day of wonders,
  England, England, blush for shame;
Why still sleep the indignant thunders?
  Rise and vindicate thy name!

Preparatory to the meeting of Parliament the Whigs have given away six peerages. This may be a good Whig manœuvre, to tell the world the terms on which they are ready to hire for the session. But it is rather a strong measure after all. The Whigs at all times have been the loudest to exclaim at the prostitution of public honors. "If ever they should come into power, then would the reign of merit begin; ability, virtue, and public services alone

would be acknowledged; while mediocrity would be left to its fate." It is remarkable, in total contradiction to those promises, that since the luckless accession of the Whigs, not one man of any public merit whatever has been raised to the Peerage. And now they have advanced, at one stroke of the pen, six men utterly undistinguished by ability, personal acquirement, public effort, or any exemption from the fattest order of "fat, contented ignorance." Is it not fair to ask, what does the nation know of Lords Howard of Effingham, Ducie, and Yarborough? What of the new Barons, Messrs. Portman, Hanbury, and Fraser? Nothing on earth. It was scarcely known even that they are hangers-on of the Whigs. But the case of the sixth, Thomas Alexander Fraser of Inverness, the county of the somnolent Lord Glenelg, is more open to remark still.

The title of Lord Lovat, forfeited in the rebellion of 1745, and whose possessor at that time forfeited his head on Tower-hill for his treason, was excluded from the list of the Scottish titles restored on George IV.'s visit to Scotland in 1822. Among the reasons for this exception were, that the present T. A. Fraser, the holder of the Lovat estates, was not only a Roman Catholic, but could *not prove* his lineal descent from the attainted Lord. Two attempts made before the Committee of Privileges utterly failed. But what makes the *matter* still more extraordinary, there is an actual claimant of the title in the field, as being of the male line, and his claims were *on the eve* of being submitted to the House of Peers. The natural result of conferring the title in the singular way in which it has been done, must be, to put an end to the claim, which may, after all, be the right one: the demand of the natural claimant may be thus prejudged, and the true Lord Lovat forced to see his honors borne away by a pretender. Another remarkable point in this case is, that it is the first instance of the creation of a *Papist Peer*, since the days of James II. Mr. Fraser, who is henceforth to assist in making laws for Protestants, is a worshipper of the Virgin, a worshipper of St. Peter, and all other saints, nominal and real, according to the command of his church, and a subject of the Pope. Yet this is the man whom the Cabinet have made a Lord and a Legislator!

A SIMILE.

They tell us that the traveller,
  Who wants to cross an Alpine pass,
Lest his own timid steps should err,
  Gets on the outside of an ass;
There, helpless, he is forced to sit,
  While the beast takes his beastly pleasure,
Pausing at every ugly pit,
  Or ambling onward at his leisure.

Sit quiet, and the stubborn brute
  Is sure of making no miscarriage;
So strong his *nous*, so firm his foot,
  'Tis just like riding in your carriage;
But if you goad his hide, he feels
  Insulted, and resents the evil,
Up, in a moment, go his heels,
  And you go headlong to the d—l.

So Melbourne, on O'Connell's back,
  Must go just where O'Connell pleases,
Must follow this, or t'other track,
  Just as the whim O'Connell seizes.
Yes, though he sees destruction near,
  And ruin all around him lying,
He dares not move a limb, for fear
  The beast would punish him by *shying*.

Monck Mason's narrative of the great balloon expedition to Germany is a remarkably curious and interesting detail. In process of time this document will be treasured, as the log-book of the Argonauts might have been by the Colchians or Greeks. The variety of ascents which Mr. Green had made, amounting to 226, had justly taken off a good deal of the nervousness natural to the feelings of one swept up three or four miles into the air, and flying over the earth at the rate of forty miles an hour. But his dexterity had produced two improvements of the first importance. One was, the use of coal-gas in place of hydrogen. The expense of the hydrogen, and its affinity for the atmosphere, rendered it a most difficult and wasteful mode of inflation. The still more important invention was, that of the guide rope, a rope of considerable length and magnitude, trailing on the ground, and if over the sea, with a sufficient quantity of water, liquid ballast, contained in vessels drawn along the surface. This invention promises to approach nearer to the required means of directing the balloon than any other which has been suggested.

It gives what has been chiefly demanded, a power *out* of the air to act on the air, so as to produce the power of steerage. "Another striking feature in this discovery," says Mr. Mason, "is the altered aspect under which it enables the æronaut to regard the perils of the sea. The ocean, now no longer the dreaded enemy of the aerial voyager, becomes at once his greatest friend; and instead of opposing his progress, offers him advantages more certain than even the earth itself, with all its promised security, is calculated to contribute."

Mr. Holland, a gentleman of scientific habits, projected the enterprize which has so strikingly signalized aerostation in our day. On Monday, November 7, 1836—at half past one in the afternoon, the balloon rose from Vauxhall Gardens with a moderate breeze from the south-east. It passed over Kent. The weather was singularly fine. At five minutes past four they first saw the sea. After passing Canterbury the course altered towards the north, which would have carried them into the German ocean. The point was now to change the course in the direction of Paris. Ballast was now thrown out, the balloon rose into an upper current, recovered her direction to the south-east, and crossed the Straits of Dover in exactly an hour, about 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

It was fifty minutes past five, consequently the balloon rapidly plunged into night. The aspect of the world beneath now became curious in the extreme. The whole plane of the earth's surface for leagues round, as far and farther than the eye could distinctly embrace, seemed absolutely teeming with the scattered fires of the population, and exhibited a starry spectacle below, that almost rivalled the lustre of the firmament above. Incessantly, during the early portion of the night, before the inhabitants had retired to rest, large sources of light, exhibiting the presence of some more extensive community, would appear just looming above the distant horizon in the direction in which they were advancing, bearing at first no faint resemblance to some vast conflagration. By degrees, as they drew nigher, this confused mass of illumination would appear to increase in intensity, extending over a larger portion of the view, and assuming a more distinct appearance, until at length, as the balloon passed directly over the spot, it suddenly resolved itself into streets and squares, exhibiting the perfect model of a town, but diminished into curious minuteness by the height from which it was seen. In this manner the æronauts rapidly traversed a large space of the continent, embracing a vast succession of towns and villages, solely distinguishable by their nightly illumination. One of those views singularly captivated their attention. They approached a district which seemed actually to blaze with innumerable fires, studding the whole horizon. As they swept along, they saw a central city in the midst of this circle of flame, with every line of its streets marked out by its particular range of illumination. The theatres and other public buildings, the squares, and all the more prominent features of the city, were indicated by the larger accumulations of light. They could even hear the busy murmur of the population—the whole forming an earthly picture of the most striking contrast to the darkness, the serenity, and the silence of the vast region above in which they were moving. This was the city of Liege, whose surrounding iron founderies formed the horizon of flame. This was the last spectacle of the kind which met their eyes. Thenceforth it all was midnight, every sound was hushed, every light died, and all was solemn and awful obscurity. Withdrawn from the earth, which was buried in the profoundest stillness, they looked to the heavens. There was no moon. The hue of the sky was intensely black but the stars, redoubled in their lustre, shone like sparks of the whitest silver. Occasional flashes of lightning came from the north.

In a situation, which it was never in the power of man to describe before, the sketch of night, given by Mr. Mason, has all the interest of a new source of ideas. "Nothing," says this clever describer, "could exceed the density of night, which prevailed during this part of the voyage. Not a single terrestrial object could any where be distinguished. An unfathomable abyss of darkness visible seemed to encompass us on every side. And, as we looked forward into its black obscurity in the direction

in which we were proceeding, we could scarcely resist the impression that we were cleaving our way through *an interminable mass of black marble*, in which we were imbedded, and which, *solid a few inches before us*, seemed to soften as we approached, in order to admit us further within the precincts of its cold and dusky inclosure. Even the lights, which at times we lowered from the car, instead of dispelling, seemed only to augment the intensity of the surrounding darkness; and as they descended deeper into its frozen bosom, absolutely to melt their way downward." The cold was at the point of congelation. The oil, the water, and the coffee, were completely frozen. Yet the sufferings of the æronauts were not severe, in consequence of their being entirely exempt from the action of the wind.

While they were thus rushing on with almost whirlwind rapidity through this ocean of darkness, yet almost wholly unconscious of motion, an incident occurred calculated to alarm them in an extraordinary degree. By the discharge of ballast the balloon had suddenly risen to an elevation of above 12,000 feet (about two miles). In a few moments after, they heard a violent burst from the top of the balloon, followed by a loud rustling of the silk, and all the signs of its having been suddenly torn open. Immediately the car began to toss, as if severed from the ropes, and appeared to be sinking to the earth. A second and a third explosion followed rapidly, evidently giving the voyagers the impression that they were upon the point of being dashed to pieces.

But the alarm was brief. The great machine suddenly recovered its stillness, and all was calm again. The concussions were subsequently accounted for by the stretching of the network on the surface of the balloon, which had become frozen during the night. When the machine suddenly shot up into the higher atmosphere, it swelled, and it was the resistance of the frozen network to this swelling, which produced the successive explosions. The sinking of the car was an illusion, occasioned by the surprise and suddenness of the action. When the network had been relieved, and the balloon was thus suffered to take its proper shape, all was calm and regular once more.

During the darkness they were sometimes perplexed with sounds from either earth or air, so strongly resembling the heaving of waters against some vast line of shore, that they were tempted to think themselves speeding along the shores of the German Ocean, or hovering above the Baltic. From this apprehension, however, they were relieved by the recollection that their course was unchanged. At length they saw the day, but saw it under the most novel and interesting circumstances. About six o'clock, after crossing the Rhine, the balloon rose to a considerable elevation, and showed them a gladdening glimpse of the sun. The view was now magnificent; the balloon occupying the centre of a horizon of 300 miles diameter, and comprising in a single vast view, scarcely less than 80,000 square miles. The country that spread below, was a rich, undulating, and boundless landscape, with the Rhine dividing it, and losing itself among the vapors that still clung to the hills, or covered the valleys. The ascents and descents of the balloon still more varied the prospect. A rapid descent first hid the sun from their view, and they were wrapped in the night which still shadowed the lower region of the air. Again they rose within sight of this splendid display; again lost it. And it was not until after they had thus made the sun rise three times, and set twice, that they could regard daylight as complete upon the mighty expanse below. They now thought of making their final descent. But the question arose,—"where were they?" They saw below them ranges of forest, wide plains, and large spaces covered with snow, giving the rather startling impression, that they had passed the bounds of civilized Europe, and were hovering over the deserts of Poland, or the inhospitable Steppes of Russia. However, they now resolved upon descending; and, after two attempts, baffled by the failure of the wind, and the nature of the ground, alighted in safety at half-past seven in the morning in the Grand Duchy of Nassau, and about two leagues from Weilburg. The voyage occupied eighteen hours, and was in extent about 500 British miles.

This was altogether an extraordinary achievement. It was almost the first instance, in which the balloon

has not been used as a mere toy, but been directed to practical utility. The narrative says, that the means of the machine were so entirely unexhausted, that if they had been so inclined, they might have circumnavigated the globe. The grand difficulty hitherto has been threefold—the want of a sufficient ascending power to carry up a sufficient number of persons, their provisions, and apparatus; the want of a power of steerage; and the hazards of the descent. The first and the last seem to have been fully obviated in the present instance. The directing power is still the problem; yet we find that Mr. Green, with perfect ease, altered his course from north to south by ascending into the southern current, and his contrivance of the drag-rope is exactly on the same principle of resistance by which the helm acts on a ship's way. The application does not seem to have been much relied on; and it is certainly yet to be regarded as simply the first rudiment of the art. But whether its improved form, or the actual application of steam, or other machinery, within the car, shall be matter of future trial, it is impossible to doubt that this voyage deserves to awaken philosophical interest once more, and equally deserves to be recorded among the most brilliant, sagacious, and successful enterprises of British intelligence in the nineteenth century.

An odd circumstance the other day threw all Valenciennes into laughter. Two workmen in a sugar refinery quarrelled. In the tussle, one threw the other, head over heels, into a copper of molasses. The half suffocated man at last scrambled out, and as he naturally had no desire to hazard being thrown in again, he ran to the house of the procureur. But he had been completely covered over with the sugary material; and at every step he took it began to harden and whiten by the exposure to the air. The day, too, was frosty, and he soon seemed frosted all over. The populace, of course, gathered round to gaze on the wonder. But the sugar began to be not merely white but stiff, and before he reached the procureur's door, his limbs began to feel in fetters. His legs first refused to move; then his arm clung to his side; then he was unable to lift his hand to the knocker, and was compelled to ask a bystander to knock for him. His ridiculous embarrassment, his rage, and his congelation, kept the crowd in a perpetual roar. The delay at the magistrate's door made him grow whiter and stiffer, more angry, and more ridiculous every moment. By the time that he was let in, he was on the point of emulating Lot's wife, with only the difference between a pillar of sugar and a pillar of salt. He was a walking sweetmeat of the largest dimensions. In a few minutes his only moveable organ was his tongue. The procureur ordered him to be *boiled*.

All recollections of Sir Walter Scott have an interest, and though Mr. Fenimore Cooper is a terribly hard-going novelist, and a determined *workman* in his line, some few, even of his "gatherings for his book," may be read, for the sake of his subject.

Some "Princesse," or other, for the Republicans are prodigiously fond of princesses on this side of the Atlantic, had promised to give him an introduction to Sir Walter. The good-natured Baronet, always hating ceremony, went and introduced himself. He met Cooper on the stairs, and began explaining himself and his visit. "All this time," says Cooper, "he was speaking French, while my answers were in English." But Sir Walter was not a man to flourish his accomplishments unnecessarily. Suddenly recollecting himself, he said, "Well, here have I been *parleyvousing* to you, in a way to surprise you, no doubt. But those Frenchmen have got my tongue so set to their lingo, that I have half forgotten my own language." Scott's natural kindness of heart would not suffer him to hurt even the morbid irritability of the Republican. And accordingly he now and then condescended and qualified a little too much. In this spirit, he is related to have said, "As to England and America, I am afraid the mother has not always treated the daughter well, feeling a little jealous of her growth perhaps. For though we hope that England has not yet begun to descend to the evil side, we have a presentiment that she has got to the top of the ladder." If Sir Walter Scott said all this, he was in the wrong. England is not jealous of America. If there be an error on the subject, it is in the carelessness of England about the growth of America. She does not

think of her as a competitor in any shape whatever; wholly disregards her in all the great questions of empire; looks to the continent of Europe, and there and there alone carries on the great imperial business of diplomacy and war. And this she does with no imaginable notion of giving offence to America, but merely because it has been her custom from time immemorial, and because the Straits of Dover and the Mediterranean are nearer to us than the Chesapeake and the Lakes. As to the second clause of the concession, that England has reached her utmost height, we must know Sir Walter's own ideas, before we take his reporter's recollections for granted. No man knew better than he, that England has *not* reached her natural height, and that her natural height is beyond all limit; as must be the case with a nation perfectly free, and in the finest position of all the world for communication with the world. Factions and feuds may degrade her; a rash Ministry and a tyrannical rabble may corrupt the Constitution; but if we suffer these things to go on, the fault is our own, not that of the inevitable circumstances of the country. England has *not* reached her full height; nor, if she adheres to her Protestant principles, and her constitutional integrity, will she, in all probability, *ever* reach the fated boundary from which states are presumed to decline. And no man's sagacity would have seen this sooner than Sir Walter's.

One of the most unexpected traits of this conversation was, that he seemed to all but acknowledge himself the Author of Waverley. And this was at the period when the mystery was still most laboriously kept up in England, and all kinds of theories, and all names of authorship were played before the public. "At this time," says Cooper, "he was still the 'Great Unknown,' and was supposed to have come to Paris in search of facts for the *Life* of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the former circumstance, he spoke of *his works* with great frankness and simplicity, and without the parade of asking any promises of secrecy. In short, as he commenced in this style, his authorship was alluded to by us both, just as if it had never been called in question. He asked me if I had a copy of the * * * by me; and on my confessing I did not own a single volume of any thing I had written, he laughed, and said, he believed that most authors had the same feeling on the subject; as for himself, he cared not if he never saw *a Waverly Novel again, as long as he lived.* Curious to know whether a writer so great and practised as he, felt the despondency which invariably attended all my own efforts of the kind, I remarked, that I found the *composition* of the tale a source of pleasure; so much so, that I always invented twice as much as was committed to paper, in my walks, or in my bed; and that the best parts, in my own judgment, never saw the light. For what was written, was usually written at set hours, was a good deal a matter of chance, and going over and over again the same subject in the *proofs*, disgusted me so much with the book, that I supposed every one else would be disposed to view it with the same eyes. He answered, that he was spared much of the labor of proof-reading; Scotland, he presumed, being better off than America in that respect; but still, said he, 'I would as soon see dinner again, after a hearty meal, as read one of my own tales when I have fairly got rid of it.' "

Cooper asked him, whether he had found any facilities in obtaining facts for his forthcoming history? "One can hear as much as he pleases," was the answer, "but then, as a gentleman, he is not always sure how much he can with propriety relate in a book; besides," he added, with a look of humor, "one may even doubt how much of what he hears is fit for history on *another account.*"

On his being about to end his visit, Cooper begged to introduce his wife, who was in another apartment. He sat some short time with her, talking Scottish anecdotes. On her observing to him, that the *bergère* on which he sat had been twice honored that morning, "for General Lafayette had not left it half-an-hour," he merely said, "I thought he had gone to America to pass the rest of his days." On Cooper's mentioning the state of the case, Sir Walter briefly observed, "He is a great man." Another instance of his complaisance, for Lafayette was the very man whose hypocrisy, ostentation, and hollowness of heart, a manly mind like Scott's would

have been the first to despise. Even the American could see that the "remark was cold."

He breakfasted with Sir Walter next morning, and found him in a silk *douillette*, which he had just purchased, "trying as hard as he could," as he pleasantly observed, "to make a Frenchman of himself."

"He did not appear to be pleased with Paris. He went to the Princess's evening party. As a matter of course, all the French women were exceedingly *empressées* in their manner to the Great Unknown. And, as there were three or four very exaggerated on the score of romance, he was quite lucky if he escaped some absurdities. Nothing could be more patient than his manner under it all; but as soon as he well could, he got into a corner, where I went to speak to him. He said, laughingly, 'that he spoke French with so much difficulty, he was embarrassed to answer their compliments. I am as good a lion as needs be, allowing my mane to be stroked as familiarly as they please, but I can't growl for them in French.'" French compliments have, in no age, been good for much, and the story which Cooper told of himself, though by no means a bad one, could have been but little required for so keen an observer of the ways of men, and women too, as Sir Walter. "Pointing out a Countess in the party, I told him, that having met this lady once a week, at least, for several months, she invariably sailed up to me with the words—'Oh Monsieur, quels livres!—vos charmans livres—que vos livres sont charmans!' I had just made up my mind that she was a woman of taste, when, one evening, she approached me, with the utmost *sang froid*, and said, 'Bon soir, Monsieur. Je viens d'acheter tous vos livres; et je compte profiter de la première occasion pour *les lire!*" Whether this story cured Sir Walter's vanity, or whether he *had* any to cure, there was no further time to ascertain. He left Paris next morning.

Ode to the Memory of Cellini, the famous Chaser, Coiner, Carver, and Swordsman.

Benvenuto Cellini was one of the most singular men of a singular time. He was a Florentine, the son of a musician of the Court, and born in the first year of the 16th century. His father had some talent for sculpturing in ivory, and his son suddenly exhibited strong symptoms of following his taste. He learned music with the idea of adopting it as a profession; but at the age of fifteen he determined to follow his more powerful propensity, and was bound apprentice to a goldsmith—in those days, a dealer in antiquated matters of taste of all kinds, as well as in works of gold and jewellery. At length, he tried his fortune at Rome, where his skill in the arts made him a favorite with the Pope, Clement VII. The Pope was besieged, in 1527, by the celebrated Constable of Bourbon; and Cellini became an engineer, defended the Castle of St. Angelo, and boasted of having fired the gun which killed the Constable in the assault. He then took charge of the Roman mint, and distinguished himself by the beauty of his coinage. Weary of Rome, and, by the death of Clement, a favorite no longer, he made his way back to his native city, and there also superintended the mint. His restless mind took him to France, in the showy days of Francis I.; from France he hurried back to Rome—a luckless return, for he was charged with having plundered the papal treasures during the war, was thrown into prison in the castle which he had defended, and kept there for some years. The rest of his life was spent between France and Florence, and in designing works of every size, in various materials, and on the alternate subjects of the Christian History and the Heathen mythologies. His skill was held in the highest estimation; his carvings in ivory, gold, silver, and marble were kept in the cabinets of cardinals and princes, and he was not less remarkable too for his designs in enamelling and inlaying the costly coats of armor worn at the time. The cuirass which Henry II., of France wore when he was killed in the tournament was one of his works, and exhibits to this moment evidence of the richness, variety, and elegance of his invention.

With all this taste and devotedness to the arts, Cellini had the fervor, or the fury of Italian passions. He fell furiously in love from time to time, and had no hesitation in fighting, stabbing, or perhaps poisoning his rivals. Those were the manners of the age. He thus threw himself frequently into

the utmost hazard of retaliation by the dagger, or seizure by public justice. But he always found refuge in the laxity of the laws, or the vicious lenity of the priestly government which provides an asylum for every assassin, and an absolution for every crime. At length, after 70 years of casualty and celebrity, of popular fear and kingly favor, of general contumely and European fame, this eccentric and extraordinary son of genius expired at Florence, and was honored with a pompous burial in the Church of the Nunziata.

ODE.

Striker of medals and of men,
In that fierce age
When *striking* was the rage,
And Rome the lion's den;
And thou didst *cut* with chisel, sword and pen,
What golden hours were thine,
What dreams divine?
Beneath the blue Italian skies
Stamping the *die* that never dies.

Hail to thee, carver bold,
Wrat in the Papal mantle's fold;
Now monk, now warrior, always knave,
Sage, madman, bandit, soldier, slave;
Now deep in all art's deepest mysteries,
Bidding the shapes of beauty round thee rise;
Apollos, shedding round their living beams,
Hebes, with cheeks like morning's rosy gleams,
Nymphs, soft and fresh as their own crystal springs,
Cupids, with bows of flame and purple wings,
All clustering round thy shrine,
Like spirits round the master of the mine.
Then would the fit come on thee, and the steel
Around thy rival's heart, or head would wheel,
Leaving thy gold *unchased*, to chase the foe.
From bandits black and bare
Guarding St. Peter's chair,
Shooting Venetian Dons with holy shot,
Making for Gallic rogues the world too hot;
Then fearless of the rope,
Robbing the Pope.

Then, touch'd by mighty love,
For some proud Donna's eyes
Turning the eagle to a dove;
All songs and sonnets, tears and sighs,
Pouring thy spirit to the midnight stars
On silver-stringed guitars.
Then tossing woman to the wind,
No longer love-sick, mad and blind;
Fixing thy soul upon some matchless form,
Some visioned beauty, wild and warm;
Or carving some immortal cup or shield,
Loaded with trophies of some Grecian field;
Or brightning with fine hand the living gem,
Imbedded in the chalice's rich stem;
Or studding thick with diamonds the proud sword
Of some imperial lord.
Thy works on Fame's high pedestal
Stand, ne'er to fall.
True son of Rome!
The lamp still burns within thy tomb.
Thy cups, thy coronets, thy rings,
Are treasures fit for Kings.
Thine ivory Dians we may still behold,
Bathing within their little lakes of gold,
Thy peeping Pans from mossy cave and wood,
Thy Tritons flashing through the silver flood,
Thy nymphs, an exquisite Seraglio,
With cameos of Aurelian,
Cornelias in Cornelian,
Heros, Leanders,
Neros and Alexanders
In Intaglio.

Yet thou art gone!
Thy brilliant spirit fled;
Thy day is done,
As if thou wert a Pope,
Or some such thing
As Cardinal or King;
Yet rest in hope,
A stone has on thee, as on them, been laid
For ages past;
Yet, old Cellini's is no passing shade,
No sculptor *cuts* thee out, nor has earth seen,
Since first she wore her bridal robes of green,
And twilight drew the curtain round her head,
And diamond Hesper flamed above the bed,
A founder of thy *cast*,
Clear, bold, magnificent, and vast.
Not Death himself, that *sinker* of renown,
Within the grave can cool thy metal down;
Though there earth's crowns are dust,
And dross the hero's bust;
Immortal still, still bright and bold,
Thou'rt laid in Fame's eternal *mould*.

All the world knows that there is a very prominent and bustling blockhead of the name of Beaumont, in the north of England, who takes every opportunity of dabbling in politics, and being wholly unfitted by nature for acquiring any ideas on the subject,

never puts his pen to paper without "writing himself down an ass." Just twelvemonths ago, this person was a declared antagonist of O'Connell, and for fear his wrath should be unknown, wrote a letter to the Times, containing, among a tissue of ramblings, the following expressions:—"It is true, that I described Mr. O'Connell *as the greatest enemy of liberty*. . . . . I lament that any act of Lord Melbourne's Administration should give the least cause for public suspicion, that it has *ever been connected with Mr. O'Connell*. The *changing, and continually insulting conduct* of that individual, makes it extremely unpleasant to be considered in alliance with him. But I must beg you to believe that, with the *utmost detestation of his voluntary mission of unconstitutional agitation*, I have an unchanged conviction that on the continuance of the Government," &c. Poor Mr. Beaumont has now come north-about, growls before the Agitator, and takes the short way to his heart by subscribing a few pounds to the Rent. Whether O'Connell's heart or his manners have exhibited peculiar captivations within the year, we may judge by the annexed specimen of his exhortation to peace, good order, and brotherly love, at the late assemblage of his Papist accomplices at Carlow. The subject evidently brings out all his venom. Raphael still sticks in his throat. The utter cutting off of the two joints of his tail there by Colonel Bruen and Mr. Kavanagh, rankles in his venomous soul. He thus plays "the peaceful Agitator."

"Boys, the name I call your enemies, do you call every friend of theirs you meet in the streets. Girls and women, when you meet the Bruenites, *spit on them, spit in their faces*, particularly if they are Catholic Conservatives. *Write traitor on their doors with chalk*, and tell your friends at home *to do the same!* You, who are wives of the Catholic electors, if your husbands do not vote *for their religion*, bless yourselves, and then swear on your prayer-books to separate from your husbands if they do not obey your commands! You who are their daughters, I tell you, if your fathers vote against you, *spit in their faces*, and call them the names I taught the boys to call them! I will send you two Reformers for your county—honest Vigors and Ashton Yeates of London, who with Mr. Hume sent me £9,000 to defray my expenses in Dublin. Did you hear of the Longford election? Well, I will tell you about Mrs. Prunty, whose husband was taken away by that lick-spittle, swaddling fellow, Lefroy. She followed him to the hustings, dragged her husband off the table, and made him vote for White and the people, and by so doing saved *his soul from damnation?* (Cheers.) Will you, women and girls, do the same? *Mar every house* where the owner opposes you. Don't you recollect 1708, when the bloody yeomanry, hid under the beds, and when the army entered the streets, they ran from their hiding-places and butchered the people! I tell you, if the Tories come into power they will do the same."

This language is quoted in the public papers, and has been undenied. But to what does it urge the passions of the furious and bigoted peasantry of Ireland? Neighbors are to spit in each other's faces, children in their father's faces. Wives are to separate from their husbands, and it is only by dragging them from the hustings, and making them vote for O'Connell, that the souls of those husbands, and of course of every body else who votes against him, *can be saved from eternal fire*. It is almost impossible to conceive that such language could have been uttered by any man. Let Mr. Grote talk of intimidation now. What intimidation was ever equal to this? How long would the unfortunate person, thus anathematized and devoted to destruction, be suffered to live by the blood-thirsty rabble to whom murder is already a sport and a *trade*? Yet we have the words published before our eyes (*Times*, January 30). Where are the laws? Could Satan, if he appeared in the human shape, utter fouler or fiercer abomination?

The French are furious at the King's demands on them for the provision of his princes and princesses. Unquestionably it seems astonishing that an individual of his sagacity, who knows the slippery state of his throne, who has had sufficient reason to feel the precarious nature of his personal existence, and who is, besides, the possessor of the largest private income of any sovereign of Europe, that

income being said to amount to the vast sum of a million two hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds sterling a year! should give an opportunity to the lurking bitterness of France to turn him into an open scorn.

One of the papers, a little, odd, witty, and, it must be acknowledged, now and then wicked journal, thus gives the public opinion, in the shape of "Le Charivari."

"'*A million, if you please!*'"

"'Any person found begging shall be punished by an imprisonment of from two months to three years, and at the expiration of the time conducted to the mendicity depot.'—(Article 427 of the Penal Code).

"What we treated in our former number as a mere hypothesis is unluckily true. M. Molé has gone to the Chambers, and said, 'A million for the Queen of the Belgians, if you please!—500,000 francs a year for the Duc de Nemours, if you please!'

"Policemen, do your duty, take this beggar into custody. Have you forgotten the mendicity laws?

"What! 500,000 francs a year for the Duc de Nemours! And by what right, we should like to know? Because the prince has just entered on his one-and-twentieth year! Thus, accordingly, as the remaining younger branches of the Orleans family shall attain their majority, we shall be saddled with more hundred thousand francs a year! Heaven be praisod, this was not in the programme of July, 1830—it is not even to be found in the charter of 1836!

"But, says M. Molé, the Duc de Nemours is a general, and he has been adopted, as well as his brother, by the army. Adopted! bless my soul! We have a poor nation, with very broad shoulders, for she adopts every thing that great folks wish her to adopt. Under the empire she adopted the King of Rome! In 1814 she adopted Wellington and the Cossacks! At a later period she was so good as to adopt Henri Dieudonné! and we see her now adopting the Duc d'Orleans, the Duc de Nemours, and so many others! As soon as these princes shall have children (from which visitation heaven preserve us, as such princes will cost a million a head!) France will, of, course, adopt these infants. Go on, my lads, use no ceremony. Get as many children as you like. Increase and multiply. Do not mind the expense. You have France at your back, and she will be quite delighted to adopt your entire progeny."

All this is unfortunate in the unsettled state of France. Public opinion is now keen in watching the private habits of kings. It expects generosity, dignity of mind, and self-control among those who are appointed to fill the high stations of the world. Louis Philippe's only weakness, at all times, seems to have been a passion for money; yet what is the amassing of money to a king, all whose wants are provided for by his position? And what can compensate a fallen king for the loss of his throne? A few acts of generosity, an avoidance of pressure on the public means, and the wise measure of making his giddy boys live on the pay of their various employments, and subsisting his daughters, as every private gentleman subsists them, out of his own immense income, would do him more good as a king than turning them all into state paupers, at the rate of a million a piece for every idler of his line, and do him more honor too.

A fierce war is now raging between the Cathedral Chapters and the Bishop Commissioners for their revision. Sidney Smith has thrown all his wrath, wit, and Whiggery into a pamphlet, and he tosses and gores my Lords the Commissioners with the whole might of his prebendal horns. Without going into the merits of the dispute—the wrath of the Whig prebendary is excessively amusing. There never was a happier instance of what a genuine Whig is. Sidney Smith has been notorious for the last thirty years as the most persevering, peevish, sneering, and noisy clamorer for spoilation of all kinds. The word reform, no matter of what, acted on him as a dose of laudanum on a regular opium-eater—roused him out of his lassitude, threw new life into his rotundity, and set him dancing, jesting, speechmaking, and romancing before all mankind. He declaimed, scribbled, growled, and joked for the Catholic Question. He wrote two articles on the heels of each other in the Edinburgh Review, to give reform in 1831 a push beyond the reserve of Lord Grey, or the bold-

ness of Lord Brougham, for which the latter Lord, in his easy way, called him "a confounded, troublesome, meddling priest." France, Poland, South America, Ireland, every part of the globe where a revolution gave sign of what the people could do, and the Government should not, were taken under his comprehensive wing. Siberia and Melville Island narrowly escaped. All this went on prodigiously to the taste of the reverend regenerator. In the mean time, the coming of his party into power gave him what, with all his love for Reform, he felt a very satisfactory style of applying the church revenues, and received a prebend in St Paul's—a comfortable sinecure, said to be worth about L.2200 a year; with the reversion of a living, estimated at something more than a thousand! This certainly was handsome payment for his services; and no one can blame him for taking it, if others could be prevailed on to give it.

But now the Cathedral Commissioners, having begun *their* work of Reform, propose to take away some of his patronage. His whole man is instantly up in arms. "What injustice, what outrage, what infamy!" the Whig exclaims. "Am I to be robbed? No?—not all the Commissioners, Bishops, and Cabinet Ministers of the earth, Whig or not Whig, shall touch an inch of my patronage. What! if I am for Reform, does that imply that *I* meant to be reformed? What! if I have for thirty years written against sinecurists, lazy prebendaries, and velvet-lined stalls for fat parsons to fall asleep in, can any man in his senses suppose that I ever meant this to apply to myself? I have been a Whig from my college days, and a Whig while some of the loudest of the tribe now were waverers and Tories. But does any man of common understanding think that then or now I would not take all I could get, and keep all I got? Not a shilling shall my Lord Commissioners over wring from me."

This is all capital. The whig has found out, at last, that the application of the plunder principle, though pleasant in the case of others, may be extremely awkward when it comes to one's own. The wolf is hit, and he howls against violence. The prebend has been all his life making the machine in which he is caught, and he is indignant at this parricidal use of his darling invention. Perillus was not more justly tossed into his brazen bull, nor roared more loudly at his own roasting. The whole is in the style of Colonel Oldboy, who provides a postchaise for a runaway pair, and on its being discovered that his daughter was one of the parties, and doubly furious at his own help to the elopement, cries out, "Confound the rascal! I thought the postchaise was to carry off *another* gentleman's daughter!"

Of course, such sorrows are only laughable—"'Tis the sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard." Having built the pillory with his own hands, he must abide the missive eggs. But, forgetting the farce of his agonies, we may still be diverted by the oddity of his book. We give one fragment on the spoilation, which now bows down his prebendal soul even unto the lachet of his shoes:—

"I met, the other day, in an old Dutch chronicle, with a passage so apposite to this subject, that though it is somewhat too light for the occasion, I cannot abstain from quoting it. There was a great meeting of all th clergy in Dordrecht, and the chronicler thus describes it, which I give in the language of the translation:—

"'And there was good store of bishops in the town, in their robes goodly to behold. And all the great men of the State were there, and folks poured in in boats, on the Meuse, the Merve, the Rhine, and the Linge, coming from the isle of Beverlandt and Isselmond, Arminians and Gomarists, with the friends of John Barneveldt and of Hugh Grote. And before my Lords the Bishops, *Simon of Gloucester*, who was a bishop in those parts, disputed with Vorstius and Leoline the monk, and many texts of Scripture were bandied to and fro. And when this was done, and many preparations made, and it waxed towards twelve of the clock, my lords the Bishops prepared to set them down to a fair repast, in which was great store of good things; and, among the rest, a roasted peacock, having, in lieu of a tail, the arms and banners of the Archbishop, which was a goodly sight to all who favored the church. And then the Archbishop would say a grace, as was seemly to do, he being a *very holy man*.

"'But ere he had finished, a great mob of townspeople and folks from the country, who were gathered under the window, cried out, *Bread! bread!* for there was a great famine, and wheat had risen to three times the ordinary price of the *sleich* (two gallons one pint English dry measure). And when they had done crying *Bread! bread!* they called out *No Bishops!* and began to cast up stones at the windows; whereat my Lords the Bishops were in a great fright, and cast their dinner out of the windows, to appease the mob. And so the men of the town were well pleased, and did devour the meats with a great appetite; and then you might have seen my Lords standing with empty plates, and looking wistfully at each other; till Simon of Gloucester, he who disputed with Leoline the monk, stood up among them, and said, "Good my Lords, is it your pleasure to stand here fasting, and that those who count lower in the church than you should feast and fluster? Let us order to us the dinner of the Deans and Canons, which is making ready for them in the chamber below." And this speech of Simon pleased the Bishops much. And so they sent for the host, one William of Ypres, and he much fearing the Bishops, brought them the dinner of the Deans and Canons. And so the Deans and Canons went away without any dinner, and pelted by the men of the town, because they had not put any meat out of the window, like the Bishops. And when the Count came to hear of it, he said that it was a pleasant conceit, and that the Bishops were right cunning men, and had dinged the Canons well.'"

TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

CHURCH of our God! whose Heaven-lit beam
Shines mildly on life's troubled stream,
Whose guardian star from Earth's unrest,
Gathers thy saints into thy breast;
On thee thy Lord hath breathed His love,
Dovelike descending from above,
With healing in His wings, to bless
Thy children with His righteousness.
For thee He came; for thee hath borne
The toil of life, the bitter scorn,
The curse, the Garden's agony,
The traitor, judgment, Calvary;
For thee, ascended up on high,
He captive led captivity,
And there presents before the throne
Of the Unseen, Eternal One,
Accepted those who unto death
By grace have kept *His* Word, *Thy* Faith.—
For thee our Fathers bled of old
In gloomy cave, on mountain cold;—
Not gloomy, for the lamp of Life
Shed its meek radiance on their strife,—
Not cold, for every breast did feel
A martyr's hope, a prophet's zeal,—
But such they chose for their abode
In death, as nearest to their God.—
Lo! now along the glorious isle
Ten thousand bloodless altars smile;
Now, pointing to their kindred skies,
Ten thousand peaceful spires arise;
And, echoing far o'er hill and dell,
The morning and the evening bell
Waft their soft music on the air
To call thy sons to wonted prayer.
And there they meet, the rich and poor
Together bend the knee before
The God alike of great and small,
And thee, the Mother of them all.
And though on every brow is wrought
Th' expression of a different thought;
Though joy with sorrow, hope with fear,
Alternately are mingling there;
Though some are babes in Christ, and some
Are hastening to their better home;
And many a varying voice and tone
Are join'd in prayer—that prayer is *one*—
One simple form, which thou hast taught,
Warm as from heaven's own altar caught,
Free as the light, and wide as air
The love its glorious accents bear,
And fathomless as is the sea,
In its pure depth of fervency!
Such were the songs our fathers sung
Within thy walls, while round thee rung
The persecutor's iron tone,
The raving cry of Babylon;
When thou didst front the apostate band,

Obedient to thy Lord's command,
And bearest still, through blood and flame,
Unchanging witness to his name,
And He, thy Spouse, hath honored thee
The mother of his saints to be;
He shielded thee from every ill,
Thy light, and life, and glory still,
Thy guide in slumber's treacherous hour,
Thy guard from Rome and Satan's power.
O'er thee, 'mid churches', empires' waste,
Three hundred years have harmless past,
Still favored as at first, and pure,
Still in His hope and love secure.
Oh, Church! may never foe molest
The gentle peace that fills thy breast;
May never discord in thee rise
To mar thy heavenly harmonies;
The song of faith thy children raise
In these tempestuous evil days;
Where round thy shrines they gathering stand,
A glorious and devoted band,
While 'gainst them Rome, and Schism, and Hell,
Are leaguered with the Infidel.
A recreant and apostate host,
Lost to the Church, to Jesus lost,
And perjured to that oath of power
They sware in childhood's guileless hour,
When thou didst seal their infant brow
With thine unchanging, holy vow,
And calledst them by Christ's dear name,
And to thy bosom foldest them.
But they have spurned thy care, and shed
Reproach on thy time honored head;
And left the mother of their youth,
And her meek path of simple truth,
For their own ways of wandering,
And heresy, and *that* dark sin,
Into the Assyrian's hand that sold
Samaria's church and realm of old
Oh! when their course of life is run,
And darkness clouds their setting sun;
When loweringly o'er bygone years,
Gathering their weight of guilt appears;
When God despised, and Church betrayed,
Hang heavy on their dying head;—
Their gloomy bed no Church shall tend
Maternally, to soothe their end;
Nor priest shall bless, nor sins forgiven
In absolution whisper Heaven;
But awful on their misty brow
Shall press their Baptism's broken vow.
Thus, Father, fall thy wrathful arm
On those who seek thy Church's harm.
But you, her sons, who boldly stand
Before the altars of your land,
And dare to face the feoman's pride,
And die for *Her*, as Jesus died—
Go on in His great might, who first
Through Death and Hell's dark barriers burst,
In purity from earth to raise
A holy people to his praise.
And Thou, above all others blest,
Church! in thy militance, with rest,
And peace, and favor from above,
And, more than all, a Bridegroom's love,—
Oh! shine thy lamp as burnished gold
All glorious; be thy faith as bold,
Thy peace as meek, thy hope as high,
As warmly pure thy charity,
As in those early, first-love days,
When thou didst Hymn thy Saviour's praise,
Fresh as the morn, and free from earth
As spirits in thy second birth.
And as the moon through night's still hours
Reflects the light her brother showers,
Receiving thus, and giving light,
Go on thy way serene and bright,
Blessed and having power to bless,
From Him, thy "Sun of Righteousness!"
And He shall aid thee in the strife,
Opening thy way through death to life;
And aid thee, too, in that dim hour
When vain is every human power;
His rod and staff shall comfort thee
In the dark vale of victory;
And, when thy pilgrimage is done,
The Judge, the ever-living Son,
With all His angels in the sky,
Shall stand, to welcome thee on high
To that faith-seen, triumphant shore,
Where sin and sorrow harm no more.

Eccles. Balliol.

HISTORICAL PAINTING.

In our last paper on this subject we showed, from the evidence given before the select Committee of the House of Commons, how utterly inadequate to the purposes of a National Gallery, that should be worthy this great country, is the present building; and how disgraceful is the inactivity, the almost criminal indifference of the trustees appointed by the Treasury, both to the trustees themselves, and to the Government and nation that can endure their neglect.

We showed, likewise, that every single day's dereliction of their duty is attended with irretrievable loss, inasmuch as other governments are eagerly seeking, and laying up, out of our reach for ever, inestimable treasures of art, that may still remain to be collected, whilst we are, as it were, perfectly asleep, as if so great a work were of no immediate importance. We cannot too earnestly call the attention of the public to these facts; for too many are little aware of the trust placed in indolent or impotent hands; and we shall be surprised, if, upon a full knowledge of the subject, there be not a general indignation at the trifling and negligence in matters that deeply concern the intellectual improvement and the permanent honor and glory of the country. The trustees of the National Gallery deserve a public censure. And there should be an immediate appointment of fit and proper persons of knowledge and energy, with an understanding that their endeavors will not be cramped by a niggardly spirit of misnamed and mischievous economy. We proposed likewise that the whole of the present building should be given up to the modern artists. The Royal Academy having now one half, let the other be devoted to free and open exhibitions for works of the best character, to be managed by a committee of taste, who shall not be professional artists. The expenses would be small, and might either be defrayed from a small per centage on works sold, or, what would be more becoming a generous people, by a vote of Parliament. There should be a considerable space allotted to engravings, which perhaps tend more directly than even paintings to the improvement of public taste. It is confessed, that in the present building there is no provision whatever for exhibition of sculpture. For this, therefore, an addition will be required; and we see by Mr. Wilkin's plan that there is a space that might be obtained. But here we would venture to make a few remarks upon the exhibition of works of sculpture, which require arrangements very different from those usually made for pictures. To make sculpture more available to artists in general, as well as to display properly all its beauties, the light should be variable, to be changed at pleasure, in almost every direction, that thus a power may be obtained of producing an infinite variety of light, and shade, and effect. In the management of this there would be doubtless a difficulty, but no impossibility, and it would be illiberal and foolish to suppose that the genius of our architects would not be perfectly equal to the task. We confess we have never seen this attempted, and have always thought that galleries of sculpture have been in this respect extremely deficient, for the most part throwing but one light and one effect upon objects capable of being seen to the best advantdge, and with new character in many. Could such a plan be accomplished, the student will instantly feel the benefit of it, and the sculptor work with a new enthusiasm created by the knowledge that no part of his labor or his invention will be overlooked, and he will apply his broad principles of light and shade, with nice distribution and discrimination over his whole work. We wish not only to walk round a figure, but to see an illumination over the parts in shade, and those many changes take place in effect which may correspond with the new forms presented by every change of position.

As a means of promoting more effectually the art of design, a very large room should be allotted (at least for a portion of the year, and the exhibition

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Report from the Select Committee on Arts, and their connection with Manufactures.

rooms may be used for the purpose) to the study of artists, where facilities should be provided, which in their private dwellings they cannot obtain. There should be a great number of lay figures, and perhaps of various dimensions, and draperies, so that the artist might build up his compositions upon a large scale. We observe in the "evidence," in Mr. Burnet's examination, the following: That sensible painter and engraver is fully aware of the advantages offered to the students at Munich.—"I saw," says he, "at Munich a young man constructing a design in historical composition in the great room of the academy. There were, perhaps, seven or eight lay figures set up in groups, with draperies, and arranged in his own manner: now, there is no opportunity of doing that here; consequently, it is carrying the art of design much farther." Under the supposition that this new building be entirely given up to modern artists, the best opportunity is offered of carrying into effect the recommendation of the committee, who are of opinion "that an occasional outlay of public money on British works of art of acknowledged excellence, and in the highest style and purest taste, would be a national advantage." It is true that a collection of the English school should be formed, and immediate room should be set apart for the purpose. But if it be meant by "acknowledged excellence," that we are to wait the test of time, and we think that it is admitted in one of the questions in the evidence, the chance is, that these works of "acknowledged excellence" will have found their way into private collections, while some committee of taste, as inactive as the present trustees for the National Gallery, are thinking about collecting the general suffrages. Nor do we quite understand the "highest style and purest taste," unless they are words of mere compliment to those aspirants after "high art," who have been courted and petted in their evidence against the Academy. But if it is meant to give an encouragement, by an occasional national purchase, to a class of works which will meet with no purchasers elsewhere, we really think the country will be making very foolish purchases, and artists tempted to their own ruin. We have always thought and said that there is a great deal of cant going on about "Historical Painting," ill defined and ill understood. We see bad pictures constantly exhibited, called "historical," which private gentlemen of taste will not buy. The painter lifts up his hands and eyes in astonishment at the ignorance of the public, and calls upon Government for encouragement that he may teach the people better. Mr. Haydon, in the evidence before the Committee, certainly stands convicted of this foolish presumption. It is not usual for persons to speak thus of their own works. "My first picture was painted in 1806, and exhibited in 1807, and was well hung, and purchased by Thomas Hope. Then I began a much greater picture, 'Dentatus,' well known in the art and in Germany, and which was for Lord Mulgrave, my employer. I then sent 'Dentatus' to the Royal Academy, and that picture contained principles which I am now lecturing on at this period of my life, and which are received with the greatest enthusiasm by scientific audiences." Again, to the question, "You seem to think a National Collection should be, as nearly as possible, for the eternal works of art, not for the ephemeral productions of the year?" "Yes, a species of mausoleum for all that is great and grand in the nation. If we had a thing of this sort, when the foreigners came, we should have something to show them. While some of the best works of art are rotting for want of space (my own 'Judgment of Solomon' and 'Lazarus') Von Raumer would not speak of English art with the compassionate forbearance he now thinks it deserved as to Historical Painting.'"

It certainly does appear by all this jargon about "all that is great and grand," (and which we think a man should modestly avoid applying to his own works), there is an attempt to exclude, from public patronage, works of great merit and genius. Under this idea of encouraging the "great and grand," it is to be feared, for we will not invidiously name any modern artists, that, should there be a resuscitation of the genius of Rembrandt, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Hobbima, Vanderveldt, their excellent and fascinating works would not be considered "grand and great" enough. Who, in his senses, would depreciate "High Art,"

or any department of art in which there is mind and imagination, provided it be not vulgar! and we doubt if any thing good in art is to be raised in the hotbed of forced and forcing patronage. It is when the arts have become a part, an essential part of general education, and when the higher classes of society have been taught to see nature, in all her works, moral, intellectual, and external, and shall become not only her judges, but patrons of high requirements; it is then there will be a demand for the best art, and the lowest will sink; but until then, we very much doubt if painters themselves are even capable of introducing what, under other circumstances, may be within the scope of their powers. We see nothing "great or grand" in this petty display of self-approved powers, and the peevish impatience and jealousy of the honor and position of the Royal Academy. We shall rejoice in the forming a National Collection of the English school, to see excellence, even in what may not be considered the highest departments, honored, and set apart as a distinction to the artists, and with a view of enriching the nation; and it is to be very much desired, that the present building, the National Gallery, should be given up to that, as well as to other purposes tending to promote and honor British art.* The Committee seem infected by their own wordifying and the wordifying of their pet complainers and reformers; and there is throughout a vast deal too much of "the great principles of art," without once letting the public know what they are, or what is meant by the adopted phraseology.

Why should not the artists who are not Royal Academicians petition that the present National Gallery should be given up to them, and lay some well digested scheme for the government and arrangement of a new society before Parliament, embodied in their petition? Let them petition to become rivals on equal terms with the Academicians; we cannot but think their petition would meet with due regard and consideration. It will, then, perhaps, be inquired, what are we to do for a National Gallery? The reply is at hand: Build one that shall be worthy the nation, and set about, without delay, procuring the best works that are to be had to put into it. Set about the thing in earnest, and do not entertain abortive views, nor build structures without considering the size of the works we already have to put into them; and certainly do not limit the possible number of pictures, as seems to have been the scheme of Mr. Wilkins the architect, to about three hundred. In the mean while, we are perfectly content that our poor one hundred and twenty-six pictures should remain where they are. The Correggios, the Claudes, the Titian, and a few more, are perfectly visible; and it is no loss if, after them, the majority are invisible, for there is great need of weeding. According to the rate at which we have been proceeding in making purchases, we can well wait a little for a national building; for it is to be feared, since the political influenzas have seized the people, that they are content to look on with indifference at the stagnation of every scheme of national improvement, provided there be no hinderance to the great political "movement." Still let those that are in earnest do their best, and there may be good will and eloquence in Parliament that at a favorable opportunity may make an impression on the public mind of the national importance of the Fine Arts.

It was stated in our last paper, that throughout the report and evidence there is a manifest disposition to decry and disparage the Royal Academy. It is observable, particularly in the report, that the *contradicted* evidence of Mr. Haydon is still made to bear against the Academy. The Committee say, "It is certainly to be lamented that artists so distinguished as Mr. Martin and Mr. Haydon should complain of the treatment of their works within the walls of the Academy, and particularly that Mr. Martin should declare that his paintings have found

* We cannot forbear, while we are on this subject, stating, that we know no modern picture more worthy a place in such a national collection as the Committee propose, than Danby's "Opening of the Sixth Seal." This picture was exhibited some months ago. We know not in whose possession it is; but it is an awful picture, greatly impressive, and undoubtedly "great and grand."

that encouragement in the foreign exhibitions of France and Belgium which they have been denied at home." Now this is founded on the evidence of Mr. Martin and Mr. Haydon, which is most plainly contradicted by Sir M. A. Shee, and with such manifest truth, that we are surprised the Committee should have ventured to lament, when they ought to have reproved complaints so ill founded. Mr. Haydon's evidence is contradicted to the proof of its fallacy and mistakes, in almost every instance; but we will now confine ourselves to the evidence against that of Mr. Martin, as his case is made by the Committee a particular grievance. The examination is of Sir M. A. Shee. "Did not Mr. Martin complain that his pictures were exhibited in a bad situation; that he could not have a fair exhibition?—Mr. Martin is a gentleman for whom I have a very high respect, and I confess he is one of those artists whom I very seriously regret to find involved in the testimony which has been laid before you. Mr. Martin, at the age, I think, of twenty-two, twenty-four years ago, sent a picture to the Exhibition, of which he very naturally had a high opinion, and which I have no doubt merited that opinion; and because this picture was not placed precisely in the position he thought it deserved, he considered himself injured; he considered his interests materially affected; and, in fact, I believe he either then or shortly afterwards withdrew from the Exhibitions of the Academy. I am unwilling to say any thing which may appear like passing judgment on the claims of my brother artists, and I should be sorry to be understood as impeaching the talent of any man, in or out of the Academy; but with reference to Mr. Martin, I have no hesitation in saying, that I have a high respect for his talents, and that I believe his talents are respected by the members of the Royal Academy. If he had gone on as a young man of talent might reasonably be expected to do, and instead of taking offence, had said to himself—'I am young in the profession, and must undergo those trials and difficulties which all others have encountered, and to which the juniors in all pursuits must necessarily submit;' if he had continued to exhibit, I am convinced Mr. Martin would long since have become a full member of the Royal Academy.'

2013. "I merely ask you whether he did not complain, as an artist sending his pictures to the Royal Academy, as not having been done justice to on more than one occasion?—He did, as many others have done. I have here an account of the pictures that have been excluded from the exhibition, and received as doubtful, during the last exhibition, amounting to 590; and I will venture to say, that there is not one artist engaged in the production of those pictures, who, at the time he was smarting under the disagreeable sensations occasioned by finding his works returned, would not have said that the Royal Academy was a most pernicious institution, and that he had been very badly treated in having supplied works to an academy, the members of which were dull enough not to discover their merit. 2014. Are you aware that Mr. Martin exhibited his pictures in foreign countries?—I understand he did. 2015. And are you aware that he found, as he stated, that much greater fairness and equity was exhibited to him there than in the Royal Academy in this country?—I am aware of it from the evidence, but I do not see what bearing that has on the conduct of the Academy. 2016. Can you disprove that Mr. Martin's picture, which he names, was ill placed, and that the other picture was injured?—The first statement is mere matter of opinion. I have no hesitation to assert that it was not ill placed. I assert that it was placed in a good situation where it could be seen;* it was not placed in one of the best situations. Mr. Martin also states, that an academician spilt varnish on his picture—I know nothing of this circumstance; and if any injury occurred to his picture, it must have been accidental."

We ask after this, is the lamentation of the Committee fair and commendable? It must lead to a belief of a bias against the Royal Academy previously existing in the breasts of the Committee. And is it to be wondered at, if Mr. Martin receives honors from

* We perfectly assent to Sir M. A. Shee's account; we well recollect the picture, and its position; it was well placed.

the places where he exhibits and not from those he contemns, especially as it is from his maturer works the honors are obtained and not those earlier, the fancied neglect of whose merit gave him much disgust towards the Academy? Surely Sir M. A. Shee's temperate reproof, testimony to the talents of Mr. Martin, must strike upon that gentleman's conscience, and elicit a sense of the injury and injustice that he has himself inflicted or endeavored to inflict upon the Royal Academy. There are some who speak bitterly against the Academy, whose conceit, impertinence, and arrogance are so conspicuous and so disgusting, that we care not to dwell upon or even particularize their evidence; it bears too strong a stamp of indomitable vulgarity and conceit to draw us aside to its notice. But it is upon trash of this kind that the Committee make both charges and insinuations against that, we venture to call them, very honorable and highly talented body.

There is a monomania attending all reformers, whether in arts or politics —if it be possible to bring under review the subject "money accounts," they instantly rave and cry out misappropriation of funds. This cry is a watchword to reformers in general, and seems among the Committee to have elicited strong symptoms of their peculiar malady. But if, before we came to this subject, we pronounced the Royal Academy an honorable body, we are compelled, after the sifting of their accounts, to pronounce them the most disinterested set of men that ever had the management, and were under the temptation of that management, of funds tolerably large. Before we give a summary of their pecuniary arrangements, it may be fair *in limine* to refute an argument which would assert the funds not to belong to them. It is said that the funds arise from the exhibition of pictures; that the majority of pictures are not the works of Academicians; *ergo*, that the money collected belongs to the exhibitors. In the first place, we may fairly say, "show us the bond;" did you so stipulate when you sent in your works? No!—then do not make now so ridiculous a claim. But the fact is well known, that the majority of works are a positive incumbrance, and the multiplicity of admitted bad things is so distressing to the eye that few visitors go twice to the exhibition; and most come away weary, and many positively disgusted, to the great detriment of art in general, and to the disparagement of the Royal Academy. This trifling and idle sophistry may, therefore, be at once dismissed, and the conclusion drawn, that the funds belong to the Academicians, and no other. But how do they employ them? The statement is not complicated.

Upon the average, the receipts of the exhibitions are about 5000*l.* The Academy has funded property in Government stock about 47,000*l.* Of this sum, twenty thousand pounds are allotted to establish pensions to necessitous members and their widows. Payments to the officers. The President, whose situation is one of considerable expense, has no salary nor allowance beyond the other members. The Keeper, whose duties are arduous, receives but 100*l.* per annum, and apartments. Secretary, 140*l.* per annum, with allowance for apartments. Treasurer, 100*l.* per annum. Librarian, for attendance three times a-week, 80*l.* per annum. Auditors and Inspectors of works of British artists imported, attending at Custom House, no allowance. Visitors in Painting School and Life Academy, one guinea, for attendance of more than two hours. Committee of Arrangement, each two guineas, for laborious attendance the whole day. Each Academician attending a general meeting (annually from five to ten), 5 shillings. The same sum to members attending meetings of the Council (consisting of President and eight members coming in by rotation.) Professors for delivering six lectures, 60*l.* It appears, then (vide Mr. Howard's evidence), that the greater number of the Academicians receive from the funds of the Academy an income of from 25 to 50 shillings per annum. The President and Council may sometimes receive so much as 8*l.* or 9*l.* in a year. We must give the remainder of this part of the statement in Mr. Howard's words. "Instead of dividing their profits, as other societies of artists do (and are quite justified in doing), the members of the Royal Academy have for above sixty years supported, without the smallest assistance from the nation, the only National School of Art; a school in which all the best artists in the country have been rear-

ed, and which has given to the arts all the reputation and importance they possess. This they have done (which, in every other country, is done by the Government) at an expense of above 240,000*l.*, and have distributed 30,000*l.* in charitable assistance to necessitous artists and their families. I am not aware of the existence of any other society of professional men equally disinterested and patriotic; and what I have stated will, I trust, show that it is well entitled to the gratitude of the arts and the country." Undoubtedly it is well entitled—but, say the accusers, the Academy have perverted their funds to private objects and private purposes. Here is a charge of meanness and selfishness. Let us see how it is substantiated by figures. Upon the average of the last ten years, 490*l.* per annum has been expended in relief to distressed members; but 460*l.* per annum has, during that time, been distributed in donations to persons *wholly unconnected* with the Academy, and having no claim either as members, or relatives of members, and unknown to the Academy but by their recommendation and their distress.

But previous to the last ten years, a much larger sum was given to those unconnected with the Academy than to its distressed members. What say the accounts? Since the establishment of the Academy, pensions to decayed members amount to 11,106*l.* : 5 : 9—donations to distressed artists, not members of the Academy, during the same period, 19,249*l.* : 13 : 3, making in favor of the distressed not members, over the Academy, 8,143*l.* : 7 : 6. Is this an exposition of selfishness, of sordid views? The evidence is that of Sir M. A. Shee, and, it will be observed, that the accounts are very particular. Here is no guessing, but figures from the thousands to the units. But is this all the Academy do for artists in distress, not brother members?—by no means. We cannot forbear quoting the words of Sir M. A. Shee, because they show both the right feeling of the Academy, and their correct views of the purposes of the institution. "With respect to the formation of two other societies for benevolent purposes, the Committee will be surprised to learn that these two societies have been, in a great measure, established by members of the Royal Academy. Conscious that the Royal Academy was not a mere charity fund—that it was appropriated to a higher purpose than the mere maintenance of the distressed—that it had for its objects the promotion of the arts, the cultivation of the public taste, and the improvement of our manufactures—conscious that these were its legitimate objects, and that any money applied to other purposes was, in some degree, a departure from the original contract of the institution, the members of the Academy did not conceive themselves warranted in devoting a larger portion of their funds to merely benevolent purposes. They have, therefore, assisted and promoted the establishment of the two societies alluded to. One of these societies, I will say, not only was originated by the members of the Royal Academy, but supported by them; and were it not for the zealous and liberal exertions of a member of the Academy now present, it would have long since fallen to the ground, and the unfortunate objects relieved by it, would have lost the succor they have since obtained through its means. The gross sum subscribed by different members of the Academy in aid of the two benevolent funds, amounts to 2202*l.* : 18s."

We had nearly forgotten a very great grievance—The Annual Dinner, by which it is asserted that the Academy obtain to themselves a monopoly of patronage. Now what inconsistency is manifest here! They would make out that the exhibition consists of pictures mostly by artists not Academicians, by the attraction of which the funds are formed; and then, in the charge of a monopoly of patronage, they forget that it is to see these very pictures that the company is invited. The cost of this annual dinner is from 250*l.* to 300*l.* And this sum is well laid out, with a liberal and steady view to the general interest of art. Persons of the first distinction are thus made acquainted with artists, and are led to take an interest in the promotion of arts; and it is ultimately beneficial to artists unconnected with the Academy; for it is one means of disseminating taste, and making art the love and pursuit of many, who otherwise might never have been led to it at all. And who can doubt, that since the establishment of the Academy the general taste has both increased and

improved an hundred fold? We almost think the encouragement has been too great, and that the love for art has somewhat outrun correctness of taste; and, in consequence, there has been too much a fashion in the matter, and we firmly believe some Royal Academicians themselves have gone far, very far, to deteriorate the public taste. But if now no Academy existed, the love for art being established, we believe precisely the same effects would be produced; exhibitions would still exist, and the attempt at striking novelties, and the fashion engendered by a first success, would raise bad imitators among the artists, and give a misdirection to patronage. This is a mischief necessarily arising from exhibitions, but one which has nothing to do with the constitution of the Academy. The Academy has, without doubt, essentially promoted art, notwithstanding that its exhibitions may merit too often severe reprehension. And here, we wish for its own sake, that the Academy would appoint persons well qualified, not members, and perhaps not artists, to select or to reject works; and that a more strict test were applied; we might thus have fewer pictures, but art would stand higher in public estimation, particularly if it were a rule that a subject to be admitted should not only be well painted, but worth painting.

It is objected that the Academy are self-elected; that is that they elect each other; and this charge could not have been brought against them at any time more likely to do its malevolent work than at the present moment. Municipal self-electing corporations have been reformed, and the charm of reform is not yet worn out, and many members of the Committee are too deeply infected with it, or too deeply pledged to it, not to make the most of it upon all occasions. We must not then be surprised if the desire of experimentalizing on the Royal Academy, and democratizing that which is now royal, be very evident. But, in fact, who are so much interested in electing proper members as the Academicians themselves? They do not, observe, elect them to share in estates settled upon them as a body, but as persons who are to create by their genius and character the funds of the institution; and are any so well qualified to elect as those who have reached the highest eminence themselves; and whose interest it clearly is to elect the very best artists? And is there any well founded complaint that they do not elect the best artists, taking into consideration, as they ought to do, character, by which the great respectability of art must be maintained? We happen to have known the rise and progress of some members of the Academy, and can vouch for their election having been pure and disinterested, solely with regard to their merit; for they had no interest (as the term is commonly understood), and little knowledge of the Academicians.

We have hitherto vindicated the Royal Academy from the illiberal charges brought against them, and chiefly by showing, from the evidence of the report, that they are unfounded in truth. There are, however one or two of their laws and regulations we would strongly urge upon them the policy of rescinding or amending. It surely cannot *now* be necessary that their members should not be members of any other institution. This, it is manifest from the evidence, they would practically elude, and regret, if their attention is directed to the rule. But surely it would be wiser to rescind the rule altogether. The regulation of retouching their pictures is decidedly a bad one, it rather tends to make their works correspond with others, than good in themselves—and they have thus the odium of a privilege conferring no advantage. We see no injustice in their assuming the privilege, for privileges ought to attach to station acquired by merit, but we very much doubt the policy of the privilege in question. There is nothing of which artists are and ought to be so jealous as invidious distinctions—we mean not here to allude to the title R. A. because members of a society must necessarily bear the title of it; and it is in the power of all artists to form or enrol themselves in a society, and to entitle themselves accordingly; and that society which produces the best painters, will ultimately confer the greater honor; so that as far as the distinction of R. A. is complained of, the remedy is so manifestly in the hands of artists themselves, that it is no real subject of complaint. But grades, degrees, where the number is limited, are invidious; and particularly in practical

arts, where an inferiority of skill or genius is implied, and which may not, and does not frequently, necessarily be the case. If the Universities limited their Masters of Arts to a certain number, the inferior degree of Bachelor of Arts would be odious, and confer but a sense of disgrace or degradation; but all B.A.'s may proceed to M.A.'s at their own option, and without the possibility of rejection excepting perhaps from moral disqualification. Now, the Royal Academy, by electing Associates, who cannot, however extraordinary their merit, be R.A.'s until the full members die, and some of whom may never reach that station, do make invidious distinctions, and show to the public eye a mark of inferiority, consequently of degradation. And this has an evil effect upon the minds likewise of artists themselves, who should, and not inconsistently with modesty, feel that they have the fullest scope before them, and that they may compare themselves with and try their strength with the best of their profession at any moment. Had he been of an Academy, Raphael himself, who died young, might never have risen in degree beyond the Associate; and without hesitation we say, it is in the character of human nature that the fact would either have made him a rebel to the laws of the Institution, or would have been a check upon his genius. We object, therefore, altogether to the admission of Associates. Artists are or are not fit to be Royal Academicians; but incipient Academicians, to be transferred like fish into a pond to be fed and grow to proper dimensions, have a great chance of becoming very tame and very insipid. An Associate is amphibious in his nature, half in and half out of the Academy, ready to be caught and transferred to the new element, but not much the better for his rearing. It is just this *gradus*, this step that makes the title of R.A. odious; without it, the title would simply show the Society to which the artist belongs; with this appendage, it becomes an unnecessary presumption of superiority, and too invidiously challenges a denial of its pretensions. But if the title of Associate to one who may rise higher be objectionable, how much more so may it be to one who cannot—to one who, from the very constitution of the Society, must remain for life in an acknowledged inferior position. We know not the consideration that should induce any man so voluntarily to throw up his freedom of mind as to allow himself to stand in this position. We are not so much surprised, therefore, at the difficulty the Academy have found in filling the situations they have assigned to the engravers, as that *any* engravers should be found to accept them. All artists have a right to complain that there are Associates, and that engravers should look upon the term as downright insulting to their whole body, and to the art they profess.

It is but natural that among engravers there should be a feeling inimical to the Royal Academy, and that they should have been desirous of being examined before the Committee, when so fair an opportunity offered of stating their grievance. They have since published their evidence in a separate pamphlet, with notes, and an account of their connection with the Royal Academy, and their petition to the House of Commons, in consequence of which they state that their evidence was taken. Their petition runs thus:

"To the Honorable the Commons," &c.

"The petition of the undersigned engravers showeth that your petitioners, viewing with satisfaction the enquiry now proceeding in the Committee of your honorable House, on arts and manufacturers, venture to express a hope that the state of the art of engraving will be made a subject of investigation. That, notwithstanding the high estimation in which that art, as practised in England, is held by surrounding nations, yet neither the art itself nor its most distinguished professors have ever derived from the institutions of the country that consideration, encouragement, or respect which it is presumed so useful a branch of art may fairly lay claim to. Trusting in the wisdom of your honorable House, your petitioners will ever pray." Signed by nine distinguished engravers. Here, it must be observed, they only pray for an investigation, but propose no remedy. And why? The fact is, as far as relates to the insult from the Academy, the best remedy should have been from themselves. They should have formed themselves into a body, and have pass-

ed resolutions of non-admittance to any engraver who should accept the dishonor offered by the Academy. But now, we think, they may petition for substantial benefit, namely, that a position should be given to them and their works in the new (as it is yet called) National Gallery. They should petition to be rescued from the printsellers; for though the engravers are shy of saying much about the printsellers, on whose favor perhaps they at present so much depend, we have it from the evidence of Mr. Pye, "That if an artist be daring enough to publish any thing for himself, he must make a sacrifice of *sixty* or *seventy per cent*, to get it placed before the world." Now, this is a monstrous evil, and one by which the public are sufferers, for a loss, or sacrifice, of sixty or seventy per cent must obstruct sales, and make engravings dearer than they should be. A public place for the exhibition at least, if not sale, of engravings of good style and character, would offer both honor and advantage; and this, we verily think, might be obtained were both artists in painting and engravers to combine in a petition, that the New National Gallery be given up for the promotion of modern art. We entirely go along with the engravers in their feeling, with regard to being admitted Associates to the Academy, but by no means agree with them in their making a claim of entire equality with the Royal Academicians. We would have them, because we cannot fully admit of that equality, be totally independent of the Academy; any admission, upon less than an equality, is a degradation—and we object to the full equality on the following grounds: The great principle, which should move the machinery of the Academy, is the promotion of the art of Design. Now, engravers, and we greatly admire and respect their art, cannot be said to be designers—we mean, as engravers. It is very probable, painters may be engravers, as in the case of Mr. Burnet and Mr. Lewis; it is because they are designers such should be eligible, and not because they are engravers. In that capacity, their business is quite contrary to invention and design, for, like the players, they should utter "nought that is not set down for them." Engraving is a most beautiful and useful art, and, to practice it successfully, requires a clear, manly understanding, and taste for the true conception of the originals to be transferred; but if the engravers once think of bettering the original, they show that they are upon works below themselves, and good engravers should make selections for their art. It is not with a view of disparaging the art we say this. Publishers of books are men of high respectability, and moral responsibility for what they publish, and generally stand a high test, and bear rank and estimation in society; but we should be very much surprised if they were to claim the honors and titles, exclusively the property of authors. We do not expect ever to find Mr. Murray lay claim to half the butt of sherry, which is now, we believe, the sole perquisite of the laureate. The account of the connection with the Royal Academy is not in good taste—there is too much of exaggeration in it, too much of what we may call the aggravation of words, an attempt at force, which really is weakness. What can be more absurd than the following tirade, in which the poor monarchy itself is submersed in the pan of these aquafortis-biters? "It would have been well for the dignity of the monarchy, as well as the Royal Academy, if time, the great teacher of truth, had enabled us, on a comparative view of the works of the Royal Academicians with the works of engravers, to recognise in those of all the former evidences of that skill which alone could justify their having been so distinguished in their day, and that the works of the latter, their contemporaries, had become forgotten as worthless. Such an event would of itself have sufficiently explained the cause of that treatment which the art of engraving met with, so far as the then living professors of that art were concerned; and it would have enabled us to contemplate, through the medium of a sense of justice, that mental bitterness which was inflicted by the Academy on the lives of those individuals, instead of contemplating it, as we do, through a sense of injury, inflicted by an unjust exercise of power." This was, we dare say, thought by the writer very fine writing; the reader will pronounce it very roundabout nonsense "through the medium" of affectation. The author, whoever he may be, may rest assured that the

"monarchy" is in no danger whatever, because six engravers have been attached to the Academy. There is great care and much pains taken to magnify the art, which really is unnecessary, more especially as the evidence before the Committee goes to prove that it is in its most palmy state; so much so, that the English is by far the highhest school, and that foreigners are sent to this country to complete their knowledge, and perfect themselves in the practice of the art. There is a note at the third line of their statement, with a quotation from Strange, in which the names of the first engravers are set down for admiration; and, doubtless, they richly deserve it. But it is unfortunate for the engravers' argument that they were all of them designers as well as engravers, and some of them exceedingly fine designers too. There is Albert Durer, Andrea Mantigna, Marc Antonio, the pupil of Raphael, Parmegiano, Salvator Rosa, Annibale, and Agostino Carracci, Guido Guercino, Simon Catarini, &c.; and of the Dutch school, Rembrandt, Bergham Ostade; but were not these, too, designers and painters? But when they come to speak of the English school, they chiefly bring forward, as the great pillars of art, Strange, Wollett, and Sharpe, who were only engravers, and who, however greatly they advanced the mechanism of the art, we think had less feeling for art in general, than the celebrity of their names would imply. See what miserable work has been made of the expression of Correggio's faces in the prints from that master, and Wollett, we verily believe, did the greatest injury to landscape engraving, and excepting in mechanical dexterity, which he ever makes too conspicuous, and in carrying effect farther, was greatly inferior to those whose names have been eclipsed by his celebrity, and whose names we are suprised to find engravers scarcely recognise. Compare Wollett's tinfoil foliage with the free expressive touch of Wood, Mason, Vivares, Chatelin, and others about that time; it is astonishing the preference is not given where due. But the fact is, mechanical wonders are more observable, catching, and striking, than unobtrusive characteristic handling, which is ambitious of no more than nature and the master. There may have been many English engravers that should have been Academicians, and we are sure of one. And him the engravers do not mention. Is it because he was an engraver on wood? We mean Bewick, a man of very original genius. His designs are exquisite in their kind; they are perfectly English; just what he saw, but he always saw every thing with the moral eye of a fabulist. His works, the best impressions, should be collected, and deposited among public collections as specimens of original genius highly creditable to our country. All understand them, there is so evident a purpose in his small head and tail-pieces, that the most refined taste, that would revel in the beauties of the antique, would still be delighted with the unaffected, true, and significant productions of Bewick. His execution on wood was perfect, for his purpose was ever fully expressed, and he was then satisfied without display. We can scarcely excuse the Academy that they did not make him a member. There have been some Academicians who have gained great celebrity for works somewhat resembling the style of composition of the inimitable Bewick; their works were paintings, and on a large scale and would attract notice, and did attract great notice. But, as designs, have any of them excelled those of the unnoticed wood-engraver? But while there is a complaint made that the art of engraving has *never* been honored in this country, and the very "monarchy" is threatened with dissolution in consequence, it is admitted, in direct contradiction to the complaint, that Sir Robert Strange received from the King the honor of knighthood.

It surely is not liberal, and is quite unnecessary to the force of the real arguments, to bring up the names of the early Academicians but to mark them with contempt. These names no where obtrude on the public ear, and if they and their works have died, it is bad taste to revive them merely to dishonor them.* The tone and

* But the argument in favor of the present Academicians is entirely overlooked. If, at the time of, and for some time after, the formation of the Academy, but few em

feeling throughout this "account of the connection," &c. is decidedly bad, and it is widely written, with long sentences and their parentheses, forced construction, obscure and artificial, with a very feeble attempt at irony and bitterness, that is nearly ridiculous. The "Evidence," however, is more creditable to the engravers, though they are fully sensible of the insult offered to their profession by the rules of the Academy, they do not mix up with their complaints, idle, unmanly, and ill-founded abuse. They even admit the general utility of that body, and though it appears that they are unnecessarily, and we do not hesitate to say illiberally courted, instigated to join the outcry against the R. A.'s, they do not in any manner lend themselves to the attack, beyond their own particular grievance. In the evidence of the painters we noticed the bias of the Committee; the same is manifest in the questions put to the engravers. How absurd it is to suppose a case, which the evidence shows not to exist, and then to ask if the Academy would not be answerable for it, if it did exist? What should we think of the justice of a court of law, if the jury were thus to be prejudiced against a prisoner? Well, he did not then commit this crime; granted; but if the crime had been committed, would not the prisoner have been the man that perpetrated it? Yet little better is the following specimen of liberal examination. Question by Mr. Morrison to Mr. Burnet. "Would not that be sufficient to account for our inferiority?"—"I do not think we are inferior. If called out, I consider there is more talent in Great Britain connected with the fine arts, than in any country in the world." Mr. Hope. "*If we should be inferior*, do you agree with the opinion of the last witness (Mr. Martin), it is in the branch of art professed to be taught in the Royal Academy; *supposing we should be inferior*, does it appear that it would be in the branch that professes to be particularly taught the Royal Academy?"—"I do not know that we are inferior," replies Mr. Burnet; but this will not do, the hypothesis of inferiority must still be insisted on; so the examination proceeds! "*If we were*, would it not be in the branch the Academy professes to teach?"—"Very likely, but the Academy, I venture to say, in historical painting—that is, the historical painters in this country—are better than those in France and Germany; and I have seen exhibitions in both countries; certainly, as far as correct drawing goes, on severity of outline, they are, perhaps, superior to us; but in the general arrangement, in the knowledge of light and shade, and in the distribution of color, they are very inferior." Now it might be thought that this praise might have been acknowledged, and the Academy complimented; quite otherwise, for still occasion is taken to fix something upon the R.A.'s. "Those particular branches of drawing" (there is, however, but one mentioned), "it is the particular object of the Royal Academy to Teach?"—"Yes." But even our superiority must be shown not to be derived from the Royal Academy; but we thank Mr. Burnet for his candid reply, and putting down of such illiberal examination. "And the other branches in which you apprehend we are superior, are not taught, or are not capable of being taught, by the Academy?"—"They are perfectly capable. The Royal Academy have not the means. They have not the room." The facility of having room and lay figures at Munich is then mentioned by Mr. Burnet, and the opportunity of thus extending the art of design insisted on. But even this lack of means must be construed as a crime against the Academy, for Mr. Burnet is immediately asked, "If there is no opportunity, does it not prove some deficiency in the construction of the Academy?" "It is a matter of opinion." Mr. Burnet says, in his answer to a question put by Mr. Ewart, that "if a room in the National Gallery were appropriated to the exhibition of fine engravings of the English school, it would be of advantage to the student, and also give the public a better knowledge of fine engravings."

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nent artists could be found, and now no mark of contempt can attach to any one name of the R. A.'s—the utility of the Academy may be fairly inferred, and the admission asked that they have done their duty, and greatly promoted art.

He thinks the art will be deteriorated, from the circulation of very inferior works. Still it must be repeated, that the art of engraving never stood higher, that it never reached such excellence in any country as in this, nor in this at any prior period. The higher it stands, the higher rank the professors will obtain; and we would appeal to their judgment whether a total independence of the Royal Academy would not be more honorable to them than any communication of the honors and privileges of the Academy. By all means, let the Academy rescind their rule of association, and then, as the engravers do not complain of want of patronage, they will have no complaints to make. For the furthering their delightful and useful art, let them form themselves into a separate body, and petition for a location of their works, and for a room of meeting in the new National Gallery.

Mr. Burnet, as well as others, show the benefit of the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh. It consists of forty pupils, and from them have arisen many excellent painters, among whom is Mr. Burnet himself.

It is to be hoped that Government will give their best endeavors to promote every branch of art; but caution is necessary; it is not always easy to see where interference can be made with advantage. We should regret to see every thing emanate from the Government, and the Government meddle with every thing, as in France. They may perhaps lend their assistance and contribute to funds for the establishment of local schools of art and design in our principal towns and cities; but let such be independent of boards in London, and commissioners of education — centralization is too much in fashion. We would have elementary schools for drawing, for the benefit of manufactures; and higher schools of design for higher art. Not only that professors might arise from them, but that a taste and knowledge of art might be more disseminated, and afford an elegant and refining recreation and amusement to persons engaged in trades and professions throughout the country. It would be impolitic, perhaps, to have any of these schools quite free of expense to the pupils. Government might assist advantageously by the presentation of casts, and valuable publications. The General Institute of Berlin, as seen in the evidence of Dr. Waagen, may furnish much useful information for the establishment of such schools. There must be great care to separate the education of the artist from that of the manufacturer, or unquestionably all would be aiming at the highest walk, and too many be compelled to descend from their high aspiration with disappointment and disgust, for the lower walk, from which they might have to get their bread. The evidence of Mr. Hay is clear on this subject, and his experience and reasoning conclusive. There is another means of greatly encouraging art and promoting taste which has been more extensively adopted abroad, and more partially in this country—associations which purchase works of art, and dispose of them by lottery among the subscribers. Baron Von Klenze, speaking of those in Bavaria, observes—"These galleries are open all the year round, and they act as a very great encouragement to art in in that branch which does not receive the patronage of the Government, which is, of course, confined to pictures of the highest class." Those who are at all conversant with pictures and picture collectors, well know how fascinating and how growing is the love of collecting. Whether it be choice, gift, or any other accident that makes a person, who in the commencement, had perhaps little love or knowledge of art, a possessor, he seldom rests satisfied with his one acquisition. He must go on. He buys at first with little selection, his taste and knowledge improve, he discards and exchanges, and collects anew. And such, we fear not to say, has been the origin of most of the best private collections. Now, if this be the case, the benefit to art from the above-mentioned associations, must be evident.

The establishment of such associations in most of our cities and towns, by persons now interested in the arts, would very shortly lead to a demand for schools of art; and petitions to Government for assistance would be the result. Every city of any consequence, commercial or otherwise, should have its gallery or museum, which donations and annual subscriptions, if once set on foot, would readily establish and maintain. Mr. Cockerell, in the Evidence, p. 112,

mentions an anecdote related to him by Mr. Cumberland of Bristol, that, in furtherance of a plan for a national gallery of sculpture, proposed in a publication by Mr. Cumberland, Mr. Wedgewood made a tender of L.1000. Mr. Cumberland's plan is so economical, that we do not see why something of the kind should not be generally adopted throughout the kingdom as well as in London, where he originally proposed the establishment. Mr. Cumberland's work is extremely scarce. It may not therefore be amiss if we make an extract from it. His "Plan for improving the Arts in England," was published in 1793, in a little work of "Some Anecdotes of the Life of Julio Bonasoni." Mr. Cumberland, who is now living in Bristol, at an advanced age, is not less strenuous for the advancement of art than at the time of that publication; and we know nothing that will more rejoice his generous and liberal mind, than to see the adoption of any plan that shall so advance the arts as to increase its practical utility and respect. After some general remarks upon the necessity of encouraging public taste, he adds—"The general outline of my plan is contained in what follows: That a subscription be commenced (and if the Dilettanti Society would begin it out of their funds, it would be consistent with their other generous efforts to improve the arts), in order to raise the sum of ——, which, when completed, application should be made to parliament for further assistance; the total of which sums, under their sanction, should be consolidated into a perpetual fund, to which proper trustees may be nominated, for the declared purposes, out of the annual interest, of commencing *two galleries*, and filling them as fast as the interest accrues, with *plaster casts* from antique statues, bas-reliefs, fragments of architecture, fine bronzes, &c., collected not only from Italy, but from all parts of Europe.

"These galleries should be placed so as to enjoy a north light, being parallel to each other, and consist of strong but simple forms—void at first of all ornament, and solely calculated for the purpose of containing, in a good point of view, and well-lighted, the several specimens of art. A convenient space for visitors to pass in view of them below and between the objects and the artists who should be possessed of a raised stage, under a continued window, contrived so as to illuminate at once the drawing-desk, and the images on the opposite wall.

"These galleries, one for statues and architectural models, and one for bas-reliefs, should be each commenced at the same time in parallel directions; and each annually extended and furnished with casts, in the proportion that the funds would admit. They should be indiscriminately opened to all students in the arts, and the public, under proper regulations, during the greatest part of the day throughout the year. All fine bas-reliefs, &c., should, if possible, be sent to England in moulds, with a cast in them, by which means they not only come the safest from injury, but it would enable the managers to place in the gallery two or three casts of such as best deserved imitation; and then the moulds might be sold to our moulders in Plaister of Paris, by which means other cities would be enriched with many fine objects at a reasonable expense, to the great advantage of architects, schools, and the public in general." . . .

"As each bas-relief must of necessity be placed at some distance from the ground, the space below I should propose to fill with the concise history of the *cast*, such as what have been the conjectures of antiquarians as to its history, author, &c.; to which should be added the time and place when and where it was found, and the name of the country and situation the original at present ornaments. The pedestal of each statue might contain the like inscriptions in painted letters, the more easily to correct them on any new information. How useful such inscriptions would be to travellers, antiquarians and artists, I need not point out; neither need I add the utility that would arise from marking with a line on each object the division of the restored parts, which lines might be made by whatever artist was employed to send home the moulds on the spot; for the baneful effects of partial ignorance, which, like a weed, springs up among the best crops of human learning, are seldom more manifest than among those whose labors are directed to the elucidation of fine art in antique monuments. Such galleries, when finished, would possess ad-

vantages that are wanting in numerous museums, where often, to gratify the love of ornament in the architect, fine bas-reliefs are placed so high as to be of little use to students, and as traps only to the antiquarian, of which having with younger limbs and younger eyes often followed the enthusiastic *Winkelman*, I could give many instances."

We make one short quotation more, because it is so highly to the credit of Mr. Cumberland; and it is a lesson schemers in general either have not learnt or not practised.

"And now, having sketched the outlines of my plan, and by publishing it discharged what I take to be a duty to the community, it only remains for me to add, that if any one shall adopt it, I will do more than schemers usually do; I will in proportion to my fortune, become a liberal subscriber, and willingly promote its service by every information in my power."

We most sincerely hope that the labors of the Committee will be resumed, or lead to the adoption of some practical plans. We have therefore, without hesitation, thrown out our suggestion of giving up entirely to modern art the new National Gallery—of promoting and assisting in the formation of Schools of Art, adapted both for the advantage of the manufacturer and higher artist—that they would propose the assistance of Government in the establishment of Museums of art throughout the kingdom—and, above all, that they would instantly recommend to the most serious attention of Parliament the real advancement of a National Gallery—that the important trust may be placed, with as little delay as possible, in proper hands, who will to an adequate knowledge add activity. But we shall regret exceedingly if the labors of the Committee be misdirected to objects which do not legitimately, and cannot, with advantage, come under their cognizance, and by the assumption of which their labors are not only misdirected but disgraced. We would have them bear in mind, that if they show an eagerness and zeal to *reform* all existing institutions, the information they will obtain will be poured in upon them in *liberal* and illiberal profusion, by the ever-meddling, the envious, the disappointed, and the conceited; while those who could give the fairest and best are the quiet, the inoffensive, the modest, the industrious, who seldom voluntarily come forward, and who, if brought to examination, may rather have repugnance to speak, as they might do deservedly, in favor of institutions, of which they themselves are members, and who, from the nature of the leading questions put to them, and evident bias in putting them, may not always have the best opportunity, or shrink from the indignity of vindicating themselves.

Whilst we are closing this paper we see the advertisement of another attack upon the Royal Academy, by a gentleman who flourishes somewhat largely in the evidence, Mr. Foggo, historical painter; and we doubt not that the encouragement afforded by the Committee will raise many more combatants. We are sorry to see the Committee courting the services of a party, who resemble too closely the senseless cattle in a field, that run, up tail and down horn, with heedless and stupid rage, and tear up the ground around them in their inconceivable fury, because some poor innocent old woman shall be so unlucky as to cross their territory in a cloak unfortunately of *the color of the King's livery.*

THE OBELISK OF LUXOR.

It is pretty generally admitted, among those who can boast of freedom from prejudice, that Paris outstrips London in the taste and magnificence of its public buildings. But if there be some doughty champions of national dignity, who still uphold English superiority, and even succeed in making out a strong, case in its favor, when the *ensemble* of buildings in both cities are compared, no one can, we think, deny that, viewing the edifices raised in our own times alone, the British metropolis is lamentably inferior to its rival. The Arc de Triomphe, the Hôtel des Ministres, the Madeline Church, and the Bourse, are fearful odds against that strange pile of waste and folly, Buckingham Palace, and the National Gallery in

Charing Cross. The existence of these splendid structures in the French capital is a most substantial proof that if our continental neighbors are, in politics and religion, of that volatile mould we habitually maintain them to be, stability in design, and patience in execution, are not the less eminently theirs when the object is to chronicle their greatness in tablets of stone. There are few Frenchmen who do not feel strong emotions of pride and enthusiasm as he views these monuments, which, in addition to their individual interest (there is not one within its *souvenirs*) contribute to his national glory, by impressing foreigners with an idea of the magnitude of his country's resources. Can an Englishman feel similar exultation as he surveys the public edifices of his capital? Undoubtedly he can, if he look to the works produced under his ancestors,—if he go back to the days of a Wren. But his food for self-congratulation will be small indeed if he confine himself to the structures that have risen up in his own day. The truth is, the genius to conceive, the patience to execute, and the mental culture to value grand architectural designs, seem alike dead among us. It is in England with buildings as with books—the day of gorgeous folios is gone by, and the reign of shabby duodecimos established. And the people care not for the change. They find the duodecimos equally or even more useful than its grander predecessor—an immediate practical purpose is by it fully attained—and they are contended. Far be it from us to undervalue the principle of utility—but it should not be the sole one to guide the architect, though unfortunately the populace is satisfied when it alone is attended to. No national feeling of pride—no popular enthusiasm connected with particular localities or buildings, prevails in England. He would evince but a poor knowledge of his assembly who, in addressing a London audience, appealed to Westminster Hall, or the Abbey, in the hope of rousing such sentiments as filled the breast of the old Romans when the Capitol was but named—as are attached to their Duomo by the Milanese of the present hour. *We* have no sympathy but for what is practically useful. Hence the arches, the statues which add so materially to the picturesque grandeur of continental towns, and which almost all possess their train of historical recollections, are unknown among us. Nay, more, a proposal for their introduction into England was unheeded by the many, and by those who gave it any thought rejected, with a sneer, at their uselessness. Mark the difference when commercial and pecuniary advantages are associated with a building scheme. Carelessness warms into interest when the erection of a market is proposed—the cleansing of a common sewer is a signal for public meetings—the cutting of a railway rouses an enthusiasm which can only be cooled by a public dinner; but apathy and indifference, except when expenses are to be calculated, attend the progress of a National Gallery. Why? Because Mammon, the idol we worship—the spirit that pervades all our thoughts, words, and actions, can add nothing to his hoard by such a useless contrivance as a "room for holding pictures." Because, in a word, there is an outlay without prospect of pecuniary return.

There is another view in which our modern architecture is contemptible. The few buildings raised of late years are not only deficient in the grand—they not only bear no proportion in massiveness and dignity to the greatness of London—to her rank among cities—but they are for the most part built in a style remarkable for its violation of established rule and correct taste. See, for instance, many of the new churches that *adorn* the streets of the metropolis, vieing with each other in curious absurdity, and forming an admirable scale of the gradations by which the extreme of perversion in building may be reached.

One of the most important principles in architecture is, that a building should be adapted in its form and internal economy to its uses, and harmonize in its ornaments with the spirit of its destination. It is a principle—simply that of convenience, utility, and propriety—which is admitted on all hands to lie at the root of good and correct architecture. Yet how utterly has it been lost sight of in the construction of our modern churches! If an extravagantly grotesque and ludicrous exterior be adapted to the solemnity of such duties as are performed within their walls, their architects have succeeded marvellously well: if the inter-

nal arrangement of our churches should be such that a large portion of those assembled within them to listen to the word of God hear no more of it than they would in a Turkish mosque, why, then, commend us to the designers of our modern houses of prayer, they are admirable artists: if there be a close and natural connection between the simple ceremonial of Protestant devotion that speaks to the heart, and the gorgeous spectacle of Pagan worship that addresses itself to the senses, praise be to fortune that the models of our churches are to be found in Heathen temples. So far as the building goes the analogy has been embodied passing well, but why stop here? Why not render the resemblance more striking to those whose sluggish brains have not yet seized it, by extending the imitation to the dress of church officials? Why not, for example, we suggest with humility, clothe the ministers of our religion in the robes of the priests of Plutus?

But, we are told, these are imitations from the antique, they are copied from structures that have borne the brunt of critical severity for ages. True, they *are* imitations, but in this is the "very head and front of their offending." For, not to speak of their deplorable failure *as* imitations, and to forget for a moment their garbled and patchwork character, the thing imitated—and in this we refer to churches less than to some other of our buildings—is utterly unfitted for our climate, our manners, and our customs. Can it rationally be supposed that the light, airy, and as it were *windowed* style of architecture which suited the cloudless sky and burning sun of Greece should be fitted for the eternal ruin, the harsh clouds of our northern land? The monuments of Greece might well have their porticoes—*there* they had their uses—they served to protect loungers from the ardor of a mid-day sun—they invited, with their cooling shade, him who might feel disposed to while away a soft hour in that "intoxicating clime," where the "dolce far niente," is the summum bonum of existence; *here*, too, they have their uses, but what are they? Why to collect the rain into waterfalls, to furnish a gratis shower-bath to those inclined to avail themselves of the convenience, and convert the ordinary whistling of the wind into an angry and distracting howl.

This want of keeping between the character of our architecture and the physical condition of our country, is perhaps its gravest fault. Must it be confessed that genius is so far gone from among us that from very lack of inventive power we can create nothing fitted for ourselves, and in a sort of despair put up with what suited the wants and spirit of other nations? No, we trust and believe these powers are not gone—they lie dormant, for there is no stimulus to rouse them into action—they are neglected by those who possess them, for there is no taste abroad to value original works. It is time to shake off the trammels of a corrupt and essentially absurd school—to make an end of our pilgrimages to Rome and Athens "in search of the picturesque;" but let us cease to be arrant copiers—to swell the ranks of that "servum pecus," and we shall find that the power to become inventors has only slept. To warrant us in this sanguine view we have the London club-houses. Here is a class of building, almost peculiarly our own, in which we have given proofs of originality of talent. Few will, we think, contest the combined taste and magnificence of these edifices. But, on the other hand, we need scarcely point out, that considered in its relation to art, their class is an humble one—that, though multiplied to infinity, they would never raise the character of our metropolitan architecture to grandeur. And, again, though they give promise of better things, inasmuch as they manifest original power, their existence does not predict any great good for the *avenir* of the higher walks of the art. We cannot help asking ourselves, does their splendor spring from that abstract taste for beauty of design alone, capable of rousing to the erection of really grand and imposing buildings—of such monuments as may be fearlessly pointed out to the critic as specimens of popular taste, and to the statesman as emblems of national dignity and resources? Or does the Mammon-spirit lurk even here—is the "auri sacra fames" even here at work to appease its cravings—is the tempting exterior meant to serve the purpose of a bait, of the simpler but perhaps not more significative label, "Hic habitat felicitas" of the Pompeian brothel? We leave the reader to determine.

We shall not at present stop to inquire into the *cause* of the architectural degeneracy in England—(we believe its *existence* a fact that cannot have escaped the notice of the most dull-witted philanderer of our streets)—nor to refute the ingenious but sophistical reasoning of a London periodical which attributes it to the vitiating influence of the aristocracy. But, without ascribing undue weight to the masses, we may venture to predict, that so long as popular indifference on the subject exists, the architecture of the metropolis will pursue its downward course to insignificance. At a future period we shall return to this question, which is much more intimately bound up with national prosperity than superficial thought would lead us to imagine. We shall point out that, as popular indifference lies at the root of the evil, it is by an appeal to the people that its removal is to be hoped for.

We fell into the above reflections after having examined one of the most recent ornaments of the French capital.—We allude to the Egyptian obelisk lately raised in the Place Louis XVI. From it to the buildings among which it is placed, and from them to public edifices in general, the transitions were easy. To some, however, a different train of thought would probably have appeared more suited to the occasion. We might more naturally, no doubt, in the opinion of those who love to dwell on the greatness of days gone by, have mused a while on that proud race of Pharaohs that gave laws and dispensed the goods of civilisation when even the Patriarchs were yet unborn;—we might better have paid a tribute, tearful or other, to that country, the cradle of art and literature, whose memory must ever claim the homage of those who cultivate either; above all, it would not have been out of place to bestow a thought on the Egyptians themselves, that singular race, which, in all its works, seems to have had immortality in view, and which, in its origin, its institutions, and its language, has furnished unlimited materials for the labor of the historian, the philosopher, and the philologist. The column, too, might have had its share of our pensive humor—we might have indulged in that strange feeling, so closely allied to respect, which the sight of any venerable monument—how much more of such a one as an obelisk!—always inspires. All have experienced this, none can describe it. Does it originate in the inward confession that *they* have triumphed over the enemy to which *we* succumb—time? Again, we, on whom Germanism had cast a spell, would have relished a disquisition on the "veil of mystery" which hangs over these extraordinary relics of antiquity;—the fatalist would fain have had his creed strengthened by our tracing to the decrees of fate the westward journeying of the obelisks—as it were in the train of that civilization, of which, in their native soil, they formed some of the earliest emblems. But enough lost in rehearsing what we might have done, we forget what we mean to do—to give a brief account of obelisks in general, and that of Luxor in particular.

The origin of the obelisks is lost in what has been poetically termed the "night of time." In spite of the profound research, and bold and sagacious conjectures of Egyptian antiquaries, especially Champollion, it is to be regretted that their history is far from being completed. If, however, the labors of archæologists have failed in clearing up the mystery of their origin, and making known the primitive idea of their construction, they have at least thrown considerable light on the most important points connected with them—their object and uses. Vast progress has been made in deciphering the inscriptions traced on them—their employment as external decorations of palaces and temples, before the gates of which they were placed in pairs, has been ascertained—and their symbolical and figurative meaning in the sacred writings of the Egyptians established. Time appears to have had, in the instance of these columns, the reverse of its ordinary effect; their history has become more accurate and complete in modern times than it was at a period considerably nearer their own. Thus the progress of Egyptian discovery enables us summarily to reject as false the interpretations of the Roman writers affecting the nature and meaning of the obelisks. We can authoritatively assert, that they were not meant to be the symbol of a religious idea, or to convey a summary of Egyptian philosophy.

The name obelisk, we are informed

by Pliny, expressed in the Egyptian tongue the idea of a solar ray—their columnar and tapering form was a symbolical representation of the same idea. The etymology of the word has as yet been vainly sought for in the original language itself. No terms which can be considered to bear on the question have as yet been discovered, except *djeni anschai, written columns*, and it is evident that though these may express the idea of obelisks, they throw no light on the origin of the word itself.* The Greek ὀβελισκος is a diminutive of ὀβελος a spit. Herodotus uses the phrase ὀβελους λιθινους.†

The most remarkable point in the history of the obelisks, considered as works of art, is their being cut from a single block of granite. They have, from this circumstance, received the name of monoliths. They present four surfaces, which gradually approach each other as they ascend, and so bring the column to a pyramidal point, called pyramidion. As originally placed, they stood on a square pedestal of the same material as, and of but slightly greater breadth, than the shaft. With few exceptions—among which we may notice some of those at Rome; that of Arles, of Constantinople; and one still remaining in an evidently unfinished state in the quarry at Syena—the monoliths are covered with hieroglyphs on the four sides. It is probable, though no vestiges of such a state are now traceable, that the hieroglyphic figures were painted of various colors. At least the fact, that the temples and colossal statues of Egypt were so ornamented, renders the correctness of this opinion scarcely to be doubted. Differing in this respect from the rest of the column, the pyramidion was generally decorated with bas-reliefs of the king in the act of presenting wine or water—the emblems of abundance and inundation—or the obelisk itself as an offering to the divinity. The hieroglyphic inscriptions, cut in vertical columns on the shaft, like those of the other public monuments of Egypt, expressed the royal titles, the names and prænomina of the princes by whom they were raised. With the view of rendering it more easy to distinguish them, and as an honor conferred on royalty exclusively, these names are enclosed within a figure of elliptic form. The ellipse is imperfect at its base, when it is bounded by a right line. The form of these ellipses suggested the name *cartouche*, or cartridge for them; it is the term by which they are now generally known. The importance of the *cartouches*, in an historical point of view, is extreme. They are the key of the chronological notions furnished by Egyptian monuments; it is by them we are enabled to determine, approximatively at least, the historical period to which each of the monoliths belongs.

The obelisk which now stands in the Place Louis XVI., and which some time past was the nine days' wonder of the Parisians,‡ originally adorned the entry of the Palace of Luxor, a small village on the site of the ancient Thebes. We have already mentioned that it was usual to place an obelisk at each side of the gateway

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* The referring these words to the obelisks is a conjecture of Champollion's, founded on the Coptic text of the 24th verse of the 23d chapter of Exodus, towards the close: "Thou shalt break their *stelæ*" (or written columns.) The Hebrew text differs slightly—our translation has, "Thou shalt break down their images."

† Lib. ii. chap. 170.

‡ Parisian wit, in the way of caricature, was never very remarkable, and has been at a very low ebb; indeed the "censure" has been revived, and the person of the King is no longer exposed to the keenness of popular sarcasm. The obelisk gave rise to the following piece of humor, which is, we assure our readers, in the best Parisian style. Two Dames de la Halle, or of that rank, are placed in a gaping attitude before a fragment of the monolith, on which are traced the semblance of a human figure, a bird and the wheel of a coach. One of the ladies, by help of wisdom,—she explains how acquired—resolves the hidden meaning of these mysterious symbols with a happy clearness worthy even of her master himself:—"Moi qu'a servi chez feu M. Champollion j'va vous expliquer les hiérogliphes de l'obelisse. D'abord ce grand faineant c'était leur roi, M c'est zos tri; le moigneau (moineau) ce'st leur bon dieu, cette voiture c'est leux omnibus—l'reste c'est des betises."

of those buildings, in adorning which they were employed. The palace of Luxor had its pair, but they were of unequal size. That now in Paris is considerably less lofty than its fellow. Its height is a little more than 70 feet in French measure; its weight is estimated at 450,516 lbs.

The evident blemish in the general effect produced by the unequal dimensions of the two obelisks of Luxor—an inequality no doubt to be explained by the difficulty of executing two perfectly similar monuments in a material such as that of which they are made—was in part artificially removed. The smaller was placed on a pedestal a half higher than the difference of height in the two pillars, and besides erected a little *in front* of the loftier one. By the latter ingenious plan, an apparent increase of height was produced.

The surfaces of the obelisk of Luxor show that the proficiency of the Egyptians in practical optics was of no mean order. Instead of being plane, they present a convexity of fifteen lines. Doubtless the intention here was to prevent the surfaces from appearing concave, as they would have done had they been perfectly plane. It is impossible to consider the peculiarity to which we allude, an effect of chance;—the extreme nicety of the workmanship, joined to the fact that several of the obelisks now at Rome have convex surfaces, also precludes such an idea effectually.

A considerable fissure in the monolith, extending from the base to about a third of its height, gave the Egyptians an opportunity of showing us their mechanical ingenuity. The further separation of the segments was prevented by double dovetailing it at the base with sycamore. The French have substituted copper for the wood.

The hieroglyphic figures of men and animals that decorate the obelisk are executed with remarkable finish and purity of design. They are arranged on each side in three vertical rows; the central of these is cut five inches deep, in the lateral the figures are superficially hollowed. The depth of the figures is greater also at the upper part of the pillar than towards the base. The distinctness of even the smallest details is much increased by these varieties of depth.

Considerable uncertainty exists as to the sovereign to whom the execution and erection of the obelisks of Luxor were due; this arises from the division among antiquaries respecting the *cartouches* found on them. Some conceive them to refer to one and the same individual Rhamses III.; others, that two personages are meant by them, Rhamses II. and III. According to the opinion of Champollion—who considers the *cartouches* to belong to different individuals—the facts connected with the elevation of these obelisks were the following:—Rhamses II. having had them cut and removed from the quarry of Syena, commenced the carving of their hieroglyphs, and had carried it to a certain extent when Rhamses III. ascended the throne. The latter prince then terminated the work. It seems settled, beyond question, that Rhamses III. (the celebrated Sesostris) was the *elevator* of them in front of the façade of the palace. This fact was established by the discovery of his *cartouches* on the base of the monolith, at each side of the dovetailing, to which we have alluded. Those who consider the *cartouches* to belong to the same person, have, of course, no difficulty in explaining their presence on the same monolith. The discussion as to the identity, or non-identity of the two personages, arises from a single variation in the *cartouches* of the obelisk; those who support their identity, defend their opinion by referring to a colossal statue of Sesostris, in which the two forms of *cartouche* are found.

The science of hieroglyphs is not yet sufficiently advanced to enable its professors to give a complete reading of the characters of the obelisk, and it is probable that a long period will elapse before such perfection is attained. Admitting the general correctness of the principles which guide the school of Champollion in assigning the literal value to the hieroglyphic figures, the immense labor required for the interpretation of a single character will bear us out in this assertion. But if those principles be fallacious—and the powerful arguments of Klaproth point out the possibility, not to say probability of such a case—it is evident that no conjecture can be formed on the point, as the whole study must be commenced *de novo*. It is not our present purpose to examine the state of the question between Champollion and his opponents; we

shall not therefore, make mere assertions in favor of either, but content ourselves with following the most ordinarily received version, in giving the meaning of part of the Luxor inscriptions. After all the labor of deciphering them, the historian has unceasing cause to lament the scantiness of historical information they supply; the period of their elevation is all we usually learn from the inscriptions, and this is comparatively nothing. Their general objects is to sing the praises of the Ptolemies, and celebrate religious rites. It is only by the merest chance that they serve to determine a historical fact; the insight they give into the habits and political and religious feelings of the Egyptians, is, however, a source of interest which makes up to a certain degree for the want we lament. They afford proof that the gross style of adulation so prevalent in the East, thrived as well in ancient Egypt as elsewhere.

Let our readers take, as a specimen of the substance and spirit of the whole, part of the inscriptions on the east side of the monument. We extract from the interesting compilation of M. Nestor d'Hote on obelisks, to which we are indebted for many of the particulars contained in this notice. "The banner and inscription on the right of the three vertical columns proclaim Sesostris, the powerful Arocris, friend of truth or justice, king moderator, very amiable as Ihneon, a chief born of Ammon, his name the most illustrious of all. On the left column the banner has, the Arocris powerful son of Ammon. The inscription gives Sesostris the title of king director, mentions his works, and adds, that he is great through his victories, the son preferred by the sun on his throne, the king that rejoices Thebes as the firmament of heaven, by great works destined to last for ever."

Arrived in Paris, December, 1833, after an infinity of toil it was raised in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, or Louis XVI., in October, 1836. The expenses of the removal and elevation were enormous; they have been calculated so high as nine million francs, which was too much, according to a friend of ours addicted to execrable punning, to pay for a mere *luxory*.

The choice of a site for the obelisk has not given general satisfaction; placed where it now is, it materially injures one of the finest city views in the world, that from the central walk of the Tuilleries Gardens, towards the Arc de Triomphe, at the end of the Champs Elysées. It cuts the arc in two, which, especially when the spectator is not placed in a right line with the two monuments, has an exceedingly awkward effect. Again, it has been objected to the site chosen, that the pillar is unfit to harmonize with the structures near it, the Madeline and the Chamber of Deputies. In the justness of this objection we do not wholly acquiesce; in truth, it seems to us no extravagant idea that finds a natural connection between a church and edifice from which the laws of one country proceed, and an emblem of the religious and legislative principles of another. Besides, if the objection be founded in its fullest extent, even the French may console themselves with the reflection, that wherever an obelisk is to be found in Europe, it is at least as ill-adapted to the *genius loci*. The circus of the Vatican, the seraglio gardens at Constantinople, for example, are certainly as ill-suited for an Egyptian emblem of religious and regal adoration as the Place Louis XVI. There cannot be a doubt, however, that if the fitness of things be alone considered, the French might have found, in the court of the Louvre, a more appropriate *emplacement* for the obelisk. Here, surrounded by specimens of Egyptian antiquity, it would be, as it were, in its natural atmosphere. But in this situation it would have been lost almost completely as an architectural ornament, from the smallness of the space that contained it. This is a fault which cannot be found in its present situation; viewed from the Arc de Triomphe, it is an exceedingly graceful object.

The literary enthusiast might have wished it placed on the grave of Champollion. Had his claims to priority of discovery been uncontested, the honor would not have been unmerited, and it would have been a gigantic mode of testifying national gratitude and admiration.

Newcastle, January 1st, 1837.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

My Lord,

I shall not affect to deny that in thus addressing your Lordship, I do so with mixed motives; and that one of these is the hope that your name appended to my composition may possibly obtain for it attention from some who would not be likely to notice it, either on account of that of its author, or from any idea of its possibly containing any thing on such a subject deserving the slightest attention.

For any further apology to your Lordship, I do not know that I am fairly your debtor. Your Lordship is a public man, and to that public you have declared your readiness to "champion to the utterance" the most extreme doctrines of that system now known as that of "Malthus." You have thrown down your gage to defend the Malthusian doctrines of population against all opponents, and therefore cannot complain of an attack, from what quarter soever it may come.

If then, humble as I am, I venture forth against your Lordship "with a sling and with a stone," the attempt may be ridiculous, but cannot be impertinent.

Be it so, my Lord. I happen to be one who would think more meanly of himself if he feared to stand by his opinions against any odds, than if he were defeated in the encounter after a manner the most obnoxious to that self-love which he possesses in common with the rest of mankind.

In this attempt to impugn the doctrine of Malthus, permit me *first*, my Lord, to say that it is any thing but my intention to mince or mystify the matter. I shall at all events meet the question boldly, fairly, and openly. I shall give a distinct and unhesitating denial to the system. I shall assert that his pretended law of population does not exist; and that his asseverations regarding it are contrary to evidence, and as false as falsehood can possibly be—in short, altogether false. I shall next *show* that these assertions are totally at variance with truth, and founded in a total ignorance on the part of Mr. Malthus of what the nature of the law which regulates the amount of population really is. At the same time I shall endeavor to point out, and to illustrate that law as clearly as I can, and to prove that it applies generally not only to all mankind of all nations, but to the animal creation, and also, with certain modifications, to the vegetable world. I shall strive to show the great probability of its pervading *all* animated and vegetable nature, universally; and that it affords one of the most beautiful illustrations of the deep wisdom and all-pervading beneficence of the Creator that has yet been discovered. Lastly, I shall deduce that, being what I have described it, it is in the most complete opposition possible to the astounding and cruel practical conclusions drawn from the opinions of Malthus, and now attempted to be brought into active operation in this country, to the deep shame and everlasting disgrace of its rulers. This I am now to attempt to do: and this your Lordship will, at least, acknowledge is no bush-fighting.

The doctrine of Malthus rests then, my Lord, upon two sweeping and emphatic assertions. If these two assertions *are* true, and can be *proved* to be so, the rest of his theory, being plain deductions from them, follows of course. What are the two grand assertions of Malthus? They are these. I. That the natural tendency of population, if unchecked by other causes, is to increase, in a geometrical ratio, of 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, &c. &c. II. That food can only at most be made to increase in an arithmetical ratio of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c. From these two assertions, if granted, he deduces a third; *viz.* that population must *always* tend to be in advance of its own resources; and that the people of every country must *always* press too heavily upon the means of subsistence, unless this tendency to increase be checked. The natural checks he declares to be misery and vice—the artificial checks, moral and prudential restraint, and fear of too much offspring. Building upon these general assertions a superstructure of asserted facts, he goes on to state, that if it were possible to afford an unlimited supply of efficient food

to mankind, they would double their numbers in each twenty-five or thirty years, and that it is the *impossibility alone* of obtaining sustenance that prevents this:—and these assertions he attempts to prove by a reference to the different states of population in different countries—the general view attempted to be given being, that there is some constant increase of people in all countries, but the greatest in new countries where food is supposed to be more plentiful—the increase, in all cases, arising out of an extension of the means of obtaining food. This, my Lord, I take to be a fair statement of the general theory of the celebrated —I had almost said *too-celebrated*, Malthus. If it be not so, I can only say that I have not designedly misrepresented it; and that I am quite willing to amend any error that shall be pointed out.

Now I would first observe, my Lord, of this theory, that with the exception of the assertion of the geometrical ratio of increase in one case, and the arithmetical ratio of increase in the other—it was not originated by Malthus, but was broached many years before. In fact, the whole of the doctrine of the tendency of a people to increase more rapidly than their food can be made to increase, unless moral or natural checks interpose, is to be found in the work of "Wallace on the Prospects of Mankind." That it should be suffered to sleep unheeded in the book of Wallace, as a mere fantastical speculation under the guise of philosophy, to be so eagerly adopted when resuscitated by Malthus, may, perhaps, seem unaccountable to your Lordship. To me, I must confess, it does not seem so; but with my way of accounting for it, it would be irrelevant to the immediate matter in hand to trouble your Lordship at present.

I now address myself immediately to the point at issue. Unless I have much misrepresented him, the theory of Malthus rests entirely upon the truth or falsehood of the two ratios of increase of numbers and of food, respectively—and I meet your Lordship upon the first. The second may, for aught I know to the contrary, be true, but the first is false. I deny its truth, and assert, in direct opposition to Malthus, that there is not any such constant tendency to increase amongst mankind. I affirm that this tendency only exists under certain definable circumstances, and never pervades the entire of any people. I affirm, further, that under certain known circumstances, the *opposite* tendencies exist; that is to say, the tendency to decrease, and the tendency to remain stationary, in numbers. And I lastly affirm that all these different tendencies may and do exist in society at one and the same time—increase going on amidst one portion of a people, decrease amongst another, and another portion neither increasing nor decreasing; and that it is upon the proper balance of these that the welfare of society depends. I can here readily imagine your Lordship to recoil from these assertions, if you should deign to look at this paper at all, as being amongst the most strange, and apparently most at variance with truth and common sense that ever met your notice. I can easily imagine this. But, at the same time, I must respectfully beg of your Lordship not to suffer an apparent improbability at the outset to divert your attention altogether from any *new view* of a matter so deeply important, little recommended as that view may seem to be either by the manner or the matter of its author.

I have affirmed that these different tendencies of increase and decrease, and the mean betwixt these two, may and do exist at one and the same time amongst a people. I have asserted that these tendencies exist because of the different circumstances in which different portions of a population are placed. I am now to show, *first*, what *are* these circumstances; and then *how* and *why* these circumstances produce such opposite tendencies. I shall proceed to do this, and in doing it I shall have to crave your Lordship's attention whilst I point out what *is* the *real law* which regulates the population of all countries—a very different law from that of Malthus. The law to which I allude is one which is more or less admitted by all physiologists, naturalists, and medical persons, to be a law of nature, and of the existence of which the proofs are innumerable and undoubted; and it is only because this law *generally* pervades nature, animate and inanimate, that we have this general admission from scientific men, totally differing in the objects of their pursuits and studies, and have it corroborated by men not scientific but prac-

tical—engaged practically in the same pursuits.

This law is, that when a species, whether animal or vegetable, is put in danger, nature invariably provides an extraordinary effort for its perpetuation; and that when, on the contrary, the means of perpetuation are profuse, the powers of perpetuation are diminished. In short, that what I may call the "Plethoric State," is *unfavorable* to increase; the "Deplethoric State" (or opposite state), *favorable*, in the same ratio, and according to the intensity of the different states, the mean being, of course, between the two.

In attempting to bring before your Lordship some of the most striking *proofs* of the *existence* of this GENERAL LAW, I shall begin with the vegetable creation, and go up to human nature through the world of inferior animals. I shall cite as evidence the experience of the gardener and farmer, as well as of the botanist and natural historian; and confirm the experience of the physician by the details of statistics and the actual history of the world as it now is.

First then, as to the vegetable world; the existence of this general law of increase or decrease is admitted by all men, scientific or practical, engaged in horticultural pursuits. All gardeners as well as botanists know, that if a tree, plant, or flower, be placed in mould *too rich* for it, the "plethoric state" is immediately produced, and it ceases to be fruitful. If a tree, it runs to superfluous wood, blossoms irregularly, and is destitute of fruit. If a flowering shrub, or flowering plant, it becomes double, and loses its power of producing seed—and next ceases, or nearly ceases, even to flower. In order to remedy this, gardeners and florists are accustomed to produce the opposite, or "deplethoric state," by artificial means. This they denominate "giving a check." In short, they put "the species" *in danger*, in order to produce a correspondingly determined effort of nature to insure perpetuation, and their end is attained. Thus, to make trees bear, gardeners *delay* and impede the flow of the sap, by *cutting rings* in the bark round the tree. This to the tree is a process of "depletion," and the abundance of fruit is the effort of nature to counteract the danger. The fig, when grown in this climate, is peculiarly liable to drop its fruit when about half mature. This, gardeners now find, can be prevented by pruning the tree so *severely* as to "give it a check;" or if it be grown in a pot, by cutting a few inches from its roots all round, so as to produce the same effect. The invariable result is, that the tree retains and matures its fruit. In like manner, when a gardener wishes to save seed from a cucumber, he does not give the plant an *extra* quantity of manure or warmth, but the contrary. He takes the fruit *least* fine looking, and subjects it to some hardship, foreknowing that it will turn out to be *filled with seed*, whilst finer grown fruit are nearly destitute. Upon the same principle the florist, to insure the luxuriant flowering of a plant, exposes it for a time to the cold. The danger caused by a temperature lower than that natural to it, is followed by nature's usual effort to insure the continuation of the species, and it vegetates and flowers profusely and luxuriantly; and if a seed-bearing plant, seeds accordingly. After the same great law of nature, vines and other fruiting trees and shrubs are observed to bear most abundantly after severe winters, and many trees, especially apples and pears, always fruit abundantly as soon as they touch the blue clay or any soil injurious to them; such profusion of fruit being preparatory to the death of the tree, and the effect of the state of "depletion," through which it passes *to* death.

Such is the most wise and beneficent dispensation of the Deity throughout the vegetable world, by which fruitfulness increases in the ratio of danger, and *vice versa*; the effort to perpetuate being according to the risk of non-perpetuation, and an absurd superfluity, or profusion of nourishment, on the other hand, being invariably productive of sterility, irregular vegetation, and disease. Such being the law apparently regulating the comparative degrees of fruitfulness throughout the vegetable kingdom, we now come to animal life, and here the direct evidence of practical men, the experience of the farmer, the breeder, and the horse-dealer, abundantly bear out the analogy, in this particular, between vegetable and animal productiveness. What does the farmer, the grazier, or the breeder, if

he wishes to obtain a breed from some particular mare, sow, or heifer? Does he *fatten* the animal in order to secure its fecundity? He does *precisely the contrary*. He keeps it lean. He keeps it in that state in which nature keeps all animals engaged in search and travel for food, and exposed to perpetual interruptions during their time of feeding. He does this because he knows that to "fatten" the animal; to bring it into the "plethoric state" by means of plenty of food and leisure, would inevitably be to destroy the chances of its fruitfulness. This is a piece of knowledge which *is* acted upon every day, which *has been* acted upon through hundreds of years; and as to the certainty of which, no person engaged in the pursuits of grazing or agriculture, hesitates for a moment. With the prolific rabbit every schoolboy knows this to be the case. He knows that in the domestic state they must be *stinted in* food, and kept clean to make them breed. That the same law holds good with domestic fowls, the little French fable of "*Une Femme et sa Poule*," sufficiently proves. The dame (who is a sort of *Malthusian* in her way), thinks to get a double supply of eggs by giving her hen double rations of barley! What is the consequence? The poor pullet becomes like the Lord Hamlet, "fat and scant of breath"—"*fortgrassé*," and not an egg from that time forward will she lay! *Why*, my Lord—*why* will we persist in shutting our eyes to homely *facts*, and opening them, at full stretch, to boldly asserted and merely plausible *theories*?

I now come to the home point of my argument. I have now arrived at the time when I must show—if I can show—that the analogies upon which I have already touched, and in some degree enlarged, are most fully born out in the *human world*; and that even a cursory examination as to the phenomena of population, will show that the same laws which regulate the march of vegetable and animal productiveness, govern also the peopling of the world by beings made of the same clay with your Lorship and myself. To do this I have not a paucity, but a superabundance of materials. I am embarrassed only by the variety of the facts as to which I am to treat. I am to go back to the vague traditional lore of former ages, and to more modern but still bygone notions of a time nearer to our own; and then to show them how these old fantastic notions or prejudices singularly agree with the truth, when developed, being, in point of fact, built upon that truth, and all along supported by it. To this I now proceed; and first, my Lord, let me beg your Lordship's attention to the ancient but widely diffused notions of the superior fecundity of those people who were known by the title of "*Icthyophagi*," or Fish-eaters. These people were universally believed in ancient times to be more prolific than the rest of mankind, Aristotle, amongst others, bearing witness as to the fact. From this universal belief arose the fable of the origin of Venus from the sea. Strange mixture of truth the most important, with imagination the most fantastical! That any people living exclusively upon the low and meagre diet of fish must be unnaturally prolific, the experience of modern times will sufficiently prove. The fecundity, however, is, not because the sustenance is "*fish*," but because the sustenance is *poor*. This I shall, in the proper place, make apparent, by a comparison between the prolificness of people, such as the inhabitants of the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland, who subsist upon a low diet, chiefly of fish and vegetables, and that of the natives of more favored countries, whose fare is richer, more plentiful, and more solid—and whose labor and exposure are less. This general notion of a thin and meagre diet being favorable to fruitfulness, is borne out by the recorded opinions of medical writers upon this subject down to the present day. Dr. Cheyne and others in their Dietetic Treatises, insist upon it, and instances are enumerated, by medical writers of all ages, of persons, who being childless during their prosperity, became parents of families after being subjected to privations and the scanty table and hard bed of misfortune. The extraordinary tendencies to propagation, evinced by all persons convalescent, after enfeebling diseases, pestilences, fevers, &c., is known to all medical men, elucidating the same law. These considerations, however, are *general*, and as general narrations of facts, given by writers ancient and modern, without any reference to the peculiar

point now in dispute, I alone refer to them. Let us proceed to try the evidence of facts more specific, and under our own immediate notice, and within our own immediate knowledge. And here, my Lord, I shall come home to your Lordship, and refer you to the history of that House in which your Lordship sits, and of which you are one of the principal ornaments. In that House what description of spectacle do we behold? We behold a collection of men, selected originally on account of their power and wealth, invested with enviable privileges and irresponsible power, and inheriting these privileges and that power because they belonged to their forefathers. Such men have every inducement that human nature can devise to transmit their valuable possessions to their posterity, and to have lineal successors to whom to transmit them. Yet what has been the event? Have they increased in numbers, as, according to the Malthusian theory, they must have done? No such thing! it is notorious that, but for perpetual "creations," they would have gone on decreasing in number. That nearly half of the present House of Peers have been made Peers during the last half century; and that, had they been left to their own powers of adding to their numbers, since the accession of the Tudors to the throne, they could hardly have reckoned past a score or two. Why is the principle of increase dead, then, here, where of all conceivable places it ought to live; and why is it living in the instance which I am about to quote, where of all places it ought to have died?

A few years ago, was, by a mere chance, discovered upon a small and barren island, named "Pitcairn's Island," a little colony founded by four or five of the mutineers who ran away with his Majesty's ship Bounty, when under the command of Captain Bligh, on what was called "the Breadfruit-Tree Expedition." This mutiny took place not quite fifty years ago; and after some vicissitudes, it should seem that John Adams, the patriarch of this colony, with four other Englishmen, and an equal number of male native Otaheitans, with a corresponding number of females, took refuge in this little Island of Pitcairn. Here, from accident and the effects of ungoverned passions, their population was soon diminished. One man fell from a cliff and was killed—the others quarrelled as to the possession of the females, and in a few months Adams and his three companions, with seven women in all, and with the children then existing, not amounting to twenty individuals, were the inhabitants of the island. It was a spot by no means abounding in articles of sustenance. *Animal food* there was none, save such as could be derived from a few rabbits and rats. The birds were principally sea fowl; and upon their eggs, and upon the fish, with which the coast abounded, the colonists for the most part subsisted—obtaining a precarious livelihood with much toil and some danger — and ekeing out these scanty supplies with the fruits which the woods afforded. Grain they had none, nor, as it should seem, any variety of esculent vegetables.—When discovered, Adams and his descendants had been upon the island forty years and upwards; and during this period the numbers of this singular colony amounted to one hundred and eighty persons of all ages. Here the theory of Malthus had taken its full swing in practice. Not content with *doubling* their numbers in each *twenty-five years*, this prolific community had at least *octupled* itself in *forty years*; but is there any man to believe that this was in consequence of the truth of this theory? If so, then such believer must hold, that out of their rabbits and their rats, these colonists contrived to obtain more and better dinners than the House of Lords could do from their estates. if comparative plenty or scarcity of victuals be the cause of high or low states of population; for, whilst the one went on decreasing, the other went on increasing at this fearful rate! This, my Lord, it is impossible to believe; but upon the principle I have laid down, how easily is the whole accounted for?—These colonists thus rapidly increased, not because they had abundance to sustain life, but for the opposite reason, because their fare was meagre and scanty, and obtained only through incessant exercise and exposure of all kinds. Thus they "increased and multiplied," whilst the manors of the luxurious lords were passing into alien hands for the want of heirs, and the second estate was literally eating itself

off the face of the earth. It may be said that these islanders were removed from contact with many contagious diseases. True—but were they more so than the children of the English peers, surrounded with their wide and lofty park walls, and secured by every means man can devise from the vicissitudes of heat and cold, the stroke of the sun, or the chill of the damp evening sea-breeze? Not so; deprived of medicine or medical assistance in case of disease or accidents, their exposure to casualties must have been great, and I defy you or any one, my Lord, to account for the different situations of these two bodies of persons, with any show of probability, on grounds other than those I have adduced.

Similar consequences are observed to take place in the black population of the Southern United American States. The number of the slaves increase, whilst the emancipated Negroes or freed-blacks decrease in numbers. The first are worked and moderately fed. The second, destitute of taste for the most ordinary luxuries, are enabled by a little labor to indulge themselves to the uttermost in the vulgar sensualities of our nature; and the *consequence* is remarked by Americans to be as I have described it.

Still these are extreme and insulated instances. Let us take larger bodies, with the circumstances of whose lives we are familiar, and see whether the theory of Malthus explains the phenomena better than I can do, or so well. Look, my Lord, at the "Society of Friends," or "Quakers," as they were at first derisively called. This sect is probably the most opulent in proportion to its members of all the bodies of Dissenters. It keeps its own poor in so admirable a manner, that a destitute, or even apparently poor Quaker, is not to be seen—the members of this body almost universally marry, and yet not having been aided by accessions to their numbers by means of conversion to any extent, it is believed that the body has decreased during the last century. I cannot find that they have the means of a correct knowledge of their numbers at any stated periods, but this is their impression. Some may deny the decrease, but no one argues for any sensible increase. This might puzzle Malthus, but I will take another body as an instance of the slowness of increase where men are properly fed. Of this body your Lordship has, I believe, some knowledge—I mean the body of the freemen or free burgesses of the town from which I now address your Lordship—Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Here I have better *data* on which to proceed. The freemen of Newcastle, I need hardly tell your Lordship, have had, up to the commencement of the last half century, an almost entire and complete monopoly of the trade of this flourishing town. No non-freeman was, before that time, allowed to open a shop within the liberties of the town and county of Newcastle. Of many of the employments they enjoyed also a monopoly—the corporate offices were filled by them alone. The election of members of Parliament being also vested in them, they exclusively had the enjoyment of almost all the local Government official situations, as well as of those under the corporation. They possessed property, both separately, as companies or guildries, and conjointly—they tenanted hospitals exclusively, and were in every possible way a *favored caste*, enjoying all "the good things" of one of the richest corporations in England or any where else. Hence, without gross imprudence, no free burgess needed to be poor—all might be, and many were, prosperous and wealthy. There were *two* ways of obtaining the freedom of the town—*inheritance* and *servitude*—but as *all* the sons of a freeman were free by birth, they had ample means (according to Mr. Malthus) for increasing their numbers. Strange to say, with all these aids, and with the extrinsic aid of the perpetual addition of freemen by servitude, they do not seem to have done so materially, at all events not during the last hundred-and-twenty years. The means I have of showing this is by a reference to the books of the stewards of the companies, which give the *poll on all the contested elections* from the year 1710 inclusive. The extracts I have obtained through the kindness of my excellent friend their worthy secretary, and his are the calculations of the numbers actually voting. Before, however, going into these results, I shall show, from the same source, the probable proportion of the additions

to the body by persons acquiring freedom by servitude.

The following table shows the numbers claiming freedom on each ground for five years.

	Birth.	Servitude.	
1832, .	43 claimed.	83 claimed.	
1833, .	40	57	
1834, .	47	66	
1835, .	86	88	
1836, .	31	59	
Totals, .	247	350	Great total, 597 claimants.

Of these my friend remarks, "311 persons only were *admitted*. I do not know the proportion of the parties admitted by birth or servitude, but conclude they are in the same ratio as the claimants.' Thus, then, it should seem that the additions by servitude have *more than kept pace* with those by birth. The chief cause of non-admission is the inability or unwillingness of many to pay *the Fees*, which amount to about *Eight Pounds*—a heavy sum for a young man in narrow circumstances. This obstacle, however, generally disappears before contested elections, when those, whose claims are valid, become mysteriously possessed of the needful for "taking up their freedom," as it is called! The *servitude*, however, must be a *bonâ fide* apprenticeship of *seven* years; and the omission of the father to take up freedom bars the son, though the grandfather may have been free.

I shall now give the particulars of the polls at all the contested elections, from that of the year 1710, down to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. From these returns your Lordship will see that the number of votes given in the election of 1722 is nearly equal to the numbers polled in the other subsequent great contests which occurred in 1741, in 1744, in 1777, and in 1780.

Numbers of votes polled at the contested Elections for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, calculated from the books of the Stewards of the Incorporated Companies, by John Brown, Esq., Secretary to the Stewards:—

A. D.		Votes.	
1710.	Sir William Blackett,	1177	Two days only. 1700 voters probably.
	Mr. Wrightsen, . .	856	
	Mr. W. Carr, . .	609	
1715.	Sir William Blackett,	639	No time given.
	Mr. Wrightsen, . .	550	
	Mr. Clavering, . .	263	
1722.	Mr. W. Carr, . .	1234	Probably 2000 voters.
	Sir William Blackett,	1158	
	Mr. Wrightsen, . .	831	
1727.	Sir William Blackett,	1202	Three days. Probably 2000 voters.
	Mr. N. Fenwick, . .	1189	
	Mr. Carr, . . .	620	
1734.	Mr. Walter Blackett, .	1354	Eight days. 1795 voters.
	N. Fenwick, . . .	1083	
	Mr. W. Carr, . .	716	
1741.	Sir Walter Blackett, .	1453	A great contest. Six days. 2391 voters.
	Mr. N. Fenwick, . .	1231	
	Matthew Ridley, . .	1131	
	William Carr, . .	683	
1744.	Sir Walter Blackett, .	1432	A great contest. 2162 voters.
	Sir Matthew Ridley, .	1411	
	Captain Phipps, . .	795	
	Mr. Delaval, . . .	677	
1777.	Sir John Trevelyan, .	1163	2231 voters.
	A. R. Stoney Bowes, .	1068	
1780.	Sir Matthew Ridley, .	1408	2245 voters.
	A. R. S. Bowes, . .	1135	
	Mr. Delaval, . . .	1085	

1820.	The Hon. Mr. Scott, Sir Matthew Ridley, Mr. Ellison,	A single day. 800 only voted.*

From all this it is evident, that though it is certain that the population of Newcastle-upon-Tyne has been steadily increasing, and from causes capable of being easily pointed out, the freemen or free burgesses, despite the aid of those acquiring freedom by apprenticeship, have not materially added to that increase. Yet, according to the notions of Malthus, this particular set of men, favorably situated as they have been as to worldly circumstances, ought to have been active agents in this increase. What, then, has here checked the "geometrical ratio?" "Vice, misery, or moral restraint?" Nothing of the kind. I can answer for it, that none of these have existed in any *extraordinary* degree for many years amongst the freemen of Newcastle.

I shall now, my Lord, attempt to show, by some more extended inquiries, how far these ideas of mine are borne out by national statistics, by a comparison of the known states of the population of countries or parts of countries, with those of other countries or parts of countries, comparing at the same time the modes of living in all and each. I shall endeavor to show this—And first, I would refer your Lordship generally to the state of the Highlands of Scotland, and to that of Ireland, and compare these states with that of Belgium.

The food of the Scotch Highlanders is, your Lordship knows, mostly oatmeal, fish, and potatoes, and other esculent vegetables. The food of the Irish (abundant as that country is in cattle) is, as we all know, much the same. In these countries, families of sixteen, eighteen, or twenty children, are quite common; and amongst the poor, unhappily the great mass of the people, eight, ten, or even a dozen children are universally to be met with. What the real *average family* amongst these classes, in these countries, actually is, I do not know; but I should calculate it at not less than *six living children* to each family. Contrast this with the rich pastoral country of the Netherlands, where flesh meat, and rich cheese, and milk, constitute the food of the inhabitants to a great extent. In these countries a family of half the number of a Highland or Irish family would be, and is looked at as a prodigy, and the father and mother would probably be presented to King Leopold as most meritoriously adding to the number of his lieges—without a thought of Malthus. This, however, is a *general* comparison, and I shall now go more methodically to work, and show how the calculated populations of various countries rise or fall according to the nature and quantity of their food.

The most striking and curious exemplification of the effects of the different modes of living upon population, is to be found, perhaps, in the statistics of the Russian empire, including, as it does, various races of people, living in climates the most different, upon soils the most opposite in quality, and all under one government, though foreign to each other in habits, modes of life, and language. The great area of the Russian empire, that is to say, all its Asiatic, and a large part of its European dominions, is inhabited by people the most truly pastoral of any existing in the world. Their wealth is cattle—their exports the tallow, hides, and horns—their food the flesh. A small portion of the Russian empire is, however, of a totally different character. The kingdom of Poland, and the provinces bordering upon it, are essentially corn countries, and hence the food of the people is totally different from that of the population of the rest of the immense empire of the Czars. Throughout the immense pastoral provinces, where the *cattle are killed for the sake of the tallow and hides*, the flesh, salted or frozen, is of course the food of the people, being so plentiful as to be almost valueless. This is apparent in the fact, that even in the capital, in St. Petersburg itself, beef may always be had at a price *hardly amounting to an English penny per lb.*, and the very choicest meat at three halfpence, English, per lb., though the cattle are driven from a great distance for the supply of the capital; and frozen game and salt meats of all descriptions are plentiful and cheap in the extreme.

* In 1832, the number of freemen reside within seven miles of Newcastle, was 1619 only. (*Mr. Brown's note.*)

It is also to be observed, that there exist no political or other checks to the increase of the Russian population. The serfs being a valuable part of the estate, the Russian landlord, so far from wishing to clear his lands, counts up his boors, as he does his cattle, by the head, wishing both to increase; and the conscriptions for the armies are far more burthensome in his eyes, when directed towards the two, than the four-legged stock on his estate. Bearing all these circumstances in mind, let us look at the facts as detailed in "M. Hassel's tables of the population of Russia," as reprinted by Malte Brun, taking first the great divisions. In giving these I must premise, that the *Russian square mile* of M. Hassel is equal to *twenty English square miles*, or rather more than *two English square leagues*.

Name of Divisions.	Square miles in it.	Population.	No. of people to a square mile.
RUSSIAN EMPIRE, (divided into)	367,494	59,263,700	161
European Asia,	72,861	44,118,600	606
Kingdom of Poland,	2,293	3,541,900	1,544
Asiatic Russia,	268,339	11,663,200	43 1-8
American Russia,	24,000	50,000	2 1-4

Here then we see that in the kingdom of Poland, where corn is a great proportion of the food of the people, rather than animal food, but at the same time with abundance of it, the numbers on a Russian square mile are 1544 individuals, or nearly *ten times* the average of all the rest of the empire! If we take more minute divisions, the same results show themselves. In the Duchy of Courland, for instance, and in Western Russia, the results are as follows. These countries border upon Poland, and are for the most part similar as to the other circumstances.

Division.	Square miles in it, (fractions omitted).	Population.	Persons to a square mile.
Courland,	509	581,300	1,142
WESTERN RUSSIA, (including)	7,537	8,488,900	1,125
Government of Wilna,	1,061	1,357,400	1,255
" of Grodno,	326	668,100	1,619
" of Bialystock,	158	224,600	1,422
" of Witepsk,	668	934,900	1,398
" of Mohilew,	918	985,400	1,073
" of Minsk,	1,832	1,160,100	633
" of Volhynia,	1,394	1,496,300	1,072
" of Podolia,	948	1,462,190	1,542

I have been thus particular, in order to show that this population is spread equally over these countries, and not arising from masses collected in a few large cities or towns.

If we contrast with these tables some of the lesser divisions of Eastern or Asiatic Russia, the difference will be found to be, even under the most favorable circumstances, very striking. Let us instance the two kingdoms of Kasan and Astrakhan. These contain some of the finest pastoral provinces of Russia. The quantities of tallow produced by them are very large, and of remarkably fine quality, though less skilfully dealt with than in other districts.

Names of Divisions.	Square miles.	Population.	Persons to each mile.
KINGDOM OF KASAN, (including)	11,521	5,746,250	498
Government of Kasan,	1,123	1,028,150	915
" of Viatka,	2,221	1,293,800	582
" of Perm,	5,996	1,269,900	212
" of Simbrisk,	1,402	1,119,400	798
" of Pinsa,	777	1,035,000	1,331

Names of Divisions.	Square miles.	Population.	Persons to each mile.
KINGDOM OF ASTRAKHAN, - (including)	13,823	2,598,700	118
Government of Astrakhan,	3,899	222,700	57
" of Sawtow, -	4,297	1,333,500	310
" of Orenburgh,	5,626	1,043,500	185

These tables, published under sanction of the Russian Government, are, past doubt, substantially correct. The contrasts they present are surely extraordinary; and what is there in the theory of Malthus to account for these discrepancies, unless vice, misery, and moral restraint can be shown to exist where animal food is to be had nearly gratis, and where population is encouraged both by the owners of the soil, and the government of the country!

Such results, one would imagine, might have led M. Malte Brun, and others conversant with such details, to have doubted of the soundness of the notion, that mere populousness was a sign of the prosperity of nations. Theories, however, are spectacles through which men unhappily look at facts, as the following extract from M. Malte Brun's description of France (for to France I now turn) will evince. Thus speaks Malte Brun of Southern France;—

"We have had occasion to observe the mild climate, the romantic sites, and the remains of Roman power in the twenty-eight departments that form the southern region of France. The inhabitants, it has been seen, are favored by nature; the different productions are admirably suited for their country; with the exception of the mountains, the soil is every where fruitful. But if the *population* be compared with the surface, it will be found that the result accords ill with the natural advantages of the same vast region which makes up more than a third part of the kingdom. The extent is equal to 9000 square leagues; the population to 8,404,000 individuals; thus the number of inhabitants to every square league does not amount to nine hundred and thirty-four, a result below the mean number in the other divisions of the same country. Such facts are not without their value; (*très veritable, M. Malte Brun!*) if the best and most fruitful part of France is comparatively poor and ill-peopled, it proves how much the munificence of nature may be surpassed by the industry and resources of man. Government, too, may derive an important lesson from the same fact; it may thus be taught to appreciate the elements of its wealth and power. Thirteen departments make up the western region; the population relatively to the surface is greater than the last, for 5,428,000 inhabitants are scattered over a surface of 4200 square leagues; consequently, the average number to every square league exceeds 1290. Still the advantages of education are little known in the western region; in that point it is almost on a level with the preceding. How much, then, might the population and wealth be increased, if ignorance no longer formed a barrier to the expansion of industry?"—*Malte Brun, Geography*, vol. viii. p. 273.

Let us analyze this passage, strange and self-contradictory as it is. The southern departments of France, it seems, are eminently fruitful. But then the people are only 934 to the square league—much below the mean number of other divisions. Therefore, says he, these districts are comparatively poor and ill-peopled, and places them below the other better peopled regions with 1290 to the square league, admitting, at the same time, that, in point of education and science, they are on a par! He, in the same breath, blames the Government for this disparity. Now, is not this monstrous, my Lord? Here we have a region stigmatized as "poor," because it divides greater natural wealth amongst fewer inhabitants than another region. At the same time, we have this other region held forth as comparatively better, because it has more people, though these people are admitted to have no more scientific skill than their rivals to do away with the effects of the natural sterility of their soil, and augment their means of living comfortably nearer to their numerical extent. How, too, was a Government to help this? If the really poor country—I mean the populous one—were to be helped, Government might do this, either by giving them money and provisions, or enabling them to emigrate. But how is it to help the really rich district? If, in despite of the absence of Mal-

thus's check of "*misery*," they will not produce more children—if, according to Malte Brun, they will not produce *this unerring evidence* of "industry"—how, in the name of all that is rational, can "Government" help that? The truth here is, that the poverty has produced the population; and, in proof of this, I shall cite as evidence the poorest province of all France—the province which all travellers agree in describing as being the *likest to Ireland*—Bretagne or Brittany. It is as follows:—

Bretagne, or Brittany, including—		
1. Department of Finisterre,	1376	Population to the square league.
2. — Cotè du Nord,	1470	
3. — Le Mortchan,	1157	
4. — Isle de Vilaine,	1661	
5. — Bas de Loire,	1405	
	5)7069	
	1414	Average to the square league.

And yet this is confessedly the poorest and most squalid, the least comfortable and most ragged, of the French departments: so true is it that want and numbers always go on *increasing together*, and *vice versa*.

Let us now look at India, and we shall find precisely the same results. In the immense territory of Indostan, it is well known that the principal food of the inhabitants is rice. The Braminical religion forbids the use of animal food, and this religion is predominant over the greater portion of this vast region. The consequence of this mode of life is, that the numbers of the people so press upon their means of subsistence, that famines frequently occur, and the population is actually thinned, for a brief space, by death from hunger; soon, however, to be replenished by fresh myriads.

M. Malte Brun states the area of Indostan, including both the British and native territories, at *one million two hundred and eighty thousand square miles English*. This broad expanse is crossed by chains of immense mountains quite uninhabitable, and much of the more level parts of the country is yet forest, swamp, and jungle, the domain of the elephant, the tiger, the buffalo, and the rhinoceros; and yet the population is estimated as high as *one hundred and thirty-four* millions of human beings, being, in round numbers, about *eleven hundred to the British square league for the whole*, which is far beyond that of the most fertile departments of the beautiful country of France, and probably, if the space they in fact occupy could be accurately estimated, far beyond that of any *European* country, not excepting even poor and miserable Ireland, which is the most populous of all. In China, similar causes are known to have produced similar consequences; and frightful scenes of child-murder and child-abandonment are believed to be of constant occurrence throughout the Celestial empire. The exact population can only be guessed at, and the guesses are various. Allerstein, in 1743, estimated the Chinese people at one hundred and ninety-eight millions, which Malte Brun reduces to one hundred and fifty millions, but which Macartney, in 1795, made to amount to three hundred and thirty millions. Taking the medium of *two hundred millions*, the result to the square mile is enormous, the area of China being only one million two hundred and ninety-seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine square miles, or in round numbers, one hundred and forty-five thousand square leagues—whilst Macartney's estimate would give two thousand seven hundred persons to every square league of this immense empire; which, however, over-peopled as it is known to be, is hardly credible. But what a contrast here with beef-crammed, gross, swinish Russia!

It is lamentable to think, my Lord, that next to these Eastern countries, one of the most populous in the world is poor and squalid Ireland. The entire area of Ireland is 31,875 square English miles. The population is now eight millions, at least; but if the rate of increase from 1821 to 1831 be taken, probably nearer eight millions and a-half, or, in round numbers, *two thousand five hundred persons* to each

square league; and this in a country from which much of the wheat, and nearly all the live-stock are exported, and where it is known that, out of twenty million acres, only fourteen millions are cultivated, or in any way productive of food for the inhabitants. In countries where pasturage and tillage are both pursued, and the food of the inhabitants is of average goodness, the population is always moderate. In highly fertile Italy, for instance, there are *sixteen millions* of persons upon *ten thousand French square leagues*, which are its area, being 1600 to the league—and the rate of increase is trifling—the *average* of births to a marriage being *three only*. In the Netherlands, which is beyond question the most fertile and most and best cultivated tract in Europe—where there are no mountains, and hardly an impediment to tillage; in short, where every rood of land is productive, and where pasturage and tillage are equally pursued, we have similar results, a stationary and not immoderate population, living well, and their numbers only in accordance with their food. In this beautiful country, which is like one great garden, there is not one person for each hectare of land (two and a-half acres English), despite the influx of persons thither since the end of the war in 1815, and yet these lands are nearly all in the highest state of productiveness (a population below that of half-cultivated, half-starved Ireland); whilst *here*, instead of families of a dozen children being seen, the *average produce of a marriage is only four children;* and the population remains nearly stationary, the proportion of deaths to births being of course very high. The increase of population in the United States has been much harped upon by Mr. Malthus and others. Of this I have only to say, that of all countries, it is the least likely for obtaining true results; the *immigration* there of persons, fleeing from the wretchedness of Europe, being so great and constant as to baffle calculation.

Here, my Lord, I conclude, not from want of matter, but from a fear of tedious repetition. The facts I have adduced, however, are enough for me.

I conclude from them the following axioms, as to the truth of which I am confident:

1st, That where a people are amply and sufficiently supplied with solid food, their tendency is upon the whole not to increase.

2d, That in all societies so supplied, the great bulk of the population are stationary as to number, and that any increase at one end amongst the poorest is counteracted by a diminution at the other end amongst the luxurious.

3d, That this law generally pervades nature, inasmuch as the inferior animals, and all vegetable productions, cease to be productive if their food or soil be naturally or artificially too abundant or too rich.

4th, That, on the other hand, if the species be endangered, by want of sufficient sustenance, or by other enfeebling causes, the tendency to increase is immediately augmented, and that this general law pervades the vegetable as well as animal kingdom.

5th, That these laws clearly account for the great differences as to increase of population in different countries, and that no other theory has accounted, nor can account, for these differences.

Such, my Lord, are the effects which the foregoing considerations have produced upon my mind. That they should produce a similar impression upon your Lordship's, it would be arrogant in me to hope. If, however, this paper should meet the eye of your Lordship, and have cogency enough to induce you to pause and reconsider this question, or deem it worthy of a reconsideration, I shall be amply repaid by the feeling that I have not at all events, written in vain. Nor do I altogether despair of this; because I, like your Lordship, was at one time wholly subdued by the at once confident and plausible assertions of Malthus, to which, at that period, I had absolutely nothing to oppose, but which, I am now convinced, are altogether futile, and founded on a total ignorance of physiology and existing facts.

With every deference for your Lordship, and a deep respect for your Lordship's great and varied acquirements and talents,

I have the honor to remain,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient
and humble servant,
THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

ON FICTITIOUS VOTES.

We delight in fiction; for though perhaps not so *wonderful* as truth, it is just as instructive, and far more agreeable. But we detest "Fictitious Votes;" and still more do we detest the senseless jargon which we have lately heard about them. There are, however, some considerations which at present almost force the subject upon us; and we hope, therefore, that our readers will bear with us, while, in a very few words, we endeavor to put it in its just light.

The clamor, then, which has recently been made against these so-called fictitious votes, seem to us not only unreasonable and unmeaning, but of a tendency the most dangerous; tending, we think, to consequences which have probably never been contemplated by many even those who lend to it the sanction of their names. The *causes* of it can hardly need to be pointed out to any one who has observed the progress of political events in Scotland (and to Scotland we shall confine our present observations) during these three or four years past; they are to be found in the natural, though probably to many persons the unlooked-for operation of that great charter of our rights and liberties, the Reform Bill. It was the avowed object of the authors of that measure, that the elective franchise should be based on PROPERTY—the only basis, surely, on which any sober-minded man would ever wish to see it rest. Many no doubt, were our objections to the mode in which this object was carried into effect in the Reform act: but let that pass; it is sufficient for our present purpose that it is agreed on all hands, that property *does* form the foundation of our present political rights. Now it is quite clear, that property has ever been and must ever be *Conservative;* and it is equally clear, that if political influence has any relation to property at all, it must always in process of time come to bear a tolerably accurate proportion to it. While the country was yet reeling under the shock which its whole social fabric received in the enactment of the Reform Bill, this was perhaps less apparent; but the experience of more recent and tranquil years, and the state of parties at the present moment, must convince every one of the indestructible strength of this all-important principle. Property has in many places resumed, and is every where fast resuming its natural and legitimate influence. Hence the recent triumphs of Conservatism; hence the cheering prospect of a return to peace, order, and good Government; and hence the clamor of the Whigs against what, either with reckless disregard of truth, or in profound ignorance of the subject, they are pleased to term "fictitious votes."

No one who considers the subject for a single mcment can doubt that this is the true and only cause of the outcry which has lately been raised by the Whigs on this subject; for in every thing that has been said by them as to fictitious votes, though the meaning is, in many respects, to the last degree obscure and unintelligible, it is yet quite manifest that there is a constant reference to those cases generally in which the elective franchise has been obtained with the avowed object of strengthening the Conservative interest. The plain English of this, of course, just is—"we feel that the property of the country is against us; the political power which we have obtained by means of other influences, which are temporary, precarious, and unstable, is thus in a fair way of being wrested from us, and this must be averted just by the old expedient of rendering one portion of the community hateful to another portion of it." It is true that they now find themselves in a position in which they neither know *to* what portion of the community the language of discord can be addressed, with a due regard to their own safety, nor can venture to explain against what portion of it it is directed: for, on the one hand, they are well aware that the answer to it may be the answer of pure Radicalism; and on the other hand, they feel that any attempt at explanation must just bring them at once to the ludicrous ackowledgment that they object to all political influence whatever which is not exercised in their own favor. Still, however, this is, and must be, the true meaning of all that has lately been said on this subject of "fictitious votes;" for if this term be

thus applied generally to cases where votes have been obtained in order to strengthen the adverse political interest, we would beg to inquire what other ground can be assigned for the application to such cases of any expression implying reproach or obloquy? No man, surely, will maintain that the *motives* from which property, or any right with regard to propety, may have been obtained, can affect the nature of the right itself; and surely no one professing liberal principles will contend that the acquisition of such a right, with a view to the elective franchise, and thus, of course, to the extension of the constituency, and the enlargement of the basis of our representation, is not rather *praiseworthy* than blamable. Neither can any one contend that the transfer of such rights with this view, provided it be a legal transfer, is not a fair and legitimate exercise of the right of property, and a fair and legitimate extension of political influence. And if such a question is to be decided, not on its own principles, but by an appeal to the practice of our adversaries, surely no one will deny that they have been at least as diligent in what has been termed "the creation of votes for party purposes" as the Conservatives—with this only difference, that as the property of the country is against them, probably in at least the proportion of ten to one, they have, of course, found this source of influence limited in a like proportion.

We have frequently heard it said, that all parties, whether Conservatives, Whigs, or Radicals, have, with regard to this matter, been equally "unscrupulous;" and that they all have gone "to the very verge of the law." But we confess that we are quite unable to perceive why any one should have the slightest "scruple" in claiming the elective franchise in any circumstances, or on any species of right which are recognised by the reform act as giving him a just title to it; nor can we understand why any one should not go to "the very verge of the law" in such a case. No doubt there may be many questions between man and man, where one party could not go to the very verge of the law without committing gross injustice to the other party. No honest man, for instance, would go the very verge of the law in order to avoid the payment of his just debts. But why any one need hesitate in taking all that the law gives him in establishing his right to the elective franchise, we own that we have not been able to discover; nor do we believe that the most stern moralist would be able to assign a reason for it.

But then we have been asked, how can you defend an extension of the right of suffrage, which has the effect of "swamping the real constituency?" This is a question to which the Whigs have of late perpetually recurred in this discussion, and with an air of simplicity and innocence which might surely touch the most obdurate heart. We fear, however, that even this question—the last refuge of a losing cause—will also meet with its answer with even the most simple of their auditors. And that answer will probably suggest itself in the form of this other question, "What is the real constituency?" Is it those who support the Whigs? or those who support the Conservatives? or those who support the Radicals? This, to be sure, might be a very convenient definition for any one of these parties; but unluckily, it is not the true one. The true constituency is, of course, just another name for those to whom the right of suffrage is given by the Reform bill, and who have availed themselves of that right; and how it can be said that any one part of them is swamped by any other part, in the way here stated, is quite beyond our comprehension. If there has been any swamping in the case, it would be easy to show it has been of a totally different description; but to assert that any number of ten-pound voters—say, a hundred of them—are swamped by the addition of another hundred, equally respectable, equally intelligent, and equally capable in all respects to judge of public affairs and public men, seems to be a climax of folly such as probably has never before been attained out of bedlam—where, by the by, it seems always to have been a favorite theory with the inmates that the minority have been "swamped" by the majority.

On this part of the question it is plain that much might be said of the conduct of the Whig party as affording a refutation of their own argument; for if the increase of votes, in order to strengthen political influence, can, by any process of reasoning, be represented as "the swamping of the true constituency," how (we might

ask) do they happen to have availed themselves of precisely the same method for this purpose to the utmost limit of their means and opportunities? This, however, is a view of the case on which we shall not dwell; because it does not appear to us that this or any similar question ought ever to be discussed in the spirit of mere recrimination. If the extension of Conservative influence in the way referred to is wrong, we have no wish to justify it by the conduct of our adversaries; and we will therefore not refer to it further than as it not merely gives an extremely bad grace to all that they have said on this subject, but serves more effectually to unmask their real motives. We desire the question to be judged of on its own merits; in other words, on the principles of the Reform Bill in founding our political rights on PROPERTY; and on this ground we feel assured that the country will at once acquit both parties of all political guilt in so far as they have merely availed themselves of property as the means of extending their political influence.

It is quite clear, then, that the clamor of the Whigs on this subject is just the last resource of a beaten party—beaten on the very ground on which they probably believed that they had established their power for ever—and supported for the present by influences which must likewise speedily give way. We admit, however, that this by no means decides the whole question with regard to "fictitious votes;" though certainly it in many ways goes very far to do so. The inquiry, however, still remains—whether there is just ground for asserting that any considerable portion of our Scottish constituency have obtained the elective franchise on rights which—of course on very different views from those which have just been adverted to—are to be considered as "fictitious;" and if so, whether there are any means of preventing this evil.

Now we shall immediately show that in this inquiry the whole discussion, in order to be intelligible, either in its own nature or in its objects, must necessarily turn on this one point—namely, whether any thing has been left undone whereby a "fictitious vote" (according to the definition we shall presently give of that term) may be detected. We shall demonstrate, that so far as *human* means can avail for that purpose, *nothing* has been left undone; and that any farther legislative enactment on the subject must be vain and fruitless. Any question, therefore, as to the frequency of the evil, even if it could be determined, is altogether idle. It of course necessarily follows from what we have just said, that no such question ever can be determined; but we think we may venture to state, there is reason to believe that it is extremely *in*frequent. There is the *best* reason to believe this that the case admits of. Every vote which stands on the register has been decided by a competent court to be a good, and not a fictitious vote; and the only ground on which it can thenceforth be alleged to be a fictitious is this, that the right on which it is founded has been made out by means of false evidence, or possibly the suppression of true evidence. Now, how is it possible to maintain that this is a frequent case? We shall see presently that every opportunity is given to object to the claimant's right, and to traverse the evidence by which it is supported; and yet that evidence (on the nature of which the whole question depends) has been held by the proper judicial authority to be true evidence. In these circumstances, what ground any one can have for saying that the evidence is false, we cannot imagine. He may have good ground for saying this with regard to his own case, or any case in which he himself may have given false evidence in support of a vote, and thus become prone to suspicion of others; or he may have such ground where the property claimed on is his own, and where he therefore must know that the right in question is not possessed by the voter; but how there can be such ground in any other case requires an explanation which we have not yet met with. No one surely, who has considered the subject for a moment, can say, in any other case whatever, "I can prove that your vote was supported by false evidence;" because even in the very limited number of cases in which there can be the slightest pretence for saying this, it is clear that if his proof had been adduced in the court where that evidence was admitted, it might have been met by counter-evidence, by which it would either have been neutralized, or outweighed, or probably shown to be unfounded. Every one who is in the least degree acquainted with such matters, is aware that is is scarcely possible to observe too much caution in relying on private

information in such cases, in opposition to the deliberate and well considered judgment of a court having both parties fairly before it—and where any one says in the face of such a judgment, that he knows that fictitious votes are prevalent, he proves merely this, that he understands nothing whatever of the subject. The presumption of course is, that there are none; and, as in every case, they involve, in one shape or other, the guilt of false evidence, and in some cases (as we shall immediately see) the imputation of perjury, or a readiness to commit perjury on the part of the voter, we think that no one whose mind is not poisoned to a hopeless extent, either politically or morally, can even suspect that there are many.

This, we are assured, is the view which is taken of the subject by all who are familiar with the provisions of the Reform Act, and with the proceedings of those Courts of Registration which constitute by far the most important part of the machinery by which it operates. We firmly believe that the well-informed portion of the Whigs themselves, and more especially those of the legal profession, regard with utter contempt the notion of the existence of fictitious votes as a serious and prevalent evil; and that as for the idea of legislative interference on the subject, it has never once entered their thoughts, Many of them doubtless, do not scruple to join in the clamor on this subject as a means of agitation; but we are convinced that not a man of them either believes the evil to be frequent, or within the reach of legislation.

Sed dis aliter visum. A discussion on this matter has recently taken place in the House of Commons, and a Committee has been appointed for the investigation of it. It is probable that that Committee have already discovered the impracticable nature of the subject, and that the enemy with whom they have to contend, if not a mere shadow, does yet not readily assume any very tangible shape. It is not impossible that they may find some difficulty in discovering what a "fictitious vote" really is; and having already shown, in at least one important respect, what it *is not*, we propose now, for their information, to turn for a few moments to that other branch of the Enquiry.

In questions of this description, we ought never to forget that "Definitions are dangerous;" and we believe that, in the present case, it will be found impossible to adopt any definition which is altogether free from objection. We think, however, that we shall be tolerably safe in saying, under certain explanations to which we shall immediatly advert, that a fictitious vote is one where the voter does not possess such a right as is recognised by the Reform Act as the foundation of the elective franchise. It will be observed that we here use the word "right," and not the word "qualification;" and we do so, because the latter term includes various circumstances, such as value, and time of possession, which do not seem to form proper elements in this question.

The rights recognised by the Reform Act, described in terms which, though no doubt very general, are yet sufficiently specific for our present purpose, may be said to be three in number—property, liferent, and tenancy. Now, we think it may be said, that wherever there is not in the eye of law one or other of these rights, the vote may be said to be fictitious; and that no vote can be said to be fictitious where there is, in the eye of law any one of these rights.

But then what is the eye of law? It can manifestly be nothing else than the Registration Court. It is there that it must be determined whether the right in question is truly a right of property, liferent, or tenancy; and if the claim be brought fairly before it, and is sustained, it is ludicrous to speak of the vote which is thus created as a "fictitious vote." We need not say that it may be often a matter of extreme difficulty to determine whether, under the circumstances of the case, a right really exists or not; and it is always a purely legal question. The claimant himself can, of course, form no satisfactory opinion on it; he may even think most unfavorably of his own claim. But whatever doubts or misgivings he might himself entertain on this subject, are set at rest by the judgment of the proper court; and until the recent clamor, we had imagined that all complaints, from whatever quarter, were thus set at rest also.

But it must of course, not be forgotten, that in order that this may hold true, it is necessary that the case

should be fairly brought before the Court of Registration: or, in other words, that the facts of the case should be stated truly. It manifestly is only under this qualification of our definition of a fictitious vote that any such vote could have an existence; for we have seen that the judgment of the Court on the true facts of the case must at once stamp it with the character of legal reality. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary, in order to render a vote fictitious, either that it should have been suppo ted by false evidence, or that there should have been a suppression of evidence. It is impossible to conceive how there can be a fictitious vote without this ingredient of fraud on the part of the voter. We shall immediately see that in many cases it implies even the guilt of *perjury* on his part; and we think it can hardly fail to occur to our readers, that if those gentlemen, who lavish so much "eloquence" on this subject, are really aware of these circumstances, it says but little for their own moral perceptions that they should be so unsparing in such accusations, where, as we have already shown, they cannot, by any possibility, know them to be well-founded.

This, then, being the nature of a fictitious vote, let us now see whether we have been correct in saying that there is nothing awanting in the Reform Act, or in the way in which it has been administered, in order to prevent such an abuse. This, it will easily be perceived, is in truth the only practical question arising in the present discussion.

Now, it will be plain on a moment's reflection, that the two great means of security against false votes are, in the first place, to gve publicity to the claims for enrolment; and, in the second place, to give the power of deciding on them to able and upright judges. In truth we cannot think of any *other* means for attaining this object. Is the Reform Act then deficient in either of these respects?

With regard to the publication of the claims, in order that every one may have an opportunity of examining and objecting to them, and, of course, of checking, as far as possible, any fraud on the part of the claimant, it would be quite out of place here to explain the curious mechanism of lists, schedules, church-doors, schoolmasters, town-clerks, and sheriff-clerks, by which the Reform act professes to accomplish this purpose. It is sufficient to say, that in all our inquiries we have never once heard a word of complaint on this subject except from the claimants themselves, or a surmise that this part of the system did not at least work well for the objectors.

Then as to the judges in our Registration Courts, it is well known that they consist of the sheriffs of our counties —many of them among the highest names at the Scottish bar, and all of them men of character and legal acquirements—and, what is most important, of constant judicial experience. We believe there is not one among them who does not fully possess the confidence of all parties in the discharge of his duties under the Reform Act; and we have never yet heard a suggestion of any other class of men to whom these duties could be so safely intrusted. They are not merely laborious and harassing duties, but they demand a familiar and practical acquaintance with the whole of our legal system; for in the questions which continually arise, both as to doubtful rights and doubtful evidence, there is hardly any part of the law, even the most abstruse and complex, which is not continually put in requisition. Any set of persons, not of legal habits and experience, who should attempt to discharge the functions of a Court of Registration, would infallibly make themselves the laughing-stock, not only of the Bar, and of all the inferior practitioners, but of claimants, objectors, and public in general, before they had gone half way through the first claim. They would pursue their benighted path among schedules, objections, dispositions, wadsets, precepts, procuratories, infeftments, bonds, back-bonds, adjudications, teinds, feu-duties, and feudal casualties, amidst one unceasing chorus of universal merriment. We are inclined to believe that the unforensic portion of the Committee who have undertaken to investigate this subject must already be fully convinced of this, and wish themselves well out of a scrape into which nothing but the inexperience of those with whom the discussion originated could ever have involved them.

Why is it that we advert to these things? Not, surely, in order to speak disrespectfully of that Committee, which includes several names of the highest reputation, and which will, no

doubt, do its duty in dismissing the subject as wholly impracticable, before they have broken many more of their teeth upon it. But we advert to it because we have perceived, in certain instances, a disposition to enter on the purely legal details of this question, and to pronounce boldly on certain claims as illegal, not only in manifest disregard of the sacred line of demarcation between legislative and judicial functions, but in utter ignorance of the law, or, at least, with only that smattering of it, which, perhaps, is still worse.

It seems to be thought, in such instances, that a certain degree of general information and general ability, without legal acquirements, would not merely suffice in order to the discharge of the duties of our registration judges, but actually form a sufficient ground on which to review their decisions. There appears to be a sort of vague and half-formed notion in such cases, that that substantial justice, which is due both to the claimants and to the public, depends not so much on legal rules and principles, as on a sort of off-hand and easy application of what we suppose must be termed "plain common-sense." Now, we need hardly say, that this notion, though, like every thing which flatters ignorance, it may have a certain degree of popularity among the ignorant, contains within it the germ of all iniquity. We hope that we speak to no one needing to be told that (even if we were to put out of view the intricacy of legal rights), we never could preserve for a moment the purity and consistency of justice, without not merely those forms which are ancillary to this object, but of those legal principles which are the only dress in which justice can ever dwell among men. Common-sense is, no doubt, not only an excellent thing in itself, but the chief foundation of every thing else which is excellent; but common-sense without law could no more show whether certain evidence ought to be admitted for or against a claim, than it could solve the Binomial Theorem. The only application which mere common-sense can possibly have to such cases, is to show the propriety of letting them alone; and leaving them to those who are competent to the determination of them.

We have said that the decisions of these Courts must be held to be conclusive as to the reality of the votes created by them; so long at least as they are unaltered by a competent authority. We have no wish, therefore, to speak of any of these decisions even with that approbation which would imply a right of censure if we thought them wrong. But, without trespassing in this way on the sacred province of judicial determinations, we may just ask, with reference to our present subject, whether there is the slightest reason for saying that our Registration Courts have shown any favor to fictitious votes? Have not many claims been rejected on the sole ground of their being fictitious? And where then is shadow of reason for alleging that others have been admitted when their fictitious character was brought into the view of the Court? Our registration judges cannot be alleged to have acted without discrimination in this matter; and we look in vain far any argument which tends to show that they have not discriminated rightly.

But they have done more than this; they have given to some of the provisions of the Reform Act an interpretation, as to which we believe that all lawyers do by no means concur, with the express view of preventing fictitious votes. We shall just mention two important instances of this. It is well known to every lawyer, that, under the terms of the Reform statute, it is extremely doubtful whether it was contemplated by the legislature that an objector in a disputed claim should have power to resort, in proof of his objection, to the oath of the claimant, and many serious doubts and difficulties have been stated as to giving to the act such a construction. Nevertheless, we believe that one and all of our Courts of Registration have given their sanction to this mode of procedure; and they have done so, of course, from an anxiety that, in every case, the whole truth should, as far as possible, be fully elicited. Every lawyer will at once understand us when we say, that, by most of our registration judges, this species of evidence has been, moreover, adopted on principles which render it much more unfavorable to the claimant than if it were viewed merely as an "oath of reference." Many persons may probably consider this mode of procedure as somewhat *inquisitorial*, and object to it on that ground; but no one, surely, will

allege that the law can afford any farther means of discovering the truth in such cases. Any one who shall say that he desires something still beyond this, of course just echoes the old complaint of the God of Folly, that man was not made with a window in his breast.

Again, it is well known to be a matter of much doubt, whether it was intended by the Reform Act that the right of a claimant, after he had once been admitted to the register, should ever again be called in question, unless in what is generally termed "a change of circumstances." There is no part of the Reform law which has been the subject of more dispute than this; and the question is evidently a most important one. It is quite clear that much inconvenience and hardship may be imposed on a voter in allowing his right, year after year, to be brought into question; and we believe that many lawyers have formed a tolerably decided opinion that this is not authorized by the statute. Still, however, we have been told that most of our Registration Courts now proceed on the opposite view of the matter; and they do so plainly with the view of preventing fictitious votes. They think it right that a voter who may have obtained admission to the register on a fictitious title, should yet be liable to be called to account, if afterwards this should at any time be discovered or suspected. The case of every voter may thus be thoroughly sifted year after year; nay, year after year it may be *twice* sifted; for every one knows that, after a judgment in what we may term the *original* Registration Court, there is still open to all parties *a court of appeal*, consisting in some instances of three, and in others four of the sheriffs of as many adjoining counties.

What more, then, can the most zealous and enterprising of our Re-reformers suggest in order to prevent the alleged evil? It cannot surely be contemplated in any quarter, to introduce a change as to the nature of the rights forming the basis of the elective franchise; for no man can dispute, that the rights of property, liferent, and tenancy, are just those which comprehend, and certainly they do no *more* than comprehend, all the real interests of the country. We have indeed heard some faint surmises as to the abolition of the *liferent* qualification; probably because it is imagined that it affords peculiar facilities for the creation of votes for what are termed "political purposes"—in other words, because it has become one of the most usual methods of strengthening and extending the wholesome influence of property. Any plan of this kind, however, argues such a profound ignorance of the whole structure of our legal system, that if ever it should see the light, it may safely be left to die its own natural death of helpless weakness. A life-renter, as every lawyer knows, is for the time a proprietor; and what should we say of the elective system which should exclude *his* right of proprietorship, while it admitted that of his own tenant? And yet this, in a legal point of view, is perhaps one of the least of the absurdities which would arise from any such change.

Neither can it be proposed to render these various rights, as they are recognised in the Reform Act, more definite. It is plainly impossible to define them otherwise, than merely by a distinct statement of them, applicable to the several cases in which they are to form the ground of the qualification; and no one pretends that this in general is not done in the Reform Act with sufficient accuracy. A moment's reflection must convince every one that the *definition* of these rights is the province, not of the legislature, but of the law—and therefore, of course, of the judge in each individual case which comes before him. In short, it is self-evident, that, in a case of this description, where a statute has enumerated the several rights contemplated by it, and has provided a sufficient legal machinery for the ascertainment and determination of them, the functions of legislation are exhausted.

The gentleman who introduced this subject in the House of Commons seems, however, to have adopted a view of the Reform statute, on a point of the utmost moment, which, if it were well-founded, would necessarily imply either the necessity of a new enactment declaratory of the true intention of the law, or that our Registration judges have erred egregiously in their interpretation of the act as it at present stands. He seems to think that it is not contemplated by the statute that persons should be admitted to the register in our Scottish counties, unless they possess the qualifica-

tion of *residence;* and, if we understand him rightly, he is disposed to regard as more or less fictitious all votes where this qualification is awanting. We say "*more or less* fictitious;" for although we are quite at a loss to understand how the question at issue can be viewed as a question of "more or less"—how there can be *degrees* in legal rights—and more especially in the same rights ascertained by the judgment of the same Courts—such is the only meaning which we can find in this gentleman's language. But, not to dwell on this rather startling circumstance, we would beg to ask, where there is to be met with, either in the act itself, or in its history, the slightest authority for in any way speaking of residence in connection with our county voters? So far is it from being required by the act, that every one knows that it makes a clear distinction on this very point between county and town voters—with respect to the latter of whom it demands residence within a certain distance of the town for which they are registered. We have never been able to comprehend very distinctly the reasons of this last-mentioned provision of the statute, and we doubt whether it can be considered as altogether consistent with its general principles. There may, no doubt, be good reasons for forbidding non-residence in a clergyman or a local judge; but why personal presence should be required in order to give a right of voting—why our town constituencies should be subjected to the pains of incubation, not merely in order to hatch these votes at first, but to keep them alive ever afterwards, has always been to us among the higher mysteries of Reform. But although the authors of the statute may perhaps be thought by many to have erred in this instance, and to have imposed a certain degree of hardship on the non-resident owners of property in towns, in thus excluding them from the elective franchise, it must be evident, on a moment's thought, that they never could have dreamt of extending the same principle to county voters. For whatever may be the mere *theory* of the matter, it is plain that there is a wide practical difference between the two cases. There are persons without number possessing property in the country, whose avocations lead them to reside during the greater part of the year in towns; in Edinburgh alone, there are probably some thousands of persons of this description. Would any man seriously propose to disfranchise such persons (many of them possessing large estates) as county voters? But then the converse of this does not hold true; there is no very inconsiderable number of persons residing in the country who possess property in towns. This is the first and by far the most important ground of distinction. But farther, there are many persons who possess estates in two or more counties, and we have at least Sir Boyle Roche's authority for stating that they cannot reside at the same time on more than one of them. Is it then maintained that a great landed proprietor should, in such circumstances, be debarred by residing in one county from voting in any other? that a score of ten-pounders, deriving their daily bread from him, and as many of his own tenantry, should rejoice in the elective franchise, and that he should be for ever excluded from it? But the absurdity which is here so manifest, does not arise to any considerable extent from applying the principle in question to town voters: for there are no great number of persons who possess property in two or more different towns. And this, therefore, is the second ground of distinction between these two cases.

If we remember rightly, these views were expressly stated in the speech of the Lord Advocate of the day, in introducing the Scotch Reform Bill, so that we do not well know what to infer when it is said that the non-residence of county voters, if not contrary to the letter of the act, is yet inconsistent with its true spirit. Neither can we understand how it should be considered as derogatory, or in any way injurious to the resident constituency of a county, to possess their rights in common with the *non*-resident part of it. The latter must, from the very nature of the case, be far superior in wealth, station, and intelligence, to the greater proportion of the former; and the former have no conceivable interests, whether of a public or a private kind, in which the latter do not fully participate with them. How it can be thought that any given number of the inhabitants of a country village have reason to complain of being associated in the exercise of their political privileges with a like number of well-educated persons, be they merchants, lawyers, tradesmen, or gentlemen of

independent fortune, having their ordinary residence in towns, and possessing property in the country, is a question which far transcends our feeble powers of reasoning. We would by no means speak of the one of these classes of voters as a more valuable element in a county consistency than the other. According to the principles of the Reform Act, we must hold that they are both valuable elements in it; but it is sufficient for our present purpose to say, that they have both equal rights, under one common charter, and that neither of them can be aggrieved by the other in fully exercising these rights.

It must be admitted, that the gentleman whom we have now referred to is, at least in one respect, true to his own reasoning; for, as a necessary and obvious consequence of his views as to *non-residence*, he seems to object to county votes on the kindred ground of *plurality*. After what we have just said, it can hardly be necessary to assure him, that he has been entirely misinformed as to the whole tenor of the Reform law on this subject—as completely misinformed as he appears to have been with regard to an establishment for the manufacture of votes—a sort of paper-*mill* if we understand him rightly—alleged by him to exist in this city. We have never heard of such an establishment; and, on applying to a friend, who happens to be one of the inspectors of factories in this part of the island, we have been assured that it has no existence. We can forgive a young Member of Parliament, in whom we recognise a spirit, talent, and eloquence well worthy of a better cause—for the intemperate language into which he seems to have been betrayed, in denouncing this imaginary institution; and we trust that he will forgive us for thus saying that he has been grossly imposed upon with regard to it—probably by some would-be, witty Conservative.*

We are bound, however to thank this gentleman for many parts of his really clever and promising speech; and for nothing more than that portion of it which so clearly illustrates the danger of ever forgetting the distinction between senatorial and judicial functions. He was too manly an opponent not to grapple with what he conceived to be the true question; and he therefore not merely indicated his views as to that general principle of non-residence, of which we have just spoken, but gave several instances of what he conceived to be "fictitious votes." In doing so he has at least earned those acknowledgments which are due to an adversary, who places the question on grounds on which it can be brought at once to a fair arbitrement.

Let us then, for one moment, consider these grounds, and try whether they are tenable. He mentions several cases, which he asserts the Registration judges to have decided in disregard or violation of the principles of the Reform law. Now, we ask, what is his authority for this assertion? or on what ground is it that the judgments of a competent court are thus made the subject of censure in a purely legislative discussion? Parliament has delegated to the Registration Courts the power of judging in this class of cases; are we, however, to understand that it has both delegated this power and retained it—retained it, too, to the effect of admitting the most unrestrained condemnation of the decisions pronounced by them, in the common course of Parliamentary debate? If we are to have a different class of tribunals for the determination of such questions, let it be so: when any arrangement to this effect is proposed we shall have an opportunity of considering whether it would transfer the jurisdiction to abler and better hands. At present we cannot conceive any plan by which this would be accomplished. But so long as the jurisdiction remains with the existing courts, we think we make no great demand on the justice of Parliament, in asking, that both the character of these courts, and their decisions, should be respected; and, above all, that they should not be liable to any animadversion, with regard to which there can be the slightest ground to suspect that it may be even *tinged* with political feeling.

But not to insist farther on so plain a subject, we would assume, for the instant, that there is no irregularity in bringing the judgments of our registration under so unusual and unceremo-

* Obviously Patrick Robertson, Esq.—C. N.

nious a species of review; and appeal to any one who has attended to the subject, whether the instances which are mentioned by this gentleman as cases of "fictitious votes," and in which, therefore, our Courts of Registration must have decided erroneously, are cases in which any lawyer could hesitate for one moment in coming to the same determination. He first specifies a case of joint tenancy—and what we would ask, is there in the Reform Act which prevents the admission of a county claimant on this ground? He next notices a case of life-rent where the proprietor becomes the tenant; and what kind of law, we would demand, would that be which should limit a life-renter in the choice of his tenant, or prevent him from letting the tenement to the proprietor? He next directs our indignation against a class of transactions in which the whole *gravamen* of the charge seems to be that the price has not been actually paid down in money, but that the right (of whatever kind) has been transferred on the receipt of an obligation for it. Is there any thing more common in practice than this? Credit we have always supposed to be, in such a case, just the same as money, if the party interested in the distinction between them who chose to think so; and any interposition of the law in such a matter would be at least a novelty in legislation. These, and one or two other cases of a like description, on which it is quite needless to dwell, seem to us to be so entirely without application to the question as to "fictitious votes," that we cannot explain why they should have been referred to, at all, except on one *hypothesis*, namely, that throughout his whole argument, and therefore in the citation of his cases, he is continually haunted by his peculiar views of the fictitious quality of *non-residence*. If he had stated instances in which claims had been admitted in circumstances where the rights on which they were founded were plainly defeasible at the will of the granter—or where the respective obligations of the parties were nullified by the other legal obligations—or generally, where they could not be attached by the creditors of the claimant—though we might not have much admired the propriety of such a statement, it would yet at least have been intelligible; but we fairly own that the cases which he enumerates leave no other impression on our mind but that which we have just mentioned.

But, then, asks some simpleton—imposed on probably by the use of a Latin phrase—is there no such thing as *bona fides* with regard to votes? and will it be maintained that *this* exists in the cases just referred to? To this we might perhaps answer by another question, and demand of our questioner, whether it is in Whig or Conservative votes that he conceives this to be so essential an element? For it is manifestly in the spirit of this interrogatory that the whole of this subject has been lately dealt with. But, waving this inquiry, we must observe, with regard to *all* votes, whether Whig or Conservative, that there has never been a more absurd misapplication of any term than in this instance. We cannot imagine what *bona fides* can have to do with a matter in which we must all of us "take the law for the fact." Suppose a case of *property*—what is meant by saying that a voter is or is not a *bona fide* proprietor? There, may, no doubt, in many cases, be a question as to whether a person's possession has or has not been in *bona fides*, with a view to the claims which may arise against him on his being found by the decision of a competent court *not* to be the true proprietor. In such cases, the law requires a reasonable ground of belief of proprietorship on the part of the possessor, in order to protect him against such claims. But the belief of a voter on the subject is evidently a matter wholly foreign to the subject; for, in becoming a voter, he just ascertains, that whatever that belief may be, he *is* proprietor. He learns that he is so in the eye of law and a question of right, let it be remembered, is in such a case purely a question of law. Even supposing a claimant to have all the doubts and scruples imaginable with regard to his claim, he may surely, with a perfectly safe conscience, go to the registration Court, in order to be there informed whether it is a good claim, or otherwise; and to say that, after his right is considered and recognised by that court, he does not possess a *bona fide* vote, is to use language, of which we are quite unable to comprehend either the legal or the moral meaning. If there is any moral question here at all, it is of course settled by the legal judgment;

and from the very nature of the case, it can obviously be settled in no other way.

Once more, then, it will be asked, what does the Whig clamor on this subject mean? the evil is doubtful and unfrequent, and there is no remedy; and once more we answer, we know not what it *means*, unless in so far as it may serve the purpose of mere agitation; but well do we know to what it *tends*. Its obvious and direct tendency just is to strengthen the hands of those who are of opinion that our elective rights should rest on no other foundation than the dignity of that common citizenship, of which every man is a "*bona fide* proprietor." There can be no question that it is the most powerful instrument for our universal-suffrage-men which can ever be placed within their reach; for if the alleged evil *must* be cured, it is manifest that *theirs* is the true and only remedy. So long as a property-qualification exists, the abuse in question must occasionally exist also; and those, therefore, who persist in saying that the abuse is intolerable, and must be removed, ought to be well prepared for the answer of the Radicals—"Remove, then, the cause of it—abolish the property-qualification." Under our present system, these fictitious votes are weeds which will always spring up here and there along with the healthful produce of the soil, from which, however, it so happens that there is no possible means of distinguishing and separating them; if, then, we must get rid of them, how are we to escape the truly Radical conclusion, that both should be rooted out together? If we *must* extirpate these few small depredators, who thus defy the mouse-trap—it is quite clear that we must take the Radical plan of doing it, and pull down the house.

This is a view of the subject which seems to us almost too plain for argument; and it is one which well deserves the consideration of all who, from whatever motive, have lent their countenance to this foolish clamor. Nor, we think, can it be necessary to point out the inevitable effect of every thing which has been lately said on this subject, in alienating the lower classes of our constituency from the present elective system. If, in defiance of all truth and reason, this description of persons are to be told that their rights are nullified by the intrusion of those who are to be regarded as mere lawless usurpers, it is at least not the fault of those who tell them so, if they are not thereby enlisted in the cause of pure Radicalism. They are directly invited to call in the aid of the non-electors, in order to "redress the balance" which, they are thus asked to believe, has been disturbed wrongfully.

Are the Whigs, then, prepared to meet the question of universal suffrage in the spirit of concession or of determined and uncompromising resistance? We ask this, not on views and principles which are now matter of history, but on that great principle of the Reform Act, on which we are content to take our stand in every part of this discussion. If true to this their own measure, their answer must be, that they will meet it as a question breathing national pestilence. If so, let them then beware of this clamor as to "fictitious votes," for assuredly it must be responded to by the voice of Radicalism as by its own echo. They will probably answer, that, if such be the case, the responsibility rests with the Conservatives, in abusing the provisions of the Reform Act. To this we might reply—waving any farther argument as to "the use or abuse" of the Act as to this matter, and any farther remark as to the common practice of all parties with regard to it—that the responsibility rests solely with the authors of that measure, who must, of course, answer for at least all its immediate consequences. But why should we have any debate as to the responsibility, when the only practical question manifestly is as to the course to be pursued in order to avert a result which, we are willing to believe, is equally deprecated by both parties? The Whig clamor, which so obviously tends to that result, is, no doubt, to the last degree foolish and unfounded, and can owe its progress and its influence only to noisy irritation. But it needs no very old experience to convince us of the momentous consequences which may sometimes arise from as slender beginnings; and we cannot but think, therefore, that Whigs and Conservatives are equally interested in abstaining from the agitation of this most unprofitable and impracticable question.

THE EUMENIDES.

TRANSLATED FROM ÆSCHYLUS, BY MR. CHAPMAN.

PERSONS.

The Pythian Priestess.
APOLLO.
ATHENA.
The Ghost of CLYTEMNESTRA.
HERMES, *a Mute Character.*
Chorus of the ERINNYES.
ORESTES.
Areopagites, Heralds, Female Escort, &c.

SCENE, *at first at Delphi, afterwards at Athens.*

Priestess. Earth, the first prophetess, I worship first,
Then Themis, who succeeding as by right,
After her mother filled th' oracular throne
(So the tradition runs), and uncompelled
Resigned it freely to her successor,
In order third, another child of Earth,
Titanian Phœbe, who to Phœbus gave
This throne, a birth-gift, and his name from hers.
He left his Delian rock and native lake,
Touched at the shores of Pallas, where along
Ships skim their way, and thence in pomp advanced
To this Parnassian seat and region,
Hephæstus' sons his escort, pioneers
That let daylight into the salvage gloom.
King Delphus and the people of the land,
On his arrival, hailed and worshipt him;
Zeus filled him with the spirit of prophecy,
Fourth on this throne, and prophet of the sire.
These powers I first invoke; and next I name
Pronæan Pallas, and adore the Nymphs
Who dwell within the deep Corycian caves,
The haunt of gods, and the resort of birds.
But Bromius owns the district, nor thereof
Am I unmindful ever since he led
His troop of Mænads, scheming such a doom
For Pentheus as the huntsman for the hare.
The founts of Pleistus, and Poseidon's might
Invoking, and the All-accomplisher,
The highest Zeus, I now resume my seat,
A prophetess—and may they grant me now
Better success than all my good before!
If any Greeks be present, let them come,
Settling, as is our custom, by the lot,
The order of their coming. I declare,
E'en as the god inspires, his oracles.

[*She enters the Temple, but soon returns with signs of perturbation and terror.*

Horrors to tell, and horrors to behold,
Have driven me from the temple. Weak and faint,
Unable to support my tottering steps,
Relying on my hands, not on my feet,
Catching at every stay, I've hurried out.
A grey-head woman, frighted from her wits,
Is nothing—yea, a very child again!

When I came near the fillet-crowned recess,
I saw a blood-stained suppliant sitting there,
Ay, at the very navel of the fane,
Abomination to the sacred place!
With gore his hands are dripping, and he holds
A sword drawn newly, and an olive branch
Chastely enwrapt with wool of whitest fleece.
So far can I speak plainly. But there sleeps,
On seats around him, a most wondrous troop
Of women—Gorgons, I should rather say,—
Nor yet to Gorgons will I liken them;
They more resemble those whom once I saw,—
Drawn in a painting to the very life,
In act of snatching off the meal of Phineus,
These have no wings, so far as I can see—
Black, grim, they snore with snortings audible,
And from their eyes distil a deadly dew—
No due libation; and unfit their garb
To bring before the images of gods,
Or under roofs of men. Such sisterhood
I never saw, nor any land can boast
It reared them, and not have to groan for it.
But this concerns the master of the temple;
He is a healing prophet and a seer,
And for all else the cleanser of their homes.

[*Exit Priestess. The scene changes from the outer court to the interior of the Temple.* ORESTES *is seen on the Omphalus, the Chorus of* EREINYES *sleeping around him,* APOLLO *standing by him, and* HERMES *in the back ground.*

Apollo. I never will betray thee—ever near,
I will assist thee, and though far away,
Be never gentle to thine enemies.
Thou seest these frantic ones, o'erta'en with sleep,
And heavily they sleep, foul grey-head crones,
Hags, antique maids, with whom nor god, nor man,
Nor beast o' the field, has ever intercourse.
For very mischief were they born, so dwell
In darkness, subterranean Tartarus,
Abhorred of men and of th' Olympian gods!
Fly, notwithstanding, nor be faint of heart,
For they will chase thee o'er much-trodden earth,
A weary continuity of land,
Beyond the sea, from sea-girt shore to shore.
Faint not, nor prematurely think of rest,
But seek the city of Pallas, and there sit,
And round her ancient image cast thine arms.
Appeasing words and judges for the nonce,
And means to save thee we will there provide,
For I persuaded thee to slay thy mother.

Ores. Thou knowest, king Apollo! not to do
Injustice, to which knowledge square thy deed—
Thy might is able to redeem its pledge.

Apol. Remember! let not fear subdue thy mind.
Hermes! my brother, Guider rightly named,
Be thou his guide, and through his course direct him,
E'en as a shepherd tends his fleecy charge;
For Zeus respects thy rightful privilege,
That bringeth good luck to the ways of men.

[*Exit* ORESTES, *conducted by* HERMES. CLYTEMNESTRA'S *Ghost appears at some distance from* APOLLO.

Ghost. And will ye sleep? What need have I of sleepers?
By you neglected, 'mid the dead reproached
Because I slew him I roam to and fro;
And for my sake, for me who suffered so much,
E'en from my dearest, not a god is wroth
That I was slain by matricidal hands.
Ye see these bloody gashes on my breast—
For your minds' eye looks clearly out from sleep—
But mortals have no foresight in the day.
Ye many a time have tasted offerings
I made to soothe you, brewed with honey pure,
Wineless libations, night-feasts of the hearth,
Solemnized at your own peculiar hour,
When no god else receiveth sacrifice:
All this, I see, ye've trodden under foot;
For, like a fawn, he hath escaped away,
And lightly from the net hath bounded off,
With infinite derision mocking you.
Hear me, as ye would one that for his life,
His very soul is pleading, so I plead—
Hear, heed me, subterranean goddesses!
I, Clytemnestra, call you in a dream.

[*They mutter in their sleep.*

Ay, mutter! for your man is fled afar;
My foes have found kind patrons of their prayers.

[*They mutter again.*

Deep is your sleep—ye have no ruth for me,
And the detested mother-slayer flees.

[*They cry out "Oh!"*

Exclaim ye in your sleep? will ye not up?
What else but mischief have ye ever done?

[*They cry out again.*

Sleep and Fatigue, well-yoked conspirators,
Have spoiled these fell she-dragons of their strength.

[*They scream out, still sleeping, as though in pursuit of their victim.*

Chor. Give heed! seize him! seize him! seize him!
Seize him! seize him! seize him! seize him!

Ghost. Your prey ye are pursuing in a dream,
And cry out like a hound that never quits
Thought of the chase and its anxiety.
What do ye? rise! nor let fatigue o'ercome you,
Nor sleep take from you knowledge of your loss,
But with my just reproaches fret your livers;
To the right-minded they are quickening goads.
Up and away! and with a second chase
Pursue him! with the hot blast of your lungs
Breathe on him! with the bloody, fiery steam,
Hang on his tail, o'ertake, waste, wither him!

[*The Ghost disappears—the Leader of the Chorus starts up.*

Awake, and awake thou her as I wake thee.
Dost sleep? arise! shake sleep off! let us look
If of this prelude any part is vain.

[*The rest of the Chorus start up.*

Chor. Ah! ah! ye gods! we have endured
Toil and trouble all in vain;
A mischief hardly to be cured—
Hard, my sisters to sustain.
Subdued by sleep we lost the prey—
He burst the net and fled away.

Ah, son of Zeus! thou art a thief:
Youngling, thou hast trampled on

Grey goddesses, and given relief
  To a mother-slaying son.
A god has ta'en him from our sight,
And who will say that this is right?

A stern Reproach in dreams drew near,
And smote us, like a charioteer,
With a goad that made us shiver
Underneath the heart and liver.
We feel the chill the wretch deplores,
Whose back the public beadle scores.

Such things our young gods do, by might
Prevailing wrongly over right:
Plain the tripod is to see
Dripping with gore entirely;
And e'en earth's navel-stone retains
Murder's abominable stains.

Thyself, a prophet too! the guilt incurring,
  Pollution to thy hearth hast brought;
Human respects to law of gods preferring,
  Setting the ancient Fates at naught.

Apollo, stern to me, shall never save him,
  Nor under earth shall he be free;
Another blood-avenger there shall have him,
  And cling unto him after me.

Apol. Out of my temple! instantly begone;
Away! quit the prophetical recess,
Lest ye receive a serpent winged and white,
Whizzing in fury from my golden string,
And from the pain thereof disgorge the foam,
And clots of gore, which ye have sucked from men.
It is not fit ye should approach this fane,
But go where eyes are gouged, and heads chopt off,
Throats cut, and man's due propagation marred,
By blotting out his organs of increase,
Where wretches perish by dismemberment
And stoning, and are heard the piteous moans
Of men impaled. Such is your festival,
And therefore ye are hateful to the gods.
But all the fashion of your visage shows
Your nature. It beseemeth such as you
To make your habitation in the cave
Of the blood-lapping lion, not to haunt
This court of oracles, pollution foul
To all those near you. Hence, ye wandering goats,
That have no keeper: for of such a flock
No god can entertain a friendly thought.
Chor. Now hear us, King Apollo, in our turn:
Thou art not an accomplice in these deeds,
But art the head and front, sole cause of them.
Apol. How, pray? speak so far as to answer this.
Chor. It was thy oracle that bade him take
His mother's life.
Apol. To take and send his sire
The retribution due to him; why not?
Chor. And pledged thee patron of the blood new shed.
Apol. I charged him hither come for expiation.
Chor. And dost thou blame his escort?
Apol. 'Tis not fit
You should approach this temple.
Chor. 'Tis our charge.

Apol. What is your charge? declare your noble office!
Chor. We hunt the mother-slayer from his home.
Apol. Shall not the husband-slayer also be
Under the ban of shedding kindred blood?
The sanctions then of Hera, who presides
O'er marriage, and of Zeus, are derogate,
Henceforth of none account; your argument
Doth gentle Cytherea no less wrong,
From whom accrue to men their best delights.
The bond of natural law 'twixt man and wife,
The marriage-bed is greater than an oath,
When justice guards it. If on some of those,
Who slay their kin, ye never look in wrath,
Exacting not the pains and penalties,
I do deny ye hunt Orestes justly.
In his case I perceive you much incensed,
But in the other marvellously meek.
But Pallas shall take cognizance of this.
Chor. We will not quit the man.
Apol. Pursue him then,
Add toil to toil.
Chor. Disparage not our province.
Apol. I'd not accept it as a gift—to keep it.
Chor. Forsooth thou art mighty, near the throne of Zeus:
But his own mother's blood incites us on,
And Justice cries out "aim!" to our pursuit,
And we, like huntresses, will chase him down.
Apol. And I will aid him, and deliver him.
The wrath is dread, among both gods and men,
For a neglected suppliant's injury,
If I should willingly abandon him.

[*The scene is changed to the Temple of the "Lady Athena" at Athens. A considerable interval of time must be supposed to elapse between the flight of* Orestes *from Delphi, and his arrival at Athens, his appointed "city of refuge."*

Ores. Here by Apollo's order am I come:
Lady Athena! piteously receive
One hunted by th' Avengers, it is true,
But no petitioner, with unclean hands,
For cleansing rites: for th'edge is taken off
Of my pollution, and its trace worn out
By travels among men, and at their homes.
Obedient to the voice of oracles,
Apollo's, I have passed o'er land and sea,
And to thy house and image, goddess! come,
And for a final sentence here attend.

Enter the Erinnyes.

Leader of the Chorus. Here is the trail plain of our fugitive;
Follow the dumb Informer, a sure guide.
For as the quick hound tracks the wounded fawn,
We trace him by the blood and drops of gore.
But my flank pants with very weariness;
For I have ranged o'er every spot of earth,
And without wings have flown across the sea;
No slower than a ship, pursuing him;
And now the wretch is cowering hereabout.
Chor. The smell of human blood doth cheer me,
Assurance that my game is near me.
Look ye here, and look ye there,
Here and there and everywhere,

Lest the mother-slayer flee,
And awhile unpunished be.

Here he finds help, and twining round
Athena's Image would submit
To trial for the murder done.
In vain—the blood is on the ground!
Once shed, who can recover it?
The red dew, once outpoured, is gone.
Come! for thy marrow and thy blood
Must be our odious draught and food.
Come, impious victim! hither, hither!
The red foam from thy limbs we drink;
Come with us while thy pith we wither;
Then to the nether torment sink,
The due retribution paying
For thy impious mother-slaying.

And thou shalt see, if any other,
To god or stranger, sire or mother,
Hath done despiteous wrong, how he
Must pay the penalty—like thee.
For Hades underneath the ground
A strict Examiner is found,
And all deeds of mortal kind
Sees, and writes them in his mind.
Ores. Instructed in misfortunes, I have learned
In my experience many cleansing rites,
And know where to be silent, where to speak;
Wise teacher in this matter taught me words.
The blood that was upon my hand, now sleeps,
My mother's blood—the stain washed out, is gone;
It was removed, while fresh, at Phœbus' hearth,
By purifying blood of slaughtered swine.
'Twere long for me to tell how many hosts
I have approached with harmless intercourse;
Time, growing old with them, wears all things out.
Athena, of this land Queen paramount,
With accents of clean lips, I now invoke
To come my Helper; so shall she obtain,
And without war, as firm allies for ever,
Myself, my country, and the Argive race.
Whether in Libya by her natal stream,
The stream of Triton, combating on foot,
Or in the battle-car, she aids her friends,
Or else, like a field-marshal, she surveys
The old Phlegræan plain—though far away,
By virtue of her godship still she hears—
Oh may she come to free me from these plagues!
Leader of the Chorus. Neither Apollo, nor Athena's might
Shall set thee free, but must abandon thee
To perish, knowing not one thought of joy,
Our food till thou art shadow without blood.
Thou dost not answer me, scorning my words,
Devoted victim! set apart for us;
While living thou shalt feed us, nor be slain
At any altar: hear our binding hymn.
Chor. Come, sisters! let us hand in hand
Now chant the weird and mournful song,
Recounting how our awful band
Performs what doth to us belong,
Just judges in th' affairs of man.
No wrath to him whose hands are clean?

He goes through life without a ban:
But who has great transgressor been,
Like this lost wretch, and strives to hide
His bloody hands, shall by his side
Find us, to witness for the dead
And for the blood that he hath shed,
Exactors, to the slayer's cost,
Of vengeance to the uttermost.

Night! mother night! from whom we had our being
To punish quick and dead, the blind and seeing,
Hear us! Latona's Imp hath ta'en away
With scorn and bold contempt, our cowering prey.
The victim vowed, who with his own
Should for his mother's blood atone.
Over the victim chaunt the strain,
Distraction, Frenzy's feverous fire,
Hymn that never is sung in vain,
And never sung to dainty lyre,
With power to shrivel and to bind
The spirit of the blasted mind.

For all-pervading Fate did spin of old
This very lot for us to have and hold,
That whosoever shall his hands imbrue
In kindred blood, we must the wretch pursue,
Till he go down—dead though he be,
He shall not find himself too free.
Over the victim chant the strain,
Distraction, Frenzy's feverous fire,
Hymn that's never sung to dainty lyre,
With power to shrivel and to bind
The spirit of the blasted mind.

This lot to us at birth was ratified,
But to forbear Immortals: side by side
No fellow-feaster e'er have we,
Nor lot nor part in garments white.
Houses to ruin utterly
We choose: when Mars, grown tame to sight,
In social life shall slay a friend,
Then we pursue him to his end,
And hunt him down, though he be stout,
Nor leave him till we blot him out.

From these our cares we would the gods exclude,
Nor have them on our privilege intrude,
Nor question our accusing plea.
To deal with the blood-dripping race
High Zeus abhors; while ever we
Leap on the wretches from our place,
And with the heavy-falling heel
We dash on them—to those who reel,
And drag their tripping limbs and slow,
Wo! wo! intolerable wo!

The high renown of men, in life august,
Melts under ground, decaying in the dust,
And drops away as we advance
In solemn black with hostile dance.

Nor he that falls his wretched plight discovers,
Vain, senseless fool! such darkness o'er him hovers;
While through the house, with many groans,
A sad and misty Rumor moans.

For we are skilful to devise,
And to effect whate'er we plan,
Of ill deeds awful memories,
And hard to be appeased by man.
Our office, heaped with scorn and slight,
We minister by sunless light,
From gods apart, and rough we be
To those who see, and cannot see.

Is there a living man can hear
Our charge by fate and gods assigned,
And not within his inmost mind
Our office and commission fear?
An honorable lot we hold,
The ancient lot we held of old,
Though it fall to us under ground
In the dark, sunless, drear profound.

[ATHENA *appears in a chariot and alight.*

Ath. I heard an invocation from afar,
E'en from Scamander, where I was engaged
Taking possession of th' allotted land
(Forestalling others) which the Achæan chiefs
Assigned to me, a choice part of their spoil,
A fief for ever for the sons of Theseus.
Whence in my chariot, yoking vigorous steeds,
I've come with speed unwearied, without wings,
My Ægis-sail spread rustling to the breeze.
But seeing these unearthly visitants,
I nothing fear indeed, but Wonder sits
And watches on my eye-lids. Who are ye?
And who art thou, that sittest by my statue?
Speak! ye wild forms, like no begotten kind,
Nor goddesses observed of the gods,
Nor human shapes. But without cause of blame
Ill words 'gainst others are without excuse,
Uttered unjustly: Themis likes it not.
Chor. Daughter of Zeus! in one word hear the whole;
We are the daughters of the gloomy Night,
Called "Imprecations" in our homes below.
Ath. I know your race and titles.
Chor. Learn besides
Our attributes.
Ath. I would be gladly taught
By a clear teacher.
Chor. We expel from home
Blood-guilty men.
Ath. Where ends their banishment?
Chor. Where joy is evermore a thing unknown.
Ath. Chase ye this man to such a banishment?
Chor. He slew his mother.
Ath. Was he not compelled
By other terror, if he did it not?
Chor. What should compel a man to such a deed?
Ath. Two parties here—I've only heard one side.
Chor. He will not take an oath that we propose,
To swear his innocence, nor offer one
For us to swear his guilt by.
Ath. Ye prefer,
It seems, the show of justice to the thing.
Chor. Since thou art wise, make this appear to us.
Ath. What is not just should not prevail by oaths.
Chor. Decide then by straightforward course of law.

Ath. Will you submit your case to my direction?
Chor. Since we respect thy worth on worthy grounds,
How should we not?
Ath. Speak, stranger! in thy turn,
And answer for thyself; thy country, race,
And fortunes tell; and then rebate this charge,
If confident in thy own cause as just,
Thou watchest here my statue by my hearth,
Ixion-like, a suppliant purified:
Answer distinctly to these several points.
Ores. First, Qeen Athena! to the last I speak,
And thy concern on that point will remove.
The blood-stain is no longer on my hand,
Nor is thy statue by my touch defiled.
Let this be proof: the law expressly says,
Those under ban of their blood-guiltiness
Must never speak, till they be purified
With blood of sucklings sprinkled over them.
Near other temples was I long since cleansed
By means of victims and of running streams.
This point is answered. With respect to kin,
I am an Argive, son—thou knew'st my sire—
Of Agamemnon, glorious Emperor
Of the sea-host, with whom thou didst expunge
The city of Ilion, destroying Troy.
Returning from the wars, in his own house
He perished foully: in a fraudful net
My dark-souled mother snared and murdered him:
The bathing-room was witness to the deed.
And I, returning home from banishment,
An exile all the intermediate time,
Slew her who bore me—I deny it not—
Exacting blood for blood, her's for my sire's.
Apollo was the mover of my act,
Forewarning me of woes, heart-piercing stings,
Should I sit still and leave the guilty free.
The deed was done, judge whether well or ill;
To thy decision I submit myself.
Ath. The matter is too great, if any man
Think to adjudge it; nor befits it me
To give a judgment in a case of blood.
But I receive thee, and especially
(Thy other claims allowed to my protection),
As suppliant purified by cleansing rites,
To whom my city can attach no blame.
Nor may these awful ministers of Fate
Be lightly sent away; should they not gain
The victory, they'll drop down on the soil
Their venomous distilment, plague and death;
Yet to dismiss them is impossible.
But since this bolt hath hitherward been shot,
I will appoint and institute a court,
To try blood-pleas, an ordinance for all time.
Mean while collect your proofs and witnesses,
The means of coming to a just conclusion.
The worthiest of my people will I choose,
And come with them, who shall decide this cause,
Transgressing not their oath in thought or act. [*Exit* Athena.
Chor. Now for the fall of ancient laws,
Should victory crown the cause
Of the wretch that slew his mother.
Since it is easy thing to do,

This deed shall spirit many another
To do the like:
With groans, and not with laughter,
Shall parents their own children view,
And children their own parents strike,
Now and hereafter.

No wrath for such deeds shall there be
From the Mænad Watch that see
All that men do. We will loose
All sorts of death among the nations.
Then while their troubles grow profuse,
Wave upon wave,
Men shall tell what deeds unkind,
What wrongs they suffer from relations;
And help, they vainly hope to have,
Look for but not find.

In misfortune's desolation
Let none make this invocation:
"Alas! oh Justice! oh ye thrones
Of the Avengers!" Thus with groans
It may be some father calls,
Or some mother newly-bleeding,
In her dying anguish pleading,
Since the house of Justice falls.

Sometimes shall a wholesome Terror,
Thought-inspector, keep from error
Him that respects it. For 'tis good
When Wisdom comes in Sorrow's hood.
But when license is begun,
And the pampered heart elate,
Who then, whether man or state,
Who will worship Justice? none!

The life that owns no wholesome cheek,
Nor that which to a master's beck
Looks evermore, thou shalt not praise.
By God's decree the mean is best.
And different things in different ways
He still inspects; to truth confest
My word agrees—for insolence
Is own child to Irreverence;
And from the sound mind springs no less
All-loved, all-wished-for happiness.

By all means, furthermore I say
Due reverence to Justice pay;
Nor trample with a godless foot
Her altar—with an eye to gain,
For punishment shall come to boot:
Th' appointed end doth still remain.
And therefore let a man respect
The awe of parents, nor neglect,
As host, the hospitable dues,
Nor, as a guest, hearth-claims abuse.

The man without compulsion just,
Who by these rules preserves his trust,
Unprosperous shall never be,
At least ne'er ruined utterly.

But the bold trafficker, that only cares
To stow his contraband, promiscuous wares,

Shall lose himself and cargo, when the gale,
Fraught with his doom, shall overtake his sail.
But in the whirlpool, in his need,
He calls on those who do not heed,
For God laughs at the violent,
Who thought not such predicament
Awaited him, Fate's doomed and harnessed slave;
Dashed on the rock of Justice, the swoln wave
He cannot breast, and with his pride full-blown
He sinks, unwept, unhonored, and unknown.

[ATHENA *enters at the head of the twelve Areopagites, who take their seats in the Orchestra.*

Ath. Give notice herald! keep in bounds the people;
Filled with man's breath, let Tuscan trumpets utter
Air-piercing tones, and hush the multitude.
Silence behoves, while sits this Consistory,
Both that the folk may learn my ordinance,
And that the cause be rightly tried and judged.

[APOLLO *appears on the Stage.*

Chor. Deal, King Apollo! with thine own affairs;
Why meddlest thou with this?
Apol. I am come to witness
For the defendant, am his advocate:
I his blood-cleanser, he my guest and suppliant;
He slew his mother, but the blame is mine,
I urged him: introduce the suit, Athena!
Ath. Begin ye—for the plaintiff, speaking first,
Shall clearly to the court declare the facts.
Chor. Though we are many, we will speak in brief.
Now answer in thy turn, and word for word;
Didst slay thy mother?
Ores. Yes! I own the deed.
Chor. This is one fall of three.
Ores. Boast not o'er me
Before I'm thrown.
Chor. Tell how thou didst despatch her.
Ores. I stabbed her with my sword.
Chor. At whose suggestion?
Ores. This god's, by oracle; he is my witness.
Chor. What! did the prophet bid thee slay thy mother?
Ores. Yes! and I never have repented it.
Chor. But shalt, if thou art cast.
Ores. I fear it not,
My father sends me succor from his tomb.
Chor. Trust in the dead, thy mother dead by thee!
Ores. The murder that she did was twice pollution.
Chor. How! let the judges hear.
Ores. She slew at once
My father and her husband.
Chor. Thou art living,
But she paid life for life.
Ores. Why spared ye her?
Why did ye not pursue her while she lived.
Chor. The man she slew was of no kin to her.
Ores. Am I akin to her?
Chor. How else, Assassin!
Did she within her girdle nourish thee?
Dost thou renounce a mother's dearest blood?
Ores. Apollo! witness for me, and explain,
If just my bloody deed, how it was just;
For I deny it not: but if my act

Seem just to thee, or not, declare thy mind,
That I may plead it to these justicers.

Apol. To this great Council I address myself;
Nor, prophet as I am, will falsely speak.
Whether of man, of woman, or of State,
I never uttered any oracle,
But what th' Olympian Father ordered me.
Think of the might of that Authority;
Just as 'tis mighty, and obey the Sire:
An oath transcends not his prerogative.

Chor. Zeus, as thou sayest, gave this oracle,
That he should disregard his mother's claims,
Exacting vengeance for his father's blood.

Apol. 'Tis not the same thing for a princely man,
Advanced by Zeus to royal dignities,
To perish, that too by a woman's hand,
Not by a shaft from Amazonian bow.
But how it was, hear, Pallas! judges hear!
When from his expedition he returned,
With greater gains of honor and of spoil
Than his best lovers hoped, she welcomed him,
Attended at the bath, and o'er him threw,
As he stept out, a richly broidered robe
That had no outlet, in whose cunning folds
She shut him, smote him! So the mighty fell,
The top of admiration, most august,
The captain of the naval armament!
I've spoken of that woman as she was,
To prick you, judges, to a righteous wrath.

Chor. Zeus makes account, then, of the father's fate,
Yet did his own old father, Chronus, bind:
This disagrees with that; it's not so, judges?

Apol. Abominable monsters! hate of gods!
Bonds may be loosed, and healing be applied,
The binder and the bound be reconciled.
But when the dust has once drunk up man's blood,
There is no resurrection for the dead.
For this my father made no remedy,
But all things else disposes as he wills,
Settles, displaces, turns them up and down,
This way and that, unwearied in his might.

Chor. How thou dost stretch the point for his acquittal!
Shall he, when he has spilled his mother's blood,
In Argos, in his father's palace dwell?
What public altar shall he worship at?
The lustral water of what guild approach?

Apol. Mark how correctly I will speak to this.
A mother is not generating cause,
But the receiver of the child called hers.
She as a stranger for a stranger keeps
The germ as a deposit, and in time,
When no blight falls on it, she brings it forth.
In proof of this, there may a father be
Without a mother: we've a witness here;
Athena, daughter of Olympian Zeus,
Though such a shoot as never goddess bore,
Nor shall hereafter bear, was never shut,
Nor nurtured in the darkness of the womb.

Thy people, Pallas, in all other things
Will I make great, according as I can,
And I this suppliant to thy temple sent,
That he and his posterity might be
Bound in alliance to thy citizens,
Through all time, faithfully and lovingly.

Ath. Enough: vote, judges, as ye truly think.

Chor. Our shafts have all been shot, but we remain
To hear the sentence.

Ath. Threat ye? In what way
May I content you?

Chor. What ye heard, ye heard;
Vote from your conscience and revere your oath.

Ath. People of Attica! and judges, met,
The first time, to decide a cause of blood,
Learn now what institution I have made.
This council shall among the sons of Ægeus
Flourish in honored perpetuity,
And ever hold their sessions on this hill,
The station once of the bold Amazons,
When they, from a brave envy, hither marched
To war with Theseus; here they pitched their tents,
And built a tower against his citadel,
And sacrificed to Mars, whence was derived
The name this hilly rock retains, Mars' hill.
By means of this same council, now installed,
A reverence, and a fear allied thereto,
Shall check my citizens from doing wrong,
While they from innovation guard their laws.
If one pollutes clear water with foul streams,
He cannot drink there. Nor wild anarchy,
Nor rule of despot do I recommend,
But a sound government placed in the mean,
And not to cast away a wholesome fear.
What man is ever just who nothing fears?
But if ye dread the throned Majesty
Of Justice, in its guard shall ye possess
A bulwark of the country and the state,
Such owns no people else, not e'en the realm
Of Pelops, nor the Scythian far remote.
Such is this court which now I institute,
Quick to just wrath and incorruptible,
A wakeful guardian while ye sleep in peace.
My exhortation to the future points,
Observe it, citizens! Now, judges, rise,
Take up the ballot, and each give his vote,
Fearing the oath ye swear by. I have said.

[*The Areopagites rise in succession, take each a ballot from the altar, and drop it into one or other of the two urns. When the twelfth has dropt his into the urn,* ATHENA *takes one from the altar, and holds it in her hand.*

Chor. Respect us, or our visit shall become
A bitter visitation.

Apol. And I charge you,
Respect the oracles of Zeus and mine,
Nor make them ineffectual.

Chor. To thy province
Cases of blood belong not; staying here,
Thou wilt no longer be a prophet pure.

Apol. Was the Sire wrong to purify his suppliant,
The rash Ixion, the first homicide?

Chor. Say on: but should we fail of justice here,
We'll haunt this land in very bitterness.
Apol. Ye scorned of gods, both of the older race,
And younger, I shall gain the victory.
Chor. So in the house of Pheres didst thou gall
The Fates, and get a mortal made immortal.
Apol. Is it not just to aid a worshipper,
And most when in his extreme need he prays?
Chor. By taking in, forsooth, old goddesses,
Those ancient goddesses, deceived by wine!
Apol. Ye presently, forsooth, shall lose your cause,
And so be sick, and bring up —— harmless venom.
Chor. Since thou young god, insultest them are old,
We wait to hear the sentence, as in doubt
Whether or not to rage against the city.
Ath. 'Tis mine to tell the sentence. I reserve
My ballot, and Orestes shall obtain
The benefit thereof, the votes being equal:
For me no mother bore. My father's wholly,
I am altogether on the father's side,
Preferring the male gender heartily,
Save that I marry not. Nor of the wife
Make I account, that impiously slew
Her lord and husband, overseer of home.
With equal votes Orestes is acquitted:
Turn out the ballots ye, whose office 'tis.
Ores. Phœbus Apollo! which way ends the suit?
Chor. Night! gloomy mother Night! dost see all this?
Ores. Death now by hanging, or the light of life!
Chor. Honor established or for ever lost!
[*The ballots are turned out and counted.*
Apol. Count ye the ballots with exact precision;
Where principle is not, great mischief follows.
One vote may ruin or raise up a house.
Ath. He is acquitted, for the votes are equal.
[*She gives her ballot in favor of* ORESTES.
Ores. Oh, Pallas! that hast saved my house and me,
Restored me to my country and my home;
"Again an Argive, in his father's state
He flourishes," shall some Hellenian say—
To Pallas and Apollo thanks! and thanks
To the Third Saviour and Deliverer!
That sways all things, respects the father's cause,
And saves me from my mother's advocates.
But to this land and people; ere I go,
By a dread oath I bind myself and heirs,
That never Argive Chief shall hither lead
With hostile aim his well-appointed troops.
For I, though in the tomb, will make repent
The rash transgressors of my present oath,
By misadventures and perplexities,
Discouraging their paths with fearful thoughts,
With omens dire their passage over streams.
But if they justly act, and alway honor
The city of Pallas with alliance true,
I will regard them more benignantly.
Farewell, thou and thy people! give your foes
Inevitable falls! and for yourselves
May ye win safety! glory! victory! [*Exit* ORESTES.
Chor. In the pride of your cause,
Though younger he be,

Ye have trampled the old laws,
And ta'en them from me.
Despised and degraded,
My office invaded,
With deep indignation,
Without reservation,
I drop from my wound
A blight on the ground.
No bud, and no blossom,
No leaf for the trees!
No child for the bosom,
No pet for the knees!
Let it forth on the soil,
A blotch and a boil,
To bring to death's portal
Whatever is mortal.
Should I groan? let them groan,
Who must pay for the slight,
For the scorn has been shown
To the Daughters of Night.

Ath. Take not this grief too heavily to heart,
Be comforted; ye suffered no defeat;
The votes were equal, and ye had no wrong.
From Zeus himself clear testimony came,
His prophet was the witness, that Orestes
Should be acquitted for his bloody deed.
Hurl not your bolts of wrath against this land,
Nor, letting fall the drops of deities,
Cause a seed-blasting blight of barrenness.
Pure altars shall ye have with splendid seats,
And in high honor held, I promise you,
Shall own the goodly region's secret depths,

hor. In the pride of your cause,
Though younger ye be,
Ye have trampled the old laws,
And ta'en them from me.
Despised and degraded,
My office invaded,
With deep indignation,
Without reservation,
I drop from my wound
A blight on the ground.
No bud and no blossom,
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A blotch and a boil,
To bring to death's portal
Whatever is mortal.
Should I groan? let them groan,
Who must pay for the slight,
For the scorn has been shown
To the Daughters of Night.

Ath. Ye are not dishonored; with excess of wrath
Mar not man's earth with wounds incurable.
I too rely on Zeus, and of the gods,
(What need to say it?) only I may use
The keys of his reserved treasury,
Wherein he keeps his sealed thunderbolts.
I have no need of them—but be advised,
Nor on the ground cast forth the rash tongue's fruit,

Whose issue is that nothing shall go well.
Lull the sharp rage of your tempestuous ire,
And be my honored fellow-residents:
Ye shall acknowledge my advice is good,
When ye receive the first fruits of the land,
Offerings for hopes of children, and the dues
For consummation of the marriage rites.
Chor. Must I to this submit,
Dishonored in my age,
Nor have revenge for it?
Shame! shame! I breathe out rage.
Blow, blast of wrath! blow! blow!
And scatter death and wo!
What pain is this that pricks my side?
Hear my sharp passion, mother Night!
These younger gods their powers abuse,
And rob me of my rightful dues.
Ath. I'll bear with you; ye wiser are as elder,
Though Zeus gave me no scanty share of wisdom.
Arrived at other lands of other tribes,
Ye will regret this. Onward-flowing time
Shall bring increase of honor for my people.
And if ye stay with us, ye shall possess
A seat hard by the palace of Erecheus,
And worship (such ye ne'er could find elsewhere)
From troops of women and from bands of men.
But cast not on this country bane of blood,
Kindling youth's fiery temper into rage,
Frantic with furious heats not raised by wine.
Nor settle here among my citizens,
As 'twere the heart of cocks, intestine war,
That is against his neighbor over-bold.
Let foreign war, whereby a passionate love
Of high renown is fostered, come and welcome!
But no rude fight of the domestic Bird.
Decide ye now, as it awaits your choice,
Receiving honor for your benefits,
To share with us this region loved of gods.
Chor. Must I to this submit,
Dishonored in my age,
Nor have revenge for it?
Shame! shame! I breathe out rage,
Blow, blast of wrath! blow! blow!
And scatter death and wo!
What pain is this that pricks my side?
Hear my sharp passion, mother Night!
The younger gods their power abuse,
And rob me of my rightful dues.
Ath. I weary not rehearsing your advantage;
Ye shall not say that ye, old goddesses,
Neither from me, nor from my citizens,
Received a welcome, and so parted hence.
If holy to your apprehension seems
Persuasion, speaking softly by my lips,
Ye will remain: if not, 'twill be unjust
To scatter here fierce wrath and injury,
When settlement and worship wait your choice.
Chor. What seat shall ours be?
Ath. One afflictionless,
Accept it.
Chor. If we do, what honor, worship?

Ath. No house shall thrive without you.
Chor. Wilt effect
That we shall have this mighty influence?
Ath. I'll give good fortune to your worshippers,
Chor. And is thy pledge for ever?
Ath. What I promise,
I must perform.
Chor. It seems that we shall yield
To thy request—we stand apart from wrath.
Ath. Honors on earth are yours, and troops of friends.
Chor. What blessing shall we call upon the land?
Ath. Whatever tends to glorious victory,
Earth's best condition, softest dews from heaven,
And from the sea refreshing influences;
And with clear sunshine gently-breathing airs
To walk the region; let earth yield her fruit,
And flocks and herds increase abundantly,
And no blight nip the buds of human life.
Deal with the ungodly roughly as you will,
And let them be laid out upon their biers.
For, like a gardener, I love and tend
The happy race productive of good fruit.
This is your part: I to myself reserve
To grace the state, for high exploits renowned,
With martial spoils and crowning victory.

Chor. Here with Pallas is our dwelling,
In the city she affects,
Bulwark of the gods excelling,
Which Zeus keeps and Mars protects.
Let the sun's clean shining light
Make good issue spring from earth,
Bloom of gladness to the sight,
Every sort of happy birth.

Ath. I for my citizens intending good,
Have settled here this austere sisterhood;
O'er men and all they think, do, suffer, feel,
They exercise control without appeal.
The man, ne'er haunted with their vengeful strife,
Knows not the worst and sharpest pangs of life.
The burden of transgression never ends,
But from the father to the son descends;
And while the sinner's pride of heart commends him,
Silent destruction steals on him, and ends him.

Chor. Let there be no blight of trees,
For the buds no scorching blast,
Never by the black disease
Be the landmarks overpast.
Let the flocks increase in season,
And with twin-births ever go;
And the people, as is reason,
Praise the gods who bless them so.

Ath. Hear ye what gifts th' Erinnyes dispense,
For mighty is their binding influence,
For curse or blessing, both within the portals
Of Hades, and among the blest immortals.
And they perform their ministry assigned
With most effectual power among mankind,
Giving to some true joys with transport hymned,
To some a life of woe with tears bedimmed.
Chor. We forbid untimely doom,
Let the virgins in their bloom
Be to fitting partners wed.
Look to this, our sisters dread!
Fates! whom our own mother bore,
Ye who claim the lordship o'er
Men's affairs in all their course,
And from whom, as from their source,
All their blessings ever flow,
All the good the righteous know.

Ath. Hearing these friendly blessings I rejoice,
And love Persuasion's eyes, who tuned my voice,
Enabling me to turn their wrath aside,
When they had fiercely my request denied.
But Zeus prevails—the power of mercy still
Predominates, and good o'ermaster's ill.

Chor. Here let faction never roar,
Which no mischiefs e'er can sate;
Let the dust ne'er drink up gore
Shed by fierce, intestine hate.

Then let them live as brethren should,
And one hatred only know;
Let them love the common good,
Let them hate the common foe.

Ath. Have they not the true way of blessing found?
Hence to my people shall true joys redound.
To these dear goddesses due honor give,
And by their favor happy shall ye live;
They ever love to keep the just in sight,
And crown with blessing those who do the right.

Chor. Rejoice ye in your wealth profuse,
And in the saving power of Zeus,
All ye that sit his shadow near,
Beloved of his daughter dear;
For all she shelters with her wing,
Find favor with the awful king.

Ath. Rejoice ye likewise, while ye downward go,
Bless ye my people and defend from wo;
While with torch lights escorting troops attend,
And while the holy victims bleed, descend!
Lead on! and may my citizens employ
Their thoughts, to prize the blessings they enjoy.

Chor. Ye that in the city dwell,
Mortals, gods, again farewell!
If ye pay us honor due,
We will have regard to you;
Nor shall ye have cause to blame
That these settlers hither came.

Ath. 'Tis well, my temple-troop shall be your guide,
With light of torches blazing far and wide,
To the dark halls of subteranean gloom;
And the land's glory, ornament, and bloom,
Fresh youth, and reverend age, and bright-eyed beauty,
With purple robes, shall come to pay their duty.
While they proceed to their sequestered haunts,
Come forth! in honor of our visitants,
And let the light of torches flash around,
That they may ever be benignant found.

THE ESCORT.

Daughters of night! on whom we wait,
Depart ye home in solemn state:
August, and highly honored, go
Under the caves of earth below.
Good people all! while they pass hence,
Observe the hush of reverence.

Under earth's deep and ancient rifts,
Honored with sacrificial gifts,
And worship which the people pay,
Benignant virgins! take your way.
Good people! hushed and silent be
During the whole solemnity.

Mild and benignant go!
Pleased with the fervid glow
Of torches giving light,
And as ye pass from sight
Your downward path along,
Break into joyful song!

Let torches brightly glow,
Libations freely flow,
At all your several homes.
For Zeus, all-seeing, comes,
And Fate to bless the throng,
Break into joyful song.

THE BIRTH-DAY, A POEM. BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

It is remarked by Mr. Dyce, in the preface to his Specimen of British Poetesses (1827), that of the selections which have been made from the chaos of our past poetry, the majority has been confined almost entirely to the writings of men! and from the great collections of the English poets, where so many worthless compositions find a place, that the productions of women have been carefully excluded. It is true, he admits, that the grander inspirations of the Muse have not been often breathed into the softer frame. The magic tones which have added a new existence to the heart—the tremendous thoughts which have impressed a successive stamp on the fluctuation of ages, and which have almost changed the character of nations—these have not proceeded from woman; but her sensibility, her tenderness, her grace, have not been lost nor misemployed: her genius has gradually risen with the opportunities which facilitated its ascent. To exhibit the growth and progress of the genius of our countrywomen in the department of poetry was the object of his most interesting volume; and he expresses an honest satisfaction in the reflection that his tedious chase through the jungles of forgotten literature—for by far the greater number of female effusions lie concealed in obscure publications—must procure to his undertaking the good-will of the sex. For though, in the course of centuries, new anthologies will be found, more interesting and more exquisite, because the human mind, and, above all, the female mind, is making a rapid advance, yet his work will never be deprived of the happy distinction of being one of the first that has been entirely consecrated to women. The specimens begin with Juliana Berners, and end with Letitia Landon.

We are not going to give an account of this selection, but having taken it down from Shelf Myra in a mistake for Caroline Bowles's "Birthday,"—though 'tis bigger by half—we have passed a pleasant hour in turning over the leaves, skipping some, glancing at others, pursuing a few, and sing-songing two or three by heart, forgetful how, where, or when we had committed them to memory, yet feeling they were old friends, and worthy of being welcomed the moment we saw their faces. Probably, till we come near our own times, there is but little of what one would call poetry in these specimens. The British poetesses seem a series of exceedingly sensible maids and matrons—not "with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling"—nor with hair dishevelled by the tossings of inspiration, but of calm countenances and sedate demeanor, not very distinguishable from those we love to look on by "parlor twilight" in any happy household we are in the habit of dropping in upon of an evening a familiar guest.

Poetry, or not poetry, such verses are to us often very delightful; and there are many moods of mind in which good people prefer Pomfret to Pindar.

Why should we always be desiring Fancy, Imagination, Passion, Intellect, Power in Poetry, as if these were essential to it, and none were poets but those gifted with "the vision and the faculty divine?" Surely the pure expression of pure thoughts and feelings—the staple of common life—if imbued with a certain sweetness of soul-felt sound beyond that of ordinary speech—colored, if that image please you better, with a somewhat greener light than is usual to our eyes—*is* poetry. Surely they who are moved so to commune with their own hearts, or with the hearts of them they love—since forms and hues of sentiment are thus produced that else had not been—*are* poets. There is genius in goodness; and gratitude beautifies the blessings bestowed by Heaven on the pure of heart.

There is Katherine Philips—born 1631, died 1664—known as a poetess by the name of Orinda. She was the daughter of John Fowler, a London merchant, and married James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan. "Her devotion to the muses," says Mr. Dyce, "did not prevent her from discharging, in the most exemplary manner, the duties of domestic life." Doubtless it assisted her in doing so; and therefore, though she was praised more than once by Dryden, and was renowned by Cowley, a greater glory was hers; for

Jeremy Taylor addressed to her his discourse on the Nature, Offices, and Measures of Friendship. Anne Killigrew, a kindred spirit, immortalized by Dryden in a memorable strain, says lovingly of her:—

"Orinda, Albion's and her sex's grace,
Ow'd not her glory to a beauteous face;
It was her radiant soul that shone within,
Which struck a lustre through her outward skin;
That did her lips and cheeks with roses dye,
Advanced her height, and sparkled in her eye;
Nor did her sex at all obstruct her fame,
But higher 'mong the stars it fixed her name."

That she was very beautiful there can be no doubt; yet Orinda was celebrated against her will—for her poems, which had been dispersed among her friends in manuscript, were first printed without her knowledge or consent, and the publication caused her a fit of illness. You wish to read some of her verses? As you love us, believe them poetry.

"A COUNTRY LIFE.

"How sacred and how innocent
A country life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears!

"This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoyed himself;
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf.

"'Twas here the poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with honor fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.

"That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love:
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

"Then welcome, dearest solitude,
My great felicity;
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou are not so, but we.

"Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice:
It is not brave to be possest
Of earth, but to despise.

"Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow,
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

"When all the stormy world doth roar,
How unconcerned am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.

"Secure in these unenvy'd walls
I think not on the state,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his ambition's height.

"Silence and innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little arts can laugh
That do the world subdue.

"While others revel it in state
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit

"Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others busy them in vain
To study ways of state.

"But I resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future moments out.

"And from this hermitage of mine,
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.

"There are below but two things good,
Friendship and Honesty,
And only those of all I would
Ask for felicity.

"In this retir'd and humble seat,
Free from both war and strife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But choose to spend my life."

She was cut off by the small-pox—so was Anne Killigrew (1655), daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew, Master of the Savoy, and one of the prebendaries of Westminster. She was maid of honor to the Duchess of York; and her portrait, prefixed to her poetical compositions published after her death, a mezzotint from a picture by herself, is at once a proof, says Mr. Dyce, of her beauty and of her skill in painting. These lines are good.

"THE COMPLAINT OF A LOVER.

"See'st thou yonder craggy rock,
Whose head o'erlooks the swelling main,

Where never shepherd fed his flock,
  Or careful peasant sowed his grain?

"No wholesome herb grows on the same,
  Or bird of day will on it rest;
'Tis barren as the hopeless flame,
  That scorches my tormented breast.

"Deep underneath a cave does lie,
  Th' entrance hid with dismal yew,
Where Phœbus never shew'd his eye,
  Or cheerful day yet pierced through.

"In that dark melancholy cell
  (Retreat and solace of my woe),
Love, sad despair, and I, do dwell,
  The springs from whence my grief do flow.

"Sleep, which to others ease does prove,
  Comes unto me, alas in vain;
For in my dreams I am in love,
  And in them too she does disdain."

Mary Monk, daughter of Lord Molesworth, and wife of George Monk, Esq. (died 1715), was a delightful being, and thou wilt read, perhaps not with unmoistened eyes, my Dora — these words of the dedication to the Princess of Wales, of her poems, written after her death by her father. "Most of them are the product of the leisure hours of a young gentlewoman lately deceased; who, in a remote country retirement, without omitting the daily care due to a large family, not only perfectly acquired the several languages here made use of (Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French), but the good morals and principles contained in those books, so as to put them in practice, as well during her life and languishing sickness, as at the hour of her death; in short, she died not only like a Christian, but like a Roman lady, and so became at once the object of the grief and comfort of her relations." Of her poetry we have here two specimens—one a very noble translation from Felicaia on Providence—the other, "Verses written on her death-bed at Bath to her husband in London." They are indeed most affecting.

"Thou who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,
Thou tenderest husband and thou dearest friend,
To thee this first this last adieu I send!
At length the conqueror death asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight;
He woos me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his meagre face;
He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shows that all life's fleeting joys are vain;
Th' eternal scenes of heaven he sets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet resist his power,
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies,
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend!
Say, should'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past;
And should'st thou grieve that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife."

Have not these "breathings," sincere and fervent, from breasts most pure, proved to your heart's content, that we were right in what we said above of poetry? These Three were Christian ladies—in high life, but humble in spirit—all accomplished in this world's adornments, but intent on Heaven. There is an odour, as of violets, while we press the pages to our lips.

We never had in our hands the poems of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, printed in 1713; but we well remember reading some of them in beautiful manuscript, many years ago, at Rydal Mount. Wordsworth has immortalized her in the following sentence:—"It is remarkable that, excepting a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, and some delightful pictures in the poems of Lady Winchelsea, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons, does not contain a single new image of external nature." She was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill of Sidmonton, in the county of Southampton, maid of honor to the Duchess of York, second wife of James Second, and married Heneage, second son of Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, to which title he succeeded on the death of his nephew. Mr. Dyce has given three of her compositions, all excellent—the Atheist and the Acorn—

Life's Progress—and a Nocturnal Reverie. In the last are some "of the delightful pictures" alluded to by Wordsworth:

"In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined;
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings;
Or from some tree, fam'd for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river, overhung with green,
The waving moon, and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshen'd grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence spring the woodbine, and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
While scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
While Salisb'ry stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms, and perfect virtue bright:
When odors which declin'd repelling day,
Thro' temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When thro' the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling hay-cocks thicken up the vale;
When the loos'd horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro th' adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace, and lengthen'd shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood he partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charm'd,
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in th' inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confus'd again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamors are renew'd,
Or pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd."

We find nothing comparable to what we have now quoted in any of the effusions of the Thirty Poetesses—let us in courtesy so call them—who flourishd from the death of Lady Winchelsea to that of Charlotte Smith. True, that Lady Mary Wortley Montague is among the number, but her brilliant genius was not poetic, and shines in another sphere. Elizabeth Rowe, when Betsey Singer, was warmly admired by Prior, among whose poems is an "answer to Mrs. Singer's pastoral on Love and Friendship." But though she says, finely we think,

"There in a melting, solemn, dying strain,
Let me all day upon my lyre complain,

And wind up all its soft harmonious strings
To noble, serious, melancholy things;

her verse is far inferior to her prose, though that be vicious,—yet there are strains of true feeling in her Letters from the Dead to the Living. Mrs. Greville's celebrated Ode to Indifference does not disturb that mood, and Frances Sheridan's Ode to Patience tries that virtue. Yet they were accomplished women, and both odes were thought admirable in their day. Henrietta, Lady O'Neil (born 1755—died 1793), had something of the true inspiration. Her Ode to the Poppy —too long to be extracted—is elegant and eloquent, and speaks the language of passion; and surely the following lines are natural and pathetic.

"Sweet age of blest delusion! blooming boys,
Ah! revel long in childhood's thoughtless joys,
With light and pliant spirits, that can stoop
To follow sportively the rolling hoop;
To watch the sleeping top with gay delight,
Or mark with raptur'd gaze the sailing kite;
Or eagerly pursuing pleasures call,
Can find it center'd in the bounding ball!
Alas! the day will come, when sports like these
Must lose their magic, and their power to please;
Too swiftly fled, the rosy hours of youth
Shall yield their fairy-charms to mournful Truth;
Even now, a mother's fond prophetic fear
Sees the dark train of human ills appear;
Views various fortune for each lovely child,
Storms for the bold, and anguish for the mild;
Beholds already those expressive eyes
Beam a sad certainty of future sighs;
And dreads each suffering those dear breasts may know
In their long passage through a world of wo;
Perchance predestin'd every pang to prove,
That treacherous friends inflict, or faithless love;
For ah! how few have found existence sweet,
Where grief is sure, but happiness deceit!"

Mary Barber was the wife of a shopkeeper in Dublin, and Mary Leapor a cook, but neither of them had so much of the *mens divinior* as might have been expected from their occupation. Molly makes Phillis, a country maid, reject the addresses of Sylvanus, a courtier, in favor of Corydon, on the ground of good eating. The lines are savory.

'Not this will lure me, for I'd have you know,
This night to feast with Corydon I go;
Then beef and coleworts, beans and bacon too,
And the plum-pudding of delicious hue,
Sweet-spiced cakes, and apple-pies good store,
Deck the brown board — and who can wish for more?"

The verse of Ann Yearsley, the milkwoman, we never tasted, but suspect it was thin and sour; and we cannot excuse her for having behaved so shamefully to Hannah More. Esther Chupone, as the world once knew, wrote Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, and Elizabeth Carter a translation of Epictetus, and they were ladies of the greatest learning and respectability; but the one's Ode to Solitude, and the other's Ode to Wisdom are really too much. Besides, they are as like as two peas. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the most beautiful of the beautiful, and richly endowed by nature with mental gifts, wrote lines—the Passage of the Mountain of St Gothard—admired—at least so he said in verse—by Coleridge. And poor Mary Robinson, with all her frailties, did not deserve to be strapped in her infirmity by that cruel cobbler. "Her poems," says Mr. Dyce, "show that she possessed a good deal of fancy"—which is more than Gifford did—and "a very pleasing facility of composition." But no Englishwoman ever wrote verses worthy of being twice read, who had deviated from virtue.

Contemporaries of Charlotte Smith were Anna Seward, who possessed fine talents, and had she not been spoiled, would assuredly have excelled most of her sex in description of

Nature and of passion; Anne Hunter, all whose verses are written with elegance and feeling, and whose "Death Song" is a noble strain, almost worthy of Campbell himself; Anne Barbauld, an honored name, but in poetry only an imitator of exquisite skill; Amelia Opie, whose "Father and Daughter" will endure "till pity's self be dead," and of her songs and elegiac strains, some will outlive many compositions of the same kind now flourishing in fashionable life, while hers would seem to be forgotten; and our own Anne Grant, whose "Highlanders," though occasionally somewhat heavy, contains many pictures entirely true to Nature, and breathes of the heather. But her reputation rests on the wide and firm foundation of her prose, and she will for ever occupy a foremost place among our Scottish worthies.

But Britain had as yet produced no great poetess, and she has produced but one—Joanna Baillie. Her Plays on the Passions were hailed at once all over the land as works of genius of the highest kind, while yet the poetry of Cowper, and Crabbe, and Burns had lost none of its freshness—they were secured in their "pride of place" during the successive reigns of Scott and Byron—and now that her magnificent plan has been completed, the whole may be regarded with undiminished admiration even by those who can comprehend the grandeur of Wordsworth. It is somewhat strange that Scotland should have given birth but to a single poetess; nothing strange that of her should have been born the greatest of all poetesses, so we grudge not to England the glory of all the rest. Those of this age, alive or dead, transcend in worth those of all her other ages. Nay each of the PLANETARY FIVE is more lustrous than any of their Constellations.

We plan and promise but do not perform. The Series on those Luminaries is in our brain, but will not leave their pia mater. We know not well why it is so, but we often think together of Charlotte Smith, Mary Howitt, and Caroline Bowles. We are resolved to speak now of Caroline Bowles; nor shall the Monarch be suffered to leave the Roads without this sheet on board.

And now we have been brought "smooth-sliding without step," or, as is our wont, on the wilfulness of wings (how unlike to walking or rather wading one's way through an article like an ordinary human being with splay-feet and flat-fish soles!) to the poem more immediately before us, from which we are not without hopes of being able ere long to bring ourselves to extract not a few pregnant passages for your delectation. Our hearts—at no time cold—warmed towards our critical brethren, as we heard them all—all of any mark or likelihood — dailies, weeklies, and monthlies—(the quarterlies are such laggards in love, that they generally arrive a year after the Fair) enthusiastic in their praise of this delightful volume. People with a crick in their neck, a flea in their ear, may abuse the brotherhood; but we are deservedly popular among the tolerably happy; and no other class of men, we have been credibly informed, receive so many unlooked-for legacies as the editors of periodical works. In politics it is impossible to be too truculent. He who gives quarter is a fool, and is cut down by his prisoner. No war worth looking at, much less mingling in, but that in which we fight under the Bloody Flag. May the first Radical we meet on the field run us through the body, if we do not anticipate him; till then, we give him hearty greeting at the social board, and make no allusion to politics, except it be to laugh along with him at Lord Melbourne. But in literature we feel "that the blue sky bends over all;" and that all the nations of the earth are or ought to be at peace. All of us, after a hard-fought day in political warfare, that is, all of us who, are left alive, are glad to lay down our weapons, and join in celebration of the triumph of some bold son or bright daughter of song. How elevating a sight to see us all crowding round the object of our common admiration, and emulously binding the brows of genius with victorious wreaths! And oh! what if they be woman's brows! Then with our admiration mingles love; and we know of a surety that while we are honoring genius, we are rewarding virtue.

"The Birth-Day" is the autobiography of the childhood of Genius by

Caroline Bowles. And by what is the childhood of genius distinguished from the childhood of you or me, or any other good old man or woman? Read the Birth-Day, and perhaps you may know. Yet we believe that there is genius in all childhood. But the creative joy that makes it great in its simplicity dies a natural death or is killed, and there is an end of genius. In favored spirits, neither few or many, the joy and the might survive; they are the Poets and the Poetesses of whom Alexander Dyce and Christopher North delight to show specimens—nor among them all is there a fairer spirit than Caroline Bowles. What a memory she has! for you must know that unless it be accompanied with imagination, memory is cold and lifeless. The forms it brings before us must be connected with beauty, that is, with affection or passion. All minds, even the dullest, remember the days of their youth; but all cannot bring back the indescribable brightness of that blessed season. They who would know what they once were, must not merely recollect, but they must imagine, the hills and valleys—if any such there were—in which their childhood played, the torrents, the waterfalls, the lakes, the heather, the rocks, the heaven's imperial dome, the raven floating only a little lower than the eagle in the sky. To imagine what he then heard and saw, he must imagine his own nature. He must collect from many vanished hours the power of his untamed heart, and he must, perhaps, transfuse also something of his maturer mind into these dreams of his former being, thus linking the past with the present by a continuous chain, which, though often invisible, is never broken. So is it too with the calmer affections that have grown within the shelter of a roof. We do not merely remember, we imagine our father's house, the fireside, all his features then most living, now dead and buried; the very manner of his smile, every tone of his voice. We must combine with all the passionate and plastic power of imagination the spirit of a thousand happy hours into one moment; and we must invest with all that we ever felt to be venerable such an image as alone can satisfy our filial hearts. It is thus that imagination, which first aided the growth of all our holiest and happiest affections, can preserve them to us unimpaired—

> "For she can give us back the dead,
> Even in the loveliest looks they wore."

We hope we have said sufficient to show that the subject of the Birth-Day is full of poetry; and depend upon it, should you be disposed to deny it, that, in spite of the muscularity of your bodily frame, which may be of an unusual strength, you are in your second childhood, which is all unlike your first, on the authority of Shakspeare. Remember that Wordsworth has wisely said "the child is father of the man;" and be assured that if "your heart leaps not up" when you "behold a rainbow in the sky," you must be a monster of filial ingratitude. Be born again then; and though we do not insist on your changing your sex, be a boy worthy of dancing in a fairy ring hand-in-hand with pretty Caroline Bowles,

> "Whose hair is thick with many a curl,
> That clusters round her head."

For a few years during "the innocent brightness of the new-born day," boys and girls, God bless them! are one and the same creatures—by degrees they grow, almost unsuspectingly, into each a different kind of living soul. Mr. Elton, in his beautiful poem of Boyhood, has shown us Harry, and here Miss Bowles has shown us Carry, and now you may know, if you will, how in the education of Nature.

> "Uprose both living flowers beneath your eyes."

'Tis a cheerful poem the Birth-Day, and the heart of its producer often sings aloud for joy—yet 'tis a mournful poem too, and we can believe that her fair manuscript was now and then spotted with a tear. For have you not felt, when looking back on life, how its scenes and incidents, different as they may seem at the first glance of recognition, begin gradually to melt into each other, till they are indistinguishably blended in one pensive dream! In our happiest hours

there may have been something in common with our most sorrowful—some shade of sadness cast over them by a passing cloud, that, on retrospect, allies them with the sombre spirit of grief. And in like manner, in our unhappiest hours, there may have been gleams of gladness that in memory seem almost to give them the character of peace. They all seem to resemble one another now that they are all past—the pleasures of memory are formed of the pains of reality—feelings indifferent, or even distressing, receive a sort of sanctification in the stillness of the time that is gone by, and all thoughts and passions become then equalized, just like the human beings whom they adorned or degraded, when they too are at last gathered together in the bosom of the same earth.

But why will we moralize like a melancholy Jacques, when we had half promised to be merry? You must ask Caroline Bowles. For she has infected us with her vein of sadness, beginning her poem with this line—

"Dark gloomy day of winter's darkest month;"

And hugging the cold gloom to her heart,

"For memory with a serious reckoning now
Is busy with the past—with other years,
When the return of this, my natal day,
Brought gladness to warm hearts that loved me well."

And as a wayworn traveller lingers on the height pensively to survey the "pleasant plain o'erpast," and feels ere he descend as if that ridge "divided summer from winter,"

"So linger I
Life's lonely pilgrim, on the last hill top,
With thoughtful, tender, retrospective gaze,
E'er turning, down the deep descent I go
Of the cold shadowy side."

That is poetry; for the image, though old as the hills, and the human heart, and the heavens, is felt as if it were new, and there is in it an unexpected touch of beauty that endears the poetess to our affections. Such a spirit need not long be sad; and with a cheerful voice she exclaims,

"Come in your mellow'd hues, long vanished years!
Come in your softened outline, passing slow
O'er the charmed mirror."

She looks and sees her parents—

"And one, the good, the gentle, the beloved!
My mother's mother."

Sydney Smith truly tells us, in his pathetic and late lament for the doomed old cathedral services and ministrations, that this is an age of *persiflage*.

"None so mean as do them reverence"

to sanctities long regarded with awe at once sweet and solemn; and in proof thereof, we may cite, "familiar as household words," the interrogatory often put to one on the streets by strange men, "How's your mother?" The notion of any human being caring seriously for his mother is held to be the utmost extravagance the mind of man is capable of conceiving; and in that question is implied an accusation of folly, the absurd guilt of which, if seemingly confessed by a stare, rends their convulsed sides with unextinguishable laughter. "How's your grandmother?" is a flight above *persiflage*. How's your great-grandmother? is a query not yet put by man to his kind.

Notwithstanding all this, we sympathize with the poetess as she says,

"Even now methinks that placid smile I see,
That kindly beamed on all, but chief on me,
Her age's darling! not of her's alone;
One yet surviving in a green old age,
Her mother lived; and when I saw the light,
Rejoicing hailed her daughter's daughter's child."

But what shall we say of a Poetess who, in this age of *persiflage*, in blank verse celebrates—her Nurse? That it is childish. Then what an old fool was Homer! and what a simpleton Ulysses! That old dog, and that old nurse alone recognized the King. 'Tis the most affecting drivel in all the Odyssey. Then let Caroline Bowles put her dog and her nurse into a Poem, and laugh till your eyes water. The Nurse is alive at this day; and though it may be a peevish old body, doited and dozey, and better in the

Poor's-House, yet there is *something* in these lines—

"Nor from that kindred, patriarchal group
Be thou excluded, long tried, humble friend!
Old faithful Servant! Sole survivor now
Of those beloved, for whom thine aged hands
The last sad service tremblingly perform'd
That closed their eyes, and for the long, long sleep,
Array'd them in the vestments of the grave.
Yes—THOU survivest still to tend and watch
Me, the sad orphan of thy Master's house!
My cradle hast thou rock'd; with patient love
(Love all-enduring, all-indulgent) borne
My childhood's wayward fancies, that from thee
Never rebuke or frown encounter'd cold.

* * * * * * * *

ome nearer.—Let me rest my cheek even now
On thy dear shoulder, printed with a mark
Indelible, of suffering borne for me;
Fruit of contagious contact long endured,
When on that pillow lay my infant head
For days and nights, a helpless dying weight,
So thought by all; as almost all but thee
Shrank from the little victim of a scourge
Yet uncontroll'd by Jenner's heaven-taught hand.
And with my growth has grown the debt of love;
For many a day beside my restless bed,
In later years, thy station hast thou kept,
Watching my slumbers; or with fondest wiles
Soothing the fretful, fev'rish hour of pain;
And when at last, with languid frame I rose,
Feeble as infancy, what hand like thine,
With such a skilful gentleness, performed
The handmaid's office?—tenderly, as when
A helpless babe, thou oft had'st robed me thus.
Oh! the vast debt.—Yet to my grateful heart
Not burdensome, not irksome to repay;
For small requital dost thou claim, dear Nurse!
Only to know thy fondly lavish'd cares
Have sometimes power to cheer and comfort me;
Then in thy face reflected, beams the light,
The unwonted gladness, that irradiates mine.
Long mayst thou sit as now, invited oft,
Beside my winter fire, with busy hands
And polished needles, knitting the warm wool;
Or resting with meek reverence from thy work,
When from that Book, that blessed Book! I read
The words of Truth and Life,—thy hope and mine."

Of things that were long before her "Birth-Day" the Poetess, though she has heard them with much variety of phrase, many a time and oft, never wearies hearing from "Time's faithful chronicler." And we love to gather from hints of the dear old body's prolixities—though we happened to know it before—that Caroline Bowles is of an "old family"—to hear tell of

"That ancient manor of my Norman race
In all its feudal greatness;"

though now alas! (and yet no great pity), the ancient gateway is an isolated arch—

"The noble trees,
A triple avenue, its proud approach,
Gone as they ne'er had been; the dove-cote tower
A desecrated ruin; the old House—
Dear Nurse! full fain am I to weep with thee
The faded glories of the 'good old time.'"

And did we say "no great pity?" We did; nor will the sweet singer be angry with us; for there are other changes in the course of nature that, to think of even for a moment, affect with a profounder sadness than even the dilapidations of holiest places or most endeared; and to them we turn at her bidding—and to her first dim apprehension—in the disappearance of the beloved—of death.

"The kindred band is broken. One goes hence,
The very aged. Follows soon, too soon
Another most endeared, the next in age.
Then fell from childhood's eyes its earliest tears.
"Unconscious half,
Incomprehensive of the awful truth;
But flowing faster, when I look'd around
And saw that others wept; and faster still,
When clinging round my Nurse's neck, with face
Half buried there, to hide the bursting grief,
I heard her tell how in the churchyard cold,
In the dark pit, the form I loved was laid.

Bitter exceedingly the passionate grief
That wrings to agony the infant heart;
The first sharp sorrow;--Ay---the breaking up
Of that deep fountain, never to be sealed,
Till we with Time close up the great account.
But that first outbreak, by its own excess
Exhausted soon; exhausting the young powers;
The quiv'ring lip relaxes into smiles,
As soothing slumber, softly stealing on;
Less and less frequent comes the swelling sob,

Till like a summer breeze it dies away;
While on the silken eyelash, and the cheek
Flush'd into crimson, hang the large round drops—
Well I remember, from that storm of grief
Diverted soon, with what sensations new
Of female vanity—(inherent sin!)
I saw myself array'd in mourning frock,
And long crape sash——Oh! many a riper grief
Forgets itself as soon, before a glass
Reflecting the becomingness of weeds."

To learn to read seems the easiest of all affairs after having learned to speak. We can conceive how a creature under two years of age picks up the name of an edible, or an animal, and of a few other things, such as a stool or a table, or a bed, and so forth; but we cannot conceive how it masters the whole English language. We have known children about that time of life not merely voluble or fluent with such small vocabulary, but with a command of words that might well be called eloquence. We have been assured on good authority, that we ourselves preached an extemporary sermon the first Sunday of our fourth year, very superior to our most successful efforts in that line, even with notes, in these later times. We knew the alphabet from the beginning—one day with Little Primer, which we remember thinking very tedious, sufficed to give us the complete mastery over him—Big Primer we cut—Goody-Two-Shoes, though most interesting as a tale, seemed on the Tuesday too simple in its style to satisfy such a proficient—and we went *per saltum* to Hume's History of England. Caroline Bowles conquered all difficulties with almost equal facility—and pardon our levity if it has been at all annoying—for sake of the following burst of feeling from the pure well-head of a religious heart.

"And soon attained, and sweet the fruit I reap'd.
Oh! never ending, ever new delight!
Stream swelling still to meet the eager lip!
Receiving as it flows fresh gushing rills
From hidden sources, purer, more profound.
Parents! dear Parents! if the latent powers
Call'd into action by your early cares
(God's blessing on them!) had attained no more
Than that acquaintance with his written will,
Your first most pious purpose to instil,
How could I e'er acquit me of a debt
Might bankrupt Gratitude? If scant my stores
Of human learning;—to my mother-tongues
(A twofold heritage) well nigh confined
My skill in languages;—if adverse Fate—
(Heathenish phrase?)—if *Providence* has fixed
Barriers impassable 'cross many a path
Anticipation with her Hope-wing'd feet,
Youthfully buoyant, all undoubting trod;—
If in the mind's infirmity, erewhile,
Thoughts that are almost murmurs whisper low
Stinging comparisons, suggestions sad,
Of what I *am*, and what I *might have* been—
This Earth, so wide and glorious! I fast bound
(A human lichen!) to one narrow spot—
A sickly, worthless weed! Such brave bright spirits,
Starring this neither sphere, and I—lone wretch!
Cut off from oral intercourse with all—
'The day far spent,' and oh! how little known;—
The night at hand—alas! and nothing done;—
And neither 'word, nor knowledge, nor device,
Nor wisdom in the grave whereto I go.'
* * * * *
When thoughts like these arise; permitted tests
Proving my frailty—and thy mercy, Lord!
Let but thy ministering angel draw mine eyes
To yonder *Book*; and lo! this troublous world
Fades from before me like a morning mist;
And in a spirit, *not* mine own, I cry
'Perish all knowledge, but what leads to thee!'"

Let these lines *tell*. But wee Carry is again before us; and she lets us into the secret of the intensity of her desire to be able to read. She had heard Jane—you need not be told who Jane was—when she was good-natured, tell fine stories of the lady who walked on the sea of glass to the ivory hill—and all about those children that met the Fairy at the well, and the toads, and frogs, and diamonds—and about the talking-bird and dancing water, and the singing bough, and Princess Fairstar. Jane

told the stories not so very much amiss; but the rapt listener longed to read them for herself in the original print—and she did so, as if she had had a hundred eyes.

Strange infatuation! that a person of acknowledged good sense, as well as genius, like Caroline Bowles, should even yet, at her mature age, thus more than countenance, nay, recommend such absurd tales—fairy tales—as fit reading for children in an enlightened age like this, the age of reason' Like other bubbles, all burst! And are not all bubbles—of earth, of air, or of water—born but to burst? The child who does not follow, in an ecstacy of admiration, each fit intensified by each glory, the slow ascending series of illumined wonders, painted planet pursuing painted planet, nor yet the extinction of the phenomena seeming to destroy, but rather to deepen the beautiful mystery of the day-light stars—tiny balloons in which airy elves are voyaging — such child stone-dead to the magic of pipe and saucer—insensible as a stock to the miracles of soap-suds—deserves—does he not—to have a plaster clapped on his mouth—to be burked—huddled into a tea-chest—and sold to Nox and Erebus?

Imagination shrivels up, like a bit of Indian rubber, in the air of Useful Knowledge. No toleration now for anything that will not stand the test of truth. Nowhere Wisdom with children round her knees; every where Wiseacre with mannikins. Nature is incensed, and sorrows to be denied the education of her own offspring; and Life is without her sweetest season, the Spring. The imaginative literature of the nursery has been obliterated by an irruption more barbarous than of Goths and Huns and Vandals —for hordes of Schoolmasters are abroad, and the realms of Fancy overrun are desolate.

Pray, are little girls yet allowed to have dolls? 'Tis hardly correct. The spirit of the age is impatient of such precocity of the maternal affection, and regards with favor only the cultivation of intellect. But the spirit of the age ought to reflect on this great truth, that to children dolls are not children, but grown-up ladies. They have children of their own; and though home-loving, are often apparelled for palaces, and with lace-veils and plumes of feathers prepare to pay visits to Kings and Queens. Let us out with it—nor blush at the confession—our first love was a Doll. But our devoted life made no impression on her wooden heart, and we "flung her over the bridge" in passionate despair. Released from that bondage, we not merely "kept a harem in our hearts," but under our bed, while the chambermaid fondly imagined they were ninepins—and one morning, out of pure malice, swept them all away in her bakey with other refuse. While yet we were mourning their loss, lo!

"Like a ladye from a far countrée,"

and laid there by hands unseen on the counterpane of our crib,

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles!"

What flesh so exquisitely beautiful as wax! There is a delicacy in that material, to the inexperienced imagination, lovelier far than of breathing life. Her face wore one unchanging smile, so still that sometimes we almost feared she might be dead. One evening, while we were far off in the woods, she was spirited away, and we never beheld her again but in our sleep. We think we see her now! But hear Miss Bowles.

"Lo! what a train like Bluebeard's wives appear,
So many headless! half dismembered some,
With battered faces—eyeless—noseless—grim
With cracked enamel, and unsightly scars—
Some with bald pates, or hempen wigs unfrizzed,
And ghastly stumps, like Greenwich pensioners;
Others mere Torsos—arms, legs, heads, all gone!
But precious all. And chief that veteran doll,
She, from whose venerable face is worn
All prominence of feature; shining brown
(Like chestnut from its prickly coating freed)
With equal polish as the wigless skull—
Well I remember, with what bribery won
Of a fair rival—one of waxen mould
(Long coveted possession!) I was brought
The mutilated fav'rite to resign.

The blue-eyed fair one came—perfection's self!
With eager joy I clasped her waxen charms;
But then the stipulated sacrifice!
'And must we part?' my piteous looks expressed—
(Mute eloquence!) 'And *must* we part, dear Stump!'
'Oh! might I keep ye both!—and both I kept."

Caroline had a genius for drawing in her childhood (and she is an *artist* now,) and it was her delight to clip out in paper semblances of all the animals that issued from Noah's ark. That pastime is common to most children; but bless us, what a difference in their handiwork! She studied the prints in Goldsmith—traditionary likenesses of lions and lynxes—staring likenesses not to be mistaken—incorrigible tigers, though punished with more than forty stripes, and leopards sorry to change their spots. And was Miss remiss at her needle? Sew—sew, except when fashioning

"Gay garments for the family of dolls,"

and then the small poetess was happy,

"No matter how they fitted, they were made."

And now, ye Statesmen! Home and Foreign Secretaries, Lord Chancellors, and Prime Ministers, fling your gewgaws aside, and hear tell of a SILVER THIMBLE.

"Precious gift bestowed
By a kind aunt; one ever kind and good,
Mine early benefactress! since approved
By time and trial mine unchanging friend;
Yet most endeared by the affecting bond
Of mutual sorrows, mutual sympathies."

'Tis a beautiful flight of fancy, and nothing can well be more pathetic than the return to reality at the close.

"Yet was that implement (the first possessed,)
Proudly possessed indeed, but seldom worn.
Easier to me, and pleasanter, to poke,
As one should poke a skewer, the needle through
With thumb and finger, than in silver thrall
T' imprison the small tip, too tiny still
For smallest thimble ever made to fit.
Dear aunt! you should have sought in wizard lore
The name of some artificer, empowered
By royal patent of the Elfin Court
To make Mab's thimble—if the sprightly Queen
Ever indeed vouchsafes in regal sport,
With needle, from the eyelash of a fly,
Plucked sharp and shining, and fine cob-web-thread,
T' embroider her light scarf of gossamer.
Not oft I doubt, she better loves to rove
Where trembling harebells on the green hill side
Wave in their azure beauty; or to slide
On a slant sunbeam down the fragrant tube
Of honeysuckle or sweet columbine,
And sip luxurious the ambrosial feast
Stored there for nature's alchymist, the bee,
Then satiate, and at rest, to sleep secure,
Ev'n in that perfumed chamber, till the sun
Has ploughed with flaming wheels the Atlantic wave,
And the dark beetle, her mailed sentinel,
Winds her shrill signal to invite her forth.
Not on her waking hour such pomp attends,
As when on Ohio's banks Magnolias tall
Embalm the dews of night, and living sparks
Glance through the leaves, and star the deep serene.
But even here, in our romantic isle,
The pearl of ocean, girdled with its foam!
Land of the rainbow! even here she loves
The dewy freshness of the silent hour,
Whose gentle waftings have their incense too,
To scatter in her paths; the faint perfume
Of dog-rose pale, or aromatic breath
Of purple wild thyme, clouding the green sward;
And though in air no sparkling myriads dart
Their glancing fires to light the Fairy Queen,
Earth hath her stars, a living emerald each!
And by the lustre of those dewy gems
She trips it deftly with her merry train
In mossy dells, around the time-scarred trunk
Of giant oak; or 'neath the witch elm's shade,
Beside some deep dark pool, where one bright star
Trembles reflected; or in velvet meads,
Where, though the limpid blade of tender grass
Bends not beneath the 'many-twinkling' feet,
Dark circles on the paler sward defined
Reveal at morning where the dance has been;
Oft thickly studded with a mushroom belt,

The fungus growth of one short summer's night,
The ring so geometrically drawn,
As if the gnomes with scientific skill
(Forming the fairy sports) had mimicked there
The circling rampart of a Celtic camp,
Or with more apt similitude designed
The Druid's holy ring of pale grey stones.
There oft the milkmaid, when with shining pail
She seeks the glistening pasture, finds dispersed
The relics of the banquet; leaves and flowers,
From golden kingcups cropped, and poplars white,
The cups and trenchers of the midnight feast.
Ah, lucky lass! when stirring with the lark,
On dairy charge intent, she thither hies
And finds her task forestalled—The cool tiled floor
Flooded, fresh sluiced; stool, shelf, and slab bright rubbed;
Scalded and sweet the glazy milk-pans all;
And scowered to silver sheen the ready pail;
And brighter still, within its circle left,
The glittering sixpence—industry's reward.

Me more delighted, in the fairy's haunts
To sport, like them an airy gleesome sprite,
Than, prisoner of an hour—e'en that too long,
The needle's task monotonous to ply.
But I have lived to prize the humble art,
To number with the happiest of my life
Those quiet evenings, when with busy hands
I plied the needle, listening as I wrought
(By that mechanical employ, more fixed
Attention apt to rove) to that dear voice
Which from some fav'rite author read aloud.
The voice is silent, and the task laid by—
Distasteful now, when silence, with a tongue
More audibly intelligent than speech,
For ever whispers round me, 'She is gone.'"

Miss Bowles then alludes to her girlish love of poetry, and her earliest attempts at verse; and in one of several touching passages, indited in the same spirit, with unaffected humility adds—

"Nature in me hath still her worshipper,
And in my soul her mighty spirit still
Awakes sweet music, tones, and symphonies,
Struck by the master-hand from every chord.
But prodigal of feeling, she withholds
The glorious power to pour its fulness out;
And in mid-song I falter, faint at heart,
With consciousness that every feeble note
But yields to the awakening harmony
A weak response—a trembling echo still."

"We would not hear thy enemy say so;" but where lives enemy of one like thee? Not under the cope of heaven. All who read thy writings must be thy friends, and all lovers of nature must feel, as they peruse them, that few have painted its beauties with a more delicate hand of truth. To be creative in after life of the delights that feed and sustain it, under all changes of place and time, the love of nature must be inspired into the heart by communion with her in life's blissful morn. Not otherwise can that communion be so intimate and familiar as to "involuntary move harmonious numbers;" for the heart and the imagination derive their power from impressions received farther back than memory can reach, and the sources of inspiration lie hidden among the golden hills of the Orient.

Who was the favorite poet of her childhood? Thomson. How finely is his genius characterised!

"And, was it chance, or thy prevailing taste,
Beloved instructress! that selected first
(Part of my daily task) a portion short,
Culled from thy 'Seasons,' Thomson?—
Happy choice,
Howe'er directed, happy choice for me;
For as I read, new thoughts, new images
Thrill'd through my heart, with undefined delight,
Awakening so th' incipient elements
Of tastes and sympathies, that with my life
Have grown and strengthened; often on its course,
Yea—on its darkest moments, shedding soft
That rich warm glow they only can impart;
A sensibility to Nature's charms
That seems its living spirit to infuse
(A breathing soul) in things inanimate;
To hold communion with the stirring air,
The breath of flowers, the ever shifting clouds,
The rustling leaves, the music of the stream,
To people Solitude with airy shapes,
And the dark hour, when Night and Silence reigns,
With immaterial forms of other worlds;
But best and noblest privilege! to feel
Pervading Nature's all-harmonious whole,
The Great Creator's presence, in his works."

The Birth-Day is truly a religious poem; but though the spirit of religion prevades it, how unobtrusive its expression! Piety fears to make free with holiest words, and utters them but in the fullness of heart. Religious services are no where formally described; but all their due observances and performances are reverently intimated; and we are made to know, in almost all the most serious or solemn pages—and sometimes, too, in those of lighter mood—

"That piety is sweet to infant minds."

Yet joy is graciously provided to them from many sources; in innocence they do the will of God; they are not forgetful of Him, though conscious but of the happiness in which they swim along; and their prayers are acceptable at His throne, though the moment before, or the moment after they have been uttered, the kneeling child had been all gleeful, or flies off with her playmates, thoughtless as lambs frisking in the morning sun.

Caroline had her own flower-garden.

"Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose."

Here she is at work.

"Full oft I pause with reminiscent eye
Upon the little spot of border-ground
Once called '*my* garden.' Proud accession that
To territorial right and power supreme!
To *right possessive*, the exclusive *mine*
So soon asserted, e'en by infant tongue.
Methinks the thick-sown parallels I see
Of thriving mustard, herb of rapid growth!
The only one whose magical increase
Keeps pace with young impatience, that expects
Ripe pulse to-morrow from seed sown to-day.
To-morrow and to-morrow passes on,
And still no vestige of th' incipient plant;
No longer to be borne, the third day's sun
Beholds the little fingers delving deep
T' unearth the buried seed; and up it comes
Just swelling into vegetable life;
Of which assured, into the mould again
'Tis stuck, *a little nearer to the top*.
Such was the process horticultural
I boldly practised in my new domain:
As little chance of rest, as little chance
To live and thrive had slip or cutting there;
Which failing in three days to sprout amain,
Was twitched impatient up, with curious eye
Examined; and if fibrous threads appeared,
With renovated hope replanted soon.

"But thriving plants *were* there, tho' not of price.
No puny children of a foreign soil,
But hardy natives of our own dear earth,
From many a field and bank, and streamlet side
Transplanted careful, with the adhering mould.
The primrose, with her large indented leaves
And many blossoms pale, expanded there;
With wild anemone, and hyacinth,
And languid cowslip, lady of the mead,
And violets mingled hues of every sort,
Blue, white, and purple. The more fragrant white
Ev'n from the very root, in many a patch
Extended wide, still scents the garden round.
Maternal love received the childish gift,
A welcome offering, and the lowly flower
(A rustic stranger) bloomed with cultured sweets:
And still it shares their bed, encroaching oft
(So ignorance presumes) on worthier claims.
She spared it, in the tenderness of love,
Her child's first gift; and I, for her dear sake,
Who prized the pale intruder, spare it now."

Loved occupations! Blameless calm delights! she fervently exclaims—I taste ye with a keen enjoyment still as in my days of childhood! She confesses to have laid aside even this crescent poem on her Birth-Day, and stolen forth on a moonless night to search by lantern light among the leaves for the spoilers that issue from the worm-holes to pray upon the dewy buds of the peeping larkspur, and a charming passage closes with some lines that will gladden the heart of the amiable author of the "Moral of Flowers," not more beautiful than many of her own. She has been speaking of a thaw, and says,—

"Yielding and moist becomes the darkning mould,
And from that snow-heaped border melts away
The drifted wreath: it shrinks and disappears.
And lo! as by enchantment, in its place
A rainbow streaks the ground—a flowery prism
Of crocus tribes innumerous to the sun,
Expanding with their gold and purple stars."

Such a rainbow we heard Mary

Howitt, with her "soft low voice, an excellent thing in woman," describe one evening in Edinburgh—till we saw it on that plain, by the side of the clear-flowing Trent, near the pleasant town of Nottingham. You all know what we meant above, when saying a few words about the religion in this poem, by the conclusion of the first part. Miss Bowles touches on the Christian moral to be found in such a sight, and having spoken of the uses of adversity, "like that pale snow-wreath," imparting a fertilizing warmth that penetrates the surface of obdurate worldliness, says—

"Then from the barren waste, no longer such,
Ripening a thousand amaranthine flowers
Whose fragrance swells to heaven. Desires chastised,
Enlarged affections, tender charities,
Long suffering mercy, and the snow-drop buds
Of heavenly meekness—These, and thousands more
As beautiful, as kindly, and called forth,
Adversity! beneath thy fostering shade."

On a grass plat by the house-door there stood an old willow, on a transverse bough of which Mr. Bowles had hung a swing for his Carry—not unlike, we daresay, that with its nicely balanced seat (a chair with arms) got up by ourselves a few summers ago, chiefly for Mrs. Gentle—though we occasionally take a turn or two, to tranquillize our mind at a crisis in public affairs. Once, and once only, we had the hardihood to try how it carried double; but the consequences of that adventure had nearly been fatal; for the chair capsized, and its precious cargo, found themselves on the sward, Mrs. Gentle in a swoon. The scene was by moonlight, and nothing in the shape of assistance was at hand. Our belief is that we fell asleep; and that we and the morning all awoke together, to the sound of a falling fountain, and a treeful of birds. But to return from that digression, there Caroline used

"to sway
With pendulous slow motion, dying off
To scarce perceptible, until at last
Settling to perfect stillness!"

building all the while many a fair castle in cloud-land, and conjuring up gorgeous places by the sides of all the famous rivers in the regions of old romance.

My dear girl, why do you shudder so at the very idea of a toad, and writhe your features into an expression of disgust and horror? Nobody is asking you to put it into your bosom—don't faint, for if you do we must kiss you back into animation—or under your pillow. But let it crawl across the gravel path, from shade to shade, unreviled, for after all it is not ugly—and the lustre of its eyes, as you may have heard, is proverbial. Disgust is a habit. But 'tis most unlike you, sweet, to cherish any such feeling towards any one of God's creatures. No merit in loving birds and butterflies, for they are manifestly beautiful, and in sympathizing with all the displays of their joy, you are pleasurably moved by signs or symbols of your own happy prime. But reptiles, slimy creatures, palmer-worms, and caterpillars—let them find favor in your sight, and we will lay our hand on your head with a prouder blessing. Remember that ladies have been changed into toads; Caroline Bowles, when a mere child, bethought her of that metamorphosis, and entitled her poor toad "Princess Hemjunah."

"Fowls of the air, and beasts, and creeping things,
Ay, reptiles—slimy creatures—all that breathed
The breath of life, found favor in my sight;
And strange disgust I've seen (I thought it strange)
Wrinkle their features who beheld me touch,
Handle, caress the creatures they abhorred;
Enchase my finger with the palmer-worm
Or caterpillar's green, cold, clammy ring,
Or touch the rough back of the spotted toad.
One of that species, for long after years,
E'en till of late, become my pensioner—
A monstrous creature!—It was wont to sit
Among the roots of an old scraggy shrub,
A huge Gum-Cystus: All the summer long
'Princes Hemjunah' (titled so by me
In honor of that royal spell-bound fair
So long compell'd in reptile state to crawl),
'Princess Hemjunah' there, from morn to eve
Made her pavilion of the spicy shrub;
And they who look'd beneath it, scarce discern'd

That living clod from the surrounding mould
But by the lustre of two living gems
That from the reptile's forehead upward beam'd
Intelligent, with ever-wakeful gaze.
There daily on some fresh green leaf I spread
A luscious banquet for that uncouth guest—
Milk, cream, and sugar,—to the creature's taste
Right welcome offering, unrejected still.

"When Autumn winds 'gan strew the crisped leaves
Round that old Cystus, to some lonelier haunt,
Some dark retreat the hermit Reptile crawl'd;
Belike some grotto, 'neath the hollow roots
Of ancient laurel or thick juniper,
Whose everlasting foliage darkly gleam'd
Through the bare branches of deciduous trees,
There self-immured, the livelong winter through,
Brooded unseen the solitary thing:
E'en when young Spring with violet-printed steps
Brush'd the white hoar-frost from her morning path,
The creature stirr'd not from its secret cell:
But on some balmy morn of rip'ning June,
Some morn of perfect summer, waken'd up
With choirs of music pour'd from every bush,
Dews dropping incense from th' unfolding leaves
Of half-blown roses, and the gentle South
Exhaling, blending, and diffusing sweets—
Then was I sure on some such morn to find
My Princess crouch'd in her accustom'd form
Beneath the Cystus.
So for many years
—Ay—as I said, till late, she came and went,
And came again when summer suns return'd—
All knew and spared the creature for my sake,
Not without comment on the strange caprice
Protecting such deform'd detested thing.
But in a luckless hour—an autumn morn,
About the time when my poor Toad withdrew
(Annually punctual) to her winter house,
The axe and pruning-knife were set at work—
—(Ah! uncle Philip! with unsparing zeal
You urged them on) to lop the straggling boughs
Whose rank luxuriance from the parent stem
Drain'd for their useless growth too large supply;
Branch after branch condemn'd fell thickly round,
Till, moderate reform intended first,
(Nice task to fix the boundary!) edged on
Encroaching still to radical; and soon
Uncheck'd the devastating fury raged,
And shoots, and boughs, and limbs bestrew'd the ground,
And all denuded and exposed—sad sight!
The mangled trees held out their ghastly stumps.

"Spring reappear'd, and trees and shrubs put forth
Their budding leaves, and e'en those mangled trunks
(Though later) felt the vegetable life
Mount in their swelling sap, and all around
The recently dismember'd parts, peep'd out—
Pink tender shoots disparting into green,
And bursting forth at last, with rapid growth,
In full redundance—healthful, vig'rous, thick;
And June return'd with all her breathing sweets,
Her op'ning roses and soft southern gales;
And music pour'd from ev'ry bending spray;
E'en the old mangled Cystus bloom's once more,
But my poor Princess never came again."

No sentimentalism about the poetry of Caroline Bowles. She had her wild-tame hare, and her rabbits, and dormice, and squirrel, and cats and kittens, and dogs of many a race, from ancient Di to Black Mungo, and her own gentle playfellow Chloe, and her gallant Juba, and her pet sheep called Willy, a palfrey of mettled blood, not to mention jackdaws, magpies, bullfinches, turtle-doves, and owls, and many other manner of birds. But their keep cost but little; some of them were useful, and all of them were happy; and she herself, the happiest of them all, did not forget—the Poor. For she was one of the

"Sound healthy children of the God of Heaven;"

and the young hands that are duly held up in prayer are always "open as day to melting charity;" and there is not a lovelier sight beneath the skies than a meek-eyed maiden in hovel or by way-side silently giving alms.

Here is a picture that almost equals Cowper's Peasant's Nest.

"Bid them turn
(Those sentimental chemics, who extract

The essence of imaginary griefs
From overwrought refinement), bid them turn
To some poor cottage—not a bower of sweets
Where woodbines cluster o'er the neat warm thatch,
And mad Marias sing fantastic ditties,
But to some wretched hut, whose crazy walls,
Crumbling with age and dripping damps, scarce prop
The rotten roof, all verdant with decay;
Unlatch the door, those starting planks that ill
Keep out the wind and rain, and bid them look
At the *home-comforts* of the scene within.
There on the hearth a few fresh-gathered sticks,
Or smouldering sods, diffuse a feeble warmth,
Fann'd by that kneeling woman's lab'ring breath
Into a transient flame, o'erhanging which
Cowers close, with outspread palms, a haggard form,
But yesterday raised up from the sick-bed
Of wasting fever, yet to-night returned
From the resumption of his daily toil.
'Too hastily resumed—imprudent man!'
Ay, but his famish'd infants cried for bread;
So he went forth and strove, till nature failed,
And the faint dews of weakness gathered thick
In the dark hollows of his sallow cheek,
And round his white-parched lips. Then home he crawled
To the cold comforts of that cheerless hearth,
And of a meal whose dainties are set out
Invitingly—a cup of coarse black tea,
With milk unmingled, and a crust of bread.
No infant voices welcome his return
With joyous clamor, but the piteous wail,
'Father! I'm hungry—Father! give me bread!'
Salutes him from the little-huddled group
Beside that smoky flame, where one poor babe,
Shaking with ague-chills, creeps shuddering in
Between its mother's knees—that most forlorn,
Most wretched mother, with sad lullaby
Hushing the sickly infant at her breast,
Whose scanty nourishment yet drains her life."

You must not think that the whole poem is about the author's childhood. How could it? Herself of the present speaks of her own thoughts and feelings, even when in contrast, still harmonious with those of herself of the Past; for so it ever is with a well-ordered life, whose growth has been unconstrained, and left free to the spontaneity of nature. Caroline Bowles, as every poetess must be, is a devout Conservative. But mark us well—of what? Of all that, for its own dear sake, she has once loved, and taken to her heart.

"Old friend! old stone! old way-mark! art thou gone?
I could have better spared a better thing
Than sight of thy familiar shapeless form,
Defaced and weather-stained."

And again in sportive sadness—

"Beautiful elms! your spreading branches fell,
Because, forsooth! across the king's highway,
Conspiring with the free-born, chartered air,
Your verdant branches treasonably waved,
And swung perchance the pendant dew-drop off
On roof of royal mail, or on the eyes
Of sleepy coachman, wakened so full well
For safety of his snoring 'four insides,'
Unconscious innocents!"

Worse and worse; the oak that for time immemorial had stood intercepting no sunbeam, and flinging no shadow, has fallen at the decree of the "Great Road Dragon." Yet there had been

"Only left of thee
The huge old trunk, still verdant in decay
With ivy garlands, and a tender growth
(Like second childhood) of thine own young shoots;
And there, like giant guardian of the pass,
Thou standst, majestic ruin! thy huge roots
(Whose every fretted niche and mossy cave
Harbored a primrose) grappling the steep bank,
A wayside rampart. Lo! they've rent away
The living bulwark now, a ghastly breach,
A crumbling hollow left to mark its site," &c.

And more beautiful still—

"And the old thorns are gone—the thorns I loved,
For that in childhood I could reach and pluck

Their first sweet blossoms. They were low like me,
Young, lowly bushes, I a little child,
And we grew up together. They are gone;
And the great elder by the mossy pales—
How sweet the blackbird sang in that old tree!
Sweeter, methinks, than now, from statelier shades—
They've felled that too—the goodly harmless thing!
That with its fragrant clusters overhung
Our garden hedge, and furnished its rich store
Of juicy berries for the Christmas wine
Spicy and hot, and its round hollow stems
(The pith extracted) for quaint arrow heads,
Such as my father in our archery games
Taught me to fashion. That they've ta'en away,
And so some relic daily disappears,
Something I've loved and prized; and now the last—
Almost the last—the poor old milestone falls,
And in its place this smooth, white perked up thing,
With its great staring figures."

No change would our bitter-sweet Conservative suffer; and had her will been the rule of action, strange results, she confesses,

"Would shock the rational community."

No farmer should clip one straggling hedge—on pain of transportation for life; no road-surveyor change one rugged stone, nor pare one craggy bank, nor lop one wayside tree, unless bent to be hanged.

"I'd have the road
One bowery arch, what matter it so low
No mail might pass beneath? For aught I care
The post might come on foot—or not at all.
In short, in short, it's quite as well, perhaps,
I can but rail, not rule. Splenetic wrath
Will not tack on again dissevered boughs,
Nor set up the old stones; so let me breathe
The falness of a vexed spirit out
In impotent murmurs."

Caroline was an only child. There is little or nothing said about any companions of her own age—and yet as she seems never to have felt the want of them, why should we? though sometimes we have been expecting to see some elf like herself come gliding into the poem. A loving heart is never at a loss for objects of its love. The natural affections attach themselves to the thoughts or ideas of all life's holiest relations; and doubtless the glad girl had then brothers and sisters in her dreams. Perhaps had the house been full of them in flesh and blood, she had never been a poetess. Solitary but never sad, and alone, except with mute creatures, in her very pastimes, yet never out of sight of parental eyes, or reach of parental hands, her thoughtful nature became more and more thoughtful in her happiness flowing ever from and around and back upon herself, and thus she learnt to think on her own heart, and to hark to the small still voice that never deceives,

"While life is calm and innocent."

Merry as she is, and frolicsome

"As a young fawn at play,"

there is a repose over the poem which for the most part breathes the spirit of still life. Speaking of her father, she says,

"Soon came the days,
When *his* companion, his—his only one,
My father's I became. Proud, happy child,
Untiring now, in many a lengthened walk,
Yet resting oft (his arm encircling me)
On the old mile-stone, in our homeward way."

A thought crosses us here that her mother may have died. Yet her name is mentioned in a subsequent passage; but this leaves us in uncertainty, for the order of time is not always preserved, and the transitions obey the bidding of some new-risen thought. The gloom hanging over the beginning of the following passage looks like that of death:—

My father loved the patient angler's art;
And many a summer day, from early morn
To latest evening, by some streamlet side
We two have tarried; strange companionship!
A sad and silent man; a joyous child.—
Yet were those days, as I recall them now,
Supremely happy. Silent though he was,
My father's eyes were often on his child
Tenderly eloquent—and his few words
Were kind and gentle. Never angry tone
Repulsed me, if I broke upon his thoughts
With childish question. But I learnt at last—

Learnt intuitively to hold my peace
When the dark hour was on him, and deep sighs
Spoke the perturbed spirit—only then
I crept a little closer to his side,
And stole my hand in his, or on his arm
Laid my cheek softly; till the simple wile
Won on his sad abstraction, and he turned
With a faint smile, and sighed, and shook his head,
Stooping toward me; so I reached at last
Mine arm about his neck, and clasped it close,
Printing his pale brow with a silent kiss."

"That was a lovely brook, by whose green marge,
We two (the patient angler and his child)
Loitered away so many summer days!
A shallow sparkling stream, it hurried now
Leaping and glancing among large round stones,
With everlasting friction chafing still
Their polished smoothness— on a gravelly bed,
Then softly slipt away with rippling sound,
Or all inaudible, where the green moss
Sloped down to meet the clear reflected wave,
That lipped its emerald band with seeming show
Of gentle dalliance. In a dark deep pool
Collecting now, the peaceful waters slept
Embayed by rugged headlands; hollow roots
Of hugh old pollard willows. Anchored there,
Rode safe from every gale, a silvan fleet
Of milk-white water lilies; every bark
Worthy as those on his own sacred flood
To waft the Indian Cupid. Then the stream
Brawling again o'er pebbly shallows ran,
On—on, to where a rustic, rough-hewn bridge,
All bright with mosses and green ivy wreaths,
Spanned the small channel with its single arch;
And underneath, the bank on either side
Shelved down into the water darkly green
With unsunned verdure; or whereon the sun
Looked only when his rays at eventide
Obliquely glanced between the blackened piers
With arrowy beams of orient emerald light
Touching the river and its velvet marge—
'Twas there, beneath the archway. just within
Its rough mis-shapen piles, I found a cave,
A little secret cell, one large flat stone
Its ample floor, embedded deep in moss,
And a rich tuft of dark blue violet,
And fretted o'er with curious groining dark,
Like vault of Gothic chapel, was the roof
Of that small cunning cave—'The Nereid's Grot!'
I named it learnedly, for I had read
About Egeria, and was deeply versed
In heathenish stories of the guardian tribes
In groves, and single trees, and silvan streams
Abiding co-existent. So methought
The little Naiad of our brook might haunt
That cool retreat, and to her guardian care
My wont was ever, at the bridge arrived,
To trust our basket, with its simple store
Of home-made, wholesome cates; by one at home
Provided, for our banquet-hour at noon.

"A joyful hour! anticipated keen
With zest of youthful appetite I trow,
Full oft expelling unsubstantial thoughts
Of Grots and Naiads, sublimated fare—
The busy, bustling joy, with housewife airs
(Directress, handmaid, lady of the feast!)
To spread that 'table in the wilderness!'
The spot selected with deliberate care,
Fastidious from variety of choice,
Where all was beautiful: Some pleasant nook
Among the fringing alders; or beneath
A single spreading oak; or higher up
Within the thicket, a more secret bower,
A little clearing, carpeted all o'er
With creeping strawberry, and greenest moss
Thick veined with ivy. There unfolded smooth
The snowy napkin (carefully secured
At every corner with a pebbly weight),
Was spread prelusive; fairly garnished soon
With the contents (most interesting then)
Of the well-plenished basket: simple viands,
And sweet brown bread, and biscuits for dessert,
And rich, ripe cherries; and two slender flasks,
Of cyder one, and one of sweet new milk,
Mine own allotted beverage, tempered down
To wholesome thinness by admixture pure
From the near streamlet. Two small silver cups
Set out our grand buffet—and all was done;
But there I stood immovable, entranced,
Absorbed in admiration—shifting oft
My ground contemplative, to re-peruse
In every point of view the perfect whole
Of that arrangement, mine own handy-work.

Then glancing skyward, if my dazzled eyes
Shrank from the sunbeams vertically bright,
Away, away, toward the river's brink
I ran to summon from his silent sport
My father to the banquet; tutored well,
As I approached his station, to restrain
All noisy outbreak of exuberant glee;
Lest from their quiet haunts the finny prey
Should dart far off to deeper solitudes.
The gentle summons met observance prompt,
Kindly considerate of the famished child:
And all in order left—the mimic fly
Examined and renewed, if need required,
Or changed for other sort, as time of day,
Or clear or clouded sky, or various signs
Of atmosphere or water, so advised
Th' experienced angler; the long line afloat—
The rod securely fixed; then into mine
The willing hand was yielded, and I led
With joyous exultation that dear guest
To our green banquet room. Not Leicester's self,
When to the hall of princely Kenilworth
He led Elizabeth, exulted more
With inward gratulation at the show
Of his own proud magnificence, than I,
When full in view of mine arranged feast,
I held awhile my pleased companion back,
Exacting wonder—admiration, praise
With pointing finger, and triumphant 'There!'"

All that is perfectly beautiful—"one song that will not die"—and so is all the rest of the picture. The banquet over, and grateful acknowledgment made, her father goes again to the stream, bidding her take care "that nothing may be lost," and she, understanding well the meaning of the injunction, acts according.

"So lib'ral dole
I scatter'd round for the small feath'red things
Who from their leafy lodges all about
Had watch'd the strange intruders and their ways;
And eyed the feast with curious wistfulness,
Half longing to partake. Some bold, brave bird,
He of the crimson breast, approaching near
And near and nearer, till his little beak
Made prize of tempting crumb, and off he flew
Triumphant, to return (permitted thief!)
More daringly familiar.
Neatly pack'd
Napkin and cups, with the diminish'd store
Of our well-light'ned basket—largess left
For our shy woodland hosts, some special treat
In fork'd branch or hollow trunk for him
The prettiest, merriest, with his frolic leaps
And jet black sparkling eyes, and mimic wrath
Clacking loud menace. Yet before me lay
The long bright summer evening. Was it long,
Tediously long in prospect? Nay, good sooth!
The hours in Eden never swifter flew
With Eve yet innocent, than fled with me
Their course by thy fair stream, sweet Royden vale!"

Carry has been accustomed, on such occasions, to extract, with "permitted hand," from a certain pouch, ample and deep, within the fisher's coat, an old clumsy russet-covered book, which furnished enjoyment, increasing with renewed and more intimate experience—a copy of old Isaac Walton! And there,

"The river at my feet, its mossy bank,
Clipt by that covered oak my pleasant seat,
Still as an image in its carved shrine,
I nestled in my sylvan niche, like hare
Upgathered in her form, upon my knees
The open book, over which I stooped intent,
Half hidden (the large hat flung careless off),
In a gold gleaming shower of auburn curls."

Nor is there in print or manuscript a more faithful character than is here afterwards drawn in lines of light by woman's hand, of gentle Isaac.

We know not whether the long quotation given above or the following be the more delightful.

"Dear garden! once again with lingering look
Reverted, half remorseful, let me dwell
Upon thee as thou wert in that old time
Of happy days departed. Thou art changed,
And I have changed thee—Was it wisely done?
Wisely and well they say who look thereon
With unimpassioned eye—cool, clear, undimmed
By moisture such as memory gathers oft
In mine, while gazing on the things that are
Not with the hallowed past, the loved the lost,
Associated as those I now retrace

With tender sadness. The old shrubbery walk
Straight as an arrow, was less graceful far
Than this fair winding among flowers and turf,
Till with an artful curve it sweeps from sight
To reappear again, just seen and lost
Among the hawthorns in the little dell.
Less lovely the old walk, but there I ran
Holding my mother's hand, a happy child;
There were her steps imprinted, and my father's,
And those of many a loved one, now laid low
In his last resting place. No flowers methinks
That now I cultivate are half so sweet,
So bright, so beautiful as those that bloomed
In the old formal borders. These clove pinks
Yield not such fragrance as the true old sort
That spiced our pot-pourrie (my mother's pride)
With such peculiar richness, and this rose,
With its fine foreign name, is scentless, pale,
Compared with the old cabbage—those that blushed
In the thick edge of spiky lavender—
Such lavender as is not now-a-days;
And gillyflowers are not as they were then
Sure to 'come double;' and the night breeze now
Sighs not so loaded with delicious scents
Of lily and sevinger. Oh, my heart!
Is all indeed so altered?—or art thou
The changeling, sore aweary now at times
Of all beneath the sun?

"Such weariness
Knows not that blessed springtime of the heart
When 'treasures dwell in flowers.' How glad was I,
How joyously exultant, when I found
Such virtues in my flowery treasury
As hitherto methought discoverer's eye
Had passed unheeded! Here at once I found,
Unbought, unsued for, the desired command
(How longingly desired!) of various dyes,
Wherewith to tint the semblance incomplete
In its hard pencil outline, of those forms
Of floral loveliness, whose juices now
Supplied me with a palate of all hues,
Bright as the rainbow. Brushes lacked I none
For my rude process, the soft flower or leaf
Serving for such; its moisture nice expressed
By a small cunning hand, where'er required
The imitative shadow to perfect
With glowing color. Heavens! how plain I see,
Ev'n at this moment, the first grand result
Of that occult invention. There it lies,
Living as life itself (I thought no less),
A sprig of purple stock, that dullest eye
Must have detected, and fault-finding critic
Have owned at least a likeness. Mother's love
Thought it perfection, when with stealing step
And flushing face and conscious, I drew near
And laid it on her lap without a word;
Then hung upon her shoulder, shrinking back
With a child's bashfulness, all hope and fear,
Shunning and courting notice;
But I kept
Profoundly secret, certain floral rites
Observed with piously romantic zeal
Through half a summer. Heaven forgave full sure
The unconscious profanation, and the sin,
If sin there was, be on thy head, old friend,
Pathetic Gesner! for thy touching song
(That most poetic prose) recording sad
The earliest annals of the human race,
And death's first triumph, filled me, heart and brain,
With stirring fancies, in my very dreams
Exciting strange desires to realize,
What to the inward vision was revealed,
Haunting it like a passion. For I saw,
Plain as in substance, that first human home
In the first earthly garden;—saw the flowers
Set round her leafy bower by banished Eve,
And watered with her tears, as they recalled
Faintly the forfeit Eden; the small rills
She taught to wander 'mongst their blooming tribes,
Completing—not the semblance, but the shade.
But beautiful, most beautiful methought
The altar of green turf, whereon were laid
Offerings as yet unstained with blood—choice fruits,
And fairest flowers fresh culled.
'And God must still,'—
So with myself I argued—'surely love

Such pure, sweet offerings. There can be no harm
In laying them, as Eve was wont each day
On such an altar;—what if I could make
Something resembling that!' To work I went
With the strong purpose, which is strength and power;
And in a certain unfrequented nook
Of our long rambling garden, fenced about
By thorns and bushes, thick with summer leaves,
And threaded by a little water course
(No substitute contemptible methought
For Eve's meandering rills), uprose full soon
A mound of mossy turf, that when complete,
I called an altar; and with simple faith—
Ay—and with feelings of adoring love
Hallowing the childish error—laid thereon
Daily my floral tribute—yet from prayer,
Wherewith I longed to consecrate the act,
Refraining with an undefined fear
(Instinctive) of offence: and there was doubt
Of perfect blamelessness (unconscious doubt)
In the suspicious, unrelaxing care
With which I kept my secret. All's not well,
When hearts, that should be open as the day,
Shrink from inspection. So by slow degrees
I grew uneasy and afraid, and longed
To cast off the strange burthen—and at last,
Ceasing my visits to 'the sacred grove,'
I soon forgot, absorbed in fresh pursuits,
The long neglected altar—till one day,
When coming winter, with his herald blasts
Had thinned the covert's leafiness, I saw
Old Ephraim in his clearing progress pause,
And strike his spade against a mossy heap,
Washed low, by autumn's rains, and littered round
Among the thick strewn leaves, with spars and shells,
And broken pottery, and shrivell'd things,
That had been garlands.
'This is Missy's work,'
Quoth the old man, and shook his head and smiled—
'Lord bless her! how the child has toiled and moiled
To scrape up all this rubbish. Here's enough
To load a jackass!'
Desecrated shrine!
Such was thy fate, demolished as he spoke:
And of my Idyl the concluding page."

Ephraim, the old gardener, is a well-drawn character, and so is Priscilla his wife. The picture of their household is painted with infinite spirit, and to the very life. Wilkie would be pleased with it—nor do we know that Miss Bowles's pen is not almost equal, in such protraiture, to his pencil, as it used to be long ago, when the great master chiefly busied himself with the shows of humble life. Of all the many articles of choice furniture, and rarities not correctly included in that term the most attractive to Carry's

"Rapt soul, settling in her eyes,"

was a Cuckoo Clock! To our mind there is in the passage descriptive of her sudden and permanent passion for this rare devise, the most vivid evidence of the poetical character, while to our heart the close is the perfection of the pathetic.

"But chief—surpassing all—a cuckoo clock!
That crowning wonder! miracle of art!
How have I stood entranced uncounted minutes,
With held-in breath, and eyes intently fix'd
On that small magic door, that when complete
Th' expiring hour—the irreversible—
Flow open with a startling suddenness
That, though expected, sent the rushing blood
In mantling blushes o'er my upturn'd face;
And as the bird (that more than mortal fowl!)
With perfect mimicry of natural tone,
Note after note exact time's message told,
How my heart's pulse kept time with the charm'd voice!
And when it ceased made simultaneous pause
As the small door clapt to, and all was still.

"Long did I meditate—yea, often dream
By day and night, at school-time and at play—
Alas! at holiest seasons, even at church
The vision haunted me,—of that rare thing,
And his surpassing happiness to whom
Fate should assign its fellow. Thereupon
Sprang up crude notions, vague incipient shemes
Of future independence: Not like those
Fermenting in the youthful brain of her
Maternally, on fashionable system,
Train'd up betimes i' the way that she should go
To the one great end—a good establishment.
Yet similar in *some sort* were our views
Toward contingent power. 'When I'm a woman
I'll have,' quoth I,—so far the *will* and *when*
Tallied exactly, but our difference lay
Touching the end to be achieved. With me,

Not settlements, and pin-money, and spouse
Appendant, but in unencumber'd right
Of womanhood---a house and cuckoo clock!
Hark! as I hang reflective o'er my task,
The pen fresh nibb'd and full, held idly yet;
What sound comes clicking through the half-closed door,
Distinct, monotonous? 'Tis even so;
Years past, the pledge (self-plighted) was redeem'd;
There hangs with its companionable voice
The cuckoo clock in this mine house.---Ay, *mine;*
But left unto me desolate."

One quotation more we have room for, equal, so we think, to any thing of the kind in our modern poetry.

"Then---most happy child!
Most favor'd! I was sent a frequent guest,
Secure of welcome, to the loveliest home
Of all the country, o'er whose quiet walls
Brooded the twin-doves---Holiness and Peace;
There with thine aged partner didst thou dwell,
Pastor and master! servant of thy Lord,
Faithful as he, the labors of whose love
Recorded by thy pen, embalm for aye
The name of Gilpin heired by thee---right heir
Of the saint's mantle. Holy Bernard's life
Its apostolic graces unimpaired,
Renewed in William's, virtuous parish priest!

"Let me live o'er again, in fond detail,
One of those happy visits. Leave obtained,
Methought the clock stood still. Four hours past noon,
An' not yet started on our three mile walk!
An' *six* the vicarage tea hour primitive,
And I should lose that precious hour, most prized,
When in the old man's study, at his feet
Or nestling close beside him, I might sit
With eye, ear, soul intent on his mild voice,
And face benign, and words so simply wise,
Framed for his childish hearer. 'Let us go!'
And like a fawn I bounded on before,
When lagging Jane came forth, and off we went.
Sultry the hour, and hot the dusty way,
Though here and there by leafy skreen o'erarched—
And the long broiling hill! and that last mile
When the small frame waxed weary! the glib tongue
Slackening its motion with the languid limbs.
But joy was in my heart, howe'er suppressed
Its outward show exuberant; and at length,
Lo! the last turning—lo! the well-known door,
Festooned about with garlands picturesque,
Of trailing evergreens. Who's weary now?
Sounding the bell with that impatient pull
That quickens Mistress Molly's answering steps
To most unusual promptness: Turns the lock---
The door uncloses---Molly's smiling face
Welcomes unasked. One eager, forward spring,
And farewell to the glaring world without:
The glaring, bustling, noisy, parched-up world!
And hail repose and verdure, turf and flowers,
Perfume of lilies, through the leafy gloom
White gleaming; and the full, rich, mellow note
Of song-thrush, hidden in the tall thick bay
Beside the study window!
The old house
Through flickering shadows of high-arching boughs,
Caught gleams of sunlight on its time-stained walls,
And frieze of mantling vine: and lower down,
Trained among jasmines to the southern bow,
Moss roses, bursting into richest bloom,
Blushed by the open window. *There she sate,*
The venerable lady (her white hair
White as the snowy coif), upon her book
Or needlework intent; and near at hand
The maiden sister friend (a life-long guest
At her coarse sempstresship — another Dorcas,
Unwearying in the work of charity.

"Oh! kindest greeting! as the door unclosed
That welcomed the half-bold half-bashful guest;
And brought me bounding on at half a word
To meet the proffered kiss! Oh kindest care!
Considerate of my long, hot, dusty walk,
Of hat and tippet that divested me,
And clinging gloves; and from the glowing cheek
And hot brow, parted back the clustering curls,
Applying grateful coolness of clear lymph
Distilled from fragrant elder — sovereign wash
For sunburnt skin and freckled! Kindest care,
That followed up those offices of love
By cautionary charge to sit and rest
'*Quite still* till tea time.' Kindest care, I trow,
But little relished. Restless was my rest,
And wistful eyes still wandering to the door,
Revealed 'the secret of my discontent,'
And told where I would be. The lady smiled,
And shook her head, and said,—
'Well! go your ways
And ask admittance at that certain door
You know so well.' All weariness was gone—
Blithe as a bird, thus freed, away I flew,

And in three seconds at the well-known door
Tapped gently; and a gentle voice within
Asking 'Who's there!' 'It's *me*,' I answered low,
Grammatically clear. 'Let *me* come in.'
The gentle voice rejoined; and in I stole
Bashfully silent, as the good man's smile,
And hand extended, drew me to his chair;
And there, all eye and ear, I stood full long,
Still tongueless, as it seemed; love-tempering awe
Chaining my words up. But so kindly his,
His aspect so benign, his winning art
So graciously conforming; in short time
Awe was absorbed in love, and then unchained
By perfect confidence, the little tongue
Questioned and answered with as careless ease
As might be, from irreverend boldness free.
True love may cast out fear, but not respect,
That fears the very shadow of offence.

"How holy was the calm of that small room!
How tenderly the evening light stole in,
As 'twere in reverence of its sanctity!
Here and there touching with a golden gleam
Book-shelf or picture-frame, or brightening up
The nosegay set with daily care (love's own)
Upon the study table. Dallying there
Among the books and papers, and with beam
Of softest radiance, starring like a glory
The old man's high bald head and noble brow—
There still I found him, busy with his pen—
(Oh pen of varied power! found faithful ever,
Faithful and fearless in the one great cause)—
Or some grave tone, or lighter work of taste
(His no ascetic, harsh, soul-narrowing creed),
Or that unrivalled pencil, with few strokes,
And sober tinting slight, that wrought effects
Most magical—the poetry of art!
Lovely simplicity! (true wisdom's grace)
That condescending to a simple child,
Spread out before me hoards of graphic treasures;
Smiling encouragement, as I expressed
Delight or censure (for in full good faith
I played the critic), and vouchsafing mild
T' explain or vindicate; in seeming sport
Instructing ever; and on graver themes
Winning my heart to listen, as he taught
Things that pertain to life.
Oh precious seed!
Sown early; soon, too soon the sower's hand,
The immediate mortal instrument withdrawn,
Tares of this evil world sprang thickly up,
Choking your promise. But the soil beneath
(Nor rocks nor shifting sand) retained ye still,
God's mercy willing it, until *his* hand,
Chastening as fathers chasten, cleared at last
Th' encumbered surface, and the grain sprang up—
But hath it flourished?—hath it yet borne fruit
Acceptable? Oh Father! leave it not
For lack of moisture yet to fall away!"

We have now reached the close of the "Birth-Day," and of this Number of Maga, which we are confident will be felt to be a delightful one, were it but for our profuse quotations from this delightful poem. It has already had a pretty wide circulation; but in a few days hence it will have been perused by thousands and tens of thousands, in our pages—and by and by the volume itself will find its way into many a quiet "homestead" seldom visited by books. The plan of the poem might be extended so as to include another season—or age of life. Yet is it now a whole; and we believe that it is best it should remain in its present shape. Let us hope erelong to have another volume.

1B.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLVIII. APRIL, 1837. Vol. XLI.

OUR TWO VASES.

It has long been an absurd custom of the most celebrated periodicals to throw off with a flaming article, intended to set the Thames, the Clyde, and the Liffey on fire, but adapted to give the world an idea of the distinction between light and heat. What an intense blaze of cold! The inexperienced spectator, purposing to become a peruser, blinks to the glare, and at the same time shivers in ague testifying to some scores of degrees below the freezing point. For a while he suspects that summer is setting in with its usual severity, and attributes the death-like chill to the inclemency of the season; but he soon discovers how groundless are such suspicions, for it is spring; the thermometer is marked as high as zero, and the earth comfortably clothed with snow. Nevertheless, his teeth chatter in his head, and his head is that of a Mandarin. He thinks of the year of the Great Frost, and curses the price of coals. All the while, the article is within a few inches of his "innocent nose," at which the drop has become an icicle, and as he "blows his nail" he mutters of emigration. Angrily he eyes the window, but there is no broken pane; so far from sitting on the door, he has for an hour been sitting into the fire, as we say in Scotland; though the fire looks as if it could roast an ox, it feels as if it would freeze a walrus; the temperature of an ice-house is genial in comparison; a bottle in a wine-cooler, to his imagination, appears an inhabitant of the torrid zone. The circulation of the blood, long languid, now ceases; ensues that fatal drowsiness, precursor of death; the periodical drops from his hand—and in a few minutes he revives, with the sensation of his feet being embedded in a lump of ice—for his soles are on the Leading Article, and if he hasten not to remove them, his feet will be frost-bitten, and the unfortunate man a lamiter for life.

There is no exaggeration in this picture. All we mean to say is, that Leading Articles are so elaborate, as to be unreadable; and that you never see one without the paper-folder lying nearer the beginning than the middle, its progress having been stopped by sleep—like a scythe left in a matted swathe by swinkt mower now lying on his face beneath a neighboring tree. We know more than one man who has penetr ed into the interior of Africa, and not more than one man who has eaten a rotten egg, but we know no man who has ever read through a Leading Article. Were any man to say so, we should not scruple to think him a liar of the first magnitude; but Mendez Pinto himself, were he alive, would not venture to go that length with the gullibility of the public; and were we with our own eyes to see a man achieve what at present we believe to be an impossibility, we

should thenceforth regard him in the same light as a Unicorn, an animal long supposed to be fabulous, but who, nevertheless, does exist, even to the satisfaction of Swainson.

The fact is, that the chief fault—for they have many—of all articles—followers as well as leaders—and it is a bad one—is, that they all smell so strong of the lamp. Few smells more generally disgusting than that of lamp oil, except perhaps it be that of gas. A tallow candle stinks but when it dies, and carries our sympathies along with it; but those other burners stink always, and the article that smells of them is a polecat—nay, sometimes a skunk. But your article written off-hand, with a flowing finger, by wax-light, or fire-light, or day-light—speak not of civet—breathes as if the leaves were wafted on

"Sabæan odors from the spicy shores
Of Araby the Blest!"

What an aroma from OUR TWO VASES! It is as if "an angel shook his wings."

And now we must let you into a little secret. A few years ago some experienced cracksmen broke into the Premises, No. Forty-five, George Street, and logically drew from them a conclusion in the shape of THE BALAAM BOX. You know it was many times the size of the Chest in which were found the Scottish Regalia, and the villains had to break a Hole in the Wall large enough to admit a Horse and Cart. 'Twas a stormy midnight, and they got clear off. The effects of this audacious burglary have been ever since manifest on our Periodical Literature. So low a value did we put on the Contents, that they were insured against all accidents by earth, air, fire, and water, at the Equitable, at a premium of Five Shillings per ton. But that we disdained to compound felony, we might have had the whole returned for a sum short of a ransom—except a score or two that had been speedily put to press. But the letter was evidently written by a rejected contributor on a great scale, and we allowed him to set up as an Editor. He selected his articles with judgment, and disguised them with skill;—

"But they were old and miserably poor,"

and the Periodical over which he presides has from the hour of its birth been giving up the ghost. All along, too, he has been a distributor to many Magazines; and nothing but a sense of shame can have prevented hosts of literary men from bringing actions against him, or at least from applying for injunctions. Should they adopt legal proceedings, we can confidently swear to several Leading Articles that had lain so long there that they looked as if they had been born in the Balaam Box. As for the Balaam Box itself a rumor has lately begun "to prate of its whereabouts;" and we are about to take steps to have it ascertained, whether or no it be at this hour used by a certain Minister of the Church of Scotland—who many years ago was Moderator—as his Girnal—and it is capacious of Twenty Chawder. Its name and nature changed, the Balaam Box is the Balaam Box no more—and the reason why it is not now filled to the lid with as fine oatmeal as ever was shown in sample is that the Moderator—for once a Moderator always a Moderator—is such a man as Gray had in his mind when he wrote that noble line—

"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere"—

and has emptied it, from floor to ceiling, into the Highlands.

And how now do we dispose of unaccepted Articles—for we reject none? They are once a-week devoured by a quick fire—and their spirits go roaring up the chimney in disdainful thunder at their own doom, illumining the mirk with repeated showers of evanescent stars. An accepted Prose Article is a Phœnix. We do not mean that it rises out of its own ashes—merely that it is "a secular bird of ages." But of accepted Poetry we have golden store; for almost all the Poets on our establishment are old or dead—and we rejoice to welcome from afar the offerings of the young Sons of Song. Therefore we have placed OUR TWO VASES sent us by the late Sir William Gell, from Herculaneum, one on each side of the fire-place in our Sanctum (before which sits sometimes yet to midnight a semicircle of grey-haired survivors, like those Roman Fathers whom the Gauls of old believed to be so many old demi-gods), and all poetry that pleases us on a glance, we therein deposit—the Classical in CLIO, the Miscellaneous

in EUTERPE—an embroidered veil, woven by a *Gentle* hand, preserving them from the dust.

A *Gentle* hand! ay! heaven bless her, there she comes gliding in at once like a light and a shadow! With smiles like words—yet what words but her own were ever like those smiles! We are somewhat blind now, and more than somewhat deaf—but that smile we as clearly see, that voice we as distinctly hear—as ever in youth we saw and heard the musical and resplendent Morn.

Leaning one arm on CLIO—for 'tis a girl's height—she stands like a Priestess at a religious rite; and dipping the other into the Poetry, as into perfumes, brings out a bunch of incense, and lays it on our knees. The same lovely Image, in the same attitude, next moment at EUTERPE! And now our Heart's Desire and Delight is seated by our side. "Maga must have some Poetry this month, my dearest Sir, and" (we kissed her hands as she spoke) "let me name the Series—OUR TWO VASES—shall you begin with Clio or with Euterpe?" —With Clio, my Beloved! and let thy Christopher read *this*—whatever it be, it must be beautiful, since thy hand hath touched it—aha! 'tis of Love—of Love—of Love!

SAPPHO.

Blest as the gods I hold the youth who fondly sits by thee
To list thy low soft tones and drink thy smile of witchery:—
But as I gaze, within my breast such madd'ning passions rise,
That seems my very tongue to break, and speech its aid denies:
And all at once a subtle fire runs darting through each vein,
And dimness is before my sight—and whirling in my brain!
Quick tremors shoot through ev'ry limb, and icy sweat-drops flow,
And paler than the olive-leaf all suddenly I grow,—
The chilling breath of grief arrests the current of my breath,
Labors my breast—I gasp—I faint—one moment more were death!

Well—Love! since you will have it so, let us go on again with the Series. That version of the famous Ode, glows with much of the fire that so burns in the original that one might wonder that the very words were not consumed. 'Tis by an Oxonian—who has given only his initials H. K., and they are not familiar to our eyes—but many a gifted spirit dwells within those sacred groves,—and here is a leaf by another Infant of Isis—J. A., whose name "well may we guess, but dare not tell"—On the Statue of Ariadne, at Frankfort—representing her riding on a Lion. Our memory of names is impaired—nor can we recal that of the Artist—though it is famous; the Statue itself we saw last summer, and thought it nobly beautiful—and our young Poet has it—vivid as life we were going to say—in his enamored imagination.

Ride on, thou peerless beauty! frank and free
As yon white wave that curls thy Naxian sea,
Ride on triumphant, with that clear calm eye
Which looks a conquest ere the prize is nigh,
Borne on thy lion-steed ride forth to meet
A god fall down, and worship at thy feet;
Laden with India's spoils, elate in arms
He kneels, the captive of thy naked charms.
For ne'er in Theban meads, or Nyssian shades,
Ne'er in the depth of old Cithæron's glades
Has the blythe hero of Olympus seen
So proud a gesture, so divine a mien—
What matchless grace! what soft seductions thrown
O'er that fine form, that needs no clasping zone!
What glowing warmth of youthful life express'd
In those fair outstretched arms, that heaving breast!
No girlish gracefulness, correctly slim,
Mars the luxuriance of each rounded limb;

But lovely womanhood's voluptuous prime
Breathes o'er that ample bust, that brow sublime,
And gives the island nymph a grace between
A Grecian goddess and an Asian queen.

Nay, do not keep your face so long averted—for the marble is pure as your own soul. Those lads write with an elegance and grace that are very delightful—and if CLIO continue to give to your touch such presentments, EUTERPE's offerings must be beautiful indeed if they do not pale their colors. What have we here? Why, in spite of all we have so often said—Meleager on Spring! And other versions too from the Greek Anthology—after our own Series which would make a thick crown octavo—and Hay's which would make another! But there is no help for it—thy hand has saved this leaf from being wafted away into oblivion—a fate from which, but for that touch, its own excellence could not have saved it—for swore we not by Styx that we should admit not into Maga, even from the pen of an angel, versions of any Greek poem that had before graced in English our imperishable page? But we are no Heathen god—and W. S. is not an angel—but a Queen's man, an accomplished scholar—and a conscientious curate at Castle Thorpe, Stoney Stratford, Bucks—and happy should we be to pass a Saturday and a Sunday with him there—as if we were one of his own parishioners.

MELEAGER ON SPRING.

When windy winter flies the milder air,
The purple hours of flow'ry spring smile fair.
With green grass garlanded, the dusky earth
Wreaths every plant with leaves, a budding birth,
And the mild dews of plant-producing morn
While laughing meadows drink, the rose is born.
On hills his shrill pipe blows the joyous swain,
The goat-herd stalks of many a white kid vain.
Now o'er the billows wide the sailors hail
Soft Zephyr's breeze to fill the becoming sail.
Grape-bringing Bacchus frantic throngs address,
Plucking the flow'ring ivy's clustered tress.
And ox-born bees their toils with artful care,
Amid their hives in pierced cells prepare.
The fresh white wax its full stream pours along,
All winged tribes pipe free their shrilly song,
Halcyons on stream, and swallows o'er the vale,
Swans on the banks, in groves the nightingale;
If bloom the green-haired plants, if earth is gay,
And pipes the swain, and flocks thick-fleeced play,
And mariners sail, and Bacchus danceth free,
And sing the birds, and works the toiling bee,
Why should not I to Spring pour forth sweet minstrelsy?

Equal to Hay's—or Chapman's—and *they* are the two best translators from the Greek—in Maga—and that is a wide word—and a pleasant word too to all eyes save those of Savage Landor. Let him purge his visual nerve with rue; and he will be at one with the whole world. A sadder sight may not be than monomania in the jaundice.

Speaking of Spring, when does the "Etherial Mildness" purpose to appear—"veiled in a shower of shadowing roses?" Not that we dislike Winter—but he ought not to usurp the whole year. Fair play is a jewel—and each season should have its turn. He had 1836 to himself—and he cannot surely be so unreasonable as to insist on monopolizing 1837! But we would address him in more solemn terms—appeal to his humanity—and beseech him to be merciful as strong—in the prayer of one of the most pathetic of Poets.

"Archangel! power of Desolation?
Fast descending as thou art;
Say, hath mortal invocation

Spell to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend!
But chiefly spare, O King of Clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep."

What pity was in that sob! what compassion in that tear! O gentlest Lady! we think on a few lines in a forgotten poem, written many years ago by our friend Clifford—long since dead—who was prouder of his buckskin breeches than of any thing else in this life—yet of a fine genius and a tender heart!

"And oft when real sorrows asked a sigh,
I've fondly viewed the pearl in Emma's eye,
And kissed it ere it fell, more pleased to see
A tear for others than a smile for me!"

But what in the name of goodness have we here? Latin and Greek! Why, a batch of the Epigrams of Theocritus! Take up your knitting, Mrs. Gentle, while I look over a few of them—for we intend that our Article shall suit all tastes—and good people to whom Greek Epigrams are *caviar* will please skip two pages, though graced to gifted eyes with the fine scholarship of Fitzjames Price, an honor to Hereford. Let Mr. Hughes look to the strange characters—for the character of the Ballantyne Press is at stake—and we have often threatened a list of errata.

ΑΛΛΟ. ε.

Λῇς, ποτὶ τᾶν νυμφᾶν, διδύμοις ἀυλοῖσιν ἀεῖσαι,
Ἀδύ τι μοι; κἠγὼν πακτίδ' ἀειράμενος
Ταξεῦμαί τι κρέκειν· ὁ δὲ βουκόλος ἄμμιγα θελξεῖ
Δάφνις, καροδέτῳ πνεύματι μελπόμενος.
Ἐγγὺς δὲ στάντες λασιαύχενός ἄντρου ὄπισθεν,
Πᾶνα τὸν αἰγιβάταν ὀρφανίσωμες ὕπνου.

Quid mihi, per nymphas, grati tua cantet arundô,
Dum mea quid resonat fistula sumpta tibi:
Daphnidis intereà nobis cerata bubulci,
Si placet, effundat tibia dulce melos;
Antroque astantes, ubi quercûs umbra, vetemus
Agrestem solito Pana sopore frui.

Come, by the nymphs, I pr'ythee play
Upon thy pipe a roundelay,
And I will take this reed of mine,
And give thee back a song for thine;
And Daphnis here, this shepherd swain,
Shall breathe for us some tuneful strain.
Thus 'neath yon oak's delicious shade,
Beside yon mossy cavern laid,
We'll banish with our merry numbers
Pan, the drowsy goatherd's, slumbers.

ΑΛΛΟ. ϛ'.

Ἀ' δείλαιε τὺ Θύρσι, τί τὸ πλέον, εἰ καταταξεῖς
Δάκρυσι διγλήνους ὦπας ὀδυρόμενος;
Οἴχεται ἁ χίμαρος, τὸ καλὸν τέκος, οἴχετ' ἐς ἅδαν·
Τραχὺς γὰρ χαλαῖς ἀμφεπίαξε λύκος·
Αἱ δὲ κύνες κλαγγεῦντι. Τί τὸ πλέον, ἀνίκα τήνας
Οστέον οὐδὲ τέφρα λείπεται οἰχομένας;

Eheu! Thyrsi miser! quidnam tibi proderit, oro,
Si gemina illachrymans lumina tabe luas?

Heu! abiit dulcis soboles; descendit ad Orcum
  Unguibus infensi cæsa capella lupi.
Jamque canes ululant, nequicquam—namque capellæ
  Nec cineres passæ fata, neque ossa manent.

Ah! Thyrsis, weep no more; though both thine eyes
  Should melt in tears, thy weeping were in vain;
The kid is dead, the tender youngling lies
  By the fell wolf's destructive talons slain.
Thy dogs, too, howl, but vain are all their cries,
  Nor bones nor ashes of the dead remain.

ΕΙΣ ΑΛΛΑΜΑ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΟΥ. ζ.

Ἠλθε καὶ ἐς Μίλητον ὁ τοῦ Παιήονος υἱός,
  Ἰητῆρι νόσων ἀνδρὶ συνεσσόμενος
Νικίᾳ· ὃς μιν ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἀεὶ θυέεσσιν ἱκνεῖται,
  Καὶ τόδ' ἀπ' εὐώδους γλύψατ' ἀγαλμα κέδρου,
Ἠετίωνι χάριν γλαφυρᾶς χειρὸς ἀκρον ὑποστάς
  Μισθόν· ὁ δ' εἰς ἔργον πᾶσαν ἀφῆκε τέχνην.

Pæone et advenit Miletum natus, in urbe
  Niciæ erant medici tecta datura domum.
Quotidie hic sacris illum placare solebat
  Et statuam e suavi sculpserat hancce cedro.
Nam tulit Eetion ab eo bona præmia, cujus
  Hoc opus eximiâ fecerat arte manus.

The son of Pæon to Miletus came
To bless the leech's practice, and abide
With Nicias, who, in daily sacrifice,
Had sought the god, and raised this statue here,
In fragrant cedar by Eetion carved—
Right well he paid the sculptor's handicraft,
Who on the work had lavished all his art.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ ΟΡΘΩΝΟΣ. η.

Ἥεινε, Συρηκόσιός τοι ἀνὴρ τόδ' ἐφίεται Ορθων,
  Χειμερίης μεθύων μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς ἴοις.
Καὶ γάρ ἐγὼ τοιοῦτον ἔχω πότμον· ἀντὶ δὲ πολλῆς
  Πατρίδος ὀθνείην κεῖμαι ἐφεσσάμενος.

Nequa, Syracusis ortus tibi præcipit Orthon,
  Ebrius hibernâ nocte viator eas.
Hoc mihi fata tulit—neque jam mea patria clara
  Defunctum, at tellus me peregrina tenet.

The Syracusan Orthon warns you this:
  On winter nights, go sober on your way.
Had I done so, I had not died, I wis,
  Nor had a foreign land entombed my clay.

ΑΛΛΟ: θ'.

Ἄνθρωπε, ζωῆς περιφείδεο, μηδὲ παρ' ὥρην
  Ναυτίλος ἴσθι, ὡς οὐ πολὺς ἀνδρὶ βίος.
Δείλαῖε Κλεόνικε, σὺ δ' εἰς λιπαρὴν Θέσσον ἐλθεῖν
  Ἠπείγευ κοίλης ἔμπορος ἐκ Σορίης.
Ἔμπορος, ὦ Κλεόνικε, ὅσειν δ' ὑπὸ Πλειάδος αὐτὴν
  Ποντοπόρος ναύτης Πλειάδι συγκατέβης.

Parce, precor, vitæ, neque pontum e tempore sulca,
  Navita; namque viris quam brevis hora datur.
Te, Cleonice, Thasi properantem ad litora tristem
  Divitis, et Syrias prora vehebat opes:
Pleiadis ad casum, Cleonice, ut salsa tenebas,
  Condidit Oceanus Pleiada teque simul.

O, mortal, heed thy life, nor quit the port
In unpropitious hour—thy span is short.
Lost Cleonicus thee, toward Thasus' shore,
From Cœlesgria trading, ocean bore,
About the Pleiads' setting, so the wave
On thee and her bestowed a common grave.

It amused us to see the dunderheads—all Scottish—scribbling their scorn of the Latin and English versions of the first four epigrams of Theocritus, in a late number by the same admirable pen, and other pens equally admirable—nay, of the originals of which they could not read one letter. We love all that vegetates and lives in Scotland—plants and people; but how happens it that in a country possessing such scholars as Sandford, and Ramsay, and Williams, and Pillans, and Carson, and Piper, such barbarism should be so prevalent? Let our educated youth wipe off the reproach thus cast on the character of our colleges, by contributing to Clio. What more graceful exercise of their taste and ingenuity? There are many accomplished scholars among them; and we are angry, and do well to be angry, to think that while that Vase is filled to overflowing with elegancies from all the seminaries in England, not one, so far as we know, has been wafted thither from this side of the Tweed.

Now, Lady Mine, yet, alas! not Lady Mine, lay down thy knitting—and—but let us look at thy handiwork—eh! a worsted night-cap?—Nay—it wants the tappitoury—and a night-cap without a tappitoury is little more than a night-cap but in name. Besides, you ought to know—for you have heard us tell it—that we never wear a night-cap—any more than did Æschylus. We declare—Hose! That *is* kind. Let them come up well above the knee—half-way up, or more—that no debateable land may be left between them and our flannel shirt comfortably long in the tail. Pardon the hint—dearest—but our rheumatism has seized—all right, we see—lay it aside, love—and resuming your seat *here*—gladden the old man's heart by reading aloud—if, indeed, such a word can apply to voice of thine—these other pleasant trifles—from Theocritus, or Bion, or Moschus—omitting not the translators' names. Come—do now.

EROS AND FOWLER. BION.

REV. MORDAUNT BARNARD, AMWELL, HODDESDON, HERTS.

A sportive boy within a shady grove
Chasing wild birds, beheld the truant Love
Perch'd on a box-tree bough,—and joy'd, I ween,
To see bird larger than he e'er had seen.
He brought his lime twigs, and he rang'd them right,
And gaz'd, and gaz'd, to trace its devious flight.
Pettish at last with long and fruitless pain,
He threw his twigs away, and sought the swain
From whom he learn'd the art,—and told his tale,
How flew the bird, and how his art did fail.
—When he saw Love amid the boughs, the sage
Smil'd, shook his head, and thus appeas'd his rage:—
"Forbear thy sport, rash youth, and quit the prey!
The thing is venomous;—flee far away!—
Though disappointed, bless thy happy fate!—
But if thou ever com'st to man's estate,
Yon flitting bird shall lay aside his dread,
Swoop boldly down, and perch upon thine head."

THE HONEY STEALER.

FITZJAMES PRICE.

As Love, the rogue, once chose to roam
Stealing from every hive the comb,
An angry Bee, perceiving Love,
Her sting thro' all his fingers drove.
O! then he blew his hands for pain,
Stamped on the ground, and jumped again,
To Venus showed his rueful case,
Complaining loudly that a race
Of brutes so little as the bees
Should make such horrid wounds as these.
His mother laughed; "and thou," said she,
"Art thou not worse than any bee,
Who, puny monster as thou art,
Inflictest such a deadly smart?"

G. TREVOR.

As Love, that wicked thief, one day
Stole honey from a hive,
An angry bee spoiled all his play,
And pierced his fingers five.

Love roared with pain—his fingers blew,
And stamped upon the ground,
And then to Venus quickly flew,
To show the horrid wound.

"And only think, mamma," said he,
"How very hard it is
That such a nasty little bee
Should give a hurt like this?"

But Venus laughed. "Go! bee thyself,
Dost thou do no such thing?
Why, thou art but a little elf,
Yet, ah! how thou canst sting!"

BION'S THIRD IDYLL. FITZJAMES PRICE.

I DREAMT when lately sleep came o'er me,
That mighty Venus stood before me,
And in her hand young Love she led,
Who hung to earth his bashful head;
And thus she spoke: "Dear Shepherd, pray
Teach little Love to sing a lay."
She said, and vanished from my sight.
Then I, O most unlucky wight!
Sang to the boy such simple strains,
As shepherds troll along the plains;
How Pan invented first the flute,
And Maia's son the lover's lute,
Pallas the pipe, and Music's sire,
Apollo's mighty self, the lyre.
But for such songs, he seemed to scout 'em,
Nor care a single fig about 'em.
Then he himself began a ditty,
About himself so soft and pretty—
And all the loves he showed me then,
His mother's works, of gods and men.
But I, what lays I knew before
So well he sung, I knew no more—
But his sweet songs—O who can tell
How soon I learnt them, and how well?

MOSCHUS. FITZJAMES PRICE.

WHEN Love to fly once took occasion,
Venus thus made proclamation:
"Should any see Love in the street,
Or spy him where the cross-ways meet,
Know he's my slave, my runaway,
Who brings him back I'll richly pay!
A thousand little marks will show him,
So among twenty you may know him.
His body's like a flame of fire,
His little eyes flash fierce desire;
His words than honey sweeter be,
Yet never with his thoughts agree.
Enrage him and you'll quickly find
How false and cruel is his mind;
For while your comfort he's destroying,
You'd think the urchin was but toying.
His hair in golden clusters streams,
His face with wanton lustre beams;
His hands, though small, work wond'rous evil
For they'll hurl you to the Devil.
Tho' plain his body to the sight,
His heart is hid in blackest night.
Wing'd like a bird around he strays,
And on folk's inmost vitals preys;
He has a pretty little bow,
And on the string an arrow too,
Which, though but small, has pow'r, alas!
The very gates of heav'n to pass

A golden quiver too has he
And in it many arrows be,
Which oft have made his mother smart,
So black and hardened is his heart.
Stranger than all things is this one;
His little torch outshines the sun.
Should you catch him, hither bear him,
Bind him fast — ay, never spare him;
Perhaps he'll weep—O, don't believe
His tears, they flow but to deceive.
Perhaps he'll laugh; but whatsoe'er
He does detain him, bring him here;
Would he kiss you—O, beware!
His kisses all envenomed are.
Perhaps he'll say — 'I'll give you these,
My bow and arrows, if you please;'
O, touch them not—for Love's a liar,
And all his gifts are gifts of fire."

"*Fuimus Troes!*" which, being translated, Dame, is "we once were young!" Nor are we so old now as not to sympathize with such gay and gladsome fancies as these, the effusions of hearts that had never felt a painful wound, nor known the want of a night's desired rest. Yet poets soon learn the art of self-troubling; and the eyes of each of the Three—though they all died young — *he* may say so — may have shed as many and as bitter tears as those of Christopher North. We are in that mood to-night, when "pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind;" and yet that voice of thine —heaven bless thee, Mary—reciting so playfully those playful gracefulnesses —reverses the sentiment of "the Bard," and makes sad thoughts bring pleasant ones—thou witch! but now listen to us a rhapsodist—for we are conscious of an "*os magna sonaturum*" — and — ay the crutch — let us stretch ourselves up to our full length, and in a commanding attitude recite what may be called an Ode.

CHRYTO AND THESPIS.

Two classes of Religion and Heroism contrasted in the Athenian and the Thracian.

Chryto (*falling listlessly on a couch*). A spiritual life 'tis given us to inhale,
We are its vigorous denizens to-day,
To-morrow, weak, disconsolate, and pale,
We sink to shadowy nothingness away:
Then spread the couch, the flowing goblet crown,
In mirth we'll mock the soul-corroding powers,
Let Phœbus in Hesperian deeps go down,
"The present moment and its joys be ours."
Brave Thespis, for thy song! and let it be
Of Pæon, Pallas, or Pelasgic Jove,
Or any other theme that pleaseth thee;
Thy songs we all admire, thy music love.

Thes. I Thespis am a man of Thrace,
Her rugged sons, a martial race,
Two deities adore,
Come fill your bumpers and be ready,
Give the chorus deep and steady;
Ye have heard the song before.
(*He sings.*)
Lo, where the thunder-clouds are rending,
From their livid folds descending,
Who is it guides the sable car,
Toward troubled earth his coursers bending?
'Tis the furious god of war.
(*Chorus.*) 'Tis the furious god of war.

Yonder their dragon wings unfurling,
The brands of hate and discord hurling,
While the hideous lightnings glare,
I see their serpent tresses curling!
Oh, the Furies they are there.
(*Cho.*) Oh, the Furies they are there.

On the orient panther riding,
Over the festal scene presiding,
Crowned with ivy and with vine,
Red are his eyes, all cares deriding,
'Tis the jolly god of wine!
(*Cho.*) 'Tis the jolly god of wine.

See the revel train advancing
(Loud the singing, light the dancing)
Over the silvan glades and lawns,
Cloven-footed, rudely prancing,
Yonder reel the frolic Fauns.
(*Cho.*) Yonder reel the Frolic Fauns.
[THESPIS *ends.*

Chryto. Brave Thespis! thou thy part hast nobly done;
Dear is the memory in the Hero's soul
Of toils and triumphs, and proud trophies won,
Roused by the raptures of the generous bowl!
E'en now, O Marathon, thy glory shines,
Yonder our helmets and our lances gleam,
There ride the Satraps, there the Median lines,
And there the gallies pour a turban'd stream.
E'en now I hear the pæan and the shout,
The trumpet and the timbrel, and behold
The fiery sword of Freedom, and the rout
Of reeking carnage to red Ocean rolled.
I see "Earth-shaking Neptune" knit his brows,
And with huge trident wake the slumbering wave;
He spurns the splendor of the ensanguined prows,
The trembling tyrant and the toiling slave!
And oh the glad return, the crowded gates!
Sires, wives, and children swell the proud acclaim,
And the aspiring song that consecrates
The Hero's memory to eternal fame!
But thine, great goddess of the Gorgon shield!
Thine were the triumphs of that glorious day!
Thine was the arm that forced our foes to yield,
And now thy deity demands a lay!
Comrades, we sing Minerva's high renown,
Wise in the council, in the combat bold,
Queen of our navies, guardian of the town,
Jove's unborn daughter of celestial mould.

Set down the goblet, bare the brow,
Before the plumed goddess bow;
She demands no festal bowl,
But the homage of the soul;
Hers is the all-presiding eye
That can the inmost heart descry;
Hers the patriot's purest thought,
His purest actions nobly wrought;
Hers the indignant hands that tear
The tyrant from his gilded car,
And plant an empire of her own
Upon the ruins of his throne,
Where the olive's peaceful root
Branches, blooms, and bears its fruit.

CHRYTO *sings a votive ode.*

Queen of Reason and of Right,
Queen of majesty and might
(Who from Jove's threshold thundering toss'd
Implous Terra's giant host,)
Bless the lyre, its fervors raise,
Ere it celebrate thy praise!
Trembling mortals turn to thee,
Guardian of the just and free!
They adore thee, they implore thee
To vindicate their liberty!
Seated in the heavenly hall,
High above yon fulgent star,
Hear thy votaries when they call,
Shake thy ægis, mount thy car,
Thunder from thy sacred wall
Upon the adverse ranks of war.
But shed on us the "light of truth;"
Shield the virtue of our youth;
Tell them that the victor's wreath
Crowns not him who shrinks at death;
Bid them know that winged Fame
Wafts wide the hero's godlike name,
And that applauding heavens behold
The immortal actions of the bold!
So shall thy favor'd race inherit
From age to age a dauntless spirit,
Fearless, peerless in the field,
By their deeds their blood declaring,
Every death and danger daring,
Foremost fighting, last to yield,
And, as they strike the conscious earth,
Shall from their valor tell their birth,
And to the staggering foemen say,
"The sons of conquering Greece are they!
Haste from the hopeless strife retire,
Pallas fills their souls with fire!"
But when the sacred fanes shall bear
The trophies of the finished war,
And the nations bow'd and broken
By Athena's lightning spear,
Tremble at the noble token
Which our youths triumphant rear,
Shadowing forth their high degree
And the favors shown by thee,
Then, Goddess, with thy olive rod
Touch the furrow and the sod,

Calling down the precious aid
Of Ceres, Heaven-descended maid,
And bid the fragrant-bosom'd Flora
Spread her spangled garb before her,
While the Naiades bestow,
From darksome caves and pathless mountains,
All the freshness of their fountains,
Instilling vigor as they flow,
Then, too, will we our prayers combine,
We will build her up a shrine,
Where, at evening's votive hours,
Each youth and maiden, richly laden,
Shall appear with fruits and flowers.
But most of all, omniscient Queen,
Let the force of Mind be seen,
Bid us still be great and good,
Pure in purpose as in blood,
Unsubdued by hostile arms,
Unrelax'd by pleasure's charms;
Aid us in the deep debate,
Teach us how to think and feel
For the honor of the state,
All our wishes consecrate,
Bind them to the public weal!
Bid the patriot seek renown
In the senatorial gown;
Tell him that ambition reigns
Over scourges, over chains,
While the devoted virtuous soul
Can the free-born man control,
And mightiest nations pay respect
To its presiding Intellect;
But where old Ilyssus gleams,
Pouring wide his wandering streams,
And the solemn groves resound
With the awful voice of Truth,
Calling loud from age to youth,
There let thy sacred light abound,
There shed a reverence profound;
While the flood of Reason flows,
And the generous fervor glows,
Let head and heart alike receive
All the lessons thou may'st give.
Then our honor and our glory
(Living in immortal story),
Guardian of the Just and Free,
Pallas, shall redound to thee!
A lordly offering be it thine,
Better far than vain oblations
Or the blood of spotless kine,
'Tis the tribute of all nations,
All that draw the patriot's brand,
Or Corruption's course withstand;
'Tis the applause of Reason sent
Up to the starry firmament;
'Tis the noble soul's devotion,
Deep and boundless as the ocean;
'Tis an offering meet for thee,
Guardian of the Just and Free!

(*Ends.*)

Now, comrades! let us rise; night's cloudy car
Drives o'er the Hellespont, and ere the morn
Beams from her orient portal, quit the glare
Of sickly lamps, to tranquil sleep withdrawn.
Curst is the revelry that steals away
The hours of rest, and staggers into day.

The Mighty Minstrel recited old ballads with a warlike march of sound that made one's heart leap, while his usually sweet smile was drawn in, and disappeared among the glooms that sternly gathered about his lowering brows, and gave his whole aspect a most heroic character. Rude verses that from ordinary lips would have been almost meaningless, from his were inspired with passion. Sir Philip Sydney, who said that Chevy Chace roused him like the sound of a trumpet, had he heard Sir Walter Scott recite it, would have gone distracted. Yet the "best judges" said he murdered his own poetry—we say about as much as Homer. Wordsworth recites his own Poetry magnificently—while his eyes seem blind to all outward objects, like those of a somnambulist. Coleridge was the sweetest of sing-songers—and his silver voice "warbled melody." Next to theirs, we believe our own recitation of Poetry to be the most impressive heard in modern times, though we cannot deny that the leathern-eared have pronounced it detestable, and the long-eared ludicrous; their delight being in what is called Elocution, as it is taught by player-folks. The Ode you now *see* is, we think, a fine one; but had you *heard* it, as Mrs. Gentle has, all the while ambidexterously plying her knitting-needles, you would have jumped from your chair (*she* shows emotion only by stiller quietude), and with the poker charged the Persians. The author modestly signs "Rusticus Quondam;" and one or two of his rhymes betray the Londoner—but he is of the good old school, is full of thought, and his flight is sustained with unflagging wing and an easy vigor. He is of the race of Eagles.

Two of Homer's Hymns—Hymn to Venus, Hymn to Mars. Turn over our Volumes 30, 31, 32, and you will find versions of seven or eight of them by "the Sketcher." They are very free, and in various measures—and display extraordinary power over the most difficult kinds of versification. In his hands the Hymn to Pan grows even more picturesque than the original; and in every stanza we feel that the "shepherd's awe-inspiring god" must be cloven-footed—he cuts such miraculous capers. W. E. L. B. in his versions aims at closest fidelity, and he succeeds; we turned from them to a small volume of Translations from Homer (published at Oxford (1831) by Talboys,) by William John Blew, B.A., and we cannot doubt that *he* is our contributor. By this time he must be in orders; and we hope that he will not be offended with us for reading aright the "letters four that form his name." We have read with great pleasure in his volume (too thin) the "Delian Apollo" and "The Bacchus or the Rovers." Clio calls on him for other contributions, new to Maga—as these his present are; and who will essay the Greater Hymn to Venus? *That* would be indeed an achievement of which any scholar and poet might be ambitious—and which, so far as we know, has not yet been accomplished. The Homeric Hymns, amounting to Thirty-three, were discovered in the last century at Moscow, and edited by Ruhnken. They are easily divisible, says Henry Nelson Coleridge, in his Introduction to the study of the Greek Classic Poets (why have we not another volume?) into two classes—first, regular poems consisting of a prologue, an appropriate legend or fable, and an epilogue or conclusion, of which class are the Hymns to Apollo, Mercury, Venus, and Ceres; and second, mere preludes, or short preparatory addresses to, or eulogies of the divinity at whose festivals the Rhapsode was present, and was about to recite some poem of greater length. To this class belong the two here so excellently translated by Mr. Blew. In the Hymn to Mars, Mr. Coleridge observes, is contained a piece of astronomy, something later in date than the Homeric age, and involving a representation at variance with the popular account of the god of war. The poet, too, counts from Saturn through Jupiter to Mars; and the word τερατος is used, which is not to be found in the Iliad or Odyssey. Hermann alone, of eminent modern critics, attributes these hymns to Homer; but the ancients believed they were his with almost as much confidence as his two great Epics.

HYMN TO VENUS.

Ador'd, gold-crown'd, bright-blushing Aphrodite,
I sing the Queen of Cyprus' sea-girt height,
Whither the dank breath of the blowing West,
Wave-cradled, bare her in her foamy nest,
O'er the froth'd Ocean's wildly-boiling breast.

Her, then, the gem-wreathed Hours with greeting glad
Received, and straight in deathless raiment clad:
And on her brow immortal proudly set
A glorious, golden, rich-wrought coronet:
And hung a jewel in each pierced ear,
Of mountain-brass, than gold itself more dear.
Then round her tender neck and breasts of snow
Those golden chains they wound, whose sunny glow
Had oft their own bright shapes illum'd, when they
Join'd in Jove's halls th' Immortals' glad array:
Thus, by their gentle hands attired, the Hours
Led the young Goddess to the Ethereal Powers.
They saw, and kindly welcomed her, and laid
Softly their hands on hers, and inly pray'd—
Each, that the nymph, his virgin-bride become,
With him might hasten to his starry home.

Thus gazed all Heaven in strangè delight to see
The form of violet-braided Cytherë.

Hail to thee, dark-eyed! honey-tongued, all hail!
In song's sweet strife vouchsafe me to prevail;
Tune thou my lyre, and I will tell of thee,
In after-strains of sweetest minstrelsy.

HYMN TO MARS.

MARS, the strong one, mighty soul'd,
Mail'd in brass and helm'd with gold,
Weigher of the War-car down,
Warder of the leagur'd town,
Shielded champion, staunch of hand,
Wielder of stout spear and brand,
Laborer—whom no toils can quell,
Bulwark of Heaven's citadel,
Sire of conquest nobly won,
Friend of deeds in justice done,
Foe to men of froward mood,
Leader of the leal and good,
Manhood's staff right boldly bearing,
Marshal of all gallant daring,
Aye thy flame track'd circle turning
'Midst the starry wanderers seven;
Borne by coursers redly burning
Round the third bright ring of Heaven.

Hear me—thou! man's fast ally,
Giver of youth with courage rife,
And flash upon me, from on high,
The beam that long may cheer my life—
The kindling might of victory.
So will I bravely from my brow
Ward the sharp stroke of wrong, and bow
Beneath thy spirit's calm control
The treacherous swelling of my soul;
So curb keen anger's headstrong power,
That goads me oft in passion's hour,
To tread the bleak, the cruel path
Of brawling, bitterness, and wrath.

Thus with a quiet strength of heart
Bless me, O thou that blessed art,
And let me dwell beneath the still
Sweet reign of peace that knows no ill,
Far from the foeman's rancorous hate,
Far from the tyrant-grasp of fate.

Who would have thought it? Coffee! Peter's tread is soft as "the pard's velvet foot on Libyan sands," or a cat's on a Turkey carpet. He must have come and gone like a ghost in our old English theatres, "in an invisible garment." A few more spoonfuls of sugar-candy and an additional dash of cream. Madam, you are getting stingy, and may end in *a Duchatel!* A thimbleful of cogniac would give point to this cup—and eke to yours—there—that's a good old girl—Now let us TRY EUTERPE.—The goddess is in her gait! Would that the General had never seen her face! Had we not gone to Jerusalem—forty years ago she would have been *ours!* Sit close, and we shall sing thee a song—by—by—ALFRED DOMETT—a new name to our old ears—but he has the prime virtue of a song-writer—*a heart.*

Let's hold the leaf together—so; sweetest, you have a palm like Ophelia's—but we have too deep a sense of honor to act like Hamlet. He was a cruel man. Take the second—our voice you know is a *soprano*—

GLEE FOR WINTER.

HENCE, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,
Never merry, never mellow!
Well-a-day! in rain and snow
What will keep one's heart a glow?
Groups of kinsmen, old and young,
Oldest they old friends among!
Groups of friends, so old and true,
That they seem our kinsmen too!
These all merry all together,
Charm away chill Winter weather!

What will kill this dull old fellow?
Ale that's bright, and wine that's mellow!
Dear old songs for ever new—
Some true love, and laughter too—
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun,
And a dance when day is done!
Music, wit, and wine well plied,
Whispered love by warm fire-side,
Mirth at all times all together,
Make sweet May of Winter weather!

We are in good voice, chuck. But listen with these prettiest, delicatest, littlest, wee earikins o' thine, thou mousie, to our *Solo*—and tell us how you like our *tenor*. Words by the same fine-hearted Alfred Domett.

SONG FOR A FAMILY PARTY.

TO BE SUNG BY

"*All who've known each other long.*"

YE! whose veins are like your glasses,
From the same decanter filled,
With a ruddy, generous liquor,
Which, God send, may ne'er be chilled!
Come! old friends and near relations,
Take the oath we couch in song;
Hand-in-hand, come pledge it fairly
All who've known each other long!

Gray heads, green heads, join in chorus,
All who can or cannot sing,
Put your hearts into your voices
Till we make the old house ring!
Let us swear by all that's kindly,
All the ties of old and young,
We will always know each other
As we've known each other long!

By the house we oft have shaken
(House where most of us were born),
When the dance grew wild and romping,
And we kept it up till morn!
By the old convivial table
Where we oft have mustered strong,
By the glasses we have emptied
To each other's health so long!

By our school-boy freaks together,
In old days with mischief rife—
Fellowship, when youth on pleasure
Flung away redundant life!
By bereavements, mourned in common—
By the hopes, a fluttering throng,
We have felt when home returning,
Parted from each other long!

By the fathers who, before us,
Silver-haired together grew,
Who so long revered each other—
Let us swear to be as true!
Swear no selfish jealous feeling
E'er shall creep our ranks among,
E'er make strangers of the kinsmen
Who have known each other long!

No! whate'er our creed or party,
Riches—rank—or poverty,
With a *second* home, *without* one,
True and trusty still we'll be!
Still we'll drink and dance together—
Gather still in muster strong—
And for ever know each other
As we've known each other long!

That is a rehearsal, love; but we shall sing it with *all our birr* at "the Gathering." You have promised to take the head of the table—and—hear us—oh! that you would *at last*—occupy the place—permanently and by sacred right!—Well—well—we are mute—but the world is waiting for the event—and 'tis a censorious world—*howsomever*, let us take another twig at EUTERPE.

Our dear Madam, here are some very superior stanzas. "The Portrait," of whom, think you? They are not of very recent date; but the subject is fresh for ever, as a star—

"The star of Jove so beautiful and large."

Nor are they unworthy of the sub-

ject—the best lines these we have seen regarding one

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

THE PORTRAIT.

"Why dost thou fix so earnestly
Thy gaze? I fain would seek,
What is it calls that sudden sigh,
And bids the tears start to thine eye,
The color to thy cheek?"

"The reason wouldst thou understand,
Approach and gaze with me.
A form portray'd by pencil grand,
Beneath some mighty master's hand,
His noblest work I see."

"And is that all? and know'st thou not
Whose form is pictur'd there?
Those traits once seen were ne'er forgot;
But read them well—thou'lt soon allot
The honored name they bear."

"That dauntless brow might best beseem
A warrior's daring mood;
The lip of pride, the eye's dark gleam
Show firm resolve, command supreme,
Danger and foes subdu'd."

"These mark, indeed, the conqueror tried
On many a well-fought plain;
But canst thou nought discern, beside
High deeds and military pride?
O turn, and look again."

"Calm wisdom on that front sublime,
Care on the faded cheek,
A glance to pierce the depths of time,
And rule mankind through every climc,
The statesman's soul bespeak."

"Look yet once more, peruse aright
The mind charàctered here—
Greatness, above ambition's flight,
Or faction's rage, or envy's blight—
Justice and truth severe.

"Still loftier praise his deeds afford,
Might I such meed bestow.
Blest hero! whose redeeming sword
Peace, safety, liberty restored"—
"Enough, I know him now!"

"Yes, one alone might ever claim
Such splendor of renown,
And such the unsullied, sacred fame
Doth consecrate *his* deathless name,
And every action crown.

"Then marvel not my bosom glow'd
His glory to behold,
And sigh'd to think ingratitude,
And base detraction's viper brood,
Even here blind warfare hold.

"But vain—as in the illustrious hour
His victories that seal'd,
When Europe's fate did darkly lower
Unharm'd amid the fiery shower,
Her 'venger and her shield,

"He stood serene—still shall he stand,
By civil broils unmoved,
The light, the safeguard of the land
'Gainst foreign foe, or trait'rous band,
In peace, in war, approved.

"So let his fame all nations spread,
All hearts his praise avow,
Bring laurels for his glorious head,
And bid the immortal amarynths shed,
Their honors on his brow."

Meek spirit mine! and gentlest of the Gentiles! to thee in every walk of life the good and the great are dear; but well we know that thou lovest best the paths of peace, and, soul-sickened, recoilest from the shouts of victory that rend "the war-clouds rolling dun" over fields of blood. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace!" These words from thy lips how often have they "sank like music in my heart!" *They* call thee a Methodist, Mary! Who? The inane—and worse than the inane, the inflated with this world's vanities; and true it is that Method reigns—with soft and noiseless sway—over thy mien, thy manners, and thy mind—regular and ordered thy mild domestic movements all—as those of *that* star—we have named from thee—at home in heaven, whether shining by itself alone, or in galaxy conspicuous still by its own peculiar light! Something sad there ever is in the most lustrous imagery of Night; buf thou art joyful, too, as the day, and then the beauty of holiness shows in thee like the Sun glorifying the clouds. The clouds of Life!

Here are two sonnets—written in a fair and *staid* hand—not unlike thine own—only a little rounder—and we should guess the author to be a clergyman—and one who for not a few years has ministered at the altar. They are tender and solemn; and flow purely from a religious spirit. Yet a layman

he may be—there are many such in England—for their education is Christian, and its character is given by the church.

COWSLIP GREEN. BY H. T.

When every vernal hope and joy decays,
When love is cold, and life is little worth,
Age yields to heaven the joyless lees of earth,
Offering their Lord the refuse of his days:
O wiser she, who, from the voice of praise,
Friendship, intelligence, and guiltless mirth,
Fled timely hither, and this rural hearth
Rear'd for an altar; not with sterile blaze
Of virgin fire one mystick's cell to light,
Selfish devotion; but its warmth to pour
Creative through the cold chaotic night
Of rustic ignorance; thence, bold, to soar
Through hall and princely bower with radiant flight,
Till peer and peasant bless the name of More.

BARLEY WOOD.

A voice in vision-haunted Gibeon came:
"Because thou didst not earth's poor gauds admire,
Renown and power, but wisdom didst desire,
Gain the pure object of thy virtuous aim,
Withal thou hast not sought thee wealth and fame."
Like was thy blessing, More! who didst require
Wisdom from heaven, and from Renown retire;
Wealth bless'd thy home, and honor grac'd thy name.
Happy thine age! gazing each tranquil day,
O'er hill, wood, ocean, and green valley, where
Rose, central, the heaven-pointing church-tower grey!
Such, too, the prospect of thy soul; a fair
And shining scene life's vale before thee lay,
With one heaven-pointing hope all central there.

How it howls! That was a very avalanche. Worse weather than Christmas week, though that was wild, and the snow-winds preached charity to all who had roofs overhead—towards the houseless and them who huddle round hearths where the fire is dying or dead. Those blankets must have been a Godsend indeed to net a few families, and your plan is preferable to a Fancy-Fair. Yet that is good too—nor do we find fault with them who dance for the Destitute. We sanction amusements that give relief to misery—and the wealthy may waltz unblamed for behoof of the poor. Two minutes and 'twill be Sabbath morning. How serene the face of that Time-Piece! and how expressive! Your chair comes at one—the fire is low, but bright—read you now, beloved friend, and there is true piety as well as true poetry in this "Christmas Hymn." 'Tis by the same gentleman whose merry songs we chanted an hour ago. The most cheerful are often the most religious—a wise mirth observes due place and season—and the eyes that smile brightest are often the most ready to be filled with tears.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!—
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight
From lordly revel, rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the ROMAN, what befel
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed,—for nought
Told *what was going on within;*
How keen the stars, his only thought,
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Oh strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—*but knew not why*
The world was listening—*unawares!*
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It *is* the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy *now!*
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born,
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

You are remembering Milton's Hymn on the Morning of Christ's nativity! written in his Twenty-First year, and probably, says Bishop Newton, "as a College Exercise." In Cowper's hands, the Task soon grew into a work of love. But here the theme was all divine; and, if indeed a College Exercise it was, such music must have sunk deep into many a wondering and reverential young spirit, meditating on tidings of great joy,

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

All true Hymns—for they are holy—may be read without abatement of emotion—the humble interchanging with the high—the sweet with the solemn—so congenial are all religious moods—awoke by light from heaven.

"No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings stood still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sat brooding on the charmed wave."

Recite again the simple Hymn yet in your hand, and you will feel its beauty even the more after those magnificent stanzas. Nor will the three little compositions we shall now ourselves recite, fall unheeded on your ear yet sounding with those multitudinous harmonies, for they are *sincere*—as the dews on Hermon.

SUMMER EVENING IN HERTS.

(COMPOSED MANY SEASONS AGO.)

How calm the valley's slumbering breast,
Faint murmuring to the breeze!
How rich the sunbeams from the west,
That on the rustic gables rest,
And glimmer through the trees!

How cool the shadows that descend
Upon the village green,
Where yonder elms their arms extend
Across the rush-girt pool, to lend
The nightingale a screen!

Lost are the sounds of summer care
Upon the fragrant mead;
Through sombre lanes and freshening air
The weary mowers homeward fare,
And silent dews succeed.

Hushed is the vagrant curlew's call
That echoed from the fallow,
The swift is roosting by the wall,
The cushat in the firs so tall,
The cuckoo in the sallow;

With noiseless wing and feeble note,
The bat wheels through the gloom,
While nightly moths by thousands float,
From out the secret shades remote,
Their orgies to resume!

Hail mantling hour of calm decline,
Thy presence I can prize;
Fair are the morning suns, but mine
Be the last mellow gleams that shine
Upon the summer skies;

Mine be the pensive mood that brings
Long trains of reverie,
The shades of bygone thoughts and things,
And oft unseen the secret springs
Of tender memory:

Then as the fond emotion grows,
And living sense is given,
The strife of Love rekindling glows,
And tearful, trembling hopes repose
With happy souls in Heaven.

TO AN EVENING CLOUD RAINING IN THE DISTANCE.

Fair cloud that floatest over yonder hill,
Thou shed'st no lightnings on thy peaceful way,
But from thy fleecy folds soft dews distil,
Cheering the languor of declining day.

Yet dost thou bear upon thy brow the beams
Of him whose radiance summon'd thee at noon,
From out the murmur of thy kindred streams
To scatter on the earth this evening boon;

Nor dost thou scorn to own him sinking now
Through the dim precincts of the darkling west,
But answerest his last look, as if to show
That all thy bounty was but his bequest.

Thou art an emblem of true charity,
In aspect bland, and liberal indeed,
Blessing and blessed, yet pointing modestly
To one who gave her gifts and bade her speed!

A PICTURE (IN THE DARK MONASTIC AGES.)

Nay, Shepherd! Turn I prythee turn away,
This is no place where nibbling flocks should come;
Nay break not on this solitary gloom
With bark of watchful dogs and rustic lay!
Lo, the clouds gather, and with troublous fringe
Threaten the mountain tops, and now the wind
Bids yonder lank and shaggy forest cringe,
And in her tangled lair affrights the hind:
The convent bell is hushed upon the hill,
And in this hour of solitude and shade,
By the good brethren to the Lord is paid
The tribute of a pure devoted will;
Now do the hands that once could wield the sword
And rein the charger in the wild crusade,
Clasp the dear symbol and the knotted chord,
And supplicate for guidance, light and aid,
That they their humbler duties may fulfil.

They are by our unknown friend Rusticus Quondam.

In our day it was Wordsworth who restored the Sonnet to its place in Poetry. His Book of Sonnets—were they all in one Book — would be the Statesman's, Warrior's, Priest's, Sage's Manual. To him we now—for the first time—and we shall soon see the application made by others with a proud air of originality—apply his own line to the Lark in Heaven—

"A privacy of glorious light is there."

Many hundred excellent sonnets have been inspired by his; and the best, perhaps, have been by our "Sketcher." They are not imitations of Wordsworth's—any more than Wordsworth's are imitations of Milton's—or Milton's of the greatest of the Italian Masters. The subjects are all his own, and his own the *handling;* he is unequalled in the picturesque; and the Poet's pen does the work—as far as words can compete with colors—of the painter's pencil. But his Sonnets are full of thought and feeling—often most ingenious—and as often profound; "grace is in all his steps" in his gayer moods of fancy; he is occasionally *quaint*—a quality that cannot be described, but is felt to be delightful—and though not seldom harsh in his versification, and in his diction obscure, he is never weak, and always original—for his effusions are all the fruits of his own experiences, and his is an eye

"That broods and sleeps on its own heart."

Mr. Chapman's Sonnets we need not characterise, but leave these Six to speak for themselves;—ere we shall have recited them, the Time-piece will have struck One o'clock of Sabbath morning—and thou, Life of our Life, must then leave us, and carry with thee our blessing to thine own near home.

SONNETS. BY M. J. CHAPMAN.

I.

Who that has gazed upon Orion's belt,
The fretted ceiling of the vaulted sky,
The starry region's vast Infinity,
The host of wheeling worlds, and hath not felt
His heart before the glorious presence melt?
He that has upward looked, with earnest eye
Of kindling Faith and meek Humility,
Must know Who in his far pavilion dwelt
Higher than highest star, in His own light,
Before that ever in procession moved
The heavenly lamps, or to the creature's sight
The made proclaimed the Maker. None e'er loved
To moralize the sweet face of the Night,
But found his spirit softened and reproved.

II.

Art thou so soon forgotten? thou, the loved
Of all who knew thee? have the charm, the grace,
The dove-like softness, left behind no trace
For memory to hallow—as behoved
Him most, whom more than all thy love approved?
Poor man! that only prized thy form and face,
Those loved while living for his warm embrace,
Forgets them now and thee by death removed.
Lovely in life and lovelier in thy death!
Dejected visage, sobs, and tearful eyes
Expressed brief sorrow for thy stifled breath—
Mirth, laughter in a month! and sorrow flies.
'Tis well: thou heedest not, Elizabeth!
This thankless world—who could in Paradise?

III.

She is not beautiful, but lovely—grace
Plays ever round her even-parted lips,

Sweeter their dew than that the bee-bird sips;
Meek gentleness sits throned on her face;
The purest lilies lovingly embrace
Her sweet-cheek roses; of more worth than ships
Of Tarshish with their wares, without eclipse
Truth's light shines in her as a dwelling-place.
Can loveliness disturb and beauty sting?
Doubts with his hopes must every lover hive,
Not honey all, while, inly passioning,
He deems his fair "the cruelest she alive."
Exquisite passion! life's ecstatic spring!
Who, without thee, would be content to live?

IV.

Oft in Hesperian climes, when dewy eve
Drops her grey veil, the liquid air is shining
With star-like sparkles; then the lover pining
With secret fears, but willing to believe
Deceitful hopes still ready to deceive,
Through the pine forest paces, and refining
His thoughts by passion's alchymy, 'gins twining
Wreaths of sweet fancies, and forgets to grieve.
Now comes a blight to nip his buds of spring,
Now a bright sunshine follows on the hail;
And to his mind the flitting fire-flies bring
An image of his thoughts—for, as they sail,
One while they shine, then darkling droop the wing—
So hope and fear with him by turns prevail.

V.

Sisters, unmothered in your tender years,
Fond objects of your father's anxious care,
Who with each other sympathizing share
The thoughts of innocence, hopes, wishes, fears,
From the same fountain drawing smiles or tears;
So far, so well: still better, gentle pair!
If to life's end, in after life too rare,
Inviolate union each to each endears.
Let not the rude world's weeds and brambles smother
The blossoms of sweet love that grace your prime;
Still hand in hand, still loving one another,
Travel unto that extreme bourne of time,
That now divides ye from your sainted mother—
So live that ye may reach her happy clime.

VI.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH, MASTER OF TRINITY.

Worthy! that in the fulness of thy years
Dost crown with honor's wreath thy lettered ease,
In thee fresh youth the just example sees
Of one who, living well, life's end not fears
Reaping in age the fruit that virtue bears;
To cherish worth and genius thee doth please,
As now in Lycidas—with acts like these,
How much authority itself endears!
The praise of those we honor is a goad,
And kindness pricks the bosom like a dart,
As that quick, sensitive true-heart late showed,
Melting in tears. Good seed thou didst impart
To a good soil, not scatter'd by the road,
Brightening the fresh green of a noble heart.

DESPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No. III.

WAR IN THE DECCAN.

Our last article terminated with the return of Colonel Wellesley, in May, 1801, from the armament destined for Upper Egypt, to his former command in Mysore. From that period until the end of 1802, his attention was chiefly directed to improving the condition and consolidating the resources of the ceded provinces. Under his administration, their defence was provided for, their tranquillity secured, and the inhabitants, long oppressed by arbitrary and excessive exactions, were protected in the enjoyment of their rights by a strong, vigilant, and impartial government.

There are few documents connected with this tranquil—but certainly not inactive—period to be found in the work before us. We regret this, and trust that the deficiency may yet be supplied;* but we already possess abundant proof that his great powers were most beneficially devoted to the public service. Among the despatches we find a very able and valuable memoir on the importance of Seringapatam, both as a convenient depôt for the coast of Malabar, and affording the most favorable and secure position for the establishment of a grand arsenal and magazine. Contemplating the probability of a rupture with the Marhattas, Colonel Wellesley likewise furnished the Supreme Government with a full statement of his opinions as to the mode in which the war should be conducted. The memoir on this subject is one of great talent, and evinces an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the character of the people, and the military and geographical features of the country.

Among other interesting papers connected with this period, there is one, entitled, "A Journal of the measures taken, arrangements made, and orders given, in consequence of the notice received from Mr. Webbe and the Commander-in-Chief, that it was probable an army would be assembled on the Toombuddra, with a view to operations in the Marhatta territory." Though it is impossible to give the whole of this journal, which is of considerable length, we shall lay before our readers enough to excite astonishment at the extraordinary mental activity of the writer. It must be remembered, however, that the following quotation enumerates only the measures adopted, and orders issued *in one day with reference to a single object*, and that, in addition, Colonel Wellesley had to discharge all the onerous duties of his extensive government, both military and political.

The journal commences on the 12th of November, 1802, and terminates on the 4th of December following. It was intended solely as a private memorandum, to enable Colonel Wellesley to feel secure that nothing had been omitted in the various preliminary arrangements required in the projected expedition. The preparations being completed, the journal was discontinued.

"12th November, 1802.—Received a letter from Mr. Webbe, dated the 9th, giving me notice of the probability that an army would be assembled on the Toombuddra.

"I had a communication with Mr. Piele, in which I urged him to desire Puoneah to put the forts of Hurryhur and Hoonelly in decent repair. I gave him notice of the probable want of grain and rice, and desired him to urge the Dewan to stop the exportation of the former entirely, and of the latter from the countries bordering on the Ghauts. I likewise desired him to give notice to the Dewan that we should want 20,000 sheep per mensem, and that they ought to begin to collect between Sera and Chittledroog. I desired the commissary of stores of Seringapatam

* Of the three volumes of Colonel Wellesley's letters, lately discovered at Madras, we imagine that a considerable portion will be found to relate to the transactions of 1802.

to prepare an equipment for a force which would require twenty field-pieces, and to repair all the carriages that required it.

"I wrote to Captain Johnson, of the Bombay Engineers, to desire that he would carry into execution his plan for removing six 12-pounders from Goa to Hullihall.

"I wrote to Lieutenant Dillon, the acting resident at Goa, to request that he would undertake to remove to Hullihall all the Company's stores at Goa, beginning with the arrack and the 12-pounder shot.

"I wrote to Mr. Reeves, the paymaster, Major Doolan, the commanding-officer at Goa, and Mr. Read, the collector, to urge the adoption of all the measures which could facilitate these operations.

"I ordered Mr. Gordon to lay in thirty garces of rice, at Hullihall in Soondah.

"I wrote to Mr. Read, to request he would facilitate this measure, and that he would let me know how much more Soondah could supply.

"Captain Barclay wrote, by my orders, to the Brinjarry Gomasteh, Mutrin Lallah, to desire him to come up from Conjeveram immediately, and to inform him that all the Brinjarries in the Carnatic, Mysore, and ceded districts, would be immediately wanted; that they were to load and join the army.

"He also wrote to all the Naigs of the Brinjarries, directing them to load, and wait for orders to move.

"I received a letter from General Stuart of the 9th, ordering certain corps to be prepared for the field, and certain other preparations, and desiring my opinions on certain points. I gave him those opinions in a letter of this date."

We are now about to enter on the Marhatta War; but, in order to render the despatches connected with it fully intelligible to the general reader, it will be necessary to precede them with a brief historical and geographical account of the country about to become the scene of hostilities.

The Marhattas are a bold and warlike race, who had long subdued the country stretching northward from the Toombuddra river to Delhi, and eastward from the gulf of Cambay to the bay of Bengal. Their territory therefore was of vast extent, being little less than 1000 miles long and 900 broad. It included many fertile provinces, thronged with towns and villages, and enriched by internal commerce. The whole population of the Marhatta dominions was computed at 40 millions, of which about nine-tenths were Hindoos, and the rest Mahomedans.

Of the history of this formidable people little is known. From the first Mahomedan conquest, until the reign of Aurungzebe, they appear to have escaped the notice of the historian. Probably their territory was divided into small principalities, individually little formidable, and prevented by jealousies from forming any extensive coalition. Sevagee, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, was the first leader who united these discordant tribes and chieftains under one sovereignty. He enlarged his dominions by conquest; and his son Sambogee, being also of warlike habits, extended them still farther. The latter, however, being made prisoner, was put to death by Aurungzebe, and his son Sahoo Rajah succeeded to the Musnud. This imbecile prince delegated his whole authority to a Brahmin named Bellagee, by whom the government was conducted. Bellagee, like a skilful politician, seems to have been contented with possessing the power of a monarch, without coveting the insignia, and assuming no higher title than that of Peshwah, or minister, he exercised the effective sovereignty of the Marhatta empire. On his death, Bajee Rao, his son, succeeded to his authority, and this anomalous form of government has continued to the present day, the office of Peshwah having become hereditary, and each successor being regularly installed by the Rajah of Sattarah, his nominal sovereign and real prisoner.

Had the power of this vast empire remained concentrated under a single ruler, it must have endangered the independence of all the neighboring states. Fortunately, this was not the case. Soon after its foundation it became divided among five princes or chiefs, who, though acknowledging a modified allegiance to the captive Rajah of Sattarah, entertained a jealous and hostile feeling towards each other.

In 1802, these were as follows:—

1st. Ragojee Bhoonslah, Rajah of Berar, who having been Buckshee or Commander in Chief, under the Rajah of Sattarah, received the province of Berar in Jaghire, as a recompense for his services. Subsequently, he assert-

ed his independence, and converted his Jaghire into a separate state.

2d. Dowlat Rao Scindiah. This powerful chieftain held the greater part of Malwa, and all Candeish, the cities and districts of Delhi and Agra, and a considerable portion of the Dooab between the Jumna and Ganges.

3d. Jeswunt Rao Holkar. Another vassal or Jaghiredar, who asserted his independence. His territory consisted of part of Malwa and the city and district of Indore.

4th. The Guicwar, who held the rich province of Guzerat.

And, 5th, The Peishwa Bajee Rao, holding the hereditary dominions of the Rajah of Sattarah in vicarious sovereignty, and maintaining his court at Poonah, the capital.

Such were the principal Marhatta leaders at the commencement of the war in 1803. Both in its foreign and its domestic relations the Marhatta empire was regarded as a confederation of princes, of which the Rajah of Sattarah was lord paramount, and the Peshwah the acknowledged organ of his government. The power of conducting negotiations with foreign states was alone vested in the Peshwah, though it was one which he did not venture to exercise without the concurrence of the chief feudatories whenever their interests were to be affected by the treaty. The latter, however, asserted and exercised the right of separately negotiating in all matters exclusively relating to their own territory. Thus each of the Marhatta princes formed alliances and made war or peace without reference to the Peshwah.

Nothing, therefore, could be more fragile than the bonds which held together the different members of this vast confederation. Of these Scindiah was the most formidable. His predecessor had received a number of French adventurers into his pay, who had organized and instructed in European discipline an army of 38,000 infantry and 8000 cavalry, with an artillery consisting of 120 pieces of iron, and 150 pieces of brass ordnance. To a Frenchman named Perron, Scindiah confided the government of his northern provinces, while by his superior power, he overawed the Peshwah, and maintained a preponderating influence at Poonah. This influence naturally excited the jealousy of Holkar, who adopted every measure to render his army equal in numbers and discipline to that of his rival. With this view he likewise engaged a number of European officers, and as by far the larger proportion of the adventurers then in India were Frenchmen, the great majority of those who entered his service were of that nation. Thus it happened, that at the period in question, the Peshwah, Scindiah, and Holkar, each possessed armies almost entirely officered by enemies to England, a state of things which could not but excite apprehension in the Government at Calcutta.

The character of the Marhatta government was essentially predatory. Every other Hindoo state devoted a considerable portion of its wealth to the purposes of internal improvement. They had erected pagodas, constructed tanks, canals, and other works of public utility. But it seems to have been the object of the rulers of this great empire not to build up but to destroy. Their revenue did not arise from the prosperity of a people protected in their peaceful industry, but from violent and fluctuating exactions on the cultivators of the soil, and predatory irruptions into the territory of the neighboring states, from which even the regular payment of the established *chout*, or tribute, did not exempt them.

The predatory principle of the Government, of course influenced the character of the people. The inhabitants of a town or district, when robbed of their property, endeavored to replace it, not by honest industry, but by carrying off that of their neighbors. Thus every village was necessarily fortified, and the whole nation might be regarded as a horde of marauders, to whom war was always welcome, as affording additional sanction, and a wider scope, to the system of plunder on which they depended for subsistence.

The chief strength of the Marhatta armies consisted in their cavalry, the description of force best adapted to their rapid and desultory movements. Like the Cossacks, the Marhattas were only formidable when mounted. Their character was little suited to the slow and regular operations of infantry. When compelled to act in that capacity they wanted confidence

in themselves and in their leaders, and could never be rendered thoroughly amenable to the trammels of European discipline.

Towards the British Government the whole of the Marhatta chiefs had cherished an unfriendly spirit, though prudence had prevented its breaking out into acts of absolute hostility. It may readily be supposed, therefore, that they regarded the recent successes of the British arms with an evil eye. In the vigorous and decided policy which in a single campaign had crushed the power of Tippoo, they saw or suspected the danger of their own states. It is true, that at the commencement and during the continuance of the Mysore war, the Peshwah had professed friendship, but he by no means fulfilled the stipulations of the treaty into which he had entered with Lord Cornwallis. Lord Wellesley, however, being desirous of securing his co-operation, offered him a considerable portion of the Mysore territory on condition of his concluding a new alliance. The proposal was decidedly rejected by the Peshwah. The secret of this decision lay in the fact that Scindiah, with his army, was in the neighborhood of Poonah, and directed the councils of the court. No further doubt, therefore, could be entertained of the unfriendly disposition of these formidable chieftains, and it became necessary to provide for the consequences of an approaching rupture. With this view, early in 1802, an alliance was concluded with the Guicwar, sovereign of Guzerat, who was thus prevented from confederating with Scindiah and the Peshwah.

Such were the political relations existing between the Marhatta leaders and the British Government, when, in the autumn of 1802, Holkar, at the head of a large army, crossed the Nerbudda, and directed his march on Poonah. The united forces of Scindiah and the Peshwah advanced to meet him, and after a fruitless attempt at negotiation the armies joined in battle. The result was, that Holkar completely defeated his opponents, and the Peshwah fled towards Severndroog, where he embarked for Bassein, in Guzerat. There he made overtures for an alliance with the British; and a treaty was concluded, whereby he consented to receive a British subsidiary force, to cede territory for its maintenance, and to discharge all European adventurers from his service.

When Holkar found himself in possession of Poonah, he declared the Musnud to have devolved on the son of Amrut Rao, brother of the fugitive Peshwah, and invested the father with the office of Prime Minister. The British Government being now pledged by treaty to restore the Peshwah to his dominions, determined to put an end to this usurpation. With this view, a strong army of observation was assembled at Hurryhur, on the southern Marhatta frontier, under the command of Lieutenant-General Stuart. The Bombay Government was ordered to prepare for service all the disposable force of that Presidency, and the subsidiary force at Hyderabad (the Nizam's capital) was likewise directed to be in readiness to take the field.

The first object being to restore the Peshwah to his capital, General* Wellesley, with a portion of the army of observation at Hurryhur, was ordered to advance rapidly on Poonah. Colonel Stevenson, with the subsidiary force of the Deccan, was likewise directed to march on the same point, and regulate his movements by the instructions of General Wellesley. According to official returns, the corps of the latter consisted of about 10,000 men, of whom 1700 were cavalry, and that under Stevenson of 7500, with about 1000 cavalry.

General Wellesley commenced his march from Hurryhur on the 9th of March, 1803, and crossed the Toombuddra on the 12th. His progress through the Marhatta territories was rapid and successful. The British were every where received as friends, and many of the minor chiefs or Jaghiredars in the vicinity of their route accompanied them in their march. The reputation which General Wellesley had acquired among the natives by his brilliant operations against Doondiah contributed not a little to this favorable reception. During the whole of this advance, the strictest discipline was maintained, and so skilfully regulated

* He was promoted to the rank of Major-General in April 1802.

was the system of supply, that the troops endured no privations. On the 20th of April General Wellesley reached Poonah without having encountered any opposition. The following despatch, written on the day after his arrival, will be found interesting. We learn from it what were his impressions of the policy likely to be adopted by the Marhatta leaders at a crisis which threatened the subversion of their power.

"Major-General the Hon. A. Wellesley to the Governor-General.

My Lord, Poonah, 21st April, 1803.

"I arrived here yesterday with the cavalry of my division, and the Marhatta troops under Appah Sahib, Gocklah, and others of the Peshwah's officers.

"I had received repeated intimations from Colonel Close, that Amrut Rao, who still remained at Poonah, intended to burn that city, when I should approach with the British troops; and at last, a request from the Peshwah, that I would detach some of his officers, with their troops, to provide for the safety of his family. It was obvious, that even if I could have prevailed upon these officers to go to Poonah, their force was not of the description, or of such strength, as to prevent the execution of Amrut Rao's design; and I therefore determined to march forward with the British cavalry and the Marhattas, as soon as I should arrive within a long forced march from Poonah. In the mean time, I received intelligence that Amrut Rao was still in the neighborhood on the 18th; and that he had removed the Peshwah's family to Sevaghur, a measure which was generally supposed to be preparatory to burning the town; and I marched on the 19th at night above forty miles to this place, making the total distance which the cavalry have marched, since 19th in the morning, about sixty miles.

"Amrut Rao heard of our march yesterday morning, and marched off with some precipitation, leaving the town in safety. It is generally believed here, that he intended to burn it, and that it was saved only by our arrival. The infantry will come here to-morrow.

"I received a very civil letter from Amrut Rao, in answer to one which I wrote him. He says that he will send a person to talk to me upon this business. I consider it to be very important that he should be brought in, and I will do every thing in my power to induce him to submit to the Peshwah's government.

"Matters in general have a good appearance. I think they all will end as you wish. The combined chiefs, of whom we have heard so much, have allowed us to come quietly, and take our station at this place; and, notwithstanding their threats, have taken no one step to impede our march, or to divert our attention to other objects. Here we are now in force, in a position from which nothing can drive us, and in which we shall gain strength daily. On the other hand, they have not yet made peace among themselves; much less have they agreed to attack us, or in any particular plan of attack.

"If I should be mistaken, and that, in opposition to the conclusions of reasoning upon the state of our affairs with each of the Marhatta chiefs, who, we are told, were to combine to attack us; and upon a comparison of our means of annoying each and all of them, with theirs of annoying the Nizam (which is all that they can do), we should still have a war with them, you will have the satisfaction of reflecting, that in consequence of the course of measures which you have already pursued, you have removed the seat of war to a distance from the Company's territories; and that you have the means of carrying it on in such a state of preparation as to insure its speedy and successful termination.

"In thus reasoning upon the subject, I conclude that we should have had to contend with this confederacy at all events; or at least, that we should have had a war with the Marhatta powers, in some shape, even if this treaty with the Peshwah had not been concluded.

"Upon this point I have only to observe, that the establishment of Holkar's power at Poonah, founded as it was upon repeated victories over Scindiah's troops, would probably have occasioned demands upon the Nizam. But sup-

posing that I may be mistaken, I declare, that from what I have seen of the state of this country, it would have been impossible for Holkar to maintain an army in the Deccan without invading the Nizam's territory. They have not left a stick standing at the distance of 150 miles from Poonah; they have eaten the forage and grain; have pulled down the houses, and have used the materials as fire-wood; and the inhabitants have fled with their cattle. Excepting in one village, I have not seen a human creature since I quitted the neighborhood of Meritch; so that the result of your omitting to make some arrangement for the Peshwah, which was to occasion the re-establishment of his power, must have been the invasion of the Nizam's territories; if only for the subsistence of those multitudes in Holkar's suite, or their march to the countries to the southward of the Kistna. This last course might have procrastinated the evil; as they might, in those countries, have found subsistence for another year; but then their next step would have been to seek for it in the Company's territories, the very sources from which we should have been obliged to draw our supplies in the contest which must have ensued.

"Supposing, therefore, that there is a distant risk that you may have a contest with the Marhatta powers, you have the satisfacton of reflecting, that in consequence of those measures, the scene of action must be at a distance from the Company's territories; and that you are in such a state of preparation as to insure its speedy success: at all events, it is probable that if you had not adopted those measures, either the Company or their ally must have suffered all the evils of war, without having the same means of averting them, or of limiting their duration.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

There is no doubt that the rapidity of the march to Poonah must have rendered it severely trying to the troops. In the burning climate of India every extraordinary exertion is certain to be followed by a proportionate depression of the vital powers. It has been often observed, that Europeans in India, from their greater moral energy, and constitutional vigor, will for a single campaign bear fatigue, privation, and exposure to the sun, better than the natives. But their power of endurance is short-lived. The stamina of the over-worked soldier soon give way—lassitude and debility come on—disease consigns him to an hospital, and he dies ere a grey hair has visited his temples. This is a melancholy picture, but a true one. It represents the fate of thousands of brave men annually sent to tropical regions in the service of their country. The sword, no doubt, is a depopulator of very respectable powers. Its effects are more sudden and visible, and therefore more striking to the imagination. Poets and poetical prose-writers—the latter a class abhorred by gods and men—generally despatch their heroes by it whenever it is found convenient to get them out of the way. But in point of extent, its ravages are insignificant when compared with those of climate. The former occasionally pauses in the work of destruction. Sometimes for a dozen years together, the bayonets of an army are bloodless as the blade of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin;--firelocks discharge nothing but blank cartridges, and the regulation cut-and-thrusts would enjoy an absolute sinecure but for their occasional employment as toasting-forks. But the pestilence which lurks in the air, which no eye hath seen, though it has closed millions of the brightest, never rests from his labors. Some it kills suddenly, and theirs is the more enviable lot. Others it blights in their prime, changing the strong man into a yellow and bloodless spectre, who, withered in mind and body, totters to his grave, or—sadder still—returns to his native land—purchases a mission in Portland Place—marries a blooming and beautiful girl of seventeen—is chosen into the Direction—takes his seat in the House of Commons as M. P. for Evesham or Ipswich—votes like a good Tory and honest man (the terms are synonymous) against the Reform Bill, and at length dies a leading and respected member of the Carlton Club, leaving an inconsolable widow and nine children! But we are becoming affecting, and must "launch into another strain."

General Wellesley being in possession of Poonah, arrangements were immediately made for the return of

the Peshwah. Escorted by a detachment of British troops, that prince sat out from Bassein on the 27th of April, and on the 13th of May entered his capital, and reassumed his functions. In retiring from Poonah, Holkar was probably influenced by a dread of collision with the British, and a desire to occupy a more favorable position for carrying on negotiations with Scindiah. In order to alarm General Wellesley, he sedulously spread reports that he was already in treaty with Scindiah, and that this alliance would speedily be strengthened by the accession of the Rajah of Berar. The same language was also held by the emissaries of Scindiah and the Rajah, and a meeting between the three chiefs was announced as about to take place on the Nizam's northern frontier.

In this position of affairs, Holkar, suddenly moving in an easterly direction, shewed himself before Aurungabad, a city belonging to the Nizam, and laid the inhabitants under contribution. On receiving intelligence of this aggression, General Wellesley immediately forwarded to Holkar a strong remonstrance, with what effect the following letter will show:

"*Major-General the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-General Stewart.*

"Sir, Camp at Poonah, 14th May, 1803.

"I have received an answer from Holkar to my letter upon the subject of the plunder of the Nizam's territories. It is very civil. He says that the soubahdar of Aurungabad had for years collected the revenues of two villages, which he names, belonging to him; that he had gone to demand this money, and that he had received some of it; that he had done no mischief to the country, and that he was then going away. It is true that he has two villages near Aurungabad, and it is reported that he has done no mischief to the country; but I believe that he has not moved farther than six or seven miles from Aurungabad.

"Colonel Stevenson was within fifty miles of the place; but in consequence of the reports of Scindiah's march, I desired him to beware of going too far forward, least he should be exposed to the attack of their united army, or that Holkar should get round him, and march upon Hyderabad. I have desired him to watch the movements towards that place very particularly.

"The place at which Scindiah was on the 7th, is only one march from Burhampoor; and there are no accounts that the Rajah of Berar, has marched, although he has gone into his tents.

"Colonel Murray will be here about the 18th.

"The Peshwah has written to Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, to desire that they will not come to Poonah.

"When I saw a possibility that we might have to contend with this confederacy, I wrote to Mr. Duncan to request that he would supply us with a bridge of boats, respecting which I had sent him a detailed memorandum. He has made but little progress in this work, which is most essential (in this country so much intersected with rivers, none of which are fordable in the rains,) as well for the protection of the Nizam's country, as for the safety of the two detachments; nor has he managed our depot so well as might be wished, or supplied us with other articles called for, so quickly as might have been expected. I have had, therefore, some thoughts of running down to Bombay; and if I can settle matters with the Peshwah in a satisfactory manner for the chiefs this evening, I shall carry that plan into execution to-morrow. I shall be here again on the 18th, and I propose to march on the 20th towards the Nizam's frontier.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

In order to protect the Nizam's territories, General Wellesley directed Colonel Stevenson to advance on Aurungabad with the force under his command. This movement alarmed Holkar, who immediately retired from the Deccan frontier across the Taptee to the northward. Under these circumstances, the immediate attention of General Wellesley was directed towards Scindiah and the Rajah of Bera. The former, when pressed by General Wellesley to declare whether there was to be peace or war, declined an-

swering until he should have had an interview with the Rajah. The chiefs met in the neighborhood of Mulkapoor on the 3d of June, and from that period they kept their armies united, and by numerous evasions avoided giving any answer to General Wellesley's demands.

We have no intention of entering into the details of the negotiations which preceded the commencement of hostilities. Oriental diplomatists are imcomparably skilled in all the artifices of their craft. The specious politeness and imperturbable command of temper which distinguish the Brahim, leave all European hypocrisy far behind, and might excite the envy of Talleyrand or Metternich. With such diplomatists no man was better calculated to deal than General Wellesley. His natural acuteness enabled him to detect all their artifices, and he met them with a firmness of purpose and promptitude of action which disconcerted all their schemes.

It was the object of the Marhatta leaders to gain time, and they endeavored to accomplish this by vague professions of good faith, and the repetition of proposals which had already been declared inadmissible by General Wellesley. Colonel Collins, the resident with Scindiah, was therefore instructed to declare, that it was considered an indispensable preliminary to negotiation, that the armies of Scindiah and the Rajah should separate, and retire from the frontier of the Nizam, to their usual stations. In case this demand should not be complied with, Colonel Collins was directed immediately to withdraw from the camp of the confederates. This brought matters to a crisis, as the following letter will show:—

"*Major-General the Hon. A Wellesley to Dowlut Rao Scindiah.*

6th August 1830.

"I have received your letter (here the contents are recapitulated.) You will recollect that the British Government did not threaten to commence hostilities against you, but you threatened to commence hostilities against the British Government and its allies; and when called upon to explain your intentions, you declared that it was doubtful whether there would be peace or war; and, in conformity with your threats, and your declared doubts, you assembled a large army in a station contiguous to the Nizam's frontier.

"On this ground I called upon you to withdraw that army to its usual stations, if your subsequent specific declarations were sincere; but, instead of complying with this reasonable requisition, you have proposed that I should withdraw the troops which are intended to defend the territories of the allies against your designs, and that you and the Rajah of Berar should be suffered to remain with your troops assembled, in readiness to take advantage of their absence.

"This proposition is unreasonable and inadmissible, and you must stand the consequences of the measures which I find myself obliged to adopt, in order to repel your aggressions.

"I offered you peace on terms of equality, and honorable to all parties; you have chosen war, and are responsible for all consequences."

War being now declared, hostilities were ordered to commence without further delay.

"*The Officer Commanding the troops in the territories of Anund Rao Guickwar, Baroda.*

"Sir, Camp, 6th August, 1803.

"Upon the receipt of this letter, you will commence your operations against Dowlut Rao Scindiah's fort of Baroach.

"You will not suffer these operations to be interrupted or delayed by any negotiation whatever. You will send the Governor of Bombay a copy of the report which you will transmit to me, of the measures which you will have adopted in consequence of this order.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

On the day following the date of the preceding letter, General Wellesley marched to Ahmednuggur, and summoned the Killedar to surrender. On receiving a refusal, preparations were made for immediate attack. The town or pettah of this place is defended by a lofty wall of masonry without ramparts, and flanked at each angle by a tower. The pettah was held by a body of Arab soldiers, supported by a battalion of Scindiah's regular infantry, and the open space between the pettah and the fort was occupied by cavalry. The pettah was carried with great gallantry by escalade, and on the day following the fort was given up. We quote a letter written a few days after this event:—

"*Major-General the Honorable A. Wellesley to Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, Resident with Dowlut Rao Scindiah.*

"Sir, Camp at Ahmednuggur, 15th Aug. 1803.

"I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 13th. It is not true that the dawks of Dowlut Rao Scindiah have received the smallest interruption from me, or from any person acting by my orders. But he may depend upon it, that if he should interrupt your dawk, I will not allow his to pass through any part on the Godavery.

"Colonel Stevenson has my directions to watch closely the movements of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, and attack immediately the troops of either of those Chiefs which may move towards him: he will of course move towards the Badowlee Ghaut, if he should find that they intend to penetrate by that road.

"It is impossible for me to say that Holkar is not on his march to join those Chiefs; but if Rajah Mohiput Ram is the soubahdar of Aurungabad, and you have received that intelligence from him, I think it is to be doubted.

"But even if it should be true, as my cavalry commenced their march from hence yesterday, and the infantry will arrive upon the river before the cavalry will have passed it, I expect that I shall join Colonel Stevenson at least as soon as Holkar will have joined the other Chiefs.

"The Marhattas have long boasted that they would carry on a predatory war against us: they will find that mode of warfare not very practicable at the present moment. At all events, supposing that they can carry their design into execution, unless they find the British officers and soldiers to be in the same corrupted, enervated state, in which their predecessors found the Mussulmans in the last century, they cannot expect much success from it. A system of predatory war must have some foundation in strength of some kind or other. But when the Chiefs avow that they cannot meet us in the field; when they are obliged to send the principal strength of their armies upon which the remainder depend, to a distance, lest it should fall into our hands, they must have little knowledge of human nature, if they suppose that their lighter bodies will act; and still less of the British officers, if they imagine that, with impunity, they can do the smallest injury, provided only that the allies, who are to be first exposed to their attacks, are true to their own interests.

"I have the honor to be, &c."

The fall of Ahmednuggur gave possession to the British of all Scindiah's territory, depending on that fortress. On the 24th of August Wellesley crossed the Godavery with his whole force, and reached Aurungabad on the 29th. All that occurred subsequently to that event is recorded in General Wellesley's despatch to the Governor-General—

"*Major-General the Hon. A. Wellesley to the Governor-General.*

"My Lord, Camp at Kurkah, 8th September, 1803.

"I have received a letter from Lieut.-Colonel Woodington, commanding the troops in the territories of the Rajah Anund Rao Guickwar, in which he informs me that the fort of Baroach was taken by storm on the 29th of August, with little loss.

"I have not yet received a detailed account of the attack upon Baroach, but Lieut.-Colonel Woodington mentions that the troops behaved with great gallantry.

"Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar entered the territories of the Soubah of the Deccan on the 24th of August, by the Ghaut of Adjuntee, with a large body of horse only. They passed between Colonel Stevenson's corps, which had moved to the eastward towards Badowlee Ghaut and Aurungabad, and they came to the neighborhood of Jalnapoor, a small fort, the capital of a district of the same name, about forty miles east from Aurungabad.

"I arrived at Aurungabad on the 29th. As soon as the enemy heard of my arrival they moved farther off to the southward and eastward, with an intention, as it was reported, to cross the Godavery and march upon Hyderabad. I continued my march back to that river, and have since marched to the eastward along its left bank. The river is at present fordable every where, a circumstance never before known at this season of the year. By these movements I have checked the enemy's operations to the southward, and they have returned again to the northward of Jalnapoor; and by the position which I occupy at present, I give protection to two important convoys on their march to join me from the river Kistna.

"Colonel Stevenson took Jalnapoor on the 2d of September: he is at present between that place and Aurungabad.

"I do not find that the enemy's pindarries have done much mischief to the country; the villages have, in many instances, been defended by the peons stationed in them, and the inhabitants; and grain has sold at a very high price in their camp.

"Jeswunt Rao Holkar encamped, on the 2d instant, in a situation between the rivers Nerbudda and Taptee. He has sent for the vakeel whom I despatched to him in the month of July, and who has been waiting for his passports in Amrut Rao's camp ever since that time. From the tenor of the passports, it appears that Jeswunt Rao Holkar was very anxious that this person should reach his camp in safety, and that he sent for him at a time when he must have known that Colonel Collins had quitted Dowlut Rao Scindiah's camp.

"I understand that Baba Phurkiah has joined Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

On the 21st of September, General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson held a conference, in which it was determined to attack the enemy on the morning of the 24th. There were two routes by which the enemy could be approached, both of which led through difficult mountain defiles. On the 22d both armies moved towards the enemy, Stevenson by the western route, and General Wellesley by the eastern. The object of this arrangement was, that the defiles might be passed in one day, and the escape of the enemy to the southward be prevented. On the 23d the corps of Wellesley reached Naulnia, and he there learned that the enemy's cavalry had moved off from their camp at Bokerdun, and that the infantry were about to follow. He therefore determined not to wait for the coming up of Stevenson's corps, but to attack immediately.

The intelligence which led to this decision was soon proved to be false. On advancing a few miles, the whole combined army of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, upwards of 50,000 strong, were found drawn up on the bank of the Kaitna river. Their right consisted almost wholly of cavalry, the infantry was in the centre and their artillery, which was disproportionably large, on the left. Notwithstanding the enormous disparity of force, Wellesley remained firm in his determination to give battle. Having passed the Kaitna at a post beyond the enemy's left, he formed his infantry in two lines, with the British cavalry in a third as a reserve. The native cavalry occupied the ground beyond the Kaitna on the left, and kept in check a large body of the enemy's cavalry.

On the advance of the British the enemy immediately altered his position. His infantry no longer extend-

ed along the Kaitna, but right across from that river to a nullah on the British right in the neighborhood of Assye. Our troops had no sooner crossed the river than the enemy opened on them a tremendous fire of artillery. They had at least 150 pieces in the field, and it was well served. The piequets and 74th regiment in particular suffered severely, and a body of Marhatta horse charged them with temporary success. Colonel Maxwell with the British cavalry, however, soon came up, and they were driven back in confusion and with heavy loss.

The cavalry, following up their success, charged a large body of infantry, amid a shower of musketry and grape, and routed them with great slaughter. In this operation their brave leader, Colonel Maxwell, was killed. The Sepoys, too, behaved with admirable courage. They charged the enemy's guns, and actually bayoneted the gunners at their posts. Their ardor, however, was too great, and but for the steady advance of the 78th regiment on the left, they would probably have been destroyed. At length the Marhatta line gave way in all directions, and the British cavalry, executing another charge, made great havoc among their broken infantry. The victory was complete. The whole of the enemy's army made a confused retreat, leaving to the victors upwards of 100 pieces of artillery.

Success, however, was purchased at a heavy price. The killed and wounded amounted to one-third of the army, an immense slaughter, exceeded only at Albuera. We refrain from giving the public despatch of General Wellesley, containing the particulars of his victory. The following letters will, we think, be found more interesting.

"*Major-General the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Shawe.*

"SIR, Camp at Assye, 24th September, 1803.

"I attacked the united armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar yesterday with my division, and the result is, that I have taken about sixty pieces of cannon. The action was very brisk indeed, the fire from the enemy's cannon the hottest that has been known in this country for some time; and our loss in officers and men has been very great. Among others, your brother in the 74th is wounded; Colonel Maxwell was killed; Colonel Harness, Colonel Wallace, and I, and I believe every officer of the staff, had horses shot under us.

"Scindiah's infantry behaved remarkably well, and stood to their guns to the last; but their execution was with them only. I do not believe that they carried away more than two, and I doubt whether they have got even that number.

"I will write to the Governor-General in detail upon the subject of this action, as soon as I can get accurate returns of the killed and wounded, and of the ordnance taken.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"The enemy fled towards the Adjuntee Ghaut, and I believe have descended it."

"*Major-General the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Shawe.*

"SIR, Camp, 25th September, 1803.

"You will be surprised to see in my report to the Governor General, that we have taken ninety pieces of cannon, instead of sixty, as I told you. The fact is, that I counted sixty-seven myself, on the morning of the 24th; I was not certain that I was correct; but now I believe that we have taken nearer one hundred than ninety pieces. I know that we have got seventy brass guns and howitzers, and above twenty iron. I intend to destroy the latter, and to send the formar first to Dowlutabad, and then to Ahmednuggur.

"The enemy are down the Ghauts in great consternation. Colonel Stevenson follows them to-morrow. I must halt till I can get back my doolies, after placing the sick in Dowlutabad.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"Your brother's wound is doing well. He will not be obliged to quit the army."

The battle of Assye has given rise to much difference of opinion and some discussion. Was it sound policy in General Wellesley to attack the Marhatta army on the 23d? or should he have waited for the coming up of Stevenson on the following day? Whether the reader decide these questions affirmatively or negatively, he will have high authority on his side. The opinion of Sir Thomas Munro was decidedly adverse to the course followed by General Wellesley, and in the correspondence of these great men, there is a very interesting discussion of the subject. This we shall lay before our readers, without obtruding an opinion where it could be expected to have no weight. In truth it is scarcely possible to form one, without more accurate knowledge of the character, discipline, and tactics of a Marhatta army, than any one who has never served in India can be supposed to possess. But where conflicting opinions of such high authority can be adduced on a military question, nothing can be more interesting than to learn the reasons on which they are founded, and observe by what arguments they are supported.

On receiving intelligence of the victory, Sir Thomas thus writes to General Wellesley.

"*To Major-General Wellesley.*

"Dear General, Raydroog, 14th Oct. 1803.

"I have seen several accounts of your late glorious victory over the combined armies of Scindiah and the Bererman, but none of them so full as to give one anything like a correct idea of it; I can however dimly see through the smoke of the Marhatta guns (for yours it is said were silenced), that a gallanter action has not been fought for many years in any part of the world. When not only the disparity of numbers but also of real military force is considered, it is beyond all comparison a more brilliant and ardous exploit than that of Aboukir. The detaching of Stevenson was so dangerous a measure, that I am almost tempted to think you did it with the view of sharing the glory with the smallest possible numbers. The object of his movement was probably to turn the enemy's flank, or cut them off from the Ajunla pass. But these ends would have been attained with as much certainty and more security by keeping him with you. As a reserve he would have supported your attack, secured it against any disaster, and when it succeeded he would have been at hand to have followed the enemy vigorously. A native army once routed, if followed by a good body of cavalry, never offers any effectual opposition. Had Stevenson been with you, it is likely you would have destroyed the greater part of the enemy's infantry; as to their cavalry, when cavalry are determined to run, it is not easy to do them much harm, unless you are strong enough to disperse your own in pursuit of them. Whether the detaching of Stevenson were right or wrong, the noble manner in which the battle was conducted makes up for everything. Its consequences will not be confined to the Deccan; they will facilitate our operations in Hindostan by discouraging the enemy, and animating the Bengal army to rival your achievements.

"I had written thus far when I received your letter of the 1st of October, and along with it, another account of your battle from Hyderabad. It has certainly, as you say, been 'a most furious battle;' your loss is reported to be about 2000 in killed and wounded. I hope you will not have occasion to purchase any more victories at so dear a price."

Of course it could not be pleasant to a young general, ambitious of glory and elate with recent victory, to learn that grave doubts on the subject of his achievement were entertained by one whose judgment he esteemed. He had never before (excepting in the case of Doondiah) commanded an army in field, and it was necessarily somewhat mortifying to be obliged to vindicate a victory with as much care and ingenuity as if he had been apologizing for a defeat. We think something of these feelings are apparent in the letter which we subjoin.

"*Major-General the Hon. A Wellesley to Lieut.-Colonel Munro.*

"My Dear Munro, Camp at Cherikain, 1st November, 1803.

"As you are a judge of a military operation, and as I am desirous of having your opinion on my side, I am about to give you an account of the battle of Assye, in answer to your letter of the 19th October, in which I think I shall solve all the doubts which must naturally occur to any man who looks at that transaction without a sufficient knowledge of the facts. Before you will receive this, you will most probably have seen my public letter to the Governor-General regarding the action, a copy of which was sent to General Campbell. That letter will give you a general outline of the facts. Your principal objection to the action is that I detached Colonel Stevenson. The fact is, I did not detach Colonel Stevenson. His was a separate corps, equally strong, if not stronger, than mine. We were desirous to engage the enemy at the same time, and settled a plan accordingly for an attack on the morning of the 24th. We separated on the 22d, he to march by the western, I by the eastern road, round the hills between Budnapoor and Jalna: and I have to observe, that this separation was necessary,—first, because both corps could not pass through the same defiles in one day: secondly, because it was to be apprehended, that if we left open one of the roads through these hills, the enemy might have passed to the southward, while we were going to the northward, and then the action would have been delayed, or probably avoided altogether. Colonel Stevenson and I were never more than twelve miles distant from each other; and when I moved forward to the action of the 23d, we were not much more than eight miles. As usual, we depended for our intelligence of the enemy's position on the common hircarrahs of the country. Their horse were so numerous, that without an army their position could not be reconnoitred by an European officer; and even the hircarrahs in our own service, who were accustomed to examine and report positions, cannot be employed here, as, being natives of the Carnatic, they are as well known as an European.

"The hircarrahs reported the enemy to be at Bokerdun. Their right was at Bokerdun, which was the principal place in their position, and gave the name to the district in which they were encamped; but their left, in which was their infantry, which I was to attack, was at Assye, about six or eight miles from Bokerdun. I directed my march so as to be within twelve or fourteen miles of their army at Bokerdun, as I thought, on the 23d. But when I arrived at the ground of encampment, I found that I was not more than five or six miles from it. I was then informed that the cavalry had marched, and the infantry was about to follow, but was still on the ground: at all events, it was necessary to ascertain these points; and I could not venture to reconnoitre without my whole force. But I believed the report to be true, and I determined to attack the infantry, if it remained still upon the ground. I apprised Colonel Stevenson of this determination, and desired him to move forward. Upon marching on, I found not only their infantry, but their cavalry, encamped in a most formidable position, which, by the by, it would have been impossible for me to attack, if, when the infantry changed their front, they had taken care to occupy the only passage there was across the Kaitna.

"When I found their whole army, and contemplated their position, of course I considered whether I should attack immediately, or should delay till the following morning. I determined upon the immediate attack, because I saw clearly, that if I attempted to return to my camp at Naulniah, I should have been followed thither by the whole of the enemy's cavalry, and I might have suffered some loss; instead of attacking, I might have been attacked there in the morning; and at all events, I should have found it very difficult to secure my baggage, as I did, in any place so near the enemy's camp, in which they should know it was: I therefore determined upon the attack immediately.

"It was certainly a most desperate one, but our guns were not silenced. Our bullocks, and the people who were employed to draw them, were shot, and they could not all be drawn on; but some were; and all continued to fire as long as the fire could be of any use.

"Desperate as the action was, our loss would not have exceeded one-half of its present amount if it had not been for a mistake in the officer who led the picquets which were on the right of the first line.

"When the enemy changed their position, they threw their left to Assye, in which village they had some infantry, and it was surrounded by cannon. As soon as I saw that, I directed the officer commanding the picquets to keep out of shot from that village; instead of that, he led directly upon it: the 74th, which were on the right of the first line, followed the picquets, and the great loss we sustained was in these two bodies. Another evil which resulted from this mistake, was the necessity of introducing the cavalry into the cannonade and the action long before it was time; by which that corps lost many men, and its unity and efficiency, that I intended to bring forward in a close pursuit at the heel of the day. But it was necessary to bring forward the cavalry to save the remains of the 74th, and the picquets, which would otherwise have been destroyed. Another evil resulting from it was that we had then no reserve left, and a parcel of stragglers cut up our wounded; and straggling infantry, who had pretended to be dead, turned their guns upon our backs.

"After all, notwithstanding this attack upon Assye by our right and the cavalry, no impression was made upon the corps collected there, till I made a movement upon it with some troops taken from our left, after the enemy's right had been defeated; and it would have been as well to have left it alone entirely till that movement was made.

"However, I do not wish to cast any reflection upon the officer who led the picquets. I lament the consequences of his mistake, but I must acknowledge that it was not possible for a man to lead a body into a hotter fire than he did the picquets on that day against Assye.

"After the action, there was no pursuit, because our cavalry was not then in a state to pursue. It was near dark when the action was over, and we passed the night on the field of battle.

"Colonel Stevenson marched with part of his troops as soon as he heard that I was about to move forward, and he also moved upon Bokerdun. He did not receive my letter till evening. He got entangled in a nullah in the night, and arrived at Bokerdun, about eight miles from me to the westward, at eight in the morning of the 24th.

"The enemy passed the night of the 23d at about twelve miles from the field of battle, twelve from the Adjuntee Ghaut, and eight from Bokerdun. As soon as they heard that Colonel Stevenson was advancing to the latter place, they set off, and never stopped till they had got down the Ghaut, where they arrived in the course of the night of the 24th. After his difficulties of the night of the 23d, Colonel Stevenson was in no state to follow them, and did not do so until the 26th. The reason for which he was detained till that day was, that I might have the benefit of the assistance of his surgeons to dress my wounded soldiers, many of whom, after all, were not dressed for nearly a week, for want of the necessary number of medical men. I had also a long and difficult negotiation with the Nizam's sirdars, to induce them to admit my wounded into any of the Nizam's forts; and I could not allow them to depart until I had settled that point. Besides, I knew that the enemy had passed the Ghaut, and that to pursue them a day sooner, or a day later, could make no difference. Since the battle, Stevenson has taken Burhampoor and Asseerghur. I have defended the Nizam's territories. They first threatened them through the Casserbarry Ghaut, and I moved to the southward, to the neighborhood of Aurungabad; I then saw clearly that they intended to attempt the siege of Asseerghur, and I moved up to the northward, and descended the Adjuntee Ghaut, and stopped Scindiah. Stevenson took Asseerghur on the 21st; I heard the intelligence on the 24th, and that the Rajah of Berar had come to the south with an army. I ascended the Ghaut on the 25th, and have marched a hundred and twenty miles since, in eight days, by which I have saved all our convoys and the Nizam's territories. I have been near the Rajah of Berar two days, in the course of which he has marched five times; and I suspect that he is now off to his own country, finding that he can do nothing in this. If that is the case, I shall soon begin an extensive operation there.

"But these exertions, I fear, cannot last; and yet, if they are relaxed, such

is the total absence of all government and means of defence in this country, that it must fall. It makes me sick to have any thing to do with them; and it is impossible to describe their state. Pray exert yourself for Bistnapah Pundit.

"Believe me yours," &c.

It is doubtful whether the preceding vindication had the effect of inducing Sir Thomas to change his opinions. His reply is unquestionably written with great talent, and is inserted here to complete the correspondence, and enable the military reader to understand the discussion in all its bearings.

"*To Major-General Wellesley.*

"Dear General, Kawderabad, 28 November, 1803.

"I have received your letter of the 1st instant, and have read with great pleasure and interest your clear and satisfactory account of the battle of Assaye. You say, you wish to have my opinion on your side; if it can be of any use to you, you have it on your side, not only in that battle, but in the conduct of the campaign: the merit of this last is exclusively your own. The success of every battle must always be shared, in some degree, by the most skilful general with his troops. I must own, I have always been averse to the practise of carrying on war with too many scattered armies, and also of fighting battles by the combined attacks of separate divisions. When several armies invade a country on different sides, unless each of them is separately a match for the enemy's whole army, there is always a danger of their being defeated one after another; because, having a shorter distance to march, he may draw his force together, and march upon a particular army, before it can be supported. When a great army is encamped in separate divisions, it must, of course, be attacked in separate columns. But Indian armies are usually crowded together on a spot, and will, I imagine, be easier routed by a single attack than by two or three separate attacks by the same force. I see perfectly the necessity of your advancing by one route, and Colonel Stevenson by another, in order to get clear of the defiles in one day; I know, also, that you could not have reconnoitred the enemy's position without carrying on your whole army; but I have still some doubts whether the immediate attack was, under all circumstances, the best measure you could have adopted. Your objections to delay are, that the enemy might have gone off and frustrated your design of bringing them to battle, or that you might have lost the advantage of attack, by their attacking you in the morning. The considerations which would have made me hesitate are, that you could hardly expect to defeat the enemy with less than half the loss you actually suffered; that after breaking their infantry your cavalry, even when entire, was not sufficiently strong to pursue any distance, without which you could not have done so much execution among them as to counterbalance your own loss; and lastly, that there was a possibility of your being repulsed; in which case, the great superiority of the enemy's cavalry, with some degree of spirit which they would have derived from success, might have rendered a retreat impracticable. Suppose that you had not advanced to the attack, but remained under arms, after reconnoitring at long-shot distance, I am convinced that the enemy would have decamped in the night, and as you could have instantly followed them, they would have been obliged to leave all or most of their goods behind. If they ventured to keep their position, which seems to me incredible, the result would still have been equally favorable: you might have attacked them in the course of the night; their artillery would have been of little use in the dark; it would have fallen into your hands, and their loss of men would very likely have been greater than yours. If they determined to attack you in the morning, as far as I can judge from the different reports that I have heard of the ground, I think it would have been the most desirable event that could have happened, for you would have had it in your power to attack them, either in the operation of passing the river, or after the whole had passed, but before they were completely formed. They must, however, have known that Stevenson was approaching

and that he might possibly join you in the morning, and this circumstance alone would, I have no doubt, have induced them to retreat in the night. Your mode of attack, though it might not have been the safest, was undoubtedly the most decided and heroic; it will have the effect of striking greater terror into the hostile armies than could have been done by any victory gained with the assistance of Colonel Stevenson's division, and of raising the national military character, already high in India, still higher.

"I hear that negotiations are going on at a great rate; Scindiah may possibly be sincere, but it is more likely that one view, at least in opening them, is to encourage his army, and to deter his tributaries from insurrection. After fighting so hard, you are entitled to dictate your own terms of peace.

"You seem to be out of humor with the country in which you are, from its not being defensible. The difficulty of defence must, I imagine, proceed either from want of posts, or from the scarcity of all kinds of supplies; the latter is most likely the case, and it can only be remedied by your changing the scene of action. The Nizam ought to be able to defend his own country, and if you could contrive to make him exert himself a little, you would be at liberty to carry the war into the Berar Rajah's country, which, from the long enjoyment of peace, ought to be able to furnish provisions. He would probably make a separate peace, and you might then draw from his country supplies for carrying on the war with Scindiah. Believe me, dear General, yours most truly,

"THOMAS MUNRO."

Though the policy of fighting the battle of Assye be still a point open to discussion, it has never been denied that, in the conduct of it, General Wellesley displayed the highest tactical skill. In another letter of Sir Thomas Munro, addressed to his brother, we find the following passage:—"You are quite an enthusiast with respect to General Lake. General Wellesley, however, had greater difficulties to encounter; a greater body of infantry and artillery; a much more formidable cavalry, and all animated by the presence of their sovereign; not dispirited by the desertion of their officers, like the northern army. If there was any thing wrong at Assye, it was in giving battle; but in the conduct of the action every thing was right. General Wellesley gave every part of his army its full share; left no part of it unemployed, but supported, sometimes with cavalry, sometimes with infantry, every point that was pressed, at the very moment that it was most necessary."

With regard to Wellesley's general conduct of the campaign, all military men agree that it was admirable. His forces were uniformly placed where they could act with the greatest efficiency; the plans of the enemy were not only anticipated, bnt defeated at every point; and certain it is, that the victory of Assye contributed more than any single event to the consolidation of British power in India. The truth is, that the principles of European warfare, are but partially applicable to our contests in the East. When we consider how insignificant a number of Europeans bear sway over the vast population of our Indian dominions, it must be obvious, that the power which holds them in subjection is moral, not physical. The latter at least is uniformly secondary to the former, and the moment that puts an end to the moral influence, must behold the downfall of our power. Under such circumstances, a general must not uniformly be trammelled by the strict rules of European tactics. In Indian warfare a victory which inspires no general terror of our arms is worth comparatively little. It contributes nothing to the permanence or solidity of our power. But where, as at Assye, a small European force defeats a native army more than five times its number, the effect is not to be calculated by the mere number of slain, the amount of treasure captured, or the extent of territory acquired. No; its consequences are felt, not seen. The very tenure of our power, our moral influence, has been strengthened, and the advantages arising from it are far more extensive and durable, than may result from the slaughter of tens of thousands, and the capture of millions under different circumstances.

The military events which followed Assye may be briefly told. Scindiah, willing to temporize, invited General

Wellesley to send an officer to the Marhatta camp to treat. This was of course refused, but General Wellesley expressed his readiness to receive any vakeel or envoy from the confederates whom they might empower to negotiate a peace. The war went on. Burhampoore surrendered to Colonel Stevenson on the 16th of October, and the strong fort of Asseerghur capitulated on the 21st. On the 11th of November the vakeel from Scindiah arrived in the British camp with proposals for a truce. This was readily agreed to by General Wellesley, who considered a cessation of hostilities with Scindiah to be highly advantagous, since it enabled him to direct his whole force against the Rajah of Berar. With this view he put his army in motion to co-operate with Colonel Stevenson, whose corps he had directed upon Gawilghur, a fort in the Berar territory. On the 28th General Wellesley came up with the army of the Rajah, and found in conjunction with it a considerable force of Scindiah's cavalry, in direct violation of the conditions of the truce. On the following day, a junction was effected with the corps of Stevenson at Parterly, were from a tower the enemy could be discerned apparently in march. The weather being intensely hot, and troops having marched a great distance, it was not thought prudent to pursue them; but shortly afterwards, bodies of horse appeared in front, and skirmished with the Mysore cavalry. The infantry piquets were advanced to support them, and on reconnoitring, the whole army of the enemy was discovered a few miles off, drawn up in order of battle.

Scindiah's force, consisting of one heavy body of cavalry, formed their right wing, with its flank covered by a body of Pindarries and other irregulars. The infantry and guns were on the left of the centre, and on the left was the Berar cavalry. The line occupied by this united army was about five miles in extent. In their front was an extensive plain, broken by water-courses, and in rear the village of Argaum, with its extensive gardens and enclosures.

General Wellesley formed his army in two lines; the infantry in the first, the cavalry in the second, and the Mogul and Mysore horse covering the left. In forming the line, some confusion and delay took place from the unsteadiness of the native troops under the fire of the enemy's artillery. This, however, was remedied, and the whole advanced in the highest order. A large body of Persian soldiers made a fierce attack on the 74th and 78th regiments, which repulsed them with great slaughter. Scindiah's cavalry attacked a Sepoy battalion, and were also driven back in confusion. Their whole line then retired in disorder, followed by the cavalry, which pursued them till night-fall. The result of the action was the capture of thirty-eight pieces of cannon, and all their ammunition. The following extract of a letter of General Wellesley relative to this action will be found interesting:—

"*Major-General the Hon. A. Wellesley to Major Shawe.*

"My Dear Sir, Camp at Akote, 2d December, 1803.

"I have but little to add to my letter of the 30th to the Governor-General respecting the battle of Argaum. The number of the enemy destroyed is very great. Vittel Punt, who commanded the cavalry of the Rajah of Berar, was killed; and Gopel Bhow, who commanded Scindiah's cavalry that fought, was wounded. If we had had daylight one hour more, not a man would have escaped.

"We should have had that time, if my native infantry had not been panic-struck, and got into confusion when the cannonade commenced. What do you think of nearly three entire battalions, who behaved so admirably in the battle of Assye, being broke and running off, when the cannonade commenced at Argaum, which was not to be compared to that of Assye? Luckily, I happened to be at no great distance from them, and I was able to rally them and re-establish the battle. If I had not been there, I am convinced we should have lost the day. But as it was, so much time elapsed before I could form them again, that we had not daylight enough for every thing that we should certainly have performed.

"The troops were under arms, and I was on horseback, from six in the morning until twelve at night."

Gawilghur next fell, and the war was at an end. Peace followed on terms highly advantageous. Large cessions of territory were made by Scindiah and his allies, and the talents of General Wellesley were no less conspicuous as a negotiator than as a leader of armies.

From this period the military reputation of Wellesley was equal to that of the most distinguished of his contemporaries. Honors flowed in upon him. As a testimony of his Sovereign's approbation of his services, he was elected Knight of the Bath. The thanks of Parliament were voted to him. The British inhabitants of Calcutta presented him with a sword L.1000 in value. The officers he commanded solicited his acceptance of a golden vase, in testimony of their attachment and admiration. A monument was erected in Calcutta in commemoration of the battle of Assye. On resigningthe command of Mysore, the inhabitants of Seringapatam transmitted to him a parting address, imploring "the God of all castes and of all nations to hear their earnest prayer, and wherever greater affairs than the government of an Indian province might call him, to bestow on him health, glory and happiness." At Madras a grand entertainment was given in honor of his arrival by the civil and military officers of the Presidency.

It was with such testimonies of admiration and regard that General Wellesley quitted India. It pleased God that he should return in safety to commence a new course of glory, and confer benefits on his country, in comparison with which, his services in India now seem but as dust in the balance. But had it been otherwise ordained, he had already done enough to secure an honorable place in history for the name of Wellesley.

In conclusion, we think it right to state that we have been able to touch on very few portions of the correspondence connected with India in the work before us. By far the greater part relates to political negotiation, and the details of civil government and military discipline, and therefore contains little which, if taken separately, would be found interesting when transferred to the pages of a popular periodical. But we saw deliberately, that the correspondence cannot be pursued by any one competent to appreciate its merits, without exciting the highest admiration of the extraordinary mental activity, and extensive knowledge of the writer. By those especially, whose duties are more immediately connected with India, the three first volumes of the work will be found a treasury of military and political knowledge, and to their earnest study we most strongly recommend them.

ELIZABETH OF SIBERIA.

BY THE SKETCHER.

Amid Siberian snows the exile's child
To rarest womanhood, and beauty grew;
And as the magnet, its attractions true
Keeps ever, tho' in arctic regions wild,
Deep buried where sweet summer never smil'd,
So she unto herself all virtues drew;
And to her desert home affection flew,
As if the world from it had been exil'd,
And not it from the world. The central sun,
The universal home, with its pure light,
Shines on all worlds that in its system run,
Tho' all the space between were blackest night;
So duteous love, Where'er its home be whirl'd,
Still radiates from the heart, its centre of the world.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. VI.

About the middle of the last century, when the French Savans began their notable conspiracy against the Christian religion, one of their favorite contrivances was, to praise the virtues of Paganism. Examples of excellence were quoted in every corner of the globe but Christendom. The Chinese, the Laplanders, the Sandwich Islanders, the Tartars, all were pronounced to exhibit virtues unknown to nations *degraded* by Christianity. But it was on India that the eyes of the perfectionists were turned with the most assured triumph. The gentle manners, and gentle countenances of the Hindoos were assumed as spontaneous evidences of moral superiority. Their diet chiefly on herbs, their dwelling chiefly among forests; their pastoral, simple, and obscure habits, marked them, in the estimate of Paris, less as the best of Pagans, than the moral masters of mankind. Raynal's huge romance, Savary's Egypt, The Stories of Paraguay, The Narratives of the American Wilderness, all teeming with the charms, passions, valor and genius of uncultivated man, displayed before the dazzled eyes of Europe a perpetual panorama. Still the Hindoos were the chief figures of the illusion; and the crimes of Christianity were gloomily contrasted with the innocence of a vast people, reposing under their banyan trees, bathing their graceful forms in vast marble fountains by moonlight, offering up their primitive worship to Nature and Mind, in temples of porphyry; and, when life was about to decay, calmly sitting by the brink of some of their mighty streams, and surrendering their feeble forms to the sacred embrace of the Indus or the Ganges.

The growing intercourse of the English with India from the period of the famous battle of Plassey in 1746, partially resisted this declamation. They rapidly discovered the qualities of the Hindoo, and the Englishman's rough sincerity, at all times the antipodes of the Frenchman's willing delusion, alternately argued against, laughed at, and disdained the romances. But all France resounded with the triumphs of its literature,—its voice would suffer no rival,—its opinion was the oracle of Europe, and the Englishman, always contemptuous of national vanity, told his tale, and left the truth to make its way in its own good time.

Time has done its work, as it always does, and the native Hindoo character has at length blackened the cover of romance that wrapped it in imaginary virtue. Treachery, craft, cruelty, selfishness instinctive, and sensuality unbounded, were acknowledged to be the national character. And though exceptions may occur, the utter inferiority of the Indian Pagan to the European Christian has long been an established conviction.

But a remarkable reinforcement to this conviction has just been given. It has been ascertained that Hindostan has contained for ages, and contains at this hour, a vast multitude whose profession is murder, whose livelihood is the plunder obtained by this murder, and whose religion consists in offering up human lives, from one to a hundred at a time, in compendious bloodshed, to their demon goddess, Kalee!

The inquiries made during the late government of Lord William Bentinck have proved that this Satanic brotherhood consists of many thousands; that it has existed through many ages, and all the revolutions of Indian power in those ages; that it has spread over the whole immense surface of the country, from the sea to the mountains; that it has held on its hideous course alike under the successive Hindoo, Mahometan, and British lords of the golden peninsula; and most singular of all, that it has almost wholly evaded research during this long period, and that fully known to exist, it has always escaped the direct grasp of justice, thus adding to the remorseless cruelty of a fiend scarcely less than the impalpability and invisibility of a spirit of darkness. This abhorred league, or worship, is called *Thuggee*, and the assassins are called *Thugs*. The history of their goddess is as follows:

Rakut Beej Dana, a demon in the

early ages of the world, devoured the human race as fast as they were born. To enable the world to be peopled, Kalee Davey resolved to destroy this universal devourer. But the demon was a giant, of so vast a stature, that the deepest waters of the ocean could not reach above his waist, and he strode over the earth with inconceivable force and swiftness. Still Kalee Davey assailed him, and in the fight clove him down. But the fight was not finished by his fall. From every drop of his blood another demon sprang, who desperately renewed the battle. Successive deaths only produced a still more countless crowd of new-born demons; and Kalee, already exhausted, saw that she was surrounded by a new host of terrors, and that the victory was about to be lost. The flow of blood was obviously the cause. In this crisis, she brushed the moisture from one of her arms—of it formed two men—and, that no drop of blood more might be shed, equipped them with two handkerchiefs, to strangle the demon army.

The work was done. The demons were extinguished, and the two champions returned to the goddess to restore their handkerchiefs. But she desired that they should preserve them, as the means of a profession by which their descendants were to live. Enjoining them to strangle men with the handkerchief, as they had strangled the demons, and giving them their plunder, she added, perhaps for the ease of their consciences, they might claim this as a matter of right; for, having been the means of securing the peopling of the earth, they were entitled to take some lives at their pleasure. Kalee next told them, that they need not trouble themselves about burying their victims, as she would provide for that case, on the condition, however, that they never looked back to see what she did with them. At length, a slave had the daring curiosity to look. He saw Kalee, utterly naked, devouring the bodies, and tossing them into the air. The modesty of the goddess was offended, and she pronounced that thenceforth they must manage the matter for themselves.

It must have startled our showy residents, and glittering dames at the Bengal Presidency, to know, that in Calcutta, they were in the favorite region of Kalee; that they had assisted at the orgies of Kalee; and that the Hindoos regarded them as frequently worshippers of this incarnate devil, whose chosen name is Kimkalee (the eater of man).

But such is the state of the national belief. The Thugs hold, that Kalee first appeared on earth *in Calcutta*; that, after she had destroyed the demon chieftain, Rakut, at the eastern extremity of the Vindeya range, she bore the corpse to Calcutta, and that she buried it on the spot where her temple is now reared. From the strangely inconsiderate manner in which the Europeans go to the idolatrous feasts of the natives, and, among the rest, from their attendance on the Nautches and festivals of the great days of Kalee, they imagine them, and with some show of reason, her votaries. The East India Company, too, is charged with the horrible and culpable subserviency of assigning to this horrible superstition lands for the endowment of its temple! And *the priests often publicly make offerings to the idol in the name of the Company.* Should such things be? Or, if they exist, could we be surprised at any degree of scorn that might be felt for our timidity, our policy, or our religion? The Hindoos worship her with great veneration. They often repeat in their prayers, "Oh, Kalee! great goddess of Calcutta, may thy promise never be made in vain." Her delight is said to be in massacre; her drink is perpetual gore. She is believed to be of the intensest black, and to be so hideous, that no mortal eye could endure the sight of her appalling deformity.

This we conceive to be a final answer to all the dreams of human perfectibility. A league in which mutual crime is the single bond; a worship in which murder is the religion; a morality in which the commission of the most revolting of all human crimes is held not merely innocent, but a *duty*. What is this, but Satan visible in man?

Of all the poets whom we have lately lost, Crabbe is the most natural. He has his extravagances, too, and his poetry is disfigured by them. Quaintness of language, and eccentricity of thought, are but feeble contrivances for fame. They swindle public attention for the moment, to be detected, like all swindling, the moment after. His low education, early difficulties, and long solitude, account for some of those failures of taste. But he has a re-

markable faculty of combining tenderness with power. His nature was strongly disposed to look upon "the seamy side of things." But his profession softened his spirit, and where he would have once been sullen, he was only sad. Other poets have been more ostentatious of their religion. In Crabbe it is a hidden spring which gives a hidden verdure to his poetry. His views of life are melancholy, not malignant. He groans, "but curses not." He has no love for horrors; and sees beauty in despair. He follows the felon to the foot of the scaffold, but spares us the appalling process of the dissecting-room.

We know not whether the two litl poems, which we give here, have been published; but they deserve to be remembered—the one as a striking specimen of native tenderness, the other of easy sarcasm. (If his, of which we are not perfectly sure.)

On seeing a light in the window of the chamber where his wife died.

"Yes; I behold again the place,
The seat of joy, the source of pain,
It brings to view the form, the face,
That I must never see again.

"The night-bird's song, that sweetly floats
On this soft gloom, this balmy air,
Brings to my mind her sweeter notes,
That I again must never hear.

"Lo, yonder shines that window's light,
My guide, my token, heretofore;
And now again it shines as bright,
When those dear eyes can shine no more.

"Then hurry from this place away!
It gives not now the bliss it gave:
For death hath made its charm its prey,
And joy is buried in her grave."

Crabbe's residence at his first living had been greatly molested by some vulgar fellows, who, on the credit of their half-crown license, set up for preachers, and talked the populace into all kinds of absurdity.

A new Version of the Parable.

"A weary traveller walked his way,
With grief, and want, and pain oppreat;
His looks were sad, his locks were gray,
He sought for food, he sighed for rest.

"A wealthy grazier passed. 'Attend,'
The sufferer cried; 'some aid allow.'
'Thou art not of our parish friend,
Nor am I in my office now.'

"Another came. The poor man prayed.
A smooth-tongued teacher heard the word.
'Be patient friend,' he softly said;
'Another will the help afford.'

"Another came. 'Turn, stranger, turn.'
The stranger stopped with furious mien.
'What, stop me? when I haste to burn
The Gospel light on Saveall Green!'

'Another came. 'In thee I trust.'—
'What, pauper, stop the public way?
Lie in the dust; we all are dust.
My people wait, I can't delay.'

"Hard Levite! Bitter priest, begone,
Swell knaves with fools your nasal strain.
The Gospel knows no heart of stone,
The Gospel scorns no cry of pain.

"Go, bigots, leave no stone unturn'd,
New fools, new proselytes to find.
Oh CHARITY! how art thou spurn'd,
When thus the blind can lead the blind."

It is notorious that, among the improvements of the age, is a contempt for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. There religion and learning are taught, and men of known ability, honest principles, and avowed Christianity are there to carry on the duties of these great places of piety and education. But to both Universities there are some objections which must be fatal in our enlightened age. There is probably not a decided Atheist among all their Professors. With a few exceptions, and those have been promptly and handsomely rewarded, Socinianism, the denial of the primary doctrine of Christianity, on which all the others depend, has not been popularly professed. The Colleges generally regard it a duty to adhere to the Protestant Church. And their laws, framed by those weak and ignorant men who established the Reformation among us, and followed it up by establishing liberty, are hostile to the intrusion of schism, even from such respectable authorities as cobblers elected to conventicles, mountebanks alternately juggling in the booth and in the pulpit, strolling actors struck with saint-

ship and the whole race of these self-taught sages, who, under the name of "Independents," implying a happy independence of all human attainments, occupy themselves in making a livelihood by expounding, preaching, and railing against the Church—an operation, it must be allowed, much more comfortable, and profitable too than shoemaking.

But to meet the wants of the age is confessedly among the duties of public men; and therefore its want in this essential particular has been among their first considerations. As the opinion of the utter futility of all religion, in either public or private life, was becoming fixed among all the master-spirits of the age, including the surgeons' apprentices, attorneys' clerks, apothecary boys, geologists, chemists, political economists, and similar eminent cultivators of science and polity, it was decided to establish an University in London, on the principle of suffering *no religion* to be taught in it whatever. Some grounded this enlightened decision on finance, as it was conceived that if any religion were taught, it might offend some who approved of a different religion, or who thought that all religion was a burden on the liberty of the human mind. Christianity was to be excluded, because it might displease a Mahometan pupil to be told that lectures on Christianity were going on in some other part of the building, while he was attending lectures on chemistry, geology, or button-making. Or a worshipper of Vishnu, might be disturbed in his studies by seeing Protestant pupils going to church. Or a woolly-headed devil-worshipper from Africa might feel it a personal affront that while he fell on his nose to Satan, or manufacturd a fetish of blood and feathers, there were those in the college who read Bibles. Thus three pupils might be irrecoverably lost; and therefore the folly of introducing Christianity at such hazard must be obvious to every one.

Others gave the additional reasons, that by avoiding religion they avoided disputes; had more time to give to arithmetic and the globes; and, on the whole, having contrived to manage perfectly well without it in their own persons, thought that they might conveniently make the experiment on a more extended scale. In short, it saved trouble.

If to all this it was objected, that, if Christianity were true, it ought to be taught, the answer was ready—That the various sects held that his own form was the right one; that therefore *none could be right*; or, at all events, it would be troublesome to make any inquiry on the subject, and that it was a much easier thing to escape the difficulty by voting the whole a boor.

Yet even this was not quite original. It is told, that in the riots of 1789, when Lord George Gordon's banditti plundered the houses of Roman Catholics, and seemed likely enough to finish by plundering those of Protestants, Grimaldi, the father of the late clown, cunningly chalked on his door, as an escape from both fates, "*No Religion.*"

It has since pleased authority to sanction this saving principle, by giving a Royal charter to the London University. At the head of which is placed Bishop Maltby, a prelate perfectly fitted for the appointment, as his few sermons will show, and in the component parts and tail thereof are many "trusty and well-beloved councillors," of whose names the world has probably heard of for the first time, and of whose qualifications it will probably never hear more. It has certainly on its list some men of known science and literature; but those chiefly living at a distance from London; some even in Ireland; some necessarily so much occupied by their pursuits, that they can never give up their time to examining raw candidates for degrees; and some merely official. Yet any six of the whole, good or bad, may confer a degree! Which degree, we presume, will have much value, beside those of the first class men and wranglers of Oxford and Cambridge!

However, as not a few of those examiners will probably want a little assistance in the begining of their new occupation, a specimen of a set of examination papers, which has been presented by a distinguished hand, will, we hope, be gratefully accepted.

Paper.

"1. Give some account of the schoolmasters of antiquity, particularly of

one who once held a high situation at Syracuse. Was his place held by commission after his dismissal? And were his literary productions of equal rank with those of the Penny Magazine? State also, whether the phrase, "The Schoolmaster is abroad," was current in his day, and alluded to his situation at Corinth?

2. Ovid, Met. lib. i. 471, speaks of Cupid as possessing a weapon,

——— "obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum."

Describe Cupid, and compare him with some great modern character. Hesiod states (Theas. 121), that he was one of the eldest born of the Gods. Prove from this that he must have had an elderly appearance, and that the rosy color on his cheeks was the *effect of rouge*. He was blind, and yet took the direction of many affairs. In what way does the parallel between the modern and the ancient hold good? In the modern, to what faculty would you apply the obtuseness, and where do you suppose the lead may be found?

3. Give an account of the tyrants of antiquity, and the tortures employed by them. Show how much more severe is mental torture than bodily; and compare the treadmill and the silent system, the starvation and bastiles of the poor laws, with the bed of Procrustes and the bull of Phalaris. May it not be fairly inferred from their being literary characters, very greedy of money, and extremely refined in cruelty, that Dionysius and Phalaris were *liberal Whigs*? State how long their cruelties were borne patiently; and thence, by a finite series, show the probabilities of the length of endurance in these times.

4. Who was Cleon? State, from Thucidides, how he bullied and drove the Ministry at Athens. Why was he a tanner, and not a brewer or a banker? Aristophanes (Equites, 933) alludes to his receiving a *talent* of gold from Miletus. Professor Raphael supposes Miletus to have been a knight, who wished to have a seat in the Attic Parliament, and who having paid the talent (about, he thinks, L.2000), was choused out of it by Cleon. Dr. Oldham imagines the Milesians to have been the young slaves whose cause Cleon first advocated; but on the receipt of about L.1200 from their masters, voted that they should continue in slavery. Reconcile those two accounts; and give the relative significations of the "Dona" which Cleon was in the habit of receiving, and our English word "Rent."

5. Cupid is described as "Dominator Orbis," or ruler of the globe, by several poets. Show that the phrase can be translated, "Editor of the Globe!" and give a modern fact in illustration.

6. Compare the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" with Evans's expedition into Spain. And draw parallel's after the manner of Tacitus, between the following events:—Xenophon thrashed his enemies — Evans flogged his own men. Xenophon's men came chiefly from Attica—Evans's from the attics of St. Giles's. Xenophon's men were nearly poisoned by wild honey (Anabasis, l. 4. c. 8. 26)—Evans's were nearly starved by their own allies. Xenophon returned, and was made a general under Agesilaus—Evans is about to return, and will lose his seat. Did Xenophon fight for Cyrus on the principle of *non-intervention*?

7. Enumerate the forms into which Jupiter changed himself for love. Did he ever assume that of a *Lamb*? When he and the other gods sat in council, did the Hall of Olympus at all resemble our *Court of Common Pleas*?

8. Give an account of the preservation of the Capitol by the cackling of the geese. Livy declares that they made a noise because they were "in summa inopia cibi" in very great want of food, (Dec. I. l. 5). Describe some modern geese, and state whether you think a great want of the loaves and fishes would not cause a similar cackling?

9. Translate the following lines into Greek, Iambic, Dimeter Acatalectic metre:—

"Wheel about, turn about, do just so,
Every time I turn about, I jump, Jim Crow."

Show that Jim Crow must be a great political character, from his readiness in changing sides. Compare him with a celebrated personage of antiquity, of whom it was said—

"Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum."

Do you imagine this facility to consist in financial or other political matters?

Give some account of the fiscal projects of Pericles, and state the interest payable on Exchequer bills during the Peloponnesian war!

Whether the "march of mind" or the influenza has produced the astonishing result, the announcement has been made that the well known denizen of the jail, the often incarcerated Mr. Richard Carlile, has changed his trade, and made his claim—to be what! (let Lord John Russell rejoice in this proof of the guilt of all the old defences of the national religion) a licensed *teacher of Christianity*.

The transaction is thus unequivocally stated in the newspapers—"Mr. R. Carlile, who for many years past, sustained an unenviable notoriety as a vender of *Deistical and blasphemous* publications, presented himself (February 4) before Alderman T. Wood, to attest his conviction of the truth of Christianity (or rather, to demand a certificate entitling him to be a preacher). He produced a set of declarations preliminary to his taking the other steps to his becoming the *legal teacher of a congregation!* Having read his declaration, which related to his fidelity to the King and the doctrines of the Trinity, he concluded by asserting, that he was a Christian, a Protestant, and a firm believer in the Scriptures. He then received the due certificate. The Alderman having congratulated him on the occasion of his appearance, Carlile, in reply, intimated, that he had read the Scriptures frequently and carefully, and that the issue of that research had been the removal of the former errors."

So far the newspaper. But what says Carlile himself? On the appearance of this statement he feels perfectly indignant at the injury done to his character, and thus vindicates it without loss of time. He writes to the paper—

"It is a false report that represents me as pleading former errors before the alderman." He proceeds to say—"*I now Dissent from all Dissenters, and protest beyond, or even against, all Protestants.* I must not, because I doubt if it would be acceptable, trouble you with the explanation. But I shall give it in full in my own paper. R. CARLILE."

The editor very properly and contemptuously remarks upon this, "that it does not matter one farthing what so very stupid a person as R. Carlile believes. And that any future letter must be as an advertisement."

Thus the community has got Tom Paine's publisher for a teacher of religion! But of what religion? Who can tell? It is to be beyond all dissent, by which we may presume, beyond all the customary bitterness of the attacks on the Established Church; and beyond all Protestantism, by which we are wholly at a loss to know what he means; unless it be, to propose a new religion of his own. Now, this is the law for which the Dissenters have been clamoring during half a century, which they pronounced, by all their organs, to be absolutely essential to all religion, and whose privation they in a body a thousand times over declared to be a disgrace under which no man could live without a burning sense of wrong. And here we see the working of this marvellous privilege. If a surgeon's apprentice demands to begin his trade, he must first show that he is competent, by examination. If an attorney's clerk attempts business, he must first show that he is competent, by examination. If a curate enters the church, he must first exhibit proof of moral conduct, of learning, and of general suitableness; but the "man of the nineteenth century" disdains such shackles on natural liberty, and lo! we have the publisher of Paine's blasphemies turned into a public and privileged teacher of Christianity by an alderman's certificate. Much we may rejoice in such liberty, and much we may congratulate those who gave it, on the floodgate which it has opened for the Carliles of this generation. As to the sincerity of this man we, of course, can know nothing. But we have him angrily denying any acknowledgment of former error. And as to his life, a life alternating between a shop of infidel publications and a jail, we suppose that we are to regard this as a matter of established purity. But who is to prevent his laughing at the whole affair the moment he becomes master of a conventicle? He may do so if he will. What penalty is there for any such teacher's teaching any absurdity he likes? None whatever. He may open his new concern as a worshipper of the Virgin, or of Fo; he may turn

Mahometan, or pronounce that heaven is to be reached only by dancing. In fact, he may be and do just as it pleases him. It is quite clear that he means to do something above common conceptions, something to elevate and surprise, as Mr. Bayes says; and we should by no means think it beyond his taste for novelty and lucre, if he added to his pulpit the attractions of a gin palace, and fitted up a marriage shop on the Russell plan, the ceremony to be terminated and enlivened by a pantomime.

If Ireland is the especial land of bulls, England boasts of her supremacy as the land of the bull. We see Lord Althorp, "the right hand man of Lord Grey," solacing his exile from office, and giving the due and natural employment to his abilities in cultivating the breed of bulls. The late Duke of Bedford followed the same pursuit by a much happier impulse than that which led him to rabble politics, and exposed him to the merciless lash of Burke. Coke of Norfolk there founded all his fame, and consoled himself for the cruelty which shut out the democrat from ever being the aristocrat, and made him the east country farmer while he pined to be the Lord of Leicester.

Yet the French have the largest bull of bulls, pay the largest price for it, and make the longest show of their bull. The display of this pride of French farming and glory of butchers, the *Bœuf gras*, began in Paris on Sunday (February 5). All the *sights* of Paris are for Sundays, including plays, balls, riots, reviews, and the fat bull. The bull of this year weighed 3,960lb! was seven feet and a half high! and cost 2,750 francs, or L.110 sterling! After promenading *en grande tenue*, from the *abattoir* to the house of the person who provides him, the bull went the round of high life, visited the Minister of Justice, the Minister of Marine, and the Minister of Finance. From them, attentive to all orders, and evidently not sharing in the vulgar cry of "down with the Lords," he visited the Chamber of Peers, having previously paid his respects to the new and showy church of the Madeleine.

But an important visit was still to be paid, and though Louis Philippe is occasionally shot at, the bull, loyal to the last, could not omit his visit to the palace of the Tuilleries. From the palace he proceeded to offer his homage to the city authorities at the Hotel de Ville, the Parisian Mansion-house. Having seen the palace and the Hotel de Ville, what has earth more for any eye born in France? "Vedi Napoli, e poi mori" is the next extravaganza of the Lazzaroni. But the bull *does* what the Italian only says, and, after having seen the glories of the capital, he returned to his *abattoir*, preceded and followed by all the *élite* of the French shambles in new costumes, all the young butchers in *gala*, all the daughters of the butchers in the newest fashions of the Palais Royal, and all the mothers of the butchers stiff with hereditary finery. Bands of the guards sounded the trumpet before and behind: and thus, enjoying all that life could give to king or conqueror, he entered the gate of the *abattoir*, saw the world close on him without a sigh, and died, like Socrates, without a murmur.

There is nothing so popular as a puzzle. Every age, from childhood to the grand climacteric, and from the grand climacteric to the grave, delights in it; and the man who desires to be talked of by all mankind for centuries, has only to leave behind him a riddle. Every century, too, had its riddle. The Icon Basilike was the puzzle of the 17th. The authorship of the "Whole Duty of Man," and the discoverer of the "Gunpowder Plot," had their share in the perplexity and the popularity. Junius was the puzzle of the 18th; the "Great Unknown" the puzzle of the 19th; until it pleased him to become the Known, an act which we reprobate, on the intelligible ground of its depriving so many solemn investigators of employment for their natural lives. But we are not without riddles in reserve. Who writes Lord Glenelg's despatches while his Lordship is asleep? is still a copious subject. Who makes Lord John Russell's speeches? is equally mysterious. Or who *crams* poor Lord Holland with his senatorial olla-podrida of history and joke? making the luckless old man the representative at once of Hume without his sense, and Joe Miller without his wit? Those will, we have no doubt, exercise the inquiry of the world of twaddlers for generations to come.

In the mean time, Junius is a standing dish. We propose it to some eminent coterie of opulent idlers, some conclave of old ladies in breeches, some bibliomaniac club, for instance, to offer a premium for the most correct list of the departed thousands of the Stevens and Malone race who have spent their purblind lives, literary owls, hunting in the sunshine after the shadow of Junius. The subject is sure to be renewed about every six months. And though every renewal leaves the matter more in the dark than ever, and though the fullest discovery would not now be worth sixpence, yet there will be laborious *litterateurs*, retired lawyers, and positive country gentlemen keen in the chase, until the general conflagration.

Another random shot has just been fired, to bring down the flying phantom; but, we shall readily admit, by the hand of a man not to be included in the foregoing classes, Sir David Brewster.

It is understood that this really clever person has acknowledged to somebody or other, in profound confidence, that he has a suspicion that he has found some letters in the collection of Macpherson's Ossian, which seem to intimate a knowledge of the true Junius. Nothing certainly can be more remote from the usual vigor of assertion on the subject. And probably with Sir David, as unquestionably with mankind in general, the circumstance of their being found among the papers of the translator or author, or author-translator of Ossian, may justly increase the puzzle of the transaction. Macpherson's organ of invention was of considerable size, and why he should not have invented a Junius as well as a father of Oscar, must be a fair inquiry. But *à priori*, we could have laid our laurels as a wager, that we should be able to give the leading features of the discovery. That he would be a Scotsman, for the honor of our venerated Land of Cakes. That he would be a practised political writer, well known, yet totally unsuspected. Eminent in the public eye, yet quite escaping all public opinion in the chief use of his pen. That he should be in a public office, of such a rank as to enable him to give the public all kinds of official secrets, and that he should have been cut short by fate exactly at the moment when Junius ceased to write, leaving him the choice of hanging, drowning, being bribed into irrevocable silence, or being sent to India. This is the career of every substitute for the great libeller. The early portion exactly the same in all, the only variety existing in the close. Junius has died as many deaths as Homer's heroes, and like them still lives, for the wonder of posterity.

We find the whole progress followed to the letter in the new discovery. He was one Lachlan Macleane, and though unluckily the son of an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, yet still a Scotsman by blood and breeding, as all the Irish Presbyterians notoriously are, and actually descended from the Macleans of Coll. He went to London as a student of medicine. There became a political writer; from this he started into an under Secretary of State. Of course, thus obtaining a key to all the transactions of the Cabinet, which he was, of course, entitled to disclose, on the first occasion, to the newspapers. But in his fate he had a considerable advantage over his chief rivals. He was not merely muzzled by a place in India, but drowned on his passage. One disheartening notice is however appended—"All his papers were lost at the same time."

Now, with all due regret for our prejudice, we must confess that we have not the slightest faith in this solution of the puzzle. That a person of the name of Macleane may have been willing enough to pass for Junius is quite possible, when the question became a harmless one, and the thunder of the law ceased to bellow after him "through the boundless deep." There were hundreds of scribblers who gave the broadest hints that they were the "true Simon Pure," and this most pitiful affectation survived even down to the day of that most superlative coxcomb, Sir Philip Francis. That many imitated his style, is equally true; and that from its labored peculiarity, its rigid form, and its palpable sneer, all the externals of his style are matters of the easiest imitation, is a business of common experiment. But in no public writer of his own day, or any that has followed, have we the combination of energy and eloquence, the sarcastic ridicule, and the withering scorn of Junius. We justly reprobate the principle of his writings. We fairly

question the honor of a man who so evidently made use of confidential knowledge to villify his opponents. We condemn his use of personal impunity to insult men whose names were before the public. We still more strongly reprobate his personal assaults upon a king who never had a thought but for the good of his people—George III., an honor to the name of king. But no man of his time, or of ours, has been able to cover his baldness with the laurels of Junius. No man has been entitled to equip himself in the *spolia opima* of that daring champion. No man, living or dead, has been privileged to erect his trophy upon the grave of that matchless master of power and spleen.

One of the old amusements of those wits who travel by stage-coaches about Christmas has been to change the directions, on the packets of town and country presents, which then load the coaches. Thus the citizen who expects a turkey and chine from his retired partner in Norfolk, is surprised by a salmon, while the partner, speculating on a barrel of oysters, is surprised by a shoulder of mutton. The trick is established, and the astonishment is a matter of course. But a rather more complicated calamity of this order lately threw a whole French province into consternation. A landholder, about to give his daughter in marriage, and determined to signalize the event by unusual hospitality, had invited a large party to dine on a wild boar from the Ardennes. The boar was duly sent, but accompanied by a roebuck. This was more than he had required; but, taking it for granted that his friend in the forest meant it for him, he had it cut up, and sent in pieces all round the province to his friends.

However, within a few days he received a note from the mayor of a neighboring town, claiming the roebuck, which had been ordered for *him*, also for a marriage dinner. Here was a dilemma enough to have exasperated any Frenchman in existence out of his senses. After various consultations, his only resource was to beg of those to whom the dismembered buck had been sent, to return their respective portions, that he might return them to the mayor. But here a new difficulty arose. His friends had been as hospitable as himself. Venison from the Ardennes is not among every-day things, and the arrival of every fragment of the buck had been the signal for invitations to share it for fifty miles round. The circle of consultation extended with the difficulty. The question was, whether it were better to disappoint the mayor, or disappoint some hundreds of gay men and maidens who had already made up their minds to dine on venison, and dance and drink *punch à la romaine* after it till daylight. But the mayor grew importunate, his dinner would be nothing without the buck. In the mean while, time, the element always most important and most disregarded in negotiations, passed away. The mayor at length obtained his ultimatum, and the property was ordered to be surrendered. Unfortunately the feasts had been held, the quadrilles danced, and every particle of the buck had been eaten up *the day before*.

It is so long since the human mind seems to have been asleep in Italy, that even its start in the shape of fanticism or frenzy may be hailed as an approach to waking. Even the struggle of a nightmare shows that there is something of life within.

On the day of the King's *fêté* in January, when the royal family attend the opera, and all the pomp of Neapolitan royalty is displayed at the San Carlos, just as the ballet had begun, and all eyes were gazing on the Terpsichores of the scene, a young man started on his feet in the centre of the pit, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "To arms—to arms! the country is in danger! I am the voice of God!" The confusion was naturally extreme. The abominable attempts on the life of Louis-Philippe naturally make the feeling on such subjects sensitive at this moment. When the first consternation had partially subsided, the orator was seized by the gens d'armes, and carried to prison. It is since said that he was mad, whether physically or politically, is not told. But it is also said that the Neapolitans are murmuring about all kinds of grievances which they never felt until the French newspapers told them that they existed, and are growling for revolutions which would inevitably send one-half of them to their graves and the other half beggars round the

world. Still it would behove the Court of Naples to anticipate the evil. Temperance of expenditure and sincerity of improvement are not the general excesses of southern policy. But the time may be short for repentance.

While England swells with faction, France with faction, Germany with faction, Spain with faction, there is an enemy in the wind that may yet summon the restless mind of Europe to sterner lessons. The plague is declared to be extending its terrible circle round the Mediterranean. In Constantinople all seems horror—there it has raged with unabated fury for six months, and the city is depopulating, hour by hour, from the double effect of death and fear. 17,000 of the Greek inhabitants have fled—the Armenian patriarch has lately delivered 15,000 passports in the course of a few days, and the general population has been thus diminished by upwards of 100,000 since last September. From this centre of death it has spread westward on both shores. It is said to have reached Salonica on the north and Tunis on the south. How long it may be kept out of Europe in general is a question of extreme anxiety. Our perpetual intercourse with the Mediterranean ports, our criminal disregard of precaution, the still more criminal avidity of our commerce for gain, in all quarters, and at all risks, render England more liable than any other country to this most dreadful of all scourges. Nothing but the hand of Providence could have hitherto preserved Europe; yet undoubtedly we have a right to call upon authority to protect us from the hideous hazards of mercantile avarice. One of the papers mentions, a few days since, that we are at this moment driving a trade with Constantinople in rags for paper-making, and that no less than thirty bales of those rags have been lately consigned in one cargo. There can be scarcely a doubt that those rags came from the beds and bodies of infection. The chief communication of the plague in all ages has been by fragments of clothing. Can we regard ourselves as safe from this deepest of all desolators till such transactions are inquired into and exposed?

What is the oldest of all classical compositions? The Riddle. The Sphinx had her fame before the goose had ever furnished man with her quill. The sage Ulysses founded his reputation on his having the best head for a conundrum of any man at the siege of Troy. The priestess of Apollo at Delphi made her fortune by rebuses. The priests, from the Egyptian Hierophant down to the Salii, who danced *sans-culottes* in the Roman streets, to the astonishment of that grave nation of barbarians, were all professors of the art of riddle-making. Louis XIV. would never have been Louis le Grand but for his charade on his father, Cardinal Mazarin; and what are the Luxor obelisk and the life of Louis-Philippe but the two most remarkable riddles of the day? What is the Government of Lord Melbourne but a riddle? Sir William Ingleby's conscience, but a riddle? or the ways and means of three-fourths of the "remarkable men" about town, but a riddle! We give the newest and the prettiest of the train.

"On fluttering wings I early rose,
In no exalted flight,
The lily in the shade that blows
Not purer or more white."

"At eve or morn 'twas pleasant sport
Adown the stream to glide,
I helped my mother to support,
And never left her *side*.

"A reckless truant seal'd my doom,
Resolved his prize to win,
Dragg'd me remorseless from my home,
And stripp'd me to the skin.

"He cropp'd my hair so loose that play'd,
And then his ends to seek,
He slit my tongue, because he said
He thus could make me speak."

"'Twas done—my name and nature changed
For love of hatoful gold,
With many victims bound and ranged
To slavery I was sold."

"I'm slave to any man, or all,
Yet do not toil for pelf,
And though I'm ready at their call,
I cannot work myself."

"Still I in every language write
To every foreign land,
But yet, though I'm no City-Knight,
Not one I understand."

"Your tears and smiles I can excite,
Your inmost thoughts reveal,
Can give you sorrow or delight,
And yet I never feel."

"I can dispense the royal grace,
Can make a man or mar,
Confer a pension or a place,
A halter or a star."

"The poet's verse, the doctor's draught,
Without my aid would fail,
The historian's page, the lawyer's craft,
Were all of no avail."

"Indeed had man not changed my lot,
And claim'd me for his own,
Shakspeare and Milton, Pope and Scott,
Had died unloved, unknown.

"Wide spread abroad you'll find my fame
On every flood and field;
America respects my name,
'Tis blazoned on her shield.

"On silver beds with lords I rest,
On wood with poor and wise men—
I clasp the tax-collector's breast,
And walk even with excisemen.

"The dapper clerk, with scanty pay,
And hand that loves a fee,
Although he *drives* me half the day
Still lends his *ear* to me.

"I'm growing old in Fortune's frown,
I'm weary of creation,
I'm cut by all who once would own
My merit and my station.

"My mouth grows wide, my lips are furred
(Years seldom make one better),
And I who once a world had stirr'd
Can scarce pronounce a letter.

"Sorrows and sufferings I have seen,
Yet this I must avow,
In all my years I ne'er have been
So vilely used as now.

ARIEL."

While the clubs around St. James's continue open day and night, "week-days, Sunday's, and all," for twelve months of the year, fashionable life may fairly look down on the clumsy vices of plebianism — yet the native genius of the streets sometimes asserts itself, and plebianism runs neck and neck with the most polished effrontery of those who live by their wits in rooms *à la Louis Quatorze*, and sup at four in the morning on *rognons à la Champagne.*

A Jew was lately brought to one of the public offices, charged by the policeman with making a disturbance in the street, beating a boy, &c. The following dialogue ensued with the functionary on the bench:—

Magistrate. Now, sir, you have heard the charge—what have you to say for yourself?

Jew. I say that a part is true, but a part is false, and the whole is garbled. The whole affair is merely a matter of simple debt. A simple debt, mark you, of fourpence. The facts are these:—Yesterday evening I went into a coffeeroom, which I have been some time in the habit of frequenting, and having had some refreshment, I discovered that I was unfortunately without the means of discharging the bill. I, however, offered to deposit *ample security*, but the money was insisted on. I offered to procure it, if a person were sent with me to my brother's. The boy was sent in consequence, but my brother was unfortunately from home. I called on a friend or two but was equally unlucky, while the boy kept following me about like a French poodle. At this I felt particularly annoyed, as any *gentleman might be*, particularly when *the people were coming home from church!* I have been "had up" in the City, and it is the opinion of the Lord Mayor and others that these matters are simple debts.

The policeman here attempted to say something, but the Jew authoritatively put him down, observing "that one speaker at a time was quite enough."

Magistrate. But this is not your first feat of the kind. There have been several complaints of your not paying for what you have had at coffeehouses.

Jew. The fact is simply this, that being a single man, I generally live at coffeehouses and taverns, and it *occasionally* happens that I cannot discharge my bill, but I always leave security for it. I am fond of a good cup of coffee—for you must know I have had *a disappointment in marriage*, and whenever this subject occurs to my mind I am not quite the thing, and a good cup of tea or coffee, with a nice piece of toast, I invariably find to be the best cure for me.

This cure for a broken heart amused the bystanders prodigiously, but

the coolness of the fellow was perfectly unshaken. He proceeded—

I happened to be in this mood yesterday evening, when I entered a coffeehouse in Ratcliffe Highway, and had my favorite beverage. I paid sixpence of the debt—*debt* recollect, and now I owe only fourpence.

Magistrate. Had you ever been in this coffeehouse before?

Jew. Oh, yes—I make it a rule not to go into a strange house without money, as that would constitute *a fraud.*

After this delicate distinction, which relaxed even the gravity of the bench, the boy who had given him in charge, was questioned as to the nature of the "refreshment," which he stated to be four cups of tea, an egg, and two rounds of toast, one of them with the crust cut off by particular desire.

Jew. Perfectly correct, boy. My teeth are not the best in the world, and therefore I dislike hard crust. (*Laughter.*)

The boy proceeded to say, that the *security* offered was a handkerchief not worth a penny—that he had been sent with the Jew to see whether his friends would not pay for him, and that on his continuing to follow, he was struck, and threatened to be ducked, and even shot. He still, however, had not let him out of his sight.

Magistrate. I understand, prisoner, that you are as great a devourer of oysters as of tea and coffee, and on much the same terms.

Jew. (*With an air of peculiar dignity*). Oysters, sir! That is altogether a misconception. I have never eaten oysters. It is contrary to *my religion.* I have a turn for tea and toast, and coffee and muffins. Another thing I beg to observe — I never take any liquor or grog, as I am a member of the *Temperance Society.*

This produced an universal roar. But the unshaken Jew looked round, and was evidently satisfied that he had puzzled the magistrate. However, law has so many fangs, that he must be a very dexterous personage who can slip out from between them all. The magistrate could do nothing with the swindling of the tea and toast, that being but a simple debt. But the blow given to the boy had been proved, and the bench fined the peripatetic lawyer L.5 for the assault, or in lieu of it, sentenced him to two months' imprisonment! The surprise of the lawyer was extreme, but he rallied, and demanded to put in bail for an appeal. But his law failed him again. He was informed that the sentence was final; and with this addition to his knowledge, he was locked up for a two months' study of new contrivances to enjoy himself at the expense of the coffeehouses.

In Retch's clever, but eccentric "Outlines" of Shakspeare, there are some fine ideas. And among them, in his Macbeth, is that of representing the Weird Sisters as *always* about him. In the play, we often lose sight of those dispensers of destiny—in the Outlines, never. Wherever Macbeth moves, whether in field or palace, whether in the banquet or in the chamber, there are to be seen the "fatal sisters three," wrapped in mystery from vulgar eyes, but with their gaze fixed on the ill-starred chieftain. He is their possession. They urge, guide, inflame, bewilder, and betray, until the consummation comes, and their last glance is given to him writhing in his last hour under the sword of his conqueror.

Old Talleyrand seems to us to have been weird sister to Napoleon. Urging, guiding, inflaming, bewildering—(we shall stop short of betraying)—but perpetually present in all his movements, he certainly hovered round the modern man of conspiracy, ambition, and blood, until we saw him in the grasp from which Napoleon was never to rise. It is curious, that the modern Macbeth dreaded, suspected, and hated his perpetual counsellor, yet never could get rid of him, never could resist his suggestions, and never could summon resolution enough to make one bold effort to rid himself of the bond to this rebuker of his spirit, yet his slave.

Talleyrand is said to be writing his memoirs. If at the age of eighty he cares for what posterity may say about him, he ought to tell his own story. If, after having been Prime Minister of the French empire, in those days when the empire was Europe, he does not despise all the living world, he ought to tell his own story. Or if, after having had his foot on the neck of the Continent for a dozen years, he does not think kings and ministers too

commonplace affairs to make it worth his while to trouble himself with them and their *mecanique*, he ought to tell his own story. He might gain the triple end—of righting himself with the generation, who will undoubtedly slander his memory sufficiently for the sake of his good fortune—for such is the fate of the too prosperous—of exposing a prodigious mass of past chicanery, and of guarding mankind against a good deal of the same material, existing under very showy forms at this moment. But he will do nothing. It is enough for this master of politicians, to make excellent jests, play at cards all night, and laugh at Lord Palmerston from sunrise to sunset.

He still continues to supply Paris with pleasantries. A woman of rank sometime since lost her husband. She was acquainted with Talleyrand, and wrote him a long and lachrymose detail of her misfortune, probably with the object of inducing his gallantry to obtain a pension for her. But his gallantry produced simply a letter to the widow, containing the words, "Helas! Madame."

In a few months, however, the widow acquainted the minister, that having found a reconciler to life in the shape of a young officer, she had the honor to request his Excellency's continued friendship and protection. This second attempt on his sensibilities had the fate of the first. His letter simply contained the words, "Ho, Ho, Madame."

On the return of Napoleon from Moscow, it was mentioned that the Duke of Bassano was come back with him. "Then the bulletin tells an untruth," said Talleyrand; "for it states that the Emperor left all his *baggage* behind him."

While Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a young Frenchman was recommended to him as *attaché* to an embassy. "Copy this paper for me," said Talleyrand, throwing a memorial on the table before him. The memorial was copied. "Bah, what are you about?" exclaimed the minister, when it was done. "I was only drying the ink with the blotting-paper," was the writer's reply. "Then you will not do for a French embassy," said Talleyrand. "Don't you know that blotting-paper betrays secrets?"

A lady, who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he began to write a verse. "Arrêtez, Monseigneur!" exclaimed the lady, "it may be very well for inferior persons to write verses, but the name of Talleyrand alone is enough to appear in my book. It is fame." He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name, but at the very top of the page. The anecdote spread, and all Paris laughed at the happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name, in a few days, signed to a billet of 10,000 francs.

All this is dexterous; but what is this verbal dexterity to the practical skill, with which this extraordinary man has contrived to baffle all the casualties of thirty years, full of the ruin of all power, ability, courage, and fortune? Here is the survivor of the age of the Bastile, the age of the guillotine, the age of the prison ship, the age of the sword. And after baffling the Republic, the Democracy, the Despotism, and the Restoration, figures in his 80th as the Ambassador to England, the Minister of France, and retires from both offices, only to be the chief counsellor, almost the coadjutor of the King. That where the ferocity of Robespierre fell, where the sagacity of Napoleon fell, where the experience of the Bourbons fell, this one old man, a priest in a land of daring spirits, where conspiracy first, and soldiership after, were the great means of power, should survive all, succeed in every thing, and retain his rank and influence through all change, is unquestionably one of the most extraordinary instances of conduct exhibited in the world.

Professional language is often expressive. At a review of the London volunteers in the time of the threatened invasion, the adjutant of one of the battalions, who was an *undertaker*, galloped up to its commandant, with, "Sir, the lawyer's *corpse* is before us. As soon as it moves off, we shall take up the *ground*."

Judge B——, once an excellent lawyer, had begun for some time to talk *rather* too much on the Bench. Somebody observed that he was grow-

ing so old, that his nose and chin were likely to come into collision. "Yes," said Rose, "there have been a great many words between them of late."

B——, the Chancery barrister, famed for a solemn style of talking, came up to Rose, and said, "My dear fellow, I feel rather dull to-day—give me a pinch of your snuff—it always clears me."—"A pinch, my dear sir," said R., "*you* should have a *box*."

A few days after Sir R. Peel's speech, as a group of barristers were conversing on it in Westminster Hall, a gust of wind blew in one of the windows. Campbell, the Attorney-General, who happened to be passing by, looked peculiarly startled. "Poor fellow," said one of the group, "since he read the account of the election of the Lord Rector, he can't bear the sound of Glas-go."

A *bon mot* of Brougham's has just been launched. The Conservative dinners were the topic, and some observation was made on the abundance of the Tory tables. "Oh," said Brougham, "all that is merely a trick, to show that they will not have a *Bare-bones* Parliament."

Morrison's action against the Sunday paper, for a libel, which called him a wholesale destroyer, &c. was mentioned as giving a new use to the initials M. P. There was M. P., member of parliament—Mathews's M. P., manager of a playhouse—Morrison's M. P., maker of pills—and the newspaper's M. P., manufacturer of poisons.

"Let me alone," said O'Connell, "and in five years I'll make Ireland the first country on the face of the earth."—"No," was the answer. "Let *you* alone, and in half the time you'll make England *peerless*."

Green, the aeronaut, some time since, took up his whole family in his balloon. One of our wits remarked, that "though the season was said to be backward, he had never seen *Greens* shoot up to such a height before."—"True," said another, "but after all, they cannot get higher than the *currents*."

Old George Colman, now no longer a junior, was asked, a few years ago, why he had given up poetry. The question was, on his objecting to write in a lady's album. He opened the page, and wrote—

"The muse and I, ere youth and fancy fled,
Sat up together many a night, no doubt;
But now I've sent the poor old girl to bed,
The reason is, my fire is going out!"

Honors are sometimes hereditary in a lower degree than comes under the cognizance of the Herald's office. Among the Newmarket jockeys, the family of the Days have been conspicuous for having rode more matches, and won more plates, than any horse-racing dynasty since the days of Nimrod. The name exposes them a good deal to panegyric, which, however, may be pardoned, for its rarity on the course. "Open as Day, honest as Day, clear as Day, were their natural lot; and the facts of the case may account for their success in those races, which are much more generally decided in the stables than at the stand, as some reformers of the wicked ways of Parliament and mankind in general can probably testify. A new scion of the Days has lately appeared; he rides but five stone three pounds, and is supposed to be the shortest Day on record. He was born at the appropriate period of the winter solstice; and, to the confusion of all chronology, gives no prospect of lengthening, even at midsummer. His father, a pre-eminent jockey, of slender figure, was called Day-light. His grandfather, whom good living too suddenly swelled into amplitude of stomach, was called Broad-day.

A sailor's horsemanship is proverbial. It is in the true professional spirit, and he never feels himself at his ease, but on the *mare*. This gave rise to the following epigram:—

'Neptune, in ancient times, we read,
To match the olive, formed the steed:
The goddess might have long defied him
If 'twere to make a man to ride him.
A tar may sit a horse astride,
He'll navigate the beast—not ride."

The French are louder than ever in their warth at the proposed allowances for the younger branches of the Royal family. The demand seems, unquestionably, most impolitic at this moment; and even extravagant at any period. According to the scale of incomes for Royal families, one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen

to a people is a prolific Queen. The French mother of the tribe of Dukes and Princes actually thus becomes the source of a taxation, which has stirred up all the old revolutionary bitterness against the throne. The French, among other things, remark, that the known expenses of the young Princes are actually trifling. What then do they want with such enormous revenues? The young Duke of Orleans keeps up no showy establishment. The same is the case with the Duke of Nemours; the others are mere boys; yet the demand for the Duke of Nemours alone is not much less than a revenue of L.100,000 sterling; certainly ten times more than any body can conceive this very young person to spend.

In fact, there seems to be something that defies all the ordinary rules of accountantship in the expenditure of Princes. By the wise bargain which the English Parliament, in its supreme wisdom, made with Prince Leopold on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, we have had to pay this quiet Prince L.50,000 sterling a year, since 1817, now just twenty years. A million of pounds sterling to a gentleman whose original income was the pay of an Austrian captain of cavalry, or about five shillings a day! The sum heaped upon him by the English Exchequer, one might conceive, would have overwhelmed him with difficulties as to the way of getting rid of it. But no; he managed to bear the weight of this shower of gold with remarkable ease, and though to human eyes he never spent five thousand pounds a year, and was actually a good deal laughed at for his presumed parsimony, the poor Prince professed himself to be in debt, after about fifteen years' receipt of a sum which would have purchased Cobourg with all its Princes in open market. All this increased the public wonder. But the pension, granted with such foolish prodigality, was paid, against many a remonstrance from members of the legislature; until, on his being made King of Belgium, the decency of things required that he should not be quite so visibly a pensioner of England. On this his Belgian Majesty wrote a note to Lord Liverpool, resigning his L.50,000 a year, with the exception of whatever might be necessary for keeping up the grounds of Claremont. How a foreign King could have any right to keep an English estate, is a question. But poor Lord Liverpool was made to be puzzled, and he was puzzled accordingly. He acceded to this dexterous proposal. John Bull took it for granted that the L.50,000 was saved; with the exception of the few hundreds which the grounds might cost for sweeping; and which indeed might be easily made up by doing what his Majesty of Belgium himself was said to have very regularly done, namely, selling the goosberries and currants. However, when the Reform came, and for the honor of England, Lord Althorp, the most indefatigable breeder of bulls in the whole country, was actually Chancellor of the Exchequer, for such things have been, a demand was made, why the savings of the L.50,000 did not appear in his budget? The bull-breeder then made the astonishing avowal, that there were no savings yet. The whole having been employed in paying Prince Leopold's *debts*. The House was certainly as much astonished as any set of men could possibly be at the imputation of this taste for spending on a quiet personage, whose style of living was of the humblest order, and who was supposed to have become immensely rich in consequence. However, Lord Gray was then floating on the full tide of popularity; Lord Althorp was an oracle, the Whigs were the national hope, and in this reign of nonsense and saturnalia of patronage, the affair passed muster, and the Prince escaped with an admonition, not to have so many debts with so little discoverable expenditure in future. But we wait, with some anxiety, to hear of the next return of the "Savings;" his Belgian Majesty's share of his very lucky bargain, the million, being, we presume, in the hands of his Belgian Majesty to this hour.

A long, remarkable, clever, and extremely angry letter has been addressed in the French papers, by a person who signs himself Cormenin, to the Duke of Nemours. If the French writers could produce many performances of this order, we should no longer complain of their grave *fadeurs* and intolerable vapidities.

After going through a long list of royal allowances, in which he shows, that even when the ostensible expenses are most amply paid, there remains a vast surplus which there seems no way

of spending, he proceeds to state what might be done with the value of Rambouillet, the *appanage* which it is now proposed to settle on the young Duke. This estate, he says, would bring forty millions of francs in the market.

With those forty millions, Prince, you might establish public libraries in thirty-eight communes of France—you might found 12,000 sempstress schools for your young country women—you might defray the establishment of 10,000 asylums for young children—you might open free asylums for the aged of both sexes in 350 cities—you might save from dying of hunger, for two months of the winter, 30,000 workmen—you might found in the provinces 5000 schools for young females—you might give for five years pensions of 100 francs to 5000 wounded soldiers—you might endow 250 professorships of the sciences for the gratuitous instruction in the poorest districts of France—with the forty millions, lent to respectable and solid companies, you might cover France with canals, embanked roads, bridges, fountains, r d railroads. Works to the value of 400 millions would be produced. With the forty millions, Huninguen, the great frontier fortress, might be rebuilt as a barrier against Austria and Prussia—with the forty millions an army of 50,000 men might be maintained for a year for the defence of the country!

This is certainly a forcible view of the follies of national expenditure upon a young person, whose family are already the richest in Europe. Horse-racing, gaming, and an establishment of Opera dancers are the general contrivances of *roués* in the French capital to get rid of their superfluous opulence. We do not know that the young Duke is charged with any of those offences. And if not, the question, of all others the most natural, is how he could contrive to spend this huge income? It is eminently unfortunate for the quiet of France to find this new cause of royal unpopularity so readily supplied. It is no less unfortunate for the honor of kings to find the habit of craving so strongly exemplified in the most trembling throne of Europe. Let the holders of authority learn to be as dignified as they are high, and they would take a large stride to security. But the first thing that forfeits the respect of a people for a monarch is to find him mean, to see that wealth only makes him covetous, and that he teaches his foolish family to run the risk of following his example.

IDLENESS.

BY THE SKETCHER.

My faithful dog! unwont to hunt for prey,
Thy only business, for thy master's sake,
With up-prick'd ears, and wary eye, to make
Observance sure, lest danger cross his way.
Unhurt did busy insects round thee play;
The little wren scarce rustled in the brake
To shun thee. Thou wert watchful and awake
To naught but duty then, good honest Tray.
But now, in sunny safety where we lie,
Thou snappest up the sportive flies that pass.
I check'd reproof, and self-reproved was I;
For my hand held shorn flowers and uptorn grass.
"To work," said I, "we both were harmless then:
Idleness makes all tyrants—dogs and men."

CHURCH MUSIC, AND OTHER PAROCHIALS.

IN A LETTER FROM A CURATE TO HIS FRIEND.

I HEARTILY wish, my dear Eusebius, that the Bishops in their goodness and piety, would regulate many little parochial matters, which falling upon the minor and less admitted authority of rectors and vicars, and particularly curates, to put in good order, raise a wonderful opposition. The difficulty of interfering with the wishes and habits of men whom you daily meet, and who may personally argue points with you, and thereby surely take offence, is very great. But the unseen power of the bishop—the mandate that comes under Episcopal seal (the larger the more imposing), and couched perhaps in part in elegant phraseology, which is, where not quite intelligible, taken for a mystery; and the impossibility, in general obscure country parishes, of the malecontents encountering a bishop in argument, all this tells against any particular grievance with powerful decision. I speak not here of parishes of consideration, where there are many gentry, and the inhabitants are generally well informed, but of such merely rural parishes, taken possession of, as it were, time out of mind by small farmers, and a large population of laborers. There are very many of these in the kingdom. In the old and easy way of repose, and taking things just as you find them, they are very comfortable resting-places for the indolent, or the young curate satisfied with few pleasures, and those mostly out of the parish.

The easy slipping and gliding into one of these ancient "settlements," with an improved stipend, and no greater liability to personal inspection and questionings than is incurred by annual archidiaconal and triennial Episcopal visitations, is justly a matter of self-congratulation to the unambitious "inferior clergy" (as we are called for distinction, and to obtain respect among our very ignorant parishioners, whose vocabulary may not contain words of six syllables). We take possession of house and orchard, fees and flock, if not with a patriarchal, with a classic feeling, and quote our Virgil for the last time—

"Et tandem antiquis curatum allabimur oris."

Poor curates! the "working clergy"—for we must most of us work—we are not, and cannot all be so easily satisfied as these quoters of Virgil, the unencumbered with thought or family. A London gentleman's gentleman, whose delicate health required country air, sought the official situation of butler to the squire of a parish not far from mine. His manners were genteel—his views moderate—he took *but* two glasses of Madeira a-day. "And your wages?" quoth the squire.—"My *salary*," said he, with an emphasis, "only eighty guineas." *Squire.* "Considering, sir, that the country agrees with your health, and you take but two glasses of Madeira a-day, I think your salary is not very moderate; there are many of the 'inferior clergy' in this neighborhood that have not so much."—"Ah! sir," quoth the invalid, "I have often heard of that unfortunate class of gentlemen, and (putting his delicate hand upon his breast, and bending with an air of condescension) I pity them from the very bottom of my heart." Now, this was well-bred pity, engendered doubtless by two glasses of Madeira a-day upon a sickly and nervous temperament. But the robust vulgar, better formed for beadles than sympathy, look upon the "inferior clergy" with quite another eye and attitude. A clerical friend, who, while in town, was engaged to officiate in the absence of the rector, was thus accosted by the clerk on his entry in the vestryroom. "Well, sir, are you the gentleman *as preaches*, or the man *as reads?*" Nay, my own poor clerk, who for fifty weeks in the year is a humble docile drudge, with simply a little excusable indented affectation and conceit in minor matters, inherited—for his father was clerk before him—always puts on more familiarity immediately after the two weeks in the year that the rector makes his appearance in the parish, leaving his blessing in his sermon, and taking away the tithes in his pocket. It was after one of these periodical visits I stood in the churchyard; a man in a

fustian jacket passed us, nodding familiarly to my clerk. "Who is that?" said I.—"A *brother* officer of *ours*," quoth he, "clerk of ———."

"John," said I to him one day, "I must take you quietly to-morrow, or next day, into the church, and teach you to read, and make the responses better, and quite in another way."—"Why, sir," said he, "if I were to read just like you, there would'nt be a bit of difference between us."

This is a long parenthesis, so, to return to the first sentence. I heartily wish the bishops would assist us with their authority where we cannot move but to our prejudice. And I really know nothing better, or nothing worse, on which they may try their hands, than country parish music; and if they were to extend it to all parishes it would not be amiss, for the Psalms of King David are not always thought good enough every where, and are superseded by mamby-pamby mawkish hymns, of which I could furnish some specimens, but I will not, for I do not think them all *proper*. Now, in our rural parishes, what can possibly be worse than the music, and what more difficult to remedy, and yet preserve *harmony?* Singers were ever notorious for loving to have things their own way; ask them to perform any thing, they are dumb—there is no end to it when they begin of their own accord. "*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus.*" But religious singers are of all the most given to sudden discords. They imagine the whole congregation assembled but to hear them; one of them told me with pride, that it was the only part of the service during which no one was asleep. Warming upon the subject, he added, That he had authority for saying, the singers in the Jewish Church had precedence of all other officials, and performed the most essential part of the service, as was clear from the Psalms, "The singers go before, and the minstrels (which he took to mean ministers) follow after." Now, the conceit of country musicians is intolerable—what I chiefly complain of is their anthems. Every bumpkin has his favorite solo, and, oh! the murder, the profanation! If there be ears devout in the congregation, how must they ache! These anthems should positively be forbidden by authority. A half a dozen ignorant conceited fellows stand up; with a falsehood to begin with, they profess to sing "to the honor and glory of God," but it is manifestly to the honor and glory of John Jones, Peter Hussey, Philip White, John Stobes, Timothy Prim, and John Pride. Then, when they are unanimous, their unanimity is wonderful, as all may know who remember in full choir clarionet, bass, and bassoon assisting. "Some put their trust in Charrots, and some in Orses, but we will remember," &c. In our gallery there was a tenor voice that was particularly disagreeable; it had a perpetual yap yap in it, a hooh as if it went round a corner; he had a very odd way, of which certainly he did not "keep the *noiseless tenor.*" Then not only every one sings as loud as he can bawl, but cheeks and elbows are at their utmost efforts, the bassoon vieing with the clarionet, the goose-stop of the clarionet with the bassoon—it is Babel with the addition of the beasts. By the bye it was a good hit of Coleridge's, it was the "loud bassoon that suspended, and almost broke the charm that bound the wedding-guest to the Ancient Mariner's tale." Speaking of that audacious instrument, a misnomer was not inappropriate, if transferred to the player. A neighbor met a clown going from his own parish church to mine. "Why, John," said he, "what takes you this way?"—"I do go," quoth John, "to church to hear the BABOONS."* If the clergyman happens not to be musical, the whole choir hold him in contempt—but if he make attempts occasionally to join and do his best, pleased with the compliment, they will spare him—

* He invariably reads Cheberims and Sepherims, and most unequivocally, "I am a Lion to my mother's children," and really he sometimes looks not unlike one. This reminds me of a clergyman I knew, ages ago, now dead many years, an amiable excellent man, who went by the name of The Lion—he was so like one. He had, too, a manner of shaking his head at you in coming into a room, that was quite frightful. I have often heard him tell the following anecdote of himself: He had to petition Lord Chancellor Thurlow for the transfer of a poor country Crown living from an uncle to himself. Accordingly, the simple man waited on the Lord Chancellor. He heard old

As thus—one wishing to put the choir in good humor, had the hypocrisy to applaud their efforts to the principal singer, who replied, pulling up his waistband and looking satisfaction, "Pretty well for that, sir; but dang it, we didn't quite put off the stephany (symphony); does your parson sing?" —"A do mumbly a bit." Now, this was meant to let him down easy; it was neither praise nor quite contempt, but one qualified with the other. But could I put before you their books—could you read or hear what they do sing, especially on occasions such as weddings, funerals, and some festival days when they do take the liberty of an *ad libitum*, and outrun quite King David with a vengeance, you would laugh heartily for an hour or two: and as that might be construed into throwing ridicule on the church, I will not give you the opportunity, but I will, by one anecdote, show you that they are not very nice in their selection. An old singer who had vociferated from boyhood past his threescore years and ten, wishing to keep up the astonishment of the congregation to the last, asked a young lady to give him some new tunes. In a frolicsome mood she played him the common song, "In a cottage near a wood." The old man was delighted, requested words and music to be given him—it was done—and night and day was he at it. And how do you think he adapted it to the church? You shall hear; and would you had heard *him*, and seen *him*—his flourishes and his attitudes—the triumph of music over age! Thus, then, he adapted it, singing, "In a cottage near a 'ood."

"Love and Laura, ma'am, aint Scriptural—and must make it Scriptural—so,

"Love and Lazarus still are mine."

"*Risum teneatis.*" Never was love so joined. But what will you say to the *charms* of Lazarus? Impossible —no—it is even so. Thus,

"Lazarus, oh, my charming fair,
None wi' Lazarus can compare."

Judging from the specimen, you will not think it safe to request a peep into *his book*. But do you think any piety, and devotion, proof against risibility, with such an ally as Lazarus anthemized with love in a church gallery? I am sure none of the congregation could have slept after that, with the *affettuoso* and the *con spirito* in their ears; and had that been sung last Sunday, instead of the funeral hymn, a compilation from "Death and the Lady" and the 90th Psalm, we shouldn't have been disturbed as we were, for the melancholy drone had set a great portion of the congregation to sleep before I had given out the text. A great fat fourteen-year old farmer's daughter had seated herself, with three sisters and a little brother, in the exact proportion on the descending scale. They were of the "Nid noddin' at our house at hame family." A nodding indeed they had of it; the big one lost her balance, fell against the sister, that sister against the other, then the other, and then the boy, and down they all went on the floor of the pew, like a pack of cards,—one, indeed, heavy with her own weight, the rest with additional. While on the subject of parish choirs, I must mention one situation in which you have it in perfection. Did you ever attend a parish club? I assure you, if you are once a curate, and aim at decent popularity that you may do good, you must not refuse the invitation, which is given with much ceremony,—nay, more, you must carve the mutton, and the beef, and the veal, sit at the end of a long table, close by the door, yourself the only opposing barrier to the fume, heat, and tobacco-smoke, which rushes for an exit thereto. But it is of the music I wish to speak. On these occasions, there is a junction of parish bands; and when, after dinner, to do honor to yourself as a guest and the club, they are *all* packed in one room, not a large one, with scarcely space to exercise their elbows, which makes them more strenuous at the blowing; and when they set to work with a twenty musicians' power of lungs and instruments, all striving for the mastery,—when you hear, you will be convinced that it was a peculiar tyranny in the King of Babylon, to make all people and nations fall

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Thurlow roar out (as his name was announced), "Show him in." In he walks, shaking his head as usual, and looking very like a lion. Thurlow immediately cried out, "Show him out," adding, with an oath, *more suo*, "I never saw such an ugly man in my life." But he gave him what he wanted.

down and worship him, at "the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and *all kinds* of music." For if Orpheus is feigned to have uprooted inanimate trees, and made immovable things move, so would such wondrous powers have a contrary effect on things animate and movable, of making them stand stock-still with astonishment and confusion. As far as I can observe, cornet, dulcimer, and sackbut are an antidote to worship. In an argument upon the never-ending subject, excepting the self-worship of the performers, the relative merits of the sister arts, Music, Poetry, and Painting, an ingenious friend quaintly observed, that music was very well, but for the *noise*. With the remembrance of the parish club salute upon me, I perfectly agree with him. Shakspeare must have witnessed something of the kind, when he put into Lear's mouth, "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks." I have often wondered at the fact, that farmers and agricultural laborers are, more than any other class of persons, subject to deafness. It never occurred to me before that it might arise from Parochial Music.

I have pointed out a case in which bishops may interfere, and do not, I will mention one where they do and should not. They should not make any part of the parishoners spies upon the conduct of their clergyman; mutual mistrust is engendered thereby, and no little hypocrisy, and the clergyman degraded. It should be taken for granted that the parish will complain, if there be need; but do not let circulars be sent to John Stiles and Peter Pipes, churchwardens, and Joseph Budge, overseer, to report how the clergyman conducts himself; for ten to one but this triumvirate will think higher of themselves than of their "spiritual pastor and master," to whom their set-aside Catechism taught them "to submit," with the admirable addition, "to hurt nobody by *word* nor deed." If there must needs be an overseer, let it be, as the name implies, *Episcopus*, the Bishop. There is a story of Archbishop Usher, that he went about and visited his clergy unexpectedly, and saw how they were employed, and how their flocks fared. It is said, that on one occasion he went in disguise, and begged alms at the curate's house. The curate was out upon his duty; but his prudent wife soundly lectured the old man, though she gave him relief. "For shame old man, at these years to go begging! these are not the usual fruits of an honest, industrious, and godly life. Tell me, old man, how many commandments are there?" The old man, with seeming confusion, stammered out, "Eleven."—"I thought so," said she; "go thy ways old man; and here, take this book with thee, and learn thy catechism; and when next time you are asked, say ten." The Archbishop took his departure, and had it formally announced, that he should preach the next day in the parish church. The morning came; little thought the good woman that the Archbishop was the old alms-beggar, till he gave his text and comment. A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another." "It should seem," begins the sermon, "by this text, that there are "Eleven Commandments.'" The old man was recognised, and the curate's wife acknowledged, with some shame to herself, that there was another, and a new commandment.

Now, how shall I apply this, but by recommending the bishops, instead of sending round printed circulars of inquiry, to go themselves and preach from the same text, and thus, instead of encouraging dissent, teach both pastors and their flocks "to love one another."

It would seem that the clerical saturnalia are arrived, and that I could not wait a moment, but must unpack the burden of my complaints, and throw them at my betters; for, in truth, my dear Eusebius, I had nearly forgotten that I sat down to reply to your very grave letter. It is your serious intention, you say, to enter holy orders; and that the curacy of —— is offered to you as a title. You wish to know my opinion as to the compatibility, both of your temper and turn of mind, for the sacred office? You are now twenty-eight years of age; I know you are free from all mercenary views (and God help the honesty of those who would construe the taking the curacy of —— into a mercenary act). I know, as you say, you have no interest in the Church. Your object is to devote sincerely to the profession an ardent enthusiastic mind; and, according to your gifts, to do good. But, my dear Eusebius, we are not all what we would be, and often ourselves overlook some trifling

disqualifications, when our zeal urges us to attain the accomplishment of great things. There is in you, then, believe me, a spice of genius, that for want of early direction to any one pursuit, has mixed itself with every thing you undertake—and, excuse me, if I say, somewhat whimsically. When I say genius, I am not showing that you are poet, painter, or musician, nor any other *er* or *ician;* but you might have been any of these. The genius within you, then, for lack of regular employment, has sported and gambled with your ideas, and, like an idle imp, furnished you oft with very inappropriate ones. On the most grave occasions have I observed you in vain try to set aside obtrusive pleasantries, and buckle your mind to the matter of fact. Far be it from me to charge you, above all men living, with levity—the symbol of a weak head and unfeeling heart. With you, all Nature's sympathies are alive and active. How shall I describe your peculiarity?—you have a spice of Yorick in you. You will be perpetually misunderstood; and from the uncontrollable sportiveness of your own fancy, never give yourself time to understand and manage the opinions and tempers of others, with which your own must be brought in conflict. Your ready perception of the ridiculous, and your irresistible propensity to laugh, and speak according to your humor, offer serious obstacles in the way of the good you would do. You will say, the solemnity of religion will protect you. Believe it not. If you could prescribe and limit the solemnity, it would; but your solemnity is not all the world's solemnity; and with even religious things, and in religious offices, are mixed up the ridiculous and the disgusting. We need indeed daily, we, the working clergy, patience, charity, and forbearance—to keep in abeyance our own feelings, tastes, and even understanding, that we may thoroughly enter into the minds of those with whom we have to do. But, my dear Eusebius, can you do this?—I fear not. I know well the curacy you are offered; it is a wild place. The people say of it, that it was the last that was made, and there was not enough of good materials left—it does appear, in truth, be it spoken with reverence, a heaven-forgetting and heaven-forgotten place. With some few exceptions of a higher cast, and who do not think the less highly of themselves, but will think less highly of you, and not relish your being above them in the eyes of the rest, your parishioners will be very small farmers and laborers, the latter in all respects by far the best; the former, ignorant, prejudiced, with a pride peculiarly their own, and extreme dulness of understanding. Now, judge for yourself. But it will not be amiss if I look over my diary; and remember that it will tell of occurrences in a parish very superior in intellectual advancement to that which you purpose to be the scene of your labor of love. I shall omit dates, and not separate from the extracts my comments, by marking anything as quotation from my commonplace-book or diary.

"*Marriages.*—How very lightly people think of marriages when they make them, whatever they may do afterwards; and many examples are there then of the evil and the good—the 'better' and the worse. I had been called upon, in the absence of my friend B——, to marry a couple in the little town of ——. After I had married this couple, a very dirty pair offered themselves—a chimney-sweeper, in his usual dress and black face, and a woman about fifty.—What could possess them to marry? The man ran off from the church door as soon as the ceremony was over, as fast as he could run; the woman took a contrary direction. As I was on horseback, I overtook her; she had a rabble after her, and, seeing me, pointed me out, and hurraing, 'There's the man that ha' done it—there's the man that ha' done it!' Unused to such salutations, and not knowing if it was the habit of the place, and fearing a wrong construction as to what I had done, I rode away somewhat faster than some think consistent with clerical regulations. It is astonishing how ill understood are even the words of the marriage-service. It is in vain you explain. It is nearly always, For 'I thee endow,' 'I thee and thou,' and the Holy Ordinance is fired out of their mouths as if it were a piece of cannon.—How should it be otherwise? they never heard of the word before. But I cannot excuse them not practising before hand the putting on the ring, which is almost invariably *forced* on—the man's thumb

wetted in his mouth, and the fat finger squeezed, and the ring finally forced down with the nail. They take, 'To have and to hold' so literally, that, having once the ring on and the finger held, they never know when to let go.

"I said, I cannot tell why the couples that marry, should marry. Now, here is an instance of a reason being given; and it being a rare thing, and a rare reason, it ought to be noted. Very recently, bluff big farmer M—— told me he was to be married such a day. I was taken by surprise, for I had buried his wife but a very few months. He was a stout, big widower, near sixty, with lungs louder than any Stentor, and very irritable. He saw I was surprised, and took fire, and literally roared, 'Why, now, what be I to do? I got vive cows to calve, and nobody to look ater 'em.' Foolish man, thought I, and I remembered the passage—'How shall a man have understanding whose talk is of bullocks?'—'And pray,' said I, to the bride elect, as I met her soon after this, 'what may be your reason?' She was a widow, and, like an old bird, was not to be caught with chaff. She looked very grave and business-like, and replied, 'There is a widowhood on the estate.'

"One had practised the ceremony beforehand—he was a deaf man, but, unfortunately, he had taken the wrong leaf; and being asked if he would, 'forsaking *all* other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live;' and being nudged to answer, repeated the response from the Order of Baptisms. 'I renounce them all.'

"There is a very curious custom here, of ringing the wedding-peal for all who die unmarried. They are then supposed to be married like St. Catharine. Is this a remnant of Popish practices!! I was shocked the other day at an instance in which this ceremony was performed. A wretched old creature died in the poor-house; it is true she was never married, but her son attended her funeral. She had, in truth, lived a sad life, but was a St. Catharine in her death; and oh! abused, insulted, virgin purity! she was now the bride, and had her marriage-peal. How strange it is, that the people themselves do not see the insult to all virtue; the mockery, and the silliness of this.

"*Christenings.*—They tell of Bishop Porteous, that he had an utter aversion to long names, and fine names, and more than one name. That being called upon, when a parish priest, to christen a poor man's child, Thomas Timothy, he dipped his finger hastily in the basin, cut the matter and the names short, and christened the child 'Tom Tit.' The fashion is now running, and has been for some years, to fine names—Bettys, Sallys, Sukeys, Nannys, are all gone;—and, *apropos* upon Nanny, I have seen the beautiful old ballad, 'O Nanny wilt thou gang with me,' adapted to modern elegance thus, 'Amelia, will you go with me.' This, however, has nothing to do with church christenings, but it shows that 'a rose, by any other name,' may in time smell sweeter.

"A clown, who had been engaged to *stand* godfather, and had not practised *kneeling*, ludicrously disturbed the ceremony not long ago, by overshooting the hassock, and falling completely over on his face on the bare stones. He cut his nose, the bleeding of which took him out of church, and delayed us some time.

"Now of names.—Surely I have entered on the register the strangest imaginable. A mason's wife, and belonging to the next parish, presented her urchin. What took place is exactly as follows:—'Say the name,' said I, with my finger in the water. 'Acts, sir,' said she. '*Acts*,' said I, 'what do you mean?' Thinks I to myself, I will *ax* the clerk to spell it. He did, A C T S—so Acts was the babe, and will be while in this life, and will be doubly, trebly so registered, if ever it marries or dies. Afterwards, in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a name. Her answer *verbatim*. 'Why, sir, we be religious people; we've got vour on em already, and they be caal'd Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and so my husband thought he'd compliment the Apostles a bit.' The idea of complimenting the Apostles with this little dab of living mortar was too much; even I could not help laughing. I have no doubt she will go on to Revelations, they being particularly religious people.

"*Funeral.*—Poor farmer Q——! I feel for him—he has lost a good wife, and a good mother to his large family. It made my heart ache to see the poor man bringing his children, down to

the youngest, all in decent mourning, to pay their last duty to a faithful wife and tender mother. They were earlier than I expected; I overtook him and his children (they were in a covered cart, with curtains behind), half a mile from the church, in a shady lane. The sun was flickering through the foliage of the high hedge, and playing upon the dark curtains, and the youngest child, with almost an infantine smile, was playing with them, and putting her finger on the changeful light. As she removed the curtains, within were seen the family group, the cast-down father at the head. The children, from sixteen years of age downward, were variously affected—the elder weeping; a middle one, probably a pet, sobbing loudly; others below, with a fixed look, as if surprised at the strangeness of their situation. But the childish play of the youngest, who could not, perhaps, conceive what Death was, was such a vindication of the wisdom and goodness of Providence and Nature that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, I have often since had the scene before me. That poor child required unconsciousness of this world's miseries, that, fully and deeply felt, would have torn its weak frame, and nipped the life in the bud, and therefore permanent sensibility was denied, and is denied to all such. I never saw the awfulness of death and the newness and sportiveness of life so brought together. The occasion was death, and the child was at play with it, and unhurt;—and I thought of the passage—'The weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.' This incident of thus meeting the funeral affected me greatly. There was another incident attended it that distressed me at the time, and does so even now when I think of it. How often do the most solemn and the ridiculous unite, and how difficult is it for poor weak infirmity of human nature to say, to this I will positively incline, and resist the other. I trust I did resist; but, my dear Eusebius, what must have been the case with you? I received the funeral at the bottom of the churchyard, and there lives at the very gate the general tradesman of the village, who acts as undertaker. He stood at the head, directing the procession, and by his side, and fronting me, stood, as if waiting for the order to move, a tame magpie, the property of an old dame who lived in a cottage facing the undertaker's. The creature, with his black coat and white breast, looked so like an undertaker with his scarf, and he stood so in order, and looked so up at me, that I would have given the world if any kind hand had wrung his neck. The procession began to move—and what should the creature do but hop on and join me as I was reading the service, and so continued hopping close at my side, even into the church, and to the very step of the reading-desk. I did not dare to suggest to any one to remove him, for I know there is a superstition about magpies, and I feared directing the attention of the mouners to the circumstance. He hopped out of church with me and peered into the grave, and then looked up at me; and yet I went through the service, and I trust seriously—but there was at times a great difficulty. My good Eusebius, I tremble when I think of you in such a situation;—why, you would have been so taken possession of by your sense of the ridiculous, that I know not what gambols you would have made—you might have capered over the coffin for aught I can tell—have been called an unfeeling wretch, and represented as such to the bishop of the diocese—all the while, that I will answer for you, your heart would have been aching for the poor distressed family, and you would have given your year's stipend—ay, much more—that this had not occurred, to add to their distress.

"We have had, as I think, a disgraceful burial. A poor youth, about nineteen years of age, has been buried in a ditch in the churchyard, at twelve o'clock at night, because a stupid coroner's inquest jury would bring in their verdict—*felo de se*. It was as clear a case of temporary insanity as could be. The case was this:—The poor boy had gone into the town of ——— on a market day, and had purchased a print with some little savings, intending, when he could save more, to buy another he saw. He returned home, ate a hearty supper, and was very cheerful—went into the stable to do up his horse, and there was found suspended and dead. I remonstrated with the foreman of the jury. 'We couldn't by no means do no other,' said he; 'for we couldn't

discover *the least reason* for his destroying himself!'—'Then,' said I, 'he did it without reason, did he?'—'Without the least,' replied he.—'Then,' said I, 'if he had done it *with* reason, with intention to be released from a known trouble, and perfectly in his reason, you would have brought in a contrary verdict?'—'Insanity, without doubt,' he replied. Oh, it is lamentable that the stupidity of a foreman should infect a whole jury! To argue further would have been a waste of words. This reminds me to refer to another case, in which a boy hanged himself, but was cut down in time. It happened a year and more before the last case. I was called to see the boy (an apprentice to a poor and small farmer), he was a half-stupid, half-cunning, and wholly wicked-looking boy, stunted in growth, apparently about sixteen years of age. The account given of him was, that he was desperately wicked—that, a little before, he had attempted to drive the plough over one of the farmer's children, and they were greatly afraid of him. I talked to the boy—'Why did he do it?'—'The devil had told him to do it.'—'Where did he see him?'—'Very often.'—'What sort of a person was he?'—'Like a gentleman, with a bit of white hanging over his boots.' I then left the boy and went into the house to talk with his mother, who had arrived, and directed the doctor to be sent for. When I went out to the boy again, a man who had walked to the farm with me, was making him repeat after him, the Lord's Prayer. They had just come to the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'—'Bread!' said the boy with stupid astonishment, looking up in the gentleman's face; 'we don't ha' much bread—mostly taties.'—I knew the medical men would give him physic, and I, to keep him safe in the interim, gave him promise of a treat worth living for—that, Sunday-week, if he would come to the Parsonage, I would give him a good dinner of roast-beef, and a shilling in his pocket. He did not make another attempt, but he turned out very ill—was near committing murder, and, through fear of it, induced a poor girl to marry him. I fear it was a sad affair, and perhaps will end in one of the deep tragedies of the lower walks of life, of which there are more than the higher wot of. I had recollected this youth being once a scholar in our Sunday school, but he staid a very short time, and then showed either his wickedness or his ignorance, for, to a question in the Catechism, he returned thanks 'for this state of starvation.' I took no notice of it; and he was, in truth, ragged and starved enough. There is a quaintness in these half-cunning, wicked, stupid persons, sometimes that is very like wit. I remember an instance. A half-witted boy, maintained by the parish, was in the habit of tearing off all his clothes, till they found a method of buttoning his jacket behind. Doubtless he was not fed like a fat friar. Meeting one day a greyhound (there is always a fellowship between such and these dumb creatures), he looked earnestly at him, and felt with his hand down his back-bone, and spanned him round his body. 'Ah, my poor fellow,' said he, 'it is bad times for you and I since buttoning-in in the back is come into fashion.' It is very questionable if education would add any thing to the intellects or habits of these poor creatures. We never could establish more than a Sunday school. There is no class of persons so indifferent to education as farmers; they do not give any encouragement to it. There is good and evil in most things. I have seen so much loss of filial and parental affection from the parish becoming the general supporter (for it frequently happens that old people in a poor-house know nothing whatever of their families, if they be dead or living, though perhaps not separated many miles), that I doubt much if the little hearts of children, or the bigger of their mothers, are bettered by the removal of the one from the other, as in infant schools; and the removal of the solicitude, the hourly care, is, it is to be feared, at the same time a removal of affection. Why should they at these infant schools teach the children such antics? They learn the numeration-table by thumping or slapping, rather indecorously occasionally, the different parts of their persons, and cannot count 'wan, too, dree, fower, vive,' without it. There is by far too much rote learning, parroting in children's schools. A sensible friend told me he was called in to hear the children, when, disgusted with the parrot-order of the thing, he said to one of

the children, when quite another question should have been asked, 'Come, my good little boy, tell me what's your duty to your father and mother?' 'It's all sin and misery,' squeaked out the urchin. Perhaps, in the modern system of separation, the answer may become appropriate. I remember a circumstance narrated by a friend that at the time much amused me. A very good lady had taken great pains to establish, I believe at Bath, an infant or children's school upon a large scale, and had sent into the country a person who happened to be one of the Society of Friends, to collect money and apple-trees for the school garden. He called upon the narrator, and told his double purpose. 'Ah!' said my friend, 'apple-trees! a very proper thing, and the poor little children will have nice apples to eat.' 'Not, friend,' quoth Starch, 'not to eat.' 'Oh! for puddings, then! better still; a very good plan.' 'No 'tisn't for puddings neither, nor pies.' 'No?' said my friend; 'what then?' 'It is to teach them to *resist temptation.*' 'Oh! that is it, is it? To resist temptation! That is very strange. Mayhap, then, you are not acquainted with a book that, in my younger days, was thought much of—indeed we were made to read it daily, and learn it; and I recollect a passage in it well, for I always repeated it twice a-day, rising in the morning and going to bed at night. Perhaps you never read that book, for it was taught me by my mother before infant schools were thought of. The passage was this: 'Lead us *not into* temptation.' This was too much for the district missionary for the planting of apple-trees; he broke away with some warmth, saying, 'Ah, friend, I see thee dost know nothing about it.' There is something pleasant in the conceit that the little urchins of our present day, by a little routine of slapping *all* their sides to the numeration-table, and singing all that they should say to the canticle of 'This is the way to London town,' should be so very superior to our full-grown first parents. I have very little experience in these matters, but it does appear to me that it would be much better to 'whip th' offending Adam out of them' before they are put in the way of temptation; and certainly they will have some tunes and slapping practices of perpetual motion to unlearn before they will be of use in any known trade or employment.

"I do not see that there was any occasion for my attending the funeral of Farmer M., to ride in procession five miles from the house to the church. My unlucky clumsiness has put me quite out of humor with myself and the silly people. I was invited at half-past ten, and thought it was to breakfast, but it turned out to be a dinner at twelve. It was a wet day, the whole house smelt of damp and black cloth. I never saw mourning look so ill and inauspicious as upon the company of farmers in top-boots. I felt quite out of place and uncomfortable. But let me give some account of the dinner. I suppose it was according to some rule. There was a piece of beef at the top, next to that a fillet of veal, then a leg of mutton—then a leg of mutton, a fillet of veal, and a piece of beef; the sides had baked plum-puddings opposite to each other. Every thing was by duplicate, so that, from the centre, the top and bottom were exactly alike. Before setting off, the nurse that had attended the sick man brought round cake and wine, with a peculiar cake folded in paper for each to put in our pockets. It was certainly very stupid of me—and I thought the old hag, when she entered the room, looked like an Alecto—but so it happened, as I put out my hand to take the glass, and at the same time turning somewhat round, the sleeve of my gown knocked down the wine-glass, spilt the wine, and broke the glass. The old nurse croaked out in a tone that arrested every one's attention, 'There will be another death in the family! the parson has spilt the wine and broken the glass!' I thought she spat vipers out of her ugly mouth. All looked first at each other and then at me. If I had been guilty of murder they could not have looked, as it then appeared to me, with more scowling aspects. I may *now* added to this, that, in fact, it little signified. The significant looks at each other on the occasion were not on my account. The sister of the dead man, whose husband was present, was then actually dying of a consumption; and in the course of a very few months the widower and the widow made the omen luckly by sanctifying it in church in holy matrimony. I will, however

take great care not to spill wine again at a funeral, for it is not to be expected that on all occasions the parties concerned in the omen will so help me out of the predicament. There are a great many silly people very wise in their own conceit, that for ever tell you philosophy has driven superstition from the land, which only proves these foolish people know very little of the land, and are themselves superstitious enough to believe that the whole world is rolled up in their own persons. I will venture to say, there never was more superstition—political and religious. Reasonable things are rejected in both, and absurdities and impossibilities believed in both. Many of our large cities are divided between these two infatuations. The one half is a hot-bed, where the newest religions are raised as occasions may require, and the other half rears political mushrooms, poisonous and credulous. But there is still pretty much of the old superstitions remaining in country places; and I am not sure that it can be replaced by a better—it is generally harmless. How many town-thousands take tens of thousands of Morrison's pills, and why should not the country have its cunning man? I have known three old women notorious witches, one believed herself to be one at last; I saw her die, when she had a very large pair of scissars laid on her bed, and she moved her fingers as she would clip with them. She could not then speak. The people about her said, all the boxes and drawers in the room must be opened, or the soul couldn't escape, and that was the reason she was so long dying. When they think a person is dying you will always find them facilitate the passage by opening the boxes. By the by, two old nurses were overheard complimenting each other on their many 'beautiful corpses,' and their various methods of making people die easy, when one whipped a bit of tape out of her pocket, and said she always found when they struggled, that just gently pressing this against the throat was an invaluable remedy for hard dying—they went off like infants in a sleep. But to the matter of witches—of the two other, one is now living, and was shot at by a young farmer, who thought himself bewitched, with a crooked sixpence; it went through her petticoat. This not succeeding, he caught her and drew blood from her arm. Her witchcraft, I believe, consisted in her having more sense than her neighbors, and being able to read and write. But there is a much worse superstition creeping in very fast. The Initiated are religionists. They get a poor weak creature in among them in a heated close room, and roar and throw themselves into wonderful tantrums, calling upon the Lord, and ordering him very audaciously to come down and convert the sinners. I have often heard them, and on one occasion a person came out, I asked him what was doing. He said that John Hodge was 'under a strong conviction,' and would soon give in. And so in fact he did, for I heard a tremendous noise, which I found to be that the poor fellow had tumbled down in a fit, and they all fell down upon him, shouting, laughing, and giving thanks. I cannot possibly describe the uproar and blasphemous tumult I heard with my own ears. There was a young girl, about seventeen years of age, had been, as they said, put into a trance by the spirit for three days. On her awaking she told the Initiated, and they to all the neighbourhood, that she had been to the 'wicked place,' and had there seen Mrs. B. (a very respectable lady of the next parish) trying to escape from the fire, and the devil tossing her back with a pitchfork. She, with a deputation, went a few days after to Mrs. B. to warn her of her danger. How sorry am I to say it, the visions of this young girl were scarcely disbelieved by any, at most doubted, but very many of the poor believed all she said. The girl turned inspired preacher, as might have been expected, and would have been the founder of a new sect in the parish had she staid long; but she went off with a male preacher, and we never heard more of her, and there was an end of it. I dare say when she is somewhat older, and has learnt a few more tricks, she will start up in full blaze in London, and be the possessor of Joanna Southcotts' silver pap-dish and cradle.

"Ghosts *have* been seen; there is more than one person *walks*. Now this reminds me of a whimsical scene. It is the custom in the parish to have sand floors. A new one was laid in the poor-house; after a certain time it must be beat till quite hard. The

operation of the beating and pounding in this instance took place in the night, by a solitary mason—a seemingly simple fellow, but a great knave. The poor-house window looks into the church-yard, below the level of which is the door. This house nearly joined mine, and the noise awoke us, and it was thought thieves were breaking in. A young man in the house jumped out of bed and slipped on my surplice, determined to ascertain from whence the noise came. He looked in at the window from the church-yard, and saw the mason hard at it: of course at such work he could hear no step; so that, when the young man suddenly appeared before him in his surplice, he took him for a ghost or an angel, dropt his rammers, and was upon his knees in a moment, crying—'O Lord, O Lord, don't come nigh me; go back again, go back again; which of them things (meaning the ancient tombs) did ye come out of?' He fell sick from fright, and put himself on his club for a fortnight. I have often tried to make out the exact ideas the poor people have of angels—for they talk a great deal about them. The best that I can make of it is, that they are children, or children's heads and shoulders winged, as represented in church paintings, and in plaster-of-Paris on ceilings; we have a goodly row of them all the length of our ceiling, and it cost the parish, or rather the then minister I believe, who indulged them, no trifle to have the eyes blacked, and nostrils, and a touch of light-red in the cheeks. It is notorious and scriptural they think, that the *body* dies, but nothing being said about the head and shoulders, they have a sort of belief that they are preserved to angels—which are no other than dead young children. A medical man told me, that he was called upon to visit a woman who had been confined, and all whose children had died. As he came to the door, a neighbor came out to him, lifting up her hands and eyes, and saying, 'O she's a blessed 'oman—a blessed 'oman.'—'A blessed woman,' said he; 'what do you mean?—she isn't dead, is she?'—'Oh no—but this un's an angel too—she's a blessed 'oman, for she breeds angels for the Lord.' There is something very shocking in this; it will be so to read as it is to write—but being true, it must be written, or we cannot give true and faithful accounts of things as they are. I called but a short time since at a farm-house, where was an old woman, a servant, in trouble, I believe, about one of her family; and there was a middle-aged, solemn-looking woman trying to comfort her; and in a dialect I cannot pretend to spell, which made it the more odd, told her she ought to go to church, and look up at the little angels she was sitting under, and see their precious eyes, and take comfort from them.

"I had for some time observed the parish-clerk hurried in his manner, and flushed in his face; and one morning I saw him running wildly, apparently without an object—but I said nothing. All his relatives and connections were Methodists, and I knew he frequented their chapel; but little did I think that any of the sect would boast of driving him out of his senses. But so it was; on Sunday night one of the principal persons in the village of that persuasion came to me with a very solemn and mysterious and mystical face, and told me that my clerk was out of his mind; that he had been at chapel, and heard a most powerful—a most working discourse from the Rev. Mr. A.; that he was then raving, and it was wished that I should go and see him. 'My good friend,' said I, 'do not either yourself or your reverend minister take any burden upon your consciences that you have driven the poor fellow mad. I assure you it is no such thing—I saw it coming on this week past.' That which should have comforted, however, made my informant chop-fallen. But will it be credited at headquarters? his friends of the connection went to the cunning man—that, by the by, I went to see the poor fellow. Melancholy as was the circumstance, the scene was ludicrous in the extreme. He was sitting up in bed, surrounded by his friends: some were praying, some crying. When I arrived there was a pause; but what made the scene so ludicrous was the position, the employment, and expression of features of the carpenter of the village, a sot, and unshaved. He was behind the clerk on the bolster; he looked for all the world like a great baboon; and he was shaving the head of the unfortunate man, and pretty

much perhaps as he would plane a board. The clerk, as I said, was sitting up in bed; he knew me, and conversed, but incoherently, with me; then broke out into singing, with the following intermixture of spiritual address to me:—

'My Love, she is a pretty maid,
Tallura, lura, lura.

Oh, sir, these are rough means of grace—

Tallura, lura, lura.'

Again went the plane over his head, and again—'These are certainly rough means of grace—

Tallura, lura, lura.'

"Poor fellow—my dear Eusebius, had you been there!—but I will spare you—I will only tell you one fact, that the coroner's jury and foreman who sat upon the body of the poor boy were there; and I would not answer for the manner in which they would have handled you. I said the friends went to the cunning man—the result was, that, in a week or too, they walked the poor man by a river, and suddenly pushed him in, and drew him out, they said, cured. Certain it is he did recover perfectly, and never has been so since. Now, my dear Eusebius, you never would have suspected danger in such a duty; and well do I know the human sympathies that throb from your heart, and set in motion every nerve, sinew, and limb to run to the relief of the afflicted, without considering if any relief can be given, or what danger may be to yourself in offering it, would have sent you to the spot, whatever might have been the consequence.

"There is another incident of the ludicrous, which I am almost ashamed to mention—it may bear the appearance of levity—far from such is my intention in any part of this letter. One side of our churchyard is bounded by an orchard, into which, somehow or other, a poor ass had strayed, and either not liking his quarters, or being weather-wise, or from some cause or other, at the very moment, mind you, that I was in the pulpit, and had just uttered the words, 'Let us pray,' set up such a hideous and continued braying, that half the congregation were on the laugh or in the titters. It would almost seem as if the animal had mistaken the doubtful letters, or, I should say, letters of affinity, and had followed an injunction, that in the eyes of the congregation, put *us* all on an affinity. Now, Eusebius, you know you could not have borne this; you would have burst out, and tossed your sermon-case in the air; and though they had been the heaviest of discourses—the 'sermones repentes per humum'—they would have risen 'fugitive peieces,' and been lost as the sibyl's leaves. Your detestation of hypocrisy would, I fear, have sometimes led you into imprudences. All is not gold that glitters; true, but if we handle brass too roughly to show its tarnish, we are not the better pleased with the odour of our own hands. I will tell you of a beggar that came to my door, and his presumption in begging—but I will contrast him with another character—every parish has its 'ne'er-do-wells.' There is a great difference, however, in rogues. There is your honest rogue, who will do you a good turn, and always remembers a kindness; there is a dishonest rogue—he is a hypocrite. One of the former kind was working for a friend of mine, who told me the dialogue that passed between them. 'How comes it, John, that you're no better off,—you're a handy fellow enough, but it seems you're one of the poorest, and never did yourself much good?'—'Why, I'll tell you what it is, sir, I was as honest a veller as any in the parish, but I don't know how 'twere, but I were always poor; and so says I to myself, John this won't do, thee must make a change; and so, sir, I took to stealing a bit, warn't particular, a duck or a goose or some such matter, and then I fell into poaching, and then I got into jail, and somehow or other I got out o't; and then said I to myself, John, this on't do neither—thee must change again.'—'Well, John, and what then?'—Why, sir, now I do mix it.' This now was an honest rogue, or 'indifferent honest.' But take the other rogue; he too affected his honesty and yet was a hypocrite. A man called at my door on Sunday evening, mark you the day, and sent me in a written paper, containing the confession of his sins; that he had committed many more than were down in that paper, that were too bad to mention, that he had been drumm'd

out of one or two regiments, and had been a most incorrigible scoundrel; now note the rest, up to last Thursday, that then, happening to go into the —— meeting house at ——, he heard a discourse from the Rev. Mr. B. the minister and came out a 'converted man.' This was literally as I tell it to you. I let him know that considering he had committed so many crimes and had been drummed out of regiments, I would take care that he should be whipt out of the parish if found in it a quarter of an hour after my notice. Now, my dear Eusebius, I had no right to do this, and probably not to say this, but I fear you would have taken the office of beadle into your own hands, and not forgotten the staff. I well recollect when I first came into the parish (shall I describe the first day? no I won't I have my reasons.) As I said, when I first came into the parish, a mumping old woman came up to me to try what she could get from me. She hoped I was 'one of the heaven-sent ministers.' May I be forgiven! I said I was sent by the Rector. Finding that would not do, she boldly begged, and boasted how much she had received from my predecessor. 'Now,' said I, 'tell me what will satisfy you?' and I put on such an air of benevolent symplicity, that for once my own hypocrisy served me instead of argument, and I took her in. She thought I was in a most giving mood. 'Tell me,' said I, 'what will satisfy you?' 'Why, your honor, the rames of a duck or a fowl two or three times a week, and a shilling now and then;' and I counted up the number of poor equal claimants, and number of ducks and fowls required per week. Now I must do justice to the poor, and say that, in general, they are very thankful for attentions, and for any little matter given, and that they are by no means like that mumping old woman. But there is nothing pleases them more than sitting down in their cottages with them, and talking, not formally, with them, but in an easy familiar manner, illustrating what you say by objects and things around you. If they do not suspect you are 'lecturing' them, they like being led on to think and reason, and put in their own arguments. It is a wicked falsehood, that the clergy are not greatly respected. It must, you may be sure, take a long time and systematic villany at all to succeed in removing the respect that parishoners, particularly the poorer, have for their clergy. They talk to their clergy in a way that no other class of persons do; and even those who are not of the good of the flock, feel abashed and checked, under the clergyman's eye, and thus pay homage to what they conceive to be religion and virtue; and even these, if they want advice, notwithstanding the sense of their own shame, to whom do they go? They all think the clergyman is the poor man's friend one way or another; and they are certainly jealous of his duty being infringed upon by any one else; they won't let others talk to them as the clergyman does. They become impatient and peevish—to lecture, advise, or any thing they look upon as approaching to it, is, in their eyes, like claiming a superior authority over them. They admit this in the clergyman, but are not easily brought to like it in another, and this is the reason that all the Dissenters give themselves the religious distinction of authority, and call themselves reverend. I have recently had instances of this dislike. I was obliged to be absent a few days, and as the wife of a farmer had been long ill, and her life was very precarious, I requested Mrs. P. to visit her. She did so; but the woman was cold to her, and almost sullen. Mrs. P. was well qualified to discourse 'seriously' with her; she did so, and read to her with much zeal, animation and piety. Only once the woman seemed to take any notice, and then she seemed inclined to speak herself. Mrs. P. paused, when the woman looked her in the face, and said, "Do ye ever make use of any geese, because I've vifteen, and may be you'll take one a week?'

"The poor woman did not live a month; and, by the by, I saw her die, and must notice how easy death seemed to be to her. She was in bed, leaning her head upon her hand, the arm raised and resting on the elbow—she was sound asleep, gently snoring—her breathing suddenly ceased for a second or two, then returned once or twice so, and returned not again; and it was only by the cessation we knew she was dead; the position and the features remained unaltered.

"But I was speaking of instances of dislike, or coldness to religious conversation in general, excepting from

the clergyman. The other instance leaves no pleasant impression perhaps: but I tell it as it happened. A man had met with an accident, from which he fell into an illness likely to be soon fatal. A good servant of mine went to him often, and on one occasion told him he ought to pray very earnestly. He shocked the visitor by saying peevishly, 'I do pray to the Lord as hard as I can, and if the Lord won't take that, I can't do no more.' Now, I mention this to show the difference; from when I visited him, as I did before and subsequently, he was the humblest of the humble. Let us not be uncharitable—a moment of pain, of distressing anxiety for those he might leave behind him, must not be taken to show the man; but at that time, and the language sounds coarser in our ears than was his meaning. It is a good rule, 'judge not.'

"On my return after the temporary absence I have just mentioned, I was led, rather malapropos, from the sorrowful aspect of a parishoner, into a mistake. I found the blacksmith had buried his wife. He was leaning against his door looking very dejected, when I accosted him, and told him I was sorry for his loss. ''Tis a great loss,' said he, 'surely.' I reminded him that it was inevitable that we should lose those dear to us, or they us; and that the condition——He did not let me finish my sentence, but broke forth, with energy. 'Oh, dang it, 't'aint she! I don't care for she; but they've took away all her things.' I did not think, or I ought not to have thought, he had great reason to care for her, but seeing him so dejected, I did not know but that habit had made him feel her loss. It seems her relations had come to the funeral, and having possession of the room, had rifled the boxes.

"I have often noted a difference in the sympathy with the dying in the rich and in the poor. With the former, there is generally great caution used that the sick should not think themselves going; if it is to be discovered, it is rather in a more delicate attention, a more affectionate look, which the sick cannot at all times distinguish from the ordinary manner. The poor, on the contrary, tell the sick at once, and without any circumlocution, that they never will get over it. Is it that the shock is less to the poor, that they have fewer objects in this world for which life might be desirable? But this is sometimes dangerous. I was once going to visit a poor woman, and met the parish surgeon, and inquired for his patient. He told me the room was full of friends and neighbors, all telling her she couldn't last long; and said he, 'I make no doubt she will not, for she is sinking, because she thinks she is dying; yet I see no other reason why she should, and I could not get one to leave the room.' I entered; my authority had a better effect. I turned all but one out of the room, and then addressed the woman, who was apparently exhausted and speechless. I told her exactly what the surgeon had said, and then she would not die, but be restored to her children and husband. The woman positively started, raised herself in bed, and said, without energy of which I did not think her capable, 'What! am I not dying? shan't I die?—No! then thank the Lord, I shan't die.' I gave strict orders that none should be admitted—and the woman did recover, and has often thanked me for having saved her life. Clergymen should be aware of this propensity in the poor, then, when mischievous, they may counteract it."

I have written my dear friend, a long letter. I will not, *ad infinitum*, lay before you parochial details. Perhaps you will see from what I have written, that many things must occur that do not, previously to undertaking parochial charge, enter into the imagination of a curate. However difficult it may be to "know yourself," I have taken some pains that you should know something about a parish; for which, notwithstanding that you are really zealous, sincere, generous, and pious, I must say, I think, for the reasons given, you are unqualified. Should you still doubt, question me as you please, and I will answer you with all sincerity.

Yours affectionate friend,

Z.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

No. II.

The author who can commit peccadilloes is a happy man. He must not live in a glass-house, and have an insurmountable propensity for pelting his neighbors. He must not be a literary Pharisee, thanking his own worshipped genius that he is not as other men are, prone to fits of napping, perpetrators of anachronism, breakers of Priscian's head, "or even as this publican," meaning thereby any particular writer, with whom, for the time being, he happens to compare himself. His wise and generous rule must be couched in an Horatian clause—

——"veniam petimusque damusque vicissim."

Under shelter of that motto, he may lapse into small offences, and have them all forgiven. Our foremost poet, since Shakspeare died, was now and then guilty of false quantities; but that great man was ever the humanest of judges toward the faults of others, and therefore the pedant, who had presumed to snarl at Sir Walter, would have been unanimously kicked out of any civilized company in Europe.

Mr. Landor, on the contrary, can pretend to no venial sins, nor plead character in bar of judgment at a critical tribunal. The most insignificant of the errors we shall proceed to expose, detected by him in the work of a "Scotchman or half-Scotchman," would have called forth his keenest ridicule or most obstreperous indignation. Nor, while the better portion of the truly learned among his compatriots would have held aloof, would there have been wanting long-eared specimens of the genus Morpeth, to extend their uncouth jaws in fancied triumph, and bray accordant to the key-note of their leader. Nay, creatures of a still lower grade, depasturing the Caledonian commons, would have agonized in their little efforts to prolong the din, stretching out their scraggy necks with an opprobrious hiss, or shaking, with air of conscious rectitude, their befeathered extremities, at the close of each anserine cackle. Our geese, unlike the guardians of the Capitol, are never heard but to the dishonor of their country.

Up, then, with the black flag to our mast-head! No mercy to age or sex—folly, fault, or inadvertence—we will let drive a broadside at every unguarded avenue, through which we may sweep the decks of the Pericles and Aspasia. What a sweet craft she was but a moment since, "walking the waters like a thing of life," canvass bent, colors flying—and now! only look at her two seconds after we have beat to quarters!

To speak plainly we will handle Mr. Landor's mistakes as they occur.

"Epimedea asked me," says Aspasia,* "whether the women of Ionia had left off wearing ear-rings. I answered, that I believed they always had worn them, and that they were introduced by the Persians, who had received them from nations more remote."

Aspasia knew better; for she knew her Homer—

Ἐν δ'ἄρα ἕρματα ἦκεν ἐϋτρήτοισι λοβοῖσι,
Τρίγληνα, μορόεντα· χάρις δ'ἀπελάμπετο πολλή.

"Her ear-rings clasp'd, that round her lustre ray'd,†
As gemm'd with light their triple pendants play'd."

Juno, in the passage from which these lines are taken, is making her toilet in the chambers of Olympus, but it is for a visit to the other side of the water; and the poet, moreover, living in Ionia, and most familiar with Ionian usages, of course dresses his goddess after the highest fashion of the dames around him. The women of Ionia, therefore, unquestionably indulged in auricular appendages, centuries before they had any communication with Persia, and within the knowledge of one who never names the Persians, nor seems so much as to dream of their existence. If we may judge from works of art,‡ and some evidence of a different nature, the Greek ladies ap-

* Vol. I. p. 22. † Sotheby. ‡ Winkelman, I, 541.

pear to have adopted the use of earrings from the Egyptians.

"Homer *keeps Helen pretty rigorously out of sight*, but he opens his heart to the virtues of Andromache." * Pericles is supposed to blunder out this bit of criticism. Had he really done so!—and had Aristophanes got hold of it!

The terms of the proportion should be precisely reversed. The virtues of Andromache are indeed touched by Homer with a loving hand—but a light one. There is the famous parting interview with Hector in Book Sixth of the Iliad, hackneyed enough, but still heart-subduing, even when lisped out by tiny schoolboy, like any thing on earth rather than the daughter of Eëtion, with one hand, according to the custom of crocodiles, inserted in breeches-pocket, the other cleaving air with a see-saw motion to the true Popian cadence of

"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!"

There is the charming allusion in Book Eighth to her care of Hector's horses—feeding them *before* their master—as none but a perfect anatomist of the human heart would have ventured to describe—the force of which utterly evaporates in both Pope and Sotheby, and which the barbarous villains, Heyne and Payne Knight, would eject altogether. Beautifully imagined, too, and beautifully executed is much of that trying scene in the Twenty-second Book, where the dragged corse of the vanquished husband is brought under the very eyes of the wife. How exquisitely ushered in, with all the overpowering pathos of a well-managed contrast!

"Thus mourn'd the mother, ere his wife had heard
Of Hector's fate the whisper of a word:
No sure intelligence her hearth had gain'd,
That there, without the walls, her lord remain'd.
She sat retired, and 'neath her palace roof
Wrought, with embroidered flowers, a double woof,
And bade the maids that owned her gentle sway
On the heap'd fire an ample tripod lay,
To serve the baths, when, wearied from the fight,
Her lord should home return, and cheer her sight.
Fond wife! unconscious from thy bath afar,
Thou knowest not that thy lord hath fallen in war,
Fallen, stretched in blood on his paternal plain,
By ruthless Pallas and Achilles slain.
Loud from the turret burst a shriek and yell,
Her limbs all trembled, and her shuttle fell."†

How strikingly sustained!

"Then, like a maniac, swifter than the wind,
Flew, and her maidens followed close behind.
But when she rush'd, in that ill-fated hour,
Through the dense throng, and stood on Ilion's tower,
And viewed her Hector dragg'd the walls before,
Where the lash'd steeds his bleeding body bore."—‡

And how terribly consummated!

"Dark night her eyelid seal'd, she swoon'd away,
Fell back, breath'd out her soul, and breathless lay:
Far fell the band that late her brow had crown'd,
The braid and net that wreathed her hair around,
And the bright veil that floated round the bride,
Which golden Venus gave her blush to hide,
When Hector led her from Eëtion's bower,
And for her beauty gave his countless dower."§

There the curtain should have dropped. 'Tis an infinite pity that she recovers from her fainting-fit, to speak thirty-eight verses of lamentation, somewhat unnatural and out of place where they stand. And yet we cannot go with the old grammarians and Heyne, and the grand carver Payne Knight, in the excision of these lines. Even in face of the just maxim, *leves enim curæ loquuntur, ingentes stupent*, we fear that the genius of the Homeric epos required Andromache to speak, and to speak at length, at this juncture, when for once it would have been

* P. 26.
† Sotheby's translation.
‡ Ibid.
§ Ibid.

better for her to be silent. Her regular *coronach*, in the last book, is greatly superior, though it pleases Messrs. Heyne and Knight to give the credit of that likewise to the rhapsodists—marvellous creatures, if they wrote as much of Homer as the critics would have us believe. Besides these conspicuous passages, Andromache is only once mentioned in the whole Iliad. In the Odyssey she is not mentioned at all.

But Helen, in the course of the two poems, is either introduced or alluded to at least twenty times. By common arithmetic she may be shown to be more prominent than Andromache, in the ratio of four to one. And even those who eschew Cocker, and "know not Joseph," must observe that Homer is as loth to lose sight of her as of Achilles. What a living image of fair, frail, fascinating womanhood he makes her!—How carefully elaborated!—With a skill and grace how utterly unrivalled! The dramatists have essayed the same subject—but how cold and hard does Æschylus[a]—how fantastic and absurd does Euripides[b]—appear after the old minstrel! The scene in the Third Book of the Iliad,[c] in which she plays the chief part, is the most picturesque ever conceived by poet, and has set the whole world, Tasso and Scott inclusive, imitating for some thousands of years. We wish we had room to quote it bodily, in Wrangham's version—or our own. And her lament for Hector[d] is still finer than Andromache's. With what perfect nature she at once brings forward his conduct to herself, and proclaims the dead hero a thorough gentleman!

"'Tis now, since here I came, the twentieth year
Since left my land, and all I once held dear:
But never from that hour has Helen heard
From thee a harsh reproach, or painful word;
But if they kindred blam'd me, if unkind
The Queen e'er glanc'd at Helen's fickle mind,—
For Priam, still benevolently mild,
Look'd on me as a father views his child,—
Thy gentle speech, thy gentleness of soul
Would by thine own, their harsher minds control."[e]

Wherever else she speaks, or acts, or is referred to, she is always the same Helen—admirably feminine—spirited, but tender — erring, but repentant. Unlike Andromache — (for Homer knew how to mark the difference between *wife* and *mistress*—between conjugal anxiety and amatory passion)—she exhorts her lover to battle.[f] And how sharply she twits Venus[g]—how stingingly she taunts defeated Paris[h]—yet how yieldingly she melts beneath the ardor of her irresistible seducer![i] Homer has taken care to clothe the traitor with "gifts of golden Aphrodite," as one excuse for his heroine. But at the same time, being "his own Aristotle," and aware, that in order to excite unflagging interest, his characters should not be either below or above our sympathy, he has bestowed exceeding pains on Helen's penitence. That redeemable sentiment is portrayed in many expressions of her own, wherein she deals with herself about as mercifully as Mr. O'Connell does with the ladies of England; and the poet paints it perhaps more vividly by representing Nestor[j]—nay, Menelaus himself[k] — as eager to avenge her "sorrows and sighs," well known to them.

While wicked and unfaithful, Homer's Helen is under supernatural influence.[l] But that excellent young man, Telemachus, plainly esteems it no small honor to have even seen her;[m] and Penelope, the very pattern of chaste housekeepers, talks meekly and mildly of her fall.[n] We conclude that Uncle Toby's schoolmaster was quite right to give him "three strokes of a *ferula*, two on his right hand, and one on his left," for calling her a she-dog. And we prescribe for Mr. Landor the same amount of discipline—with a different application.

"Pericles to Aspasia.[o]

Flower of Ionia's fertile plains,
Where Pleasure, leagued with Virtue, reigns—
Where the Pierian maids of old,
Yea, *long ere Ilion's tale was told*,

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[a] In the Agamemnon.
[b] In the Helena.
[c] Il. Γ. 155-245.
[d] Il. Ω. 762.
[e] Il. Γ. 399.
[f] Il. Z. 337.
[g] Il. Γ. 428.
[h] Il. Γ. 447.
[i] Il. B. 356.
[j] Il. B. 587.
[l] Od. Δ. 261.
[m] Od. P. 118.
[n] Od. Ψ. 218.
[o] I. 38.

Too pure, too sacred for our sight,
Descended with the silent night
To *young Arctinus*, and Menander
Delay'd his course for Melisander!"

Mr. Landor may assign Melisander to any age he pleases, though Ælian, on whom we presume he relies,[a] speaks very doubtfully. But Arctinus is a more solid personage. We know his date, and have some remains of his poetry. Instead of flourishing "*long ere Illion's tale was told*," he was Homer's junior by nearly two centuries.

"Cleone to Aspasia.[b]

"I do not approve of the *Trilogues*. Nothing can be more tiresome—hardly any thing more wicked—than many of them. It may be well, occasionally, to give something of the historical form to the dramatic, as it is occasionally to give something of the dramatic to the historical; but never to *turn into ridicule and buffoonery the virtuous, the unfortunate, or the brave.*

The author must have been thinking here of the Satyric dramas appended by the tragic poets of Athens to their graver pieces. Whether he has entered fully into the true meaning of a practice which at first sight appears so strange in an age of refined taste, may be questioned. But, at all events, he should have made Cleone write intelligibly. The Satyric drama was the last part of a *tetralogy*, or composition consisting of four plays. *Trilogy*, or *trilogue* (if he must spell it so), was the designation of the three tragedies preceding the Satyric drama. The trilogy was often devoted to the complete development of one great subject; and Mr. Landor ought to know that it was the highest and noblest form of tragic poetry.

At p. 67, and again at p. 233, he goes out of his way to make Pericles an *archon*. This is bad enough; the justification is worse. "Plutarch says he never was archon; he means perhaps *first* archon." Why did Mr. Landor not turn up his Plutarch? There he would have seen that the biographer does *not* mean *first* archon only, but archon of every degree; and might have gained some light, too, as to the ruling vice of Pericle's character—the determination to be powerful at any cost to his country's institutions—which is not made prominent enough in these letters. Langhorne translates the passage with sufficient accuracy. "By supplying the people with money for the public diversions, and for their attendance in courts of judicature, and by other pensions and gratuities, he so inveigled (literally *bribed*) them as to avail himself of their interest against the council of the Areopagus, of which he had no right to be a member, having never had the fortune to be chosen *Archon*, *Thesmothetes*, *Basileus*, or *Polemarch*[c] For persons were of old appointed to these offices by lot; and such as had discharged them well, and such only, were admitted members of the Areopagus."[d]

"Aspasia to Cleone.[e]

"Pindar never quite overcame his grandiloquence. The animals we call *half-asses*, by a word of the sweetest sound, although not the most seducing import, he calls

'The daughters of the tempest-footed steeds!"

O Fortune! that the children of so illustrious a line should carry sucking pigs into the market-place, and cabbage-stalks out of it!"

The remark comes as near humor as Mr. Landor is ever able to attain—which is not saying much for it. But unfortunately this instance of grandiloquence belongs not to Pindar, but Simonides; and we rather think that Aristotle's quaint and quiet way of telling the story has more fun in it than Aspasia's exclamation: "Simonides, when the victor in a race with mules offered him low pay, was unwilling to compose verses for him, as though indignant at the thought of writing on *half-asses*. When, however, he had given a sufficient hire, Simonides wrote:—

'Hail, daughters of the tempest-footed steeds!"

And yet they were daughters of asses too."[f]

With like incorrectness Mr. Landor, for the sake of introducing some lines of his own, under the name of Sappho,

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[a] Ælian, Var. Hist. xi. 2. [b] I. 62.
[c] Under which the names of the whole nine archons are comprised.
[d] Plut. Peric. cap. 9. [e] P. 69. [f] Aristot. Rhet. iii. 2.

speaks of "the *only* epigram attributed to her:"[a]—forgetting Meleager's compliment to the poetess of Lesbos, and *three* extant epigrams ascribed to her pen. He asserts that there are "*few* nightingales in Attica;"[b]—in the very face of Sophocles[c]—a somewhat better authority—and of Milton's judicious epithet, grounded on more than a mythological tale:—

> See there the olive grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* bird
> Trills her wood-warbled notes the summer long."

And he feeds horses for the Olympian games on *oats*,[d] for no other reason we can imagine, except that *rye* or *barley* would have been proper according to the economy of the Grecian stable. For the next specimen of waywardness we must quote his own words:—

> "ASPASIA TO CLEONE.[e]
> "The Persians in these matters are not quite so silly as we are. *Herodotus* tells us that instead of altars and temples, the verdure of the earth is chosen for their sacrifice; and *music and garlands*, prayers and thanksgivings, are thought as decent and acceptable as comminations and *blood*."

Hear Herodotus himself. "In sacrifice the Persians use no libation, no *pipe music, no garlands*.[f] And as for *blood*, the historian enumerates seven deities at least, in whose honor they kill victims, and chop their flesh into morsels.

Cleone says, in her answer, "Our early companions, the animals of good old Æsop, have spoken successively *in every learned tongue*."[g] A Milesian, of the age of Pericles, speaking of the *learned* tongues!—and supposed to know any thing about the apologues of Bidpai the Gymnosophist, Lokman the Nubian slave, or Syntipas the Persian philosopher! This is of a piece with *Iconoclast* from the pen of Aspasia.

We will add only two other examples. Psamiades of Ephesus upbraids the Attic dialect for *stammering* with its *augments*.[h] No true Ionian would have criticised in this manner. For the Ionic Greek itself was furnished (often in verse and always in prose) with the only augment, namely, the *syllabic*, that has any resemblance to a stammer. Moreover the greatest stammerer among all the augments, called by grammarians the *Attic* reduplication of the perfect tense, prevailed also in the Ionian dialect. The Ionian even has it in some verbs, in which the Attic is without it. We are not going to read Mr. Landor a lecture on the philosophy of the augment—albeit one of the most remarkable things in the structure of the Grecian language—lest he should abuse us for Scotch metaphysics; but let him remember if he will meddle with such topics, that no good jokes can be founded on ignorance. Again, Alcibiades, writing to Pericles from the camp before Potidæa, complains that the son of Pericles presumes to call him "*Neaniskos* and *Kouridion*."[i] Now Alcibiades, who was only 18 at the siege of Potidæa, would have been flattered, not offended, by the appellation of *Neaniskos*, which was often used for *Man*, and which, in its lowest sense, included a term of life from 21 to 28, according to Pollux, or from 23 to 40, according to Phavorinus. As for *Kouridion*, that word is not Greek at all, in the meaning Mr. Landor would assi gnto it.

To the category of vagaries rather than of errors, we must refer Landor's theory that the Odyssey of Homer is older by thirty years than his Iliad.[k] All sound argument, all fine appreciation of minute differences, appear to us to demonstrate, on the contrary, the precedence of the Iliad; and a just enthusiasm, kindled by the glowing imagery of Longinus, pleads on the same side of the question. The vagary, such as it is, is not of course original, having long ago found German champions—Bernard (not Frederick) Thiesch being one—and derived all the support it could from their flimsy and fanciful reasonings. It is one of those Teutonic *discoveries*, which we should have expected the taste of such a man as Landor to reject instinctively, and which we should equally expect to hear cried up by the

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[a] I. 90. [b] I. 123. [c] Æd. Col. v. 17. 678, &c. [d] I. 172.
[e] I. 285. [f] Herod. I, 132. [g] I. 292. [h] Vol. II. p. 4.
[i] Vol. II. p. 254. [k] Vol. I. p. 186.

profound admirers of foreign universities, among ourselves, who are so fond of railing at the *uninventive* character of our domestic scholarship. A little real knowledge, well whipped into these sages at the proper end, would teach them to understand better, and to prize more, the mascular vein of intellect (long may it flourish upon our side of the water!) that, in classical literature, as in all other lofty branches of learning, prefers truth, however old, to its counterfeit, however tricked out with the gewgaws of a meretricious novelty.

Not that we have any objections to novelty and truth united. Above most things we esteem that kind of criticism which throws a new, an ennobling, and an unillusive light on subjects that have been for ages before the world. Therefore did the spirit of some of the following remarks find favor in our sight, even before their soundness had been further attested by the assent of so ingenious a person as the author of Pericles and Aspasia. We have been challenged, somewhat arrogantly, to show any resemblance, in Mr. Landor's writings, to the thoughts of other men. It would not, perhaps, be difficult to do so on a larger scale; but the innocent observations of ours, which provoked this challenge, was restricted, in the first place, to *classical* topics, and in the second place, to Landor's present work, on the one hand, and to publications issued periodically, on the other. Within these limits, therefore, we must confine our answer. Nay, with uncommon gallantry, we will limit ourselves to periodical publications north of the Tweed—especial objects of Mr. Landor's abhorrence. We merely wish to show that even, in these tramontane and barbarous regions there are persons who love to dwell on themes congenial to his tastes, and that now and then they stumble upon similar conclusions. And we are sure the writers, whoever they may be, whom we shall take the liberty of quoting, must be gratified to find their preconceived opinions fortified by such a mind and pen as those of Walter Landor. Some of the coincidences are more striking than others, but, as in the case of the mistakes, we will pick them up as they occur;—

1.

"It is remarkable that Athens, so fertile in men of genius, should have produced no women of distinction."—Per. Asp. i., 69.

1.

"To no lady of ancient Athens—if we expect a foolish and unfounded notion that the 8th book of the annals of Thucydides was composed by his daughter—has any great achievement in letters been ascribed."—Edinburgh Review, lv. 185.

2.

"At the feet of Myrtis it was that Pindar gathered into his throbbing breast the scattered seeds of poetry; and it was under the smile of the beautiful Corinna that he drew his inspiration and wove his immortal crown."—Ibid. i. 69.

2.

"As the child (Pindar) grew into the minstrel, he was committed to the gentle discipline of womanhood and beauty. With Myrtis for his 'female professor,' and Corinna for his rival, he must have been a dull boy had he escaped inspiration."—Ibid. lix. 133.

3.

"Many prefer Pindar's Dithyrambicks to his Olympian, Isthmian, Pythian, and Nemean odes: I do not; nor is it likely that he did himself. We may well suppose that he exerted the most power on the composition, and the most thought on the correction of the poems he was to recite before kings and nations, in honor of the victors at those solemn games."—Ibid. i. 73.

3.

"Pindar had that overmastering sentiment of veneration which is observable in many great poets, but it drew his eyes as frequently and fondly to divine as to human glories. The mere abstract feeling, however, without analyzing its objects and tendencies, was enough to make him bestow all his energies on the EPINICIA, the triumphal songs to which his extant works belong; and is sufficient to convince us, that in these we have specimens of his highest powers exerted on his favorite themes."—Ibid. lix. 133.

4.

"Myrtis and Corinna, like Anacreon and Sappho who preceded them, were temperate in the luxuries of poetry. They had enough to do with one feeling; they were occupied enough with one reflection." —*Ibid.* i. 104.

4.

"The female mind is fond of dwelling on a subject; the female fancy loves to hover round a theme, in airy but lingering gyrations, rather than to dart from point to point in vigorous and cxcursive flight."—*Ibid.* lv. 182 (on Greek Authoresses.)

5.

"There are things beyond the art of Phidias. He may represent Love leaning upon his bow, and listening to philosophy; but not for hours together: he may represent Love, while he is giving her a kiss for her lesson, tying her hands behind her: loosing them again must be upon another marble."—*Ibid.* i. 137.

5.

"*Phid.* Most subtle criticism! But what if you are forgetting that this is not the divinity of Love himself—'tis but his faint resemblance carved in stone—that the artist can only seize upon one moment—one flash of the soul's lightning.—*Black. Mag.* xxxix. 385.

6.

"Pericles, who is acknowledged to have a finer ear than any of our poets or rhetoricians, is of opinion that the versification in all the books, of both Iliad and Odyssey, was modulated by the same master-key. Sophocles, too, tells me that he finds no other heroic verses at all resembling it in the rhythm, and that, to his apprehension, it is not dissimilar in the two poems."—*Ibid.* i. 178.

6.

"No version, in any tongue, can ever approach that melody, unrivalled by the later bards of Greece herself—at once soothing and majestic as the music of those dark-blue waves which murmured in the ears of Homer, when his glorious eyes could behold them no more.—*Edinburgh Review*, li. 477.

"In both Iliad and Odyssey there is the same general cast of thought, language, and versification; the same mellifluous but masculine forms of speech; the same flexible harmony and rich cadences of metre." —*Pop. Encyc.* xii. 9.

7.

"Aristophanes, in my opinion, might have been the first lyric poet now living, except Sophocles and Euripides; he chose rather to be the bitterest satirist."—*Ibid.* i. 194.

7.

"Aristophanes is no ostentatious coxcomb to drag down poetry from her car of fire—yet he will sometimes fling the reins into her hands. We question whether the united genius of Pindar and Euripides, fond as the latter is of the nightingale, could have produced any thing superior to that burst of *lyric* ecstasy, in which he calls on Philomela from her leafy yew to challenge the minstrelsy of Heaven."—*Ed. Rev.* xxxiv. 286.

8.

"The sounds of the Ode would be dulled and deadened by being too closely overarched with the fruitage of reflection."—*Ibid.* p. 294.

8.

"The lyric transport should not be dashed with too much of a meditative vein. Not that emotion shuts out sentiment, or that the heart is less versed in ethics than the brain. But the philosophy of such seasons must be vivid and compendious. There is no room for a train of continuous reflection."—*Ibid.* lix. 130.

As a compensation for the above-cited parallelisms, we will allude, in passing, to some of Mr. Landor's own undoubted "thunder." No one will question his right of sole property in those perverse and annoying passages —so often breaking the charm of composition otherwise enchanting—wherein modern sentiments, follies, and prejudices pretend to be covered by an antique mask, not one feature of which ever existed in *rerum natura*. For example, Mr. Landor does not like the customs of some foolish French so-

cieties—we scarcely know what—of which scientific gentlemen in this country occasionally condescend to be appointed corresponding members. We don't like them ourselves—as, indeed, we like very little about the French, except it be their Rabelais, their cutlets, and some of their novels by Monsieur de Kock—but that is no reason why Aspasia should be caused to say what Aspasia could not have said:

"There is a city of Greece, I hear, in which reciprocal flattery is so necessary, that, whenever a member of the assembly dies, his successor is bound to praise him before he takes the vacant seat." *

Mr. Landor does not approve of clerical pluralities. In this sober Presbyterian country — though our heartfelt wish is, that every tenth parson had a benefice as good as the late Bishop of Durham's, and spent it as nobly—we suppose, for form's sake, we must subscribe to his opinion. But who except himself would have looked for a sarcasm on this head, to imaginary abuses among the ancient Samians:

"Sacrilege has been carried to such a pitch, that some among them have appointed a relative or dependant to the service of more than one sanctuary." †

The Established Church—without whose mind-exalting, as well as soul-enlightening cares, extending through every ramification of her great educational system, in school, college, and temple, there would not be ten men in Britain qualified to feel the beauties of *Pericles and Aspasia*—is especially odious to Mr. Landor. Therefore, though scorning and detesting Popery, he clothes one of the stalest and weakest arguments in favor of its claim upon the ecclesiastical estates of these realms under the guise of another allusion to Samos, which, in reference to that place, is pure nonsense:

"You remember that anciently all the worship of this island was confined to Juno. She displeased the people, I know not upon what occasion, and they suffered the greater part of her fanes to fall in ruins, and transferred the richest of the remainder to the priests of Bacchus. Several of those who had bent the knee before Juno, took up the Thyrsus with the same devotion. The people did indeed hope that the poor and needy, and particularly such as had lost their limbs in war, or their parents or their children by shipwreck, would be succored out of the wealth arising from the demains of the priesthood; and the rather as these demains were bequeathed by religious men, whose whole soul rested upon Juno, and whose bequest was now utterly frustrated, by taking them from the sister of Jupiter, and giving them exclusively to his son." ‡

Church—King—Peerage! Thank God, these three good and glorious elements of our social condition are fast knit together by all the bands that rivet strength to strength, and grace to grace, in the august and comely frame of a limited constitutional monarchy. You cannot love one and hate the other, nor cleave to one and despise the others. It is quite satisfactory to see how Walter Landor—the contemner of crowns and crosiers—commits himself as to a hereditary peerage. Samos is again the stalking-horse—Samos, which in reality never flourished, except under royal or aristocratic rule!

"Cleone to Aspasia.

"Certain men, some of ancient family, more of recent, had conspired to transmit the reins of government to their elder sons. Possession for life is not long enough! They are not only to pass laws, but (whensoever it so pleases) to impede them! They decree that the first-born male is to be the wisest and best of the family, and shall legislate for all Samos! * * *

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"* * * It is credible enough that the oligarchs were desirous of transmitting their authority to their children; but that they believed so implicitly in the infatuation of the citizens, or the immutability of human events, as to expect a continuation of power in the same families for seven generations, is too gross and absurd, even to mislead an insurgent and infuriated populace. He indeed must be composed of mud from the Nile, who can endure with patience this rancorous fabrication. In Egypt, we are told by Herodotus, in his Erato, that the son of a herald is of course a herald; and, if any man hath a louder voice than he, it goes for nothing.§

* Vol. i. 66. † Ibid. p. 280. ‡ Ibid. p. 281.

§ Aspasia, in quoting Herodotus to this effect, would hardly have forgotten that he ascribes the same usage to the Lacedæmonians; and she would not have written *Erato*. Lucian's tale as to the antiquity of such appellations for the books of Herodotus, is of very doubtful authority.

"Hereditary heralds are the proper officers of hereditary lawgivers; and both are well worthy of dignity where the deities are cats."[a]

And yet this "most original thinker of our days," who reasons in this very *original* and unhackneyed style against that hereditary function, which alone stands between us and civil war—forerunner of a long despotism—would have you believe him to be no republican. Genius and virtue, he tells you, have a precarious hold of power in a democracy.[b] "Every man, after a while, begins to think himself as capable of governing as one (whoever he may be) taken from his own rank."[c] Nay, sheer democracies have only one use; "*the filth and ferment of the compost are necessary for raising rare plants.*"[d] In spite of all this, we beg to assure Mr. Landor that he is either a democrat or something which the world cannot take him for, and which he would still less like to be called. Would he have us believe him more blind to the inevitable tendency of his own principles and political theories than Messrs. Hume, Roebuck, Grote, or any Tom-Paine-devouring cobbler or weaver, the rival of those honorable gentlemen in abilities and character? These revilers of Church and Peerage, while they attempt to sow the storm, know well the sort of whirlwind they expect to reap. Is Walter Savage Landor less perspicacious?

If Mr. Landor be not at heart a democrat, and quite ready—had he the practical talents of some of those statesmen whom he affects to contemn—to become in act a demagogue, what can have induced him to dedicate his second volume to the American President? What an unkind cut to our handsome friend the Irish Secretary! After Earl Mulgrave, Viscount Morpeth—as promising a lad, joking apart, as the shell of Eton or Harrow could turn out at this moment, and a match at "speeches" for the best of them—had a claim which it argues a want of bowels to pass by. After the Don Quixote of the galley-slaves, in which character we hope H. B. intends to immortalize the Earl, should have come—not Sancho—but Dapple—in which character Sir Robert Peel has already immortalized the Viscount:

——— "Iniquæ mentis asellus
Qui gravius dorso subiit onus!"

Only think of a classical scholar, like Savage Landor, pretermitting the hero of that quotation, in order to carry his homage, in verse which we are morally certain the worthy general will not comprehend, to the residence in Washington! The only two lines out of sixty, which much study has enabled us to understand, appear to intimate that Andrew Jackson is the modern Pericles.

The second volume, thus ungenerously appropriated to flatter Transatlantic greatness, is in other respects a fitting companion to the first. There is little plot; there are few incidents; and the disquisitions are occasionally somewhat dull. But Pericles the polished and stately, Aspasia the intellectual and eloquent, Cleone the tender and affectionate, are still before you, with now and then a glimpse of Alcibiades, "as beautiful, playful, and uncertain as any half-tamed young tiger." Much force there is; much grace there is; good oratory, good criticism, fine feeling, and once, we think, even sweet poetry. Let us cite our example of a thing so rare in Landor's pages:—

1.

Perilla! to thy fates resign'd,
Think not what years are gone;
While Atalanta look'd behind,
The golden fruit roll'd on.

2.

Albeit a mother may have lost
The plaything at her breast,
Albeit the one she cherisht most,
It but endears the rest.

3.

Youth, my Perilla, clings on Hope,
And looks into the skies
For brighter day; she fears to cope
With grief, she shrinks at sighs.

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[a] Vol. i. p. 277. [b] Ibid. p. 43. [c] Vol. ii. 196.

[d] Vol. i. 36. According to the logical deduction from this *necessity*, Shakspeare, Burke, Wellington, &c., were reared in the hot-bed of a republic:—a fact which will be new to some of our readers.

4.

Why should the memory of the past
Make you and me complain?
Come, as we could not hold it fast,
We'll play it o'er again.

Of fine and just feeling we will select a specimen from one of the letters of Aspasia—now a mother.

"We are told by Herodotus, who tells us whatever we know with certainty a step beyond our thresholds, that a boy in Persia is kept in the apartments of the women, and prohibited from seeing his father until the fifth year. The reason is, he informs us, that, if he dies before this age, his loss may give the parent no uneasiness. And such a custom he thinks commendable. Herodotus has no child, Cleone! If he had, far other would be his feelings and his judgment. Before that age, how many seeds are sown, which future years, and very distant ones, mature successively! How much fondness, how much generosity, what hosts of other virtues, courage, constancy, patriotism, spring into the father's heart from the cradle of his child! And does never the fear come over him, that what is most precious to him upon earth is left in careless or perfidious, in unsafe or unworthy hands? Does it never occur to him that he loses a son in every one of these five years? What is there so affecting to the brave and virtuous man, as that which perpetually wants his help and cannot call for it! What is so different as the speaking and the mute? * * * In every child there are many children; but coming forth year after year, each somewhat like and somewhat varying. When they are grown much older, the leaves (as it were) lose their pellucid green, the branches their graceful pliancy.

"Is there any man so rich in happiness that he can afford to throw aside these first five years? Is there any man who can hope for another five so exuberant in unsating joy?

"O my sweet infant! I would teach thee to kneel before the gods, were it only to thank 'em that thou art Athenian and not Persian."

We have just ten reasons—pray, how many have you?—for saying *ditto* to Aspasia in this passage. She must be shown next in another character. The disquisition we proceed to extract is tolerably long; but it is pleasant to behold Aspasia dashing off a sketch of early Roman history, and Pericles reviewing her.

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"We hear that another state has been rising up gradually to power, in the centre of Italy. It was originally formed of a band of pirates from some distant country, who took possession of two eminences, fortified long before, and overlooking a wide extent of country. Under these eminences, themselves but of little elevation, are five hillocks, on which they enclose the cattle by night. It is reported that these were the remains of an ancient and extensive city, which served the robbers for hiding-places; and temples were not wanting in which to deprecate the vengeance of the Gods for the violences and murders they committed daily. The situation is unhealthy, which perhaps is the reason why the city was abandoned, and is likewise a sufficient one why it was rebuilt by the present occupants. They might perpetrate what depredations they pleased, confident that no force could long besiege them in a climate so pestilential. Relying on this advantage, they seized from time to time as many women as were requisite, for any fresh accession of vagabonds, rogues, and murderers.

"The Sabines bore the loss tolerably well, until the Romans (so they call themselves) went beyond all bounds, and even took their cattle from the yoke. The Sabines had endured all that it became them to endure; but the lowing of their oxen, from the seven hills, reached their hearts and inflamed them with revenge. They are a pastoral, and therefore a patient people, able to undergo the exertions and endure the privations of war, but never having been thieves, the Romans overmatched them in vigilance, activity, and enterprise and have several times since made incursions into their country, and forced them to disadvantageous conditions. Emboldened by success, they ventured to insult and exasperate the nearest of the Tuscan princes.

"The Tuscans are a very proud and very ancient nation, and, like all nations that are proud and ancient, excel chiefly in enjoying themselves. Demaratus the Corinthian dwelt among them several years, and from the Corinthians they learned to improve their pottery, which, however, it does not appear that they ever have carried to the same perfection as the Corinthian, the best of it being very indifferently copied, both in the form and in the figures on it.

"Herodotus has written to Pericles all he could collect relating to them; and Pericles says the account is interesting. For my part I could hardly listen to it, although written by Herodotus and read by Pericles. I have quite forgotten the order of events. I think they are such as neither you nor any one else, excepting those who live near them, will ever care about. But the Tuscans really are an extraordinary people. They have no poets, no historians, no era-

ters, no statuaries, no painters; they say they once had them; so much the more disgraceful. The Romans went out against them and dispersed them, although they blew many trumpets bravely, and brought (pretty nearly into action) many stout soothsayers. The enemy, it appears, has treated them with clemency; they may still feed soothsayers, blow horns, and have wives in common.

"I hope it is near your bed-time; if it is, you will thank me for my letter.

"ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

"Who would have imagined that the grave, sedate Pericles could take such delight in mischief? After reading my dissertation on the Tyrrhenians and Romans, he gave it again into my hands, saying,

"'Pray amuse your friend Cleone with your first attempt at history.'

"I sent it off quite unsuspicious. In the evening he looked at me with a smile of no short continuance, and said at last,

"'Aspasia! I perceive you are emulous of our Halicarnassian; but pray do not publish that historical essay either in his name or your own. He does not treat the Romans quite so lightly as you do, and shews rather more justice to the Tyrrhenians. You forgot to mention some important facts recorded by him, and some doubts as weighty. We shall come to them presently.'

"Having heard of the Romans, but nothing distinctly, I wished to receive a clearer and a fuller account of them, and wrote to Herodotus by the first ship that sailed for Tarentum. The city where he is residing lies near it, and I gave orders that my letter should be taken thither, and delivered into his hands. Above a year is elapsed, during which time Herodotus tells me he has made all the inquiries that the pursuit of his studies would allow; that he is continuing to correct the errors, elucidate the doubtful points, and correct the style and arrangement of his history; and that, when he has completed it to his mind, he shall have time and curiosity to consider with some attention this remarkable tribe of barbarians.

"At the present he has not been able to answer my questions; for never was writer so sedulous in the pursuit and examination of facts; what he sees, he describes clearly; what he hears, he relates faithfully; and he bestows the same care on the composition as he had bestowed on investigation.

"The Romans, I imagined, had been subdued by Numa, a Sabine; for it can hardly be credited that so ferocious a community sent a friendly invitation to be governed and commanded by the Prince of a nation they had grossly and repeatedly insulted. What services had he rendered them? or by what means had they become acquainted with his aptitude for government? They had ever been rude and quarrelsome; he was distinguished for civility and gentleness. They had violated all that is most sacred in public and private life; virgins were seized by treachery, detained by force, and compelled to wipe the blood of their fathers off the sword of their ravishers. A fratricide king had recently been murdered by a magistracy of traitors. What man in his senses would change any condition of life to become the ruler of such a people? None but he who had conquered and could control them; none but one who had swords enough for every head among them. Absolute power alone can tame them, and fit them for anything better; and this power must reside in the hands of a brave and sagacious man, who will not permit it to be shared, or touched, or questioned. Under such a man such a people may become formidable, virtuous, and great. It is too true that, to be martial, a nation must taste of blood in its cradle. Philosophers may dispute it but time past has written it down, and time to come will confirm it. Of these matters the sophists can know nothing; he who understands them best will be the least inclined to discourse on them.

"Another thing I doubted, and wished to know. Numa is called a Sabine The Sabines are illiterate still; in the time of Numa they were ruder; they had no commerce, no communication with countries beyond Italy; and yet there are writers who tell us that he introduced laws, on the whole not dissimilar to ours, and corrected the calendar. Is it credible? Is it possible? I am disposed to believe that both these services were rendered by the son of Demaratus and that the calendar might have been made better, were it not requisite on such an occasion, more than almost any other, to consult the superstition of the populace.

"I myself am afraid of touching the calendar here in Athens, many as have been my conferences with Meton on the subject. Done it shall be; but it must be either just before a victory or just after.

"If the Sabine had sent an embassy, or even an individual to Athens, in order to collect our laws, the archives of the city would retain a record of so wonderful an event. He certainly could not have picked them up in the pastures or woodlands of his own country. But the Corinthians know them well, and have copied most of them. All nations are fond of pushing the date of their civilisation as high up as possible, and care not how remotely they place the benefits they have received; and as probably some of the Romans were aware that Numa was their conqueror, they helped to abolish the humiliating suspicion by investing him successively with the robes of a priest, of a legislator, and of an astronomer.

"His two nearest successors were warriors and conquerors. The third was the son of that Demaratus of whom we have spoken, and who, exiled from Corinth, settled among the Tyrrhenians, and afterwards, being rich and eloquent, won over to his interests the discontented and the venal of the Romans, at all times a great majority. We hear that he constructed, of hewn stone, a long, a spacious, and a lofty channel, to convey the filth of the town into the river. We hear, at the same time, that the town itself was fabricated of hurdles and mud, upon ruins of massy workmanship, that the best houses were roofed with ashes, and that the vases of the temples were earthen. Now, kings in general, and mostly those whose authority is recent and insecure, think rather of amusing the people by spectacles, or pampering their appetites by feasts and donations, or dazzling their imaginations by pomp and splendor. Theatres, not common-sewers, suited best the Romans. Their first great exploit was performed in a theatre, at the cost of the Sabines. Moreover, they were very religious, and stole every god and goddess they could lay their hands on. Surely so considerate a person as the son of Demaratus would have adapted his magnificence to the genius of the people, who never cared about filth, but were always most zealous in their devotions. This, we might imagine, would occur to him as more and more requisite on the capture of every town or village; for when the Romans had killed the inhabitants, they transferred the gods very willingly into their city, that they might not miss their worshippers. Now, the gods must have wanted room by degrees, and might not have liked their quarters. Five hundred temples could have been erected at less expense than the building of this stupendous duct. Did the son of Demaratus build it, then?

"The people are still ignorant, still barbarous, still cruel, still intractable, but they are acute in the perception of their interests, and have established, at last, a form of government more resembling the Carthaginian than ours. As their power does not arise from commerce, like the power of Carthage, but strikes its roots into the solid earth, its only sure foundation, it is much less subject to the gusts of fortune, and will recover from a shock more speedily; neither is there any great nation in contact with them. When they were much weaker, the Etrurians conquered them, under the command of their Prince Porsena, but thought they could leave them nowhere less inconveniently than in the place they themselves had abandoned. The Sabines, too, conquered them a second time, and imposed a king over them, but were so unsuspicious and inconsiderate as not to destroy the city, and parcel out the inhabitants for Greece, Sicily, and Africa.

"Living as they did, on their farms, with no hold upon the Romans but a king, who, residing in the city with a few of his own countrymen about him, was rather a hostage than a ruler, his authority was soon subverted. The Sabines, at this time, are partly won by conquest, and partly domiciliated by consanguinity. The Etrurians spent and *effete*. The government of the Romans, from royal, is now become aristocratical; and the people, deprived of their lawful share in the lands they conquered from so many enemies, swear hatred to kings, and sigh for their return. One flagrant crime consumed the regal authority, a thousand smouldering ones eat deep into the consular. The military system stands apart, admirable in its formation; and, unless that, too, falls, the Roman camp will move forward, year after year, until the mountains and the seas of Italy shall not contain them. They are heirs to the wealth of worn-out nations; and, when they have seized upon their inheritance, they will fight with braver! The Romans will be to Italy what the Macedonians at some future day will be to Greece.

"The old must give way to the young, nations like men, and men like leaves."

There is as much truth here as in Niebuhr, with less pretension; and room enough is left for the poetical side of the old legends—often their most valuable aspect. So says Aspasia, and says it beautifully:

"We make a bad bargain when we change poetry for truth in the affairs of ancient times and by no means a good one in any. * * * It is difficult to effect, and idle to attempt, the separation; it is like breaking off a beautiful crystallization from the vault of some intricate and twilight cavern, out of mere curiosity to see where the accretion terminates and the rock begins."

On the manner in which history should be written, Pericles discourses in a strain of wisdom it is pleasant to extract, because we have always said the same sort of thing—though not, perhaps, exactly so well.

"If some among us who have acquired celebrity by their compositions, calm, candid, contemplative men, were to undertake the history of Athens from the invasion of Xerxes, I should expect a fair and full criticism on the orations of Antiphon, and experience no disappointment at their forgetting the battle of Salamis. History, when she has lost her Muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her

name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The field of history should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me, or interesting, in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the Treasury lie closed as religiously as the sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, commerce in the harbor, the arts in the light they love, philosophy in the shade; place history on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her, eloquence and war."

When some potent genius of our times has drunk into his soul the meaning of these nervous periods, he will soar away, one balmy morning, from the encumbering crowd of ingenious speculators and political economists, and we shall again behold a good history. Then, too, will Niebuhr be spoken of by rational men in fitting phraseology, as an acute doubter, a profound inquirer, an erudite scholar—but not a great historian.

Another touch — half description, half criticism—and both admirable. Sophocles is the subject; Aspasia holds the pencil:

"Aspasia to Cleone.

"Sophocles left me about an hour ago. Hearing that he was with Pericles on business, I sent to request he would favor me with a visit when he was disengaged. After he had taken a seat, I entreated him to pardon me, expressing a regret that we hardly ever saw him, knowing, as I did, that no person could so ill withstand the regrets of the ladies. I added a hope that, as much for my sake as for the sake of Pericles, he would now and then steal an hour from the Muses in our behalf.

"'Lady,' said he, 'it would only be changing the place of assignation.'

"'I shall begin with you,' said I, 'just as if I had a right to be familiar, and desire of you to explain the meaning of a chorus in King Œdipus, which, although I have read the tragedy many times, and have never failed to be present at the representation, I do not quite comprehend.'

"I took up a volume from the table.

"'No,' said I, 'this is *Electra*, my favorite: give me the other.' We unrolled it together.

"'Here it is: what is the meaning of these words about the *Lares?*'

"He looked over them, first without opening his lips; then he read them in a low voice to himself, and then placing the palm of his left hand against his forehead,

"'Well! I certainly did think I understood it at the time I wrote it.'

"Cleone! if you could see him you would fall in love with him. Fifteen olympiads have not quite run away with all his youth. What a noble presence! what an open countenance! what a brow! what a mouth! what a rich harmonious voice! what a heart, full of passion and of poetry!"

Right, too, about that chorus—the third full one in the glorious Œdipus! We could translate it passably—comment upon it in such style that you would swear that you had got to the bottom of all its depths—and yet, modest as that mildest of human beings its author, we confess that we ourselves have never thoroughly fathomed it. Believe us, it is one of those passages in which Sophocles endeavored, in spite of nature, to cope with Æschylus, in his own peculiar province, and failed. The best of us fail now and then—and our friends don't like us the worse for such occurrences.

Pray who was Anaxagoras? We have a dim kind of instinctive notion that he was a Greek Philosopher. Now, if we venture to dislike any thing about the old Greeks, it is their philosophy—except a little of Aristotle, and the whole of Plato, nonsense and all. More particularly we choose to cherish an aversion to that washy Ionian school, which began by reverencing the beggarly element—water, and to those long-named Doctors, Anaximander, Anaximenes, and the above mentioned Anaxagoras, who look so like each other upon paper, that it is downright impertinence in them to pretend to a separate identity. And yet Anaxagoras was "guide, phi-

losopher, and friend" of Pericles, and taught him something higher than astronomy. "The doctrine of an ordering intelligence, distinct from the material universe, and ruling it with absolute sway, was striking from its novelty, and peculiarly congenial to the character of Pericles. Such was the supremacy which Athens exercised over the multitude of her dependent states, and such the ascendancy which he felt himself destined to obtain over the multitude at Athens."* Poor Anaxagoras! In the nineteenth century, A. C. the prime minister would have made him a bishop: in the fifth century, B. C. he could not save him from "going abroad for the benefit of the constitution." But, banished or unbanished, the old Sage is one of Landor's best-managed characters, and we will give you his first letter to Aspasia from his place of exile:

"ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

"The gratitude and love I owe to Pericles, induces me to write the very day I have landed at Lampascus. You are prudent, Aspasia, and your prudence is of the best quality; instinctive delicacy. But I am older than you, or than Pericles, although than Pericles by only six years; and, having no other pretext to counsel you, will rest upon this. Do not press him to abstain from public business; for, supposing he is by nature no obstinate man, yet the long possession of authority has accustomed him to grasp the tighter what is touched, as shell-fish contract the claws off an atom. The simile is not an elegant one, but I offer it as the most apposite. He might believe that you fear for him, and that you wish him to fear; this alone would make him pertinacious. Let every thing take its season with him. Perhaps it is necessary that he should control the multitude; if it is, he will know it; even you could not stir him, and would only molest him by the attempt. Age is coming on. This will not loosen his tenacity of power—it usually has quite the contrary effect. But it will induce him to give up more of his time to the studies he has always delighted in, which, however, were insufficient for the full activity of his mind. Mine is a sluggard; I have surrendered it entirely to philosophy, and it has made little or no progress; it has dwelt pleased with hardly any thing it has embraced, and has often run back again from fond prepossessions to startling doubts. It could not help it.

"But as we sometimes find one thing while we are looking for another, so, if truth escaped me, happiness and contentment fell in my way, and have accompanied me even to Lampsacus.

"Be cautious, O Aspasia! of discoursing on philosophy. Is it not in philosophy, as in love? the more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better. Never touch on religion with any body. The irreligious are incurable and insensible; the religious are morbid and irritable; the former would scorn, the latter would strangle you. It appears to me to be not only a dangerous, but what is worse, an indelicate thing, to place ourselves where we are likely to see fevers and frenzies, writhings and distortions, debilities and deformities. Religion at Athens is like a fountain near Dodona, which extinguishes a lighted torch, and which gives a flame of its own to an unlighted one held down to it. Keep yours in your chamber and let the people run about with theirs; but remember, it is rather apt to catch the skirts. Believe me, I am happy. I am not deprived of my friends. Imagination is little less strong in our later years than in our earlier. True, it alights on fewer objects, but it rests longer on them, and sees them better. Pericles first, and then you, and then Meton, occupy my thoughts. I am with you still; I study with you, just as before, although nobody talks aloud in the schoolroom.

"This is the pleasantest part of life. Oblivion throws her light coverlet over our infancy; and, soon after we are out of the cradle, we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it; and weariness follows whichever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look around us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms, and fall asleep again."

In spite of three great poets — David, Juvenal, and Shakspeare—we agree with Anaxagoras that old age, with a broad dash of the green in its coloring, must be the happiest portion of one's mortal pilgrimage. We expect, if we live to pass our grand climacteric, to cut an excellent figure as Pantaloon, and hope to chirp, cicada-like, on sunny days—to which the seasons, for the mere sake of variety, will then have reverted. And sometimes, no doubt, we shall prose

* Thirlwall's History of Greece, iii. 10.

away as drearily as our good philosopher contrives to do for the next fifty pages from our last quotation. The following is more genial:—

"Anaxagoras to Aspasia.

"Pericles tells me that you are less tranquil than you were formerly, and that he apprehends you are affected not a little by the calumnies of your enemies.

"If it is true that there can be no calumny without malice, it is equally so that there can be no malice without some desirable quality to excite it. Make up your mind, Aspasia, to pay the double rate of rank and genius. It is much to be the wife of Pericles; it is more to be Aspasia. Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of Envy, but these quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity. Every one that passes is ready to give them a shake and a rip; for there are few either so busy or so idle as not to lend a hand at undoing.

"You, Pericles, and myself, have a world of our own, into which no Athenian can enter without our permission. Study, philosophize, write poetry. These things, I know, are difficult when there is a noise in the brain; but begin, and the noise ceases. The mind, slow in its ascent at first, accelerates every moment, and is soon above the hearing of frogs and the sight of brambles."

Then comes the Plague of Athens. Aspasia is sent by Pericles to a Thessalian farm, under Mount Ossa, near Sicurion. The correspondence goes on on all sides. More philosophy; more verses; more criticism; more eloquence. We must draw once again on Anaxagoras:—

"Anaxagoras to Aspasia.

"We are now so near winter, that there may not be, after the vessel which is about to sail, any more of them bound to Athens, all the remainder of the year. And who knows what another may bring or take away?

"I remain in health, but feeble. Life slips from me softly and imperceptibly. I am unwilling to tire myself by blowing a fire which must soon go out, whether I blow it or not. Had I any species of curiosity to send you, were it pebble, sea-weed, or new book, I would send it; not (for it is idle to talk so) as a memorial of me. If the friend is likely to be forgotten, can we believe that any thing he has about him will repose a longer time on the memory?

"Thus far I had written when my strength failed me. Stesicles and Apollodorus have told me I must prepare for a voyage. The shore is neither so broad nor so stormy as the Hellespont.

"I was resolved not to go until I had looked in my garden for some anemonies, which I recollected to have seen blossoming the other day. It occurred to me that usually they appear in spring; so does poetry. I will present to you a little of both, for the first time. They are of equal value, and are worth about as much as the pebble or the sea-weed, or the new book.

'Where are the blooms of many dyes,
That used in every path to rise?
Whither are gone the lighter hours?
What leave they? I can only send
My wisest, loveliest, latest friend,
These weather-worn and formless flowers.'

"Think me happy that I am away from Athens; I, who always lose my composure in the presence of crime or calamity. If any one should note to you my singularities, remembering me a year hence, as I trust you and Pericles will do, add to them, but not aloud, a singularity of felicity, 'He neither lived nor died with the multitude.' There are, however, some Clazomenians who know that Anaxagoras was of Clazomenai."

Landor evidently meant that letter for the death-song of the old swan. But, after a little skirmishing between Pericles and Alcibiades, the Sage revives to tell Aspasia a tragical story. We have no room, however, for more than two further extracts—the deaths of Pericles and Cleone. Our worthy brother in the Quarterly seems not to admire the latter. To our taste it is perfect. Let the reader decide by all means:—only, should he happen not to find it exquisite, he may rest assured his own imagination is in fault.

"Alcibiades to Aspasia.

"I returned to Athens in time to receive the last injunctions of my guardian. What I promised him to comfort him in his departure, I dare not promise his Aspasia, lest I fail in the engagement; nevertheless I will hope that my natural unsteadiness may sometimes settle on his fixed principles. But what am I—what are all my hopes, in comparison with the last few words of this great man, surely the greatest that earth has ever seen, or ever will see hereafter? Let me repeat them to you, for they are more than consolation, and better. If, on such a loss, I or any one could console you, I should abominate you eternally.

"I found him surrounded by those few friends whom pestilence and despair had left in the city. They had entered but a little while before me; and it appears that one or other of them had been praising him for his exploits.

"In these," replied he, "fortune hath had her share; tell me rather, if you wish to gratify me, that never have I caused an Athenian to put on mourning?"

"I burst forward from the doorway, and threw my arms around his neck.

"O, Pericles! my first, last, only friend, afar be that hour yet! cried I, and my tears rolled abundantly on his cheeks. Either he felt them not, or dissembled and disregarded them; for seeing his visiters go away, he began with perfect calmness to give me such advice as would be the best to follow in every occurrence, and chiefly in every difficulty. When he had ended, and I was raising my head from above his pillow (for I continued in that posture, ashamed that he, who spake so composedly, should perceive my uncontrollable emotion,) I remarked I knew not what upon his bosom. He smiled faintly, and said,

"Alcibiades! I need not warn you against superstition; it never was among your weaknesses. Do not wonder at these amulets; above all, do not order them to be removed. The kind old nurses, who have been carefully watching over me day and night, are persuaded that these will save my life. Superstition is rarely so kind-hearted; whenever she is, unable as we are to reverence, let us at least respect her. After the good patient creatures have found, as they must soon all their traditional charms unavailing, they will surely grieve enough, and perhaps from some other motive than their fallibility in science. Inflict not, O Alcibiades! a fresh wound upon their grief, by throwing aside the tokens of their affection. In hours like these we are the most indifferent to opinion, and greatly the most sensible to kindness.

"The statesman, the orator, the conqueror, the protector, had died away; the philosopher, and the humane man, yet was living—Alas! few moments more."

"ALCIBIADES TO ASPASIA.

"Must I again, Aspasia, torment my soul? again must I trouble yours? Has the pestilence then seized me, that I want hardihood, strength, understanding, to begin my labor? No; I walk through the house of mourning, firmly, swiftly, incessantly; my limbs are as alert as ever.

Write it I must. Somebody was at the gates; admittance was, it seems, not granted readily. I heard a voice, feeble and hoarse, and, looking forth, saw two women, who leaned against the lintels.

"Let her enter, let her enter; look at her; she is one of us.

"These words were spoken by the younger; and maliciously. Scarcely had she uttered them when her head dropped forward. The stranger caught and supported her, and cried *help! help!* and rubbed her temples, and, gazing on her with an intensity of compassion, closed her eyelids; for death had come over them. In my horror, my fright and dastardly cowardice I should rather call it, I failed to prevent or check her.

"Aspasia has then her equal on earth!

"Aspasia is all that women in their wildest wishes can desire to be; Cleone, all that the immortals are. But she has friendship, she has sympathy; have those?

"She has, did I say? And can nothing then bring me back my recollection? not even she! I want it not. These moments are present yet, and will never pass away.

"She asked for you.

"'Aspasia,' answered I, 'is absent.'

"'Not with her husband! not with her husband!' cried she.

"'Pericles,' I replied, 'is gone to the Blessed.'

"'She was with him then, while hope remained for her! I knew she would be. Tell me she was.'

"And saying it, she grasped my arm, and looked earnestly in my face. Suddenly, as it appeared to me, she blushed slightly; on her countenance there was, momentarily, somewhat less of its paleness. She walked into the aviary; the lattice stood open: the birds were not flown but dead. She drew back; she hesitated; she departed. I followed her; for now, and not earlier, I bethought me it was Cleone. Before I came up to her, she had asked a question of an elderly man, who opened his lips but could not answer her, and whose arm, raised with difficulty from the pavement, when it would have directed her to the object of her inquiry, dropped upon his breast. A boy was with him, gazing in wonder at the elegance and composure of her attire, such as, in these years of calamity and of indifference to seemliness can no where be found in Athens. He roused himself from his listless posture, beckoned, and walked before us. Reaching the garden of Epimedes, we entered it thro' the house; silent, vacant, the doors broken down. Sure sign that some family, perhaps many, had, but few days since, utterly died off within its chambers. For nearly all the habitations, in all quarters of the city, are crowded with emigrants from the burghs of Attica. The pestilence is now the least appalling where it has made the most havoc. But how hideous, how disheartening, is the sudden stride before our eyes, from health and beauty to deformity and death! In this waste and desolation there was more peacefulness, I believe, than any where else beyond, in the whole extent of our dominions. It was not to last.

"A tomb stood opposite the entrance: Cleone rushed toward it, reposed her brow against it, and said at intervals,

"'I am weary; I ache throughout; I thirst bitterly; I cannot read the epitaph.'

"The boy advanced, drew his finger slowly along, at the bottom of the letters, and said,

"'Surely they are plain enough. . . '*Xeniades, son of Charondas.*'"

"He turned round and looked at me well satisfied. Cleone lowered her cheek to the inscription; but her knees bent under her, and she was fain to be seated on the basement.

"'Cleone!' said I—she started at the name—'Come, I beseech you, from that sepulchre.'

"'The reproof is just,' she replied.—'Here, too, even here, I am an alien!'

"Aspasia! she will gladden your memory no more; never more will she heave your bosom with fond expectancy. There is none to whom, in the pride of your soul, you will run with her letters in your hand. He, upon whose shoulder you have read them in my presence, lies also in the grave: the last of them is written."

No one, we think, save Mr. Walter Savage Landor, could have shaken us at once out of the trance of pleasing melancholy that letter left upon our mind. In Cleone we had lost a friend, and a very dear one. But Mr. Landor has added an appendix to his second volume: and such an appendix!

There are two parts of it—"Reflections on Athens at the decease of Pericles," and a "Letter to an Author." In one he abuses Lord Brougham for not studying the *Imaginary Conversations*. In the other he likens the late Mr. Canning to a squib, "tossed into the air" by Pitt, and "going off in a fizz."

Lord Brougham—we are glad to know—is alive and well to answer for himself if he pleases. And if he would but speak out at last what we are assured he thinks, and peel for a fair set-to with revolution-mongers of every grade, we should wish Mr. Landor joy of his customer. Coutts's to a joint-stock on the "Advocate!"

If Mr. Canning was Pitt's squib—Pitt was no bad pyrotechnist. When Landor has equalled his worst verses in the Anti-jacobin, and his worst speech in what was once an assembly of gentlemen, he may be permitted to sneer at George Canning.

In the "Letter" he attempts to justify his own queer mode of spelling, and delivers his general notions on orthography. We shall hardly yield to the dogmas of a taste which would throw fetters on that "brave neglect" of analogy, wherein lies one of the main charms of our free-spoken English tongue. Analogy is sovereign in the nursery; but we drop it at the door.—Nor will we trust the minutiæ of scholarship to one who asserts: "*Synonymous, anonymous, anomalous*, should all be spelt with an *o*." Mr. Landor must go back to his Greek Lexicon. Ὄνομα might be pleaded for *synonomous, anonomous*, though even in their case the Greek compounds are συνώνυμος, ἀνώνυμος, with *upsilon* = *y* in the third syllable. But ἀνώμαλος derives its *alpha* = *a*, in the third syllable, from the simple ὁμαλός, and *anomolous* therefore is out of the question.

The "Reflections" deal little with Athens and Pericles, but much with France and England, Napoleon and Fieschi, Pitt and Fox. We must select from the farrago an original argument against "our bloated overwhelming church establishment:"—

"England is now the only country in Europe where the primeval system of Papacy prevails unshorn. In Italy it has lost nearly all its wealth, and nothing of its respectability; in England nearly all its respectability, and nothing of its wealth. That which was granted for many purposes is now diverted into one; the only one almost for which it was NOT granted; the provision of sons and daughters. Hence the descendants of persons whose chief merit was subserviency, and whose knowledge was confined within the covers of a Greek classic, raise up their heads in society above the ancient gentlemen and heraldick nobility of the land. The Greek is not a more difficult language than the Welsh. I had a groom who acquired the Welsh of a scullion, in seven or eight months, and yet never rose by merit or interest to become a doctor of divinity."

The groom's is a crying case; and yet we fear not even the Radnor Commission—when obtained—will prevail on Oxford or Cambridge to see the error of their ways and grant him a diploma. But there is still balm in Gilead. Lord John Russell's academic institutions are to take a start of the narrow spirit of bygone centuries. We earnestly recommend Lord Chancellor Burlington, and the other heads of the London University, to offer Mr. Landor's groom the honors of their first graduation; and we entertain a confident hope that by his favorite bribe of "a hot wheaten roll and a pint of brown stout,' Mr. Landor may induce the said groom to accept them.

LIEUTENANT JACK RICKETTS AND THE WIDOW.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL—now that we have posted all the way from Harrowgate to hear your secret—out with it:—it must be a very strange one."—This speech was addressed by a very merry good-natured-looking lady of about two or three-and-thirty to my friend Jack Ricketts; but Jack was very slow in giving a reply.

"You said in your letter that Mary could assist you; I'm sure she'll help you like a battery, if you will only tell us how," interposed Captain Linlayson, the husband of the aforesaid lady, laying an enormous slice of cold beef upon his plate—for this conversation, you will observe, took place at breakfast.

"Why, then, you must know," said Jack, summoning courage to make his confession, "that I am over head and ears in"——

"Phew!" whistled the Captain; "is that all? Bolt, my boy: a few years' retrenchment will set all to rights, and you will come home again, like a black fresh feathered, to carry on the war in greater style than ever."

"Indeed!" sighed the lady, commiseratingly. "My good cousin, with your quiet habits, and very nice little property, I can't imagine how you can have managed it. 'Tis a great deal too bad!"

"Oh, horrid!" chimed in the husband.

"Abominable!" repeated the wife.

Jack Ricketts looked from one to the other in amazement, pushed back his chair, upsetting his cup and saucer, and exclaimed, "What the devil are you driving at? I tell you I am in love!"

The astonishment of the gallant Lieutenant was now reciprocated by his friends.

"In love? My sober, honest, modest Cousin John in love!" said one.

"Jack Ricketts in love!" exclaimed the other; "the very thought of it makes me laugh like a steam-boat." And he leant back in his chair, and gave voice accordingly.

"Yes, in love, I tell you!" repeated Jack, doggedly, as if opposition made him more determined in his amatory resolutions; "madly, vehemently, desperately, d——ly in love. Are you satisfied now?"

The gentleman who laughed after the manner of a steam-boat let off his cachinnatory steam, and apologized for his involuntary grins.

"And who is the lady?" inquired his cousin.

"Ah! that's the thing," replied Jack. "I am afraid you've come too late. Every thing was going on delightfully—I thought I was sure of her—never could any two people get on better than we did—I used to sit whole days in her drawingroom without saying a word—you can't think what pleasant hours we used to have!"

"It must have been charming," said the Captain.

"Charming! my dear fellow? it was divine! I clipped her poodle twice."

"Indeed!"

"But, all at once, a fellow that nobody has ever heard of came here, turned every body's head with his seals and rings, gold chains, long spurs, huge whiskers, and Hessian boots. In a week he was hand-in-glove with the widow, and in two or three days more he will have it all to himself."

"It? what? the poodle?" inquired Captain Linlayson.

"No! the widow—Mrs. Harley. I only wish he were a gentleman—I would hair-trigger him to-morrow."

"What is he, then?" said Mrs. Linlayson. "If he is not a gentleman, what on earth has my dear old school-friend, Julia Harley to do with him? She is a little romantic, to be sure; but if he is not a gentleman"——

"A regular swindler, I assure you," replied the Lieutenant; "not a man, woman, or child in Bath that does'nt know he's an impostor, except the one most interested in the discovery."

"But you've told her?" inquired Linlayson; "bolted it out on her like a crocodile?"

"No; she must have seen that I despised the fellow; but I consider it below my dignity to carry tales."

"Why, carrying tails is a mark of dignity in some places," rejoined the Captain, who, besides being of a poetical turn, and seldom speaking without a smile, was at the same time considered no small wit by his wife and children in Yorkshire—"You *ought* to have told her."

"But she would not have believed me. She sees, hears, thinks of nothing but him. He has persuaded her he is a great student—that his hours are all devoted to philosophy, rhetoric, belles-lettres. You would imagine he was some musty old fellow from Oxford; but the truth is, all this time he is a common gambler—has been kicked out of the rooms for cheating at cards, and is neither more nor less than a downright adventurer."

"Is it possible my friend Julia is going to throw herself away on such a man?—Is he handsome?"

"Hem—yes—oh, yes—the fellow is handsome enough, and talks like—like"——

"A coffee-mill," interposed the Captain, who never allowed any one to advance a simile but himself,—a monopoly the more strange, that he was not at all particular, as you may have perceived, whether the similitude was very pat to the purpose or not.

"And his name?"

"Augustus Frederick Fitz-Oswald."

Mrs. Linlayson sank into a reverie—something in the name seemed to have wakened a train of recollections—The gentlemen carried on the conversation by themselves.

"If the fellow has been kicked," said Linlayson, "of course you can't think of shooting him—why the deuce did you not marry the Widow before this rascal made his appearance?

"I am sure she must have seen I loved her."

"Did you never tell her so?"

Jack shook his head and sighed.

"Well, Jack, you are certainly an extraordinary individual. There you sit, as brave a fellow as ever smelt powder,—not quite a fright in the way of looks,—six feet high, thirty-two years of age, and yet as sheepish a booby among the girls as a pup among tigers—Had you nothing else to do than clip poodles? She must have thought you a splendid specimen of the British Grenadiers."

"I've been a fool: I confess it—Even last night I had such an opportunity of recommending myself!—but as usual, I let it slip through my fingers—"

"How?"

"Why, we had a sort of thing here that all the world went to,—a rout and fancy ball they call it. We all went in masks or dominoes: I knew what character she went in, so all the night I staid at her side quite unknown—suddenly there was a cry of fire;—hundreds crowded to the door; such a screaming, such a squeeze! I really thought some of them would have been killed. Julia was in a dreadful state of alarm—got some how into the thickest of the struggle, and fainted. In a moment I had pushed my way up to her, seized her in my arms, and carried her into the open air—I accompanied her home in the carriage, but she was still senseless from her fear or the heat of the room. I gave her in the charge of her maid, and hurried back again to the scene of action, where the fire had luckily been got under."

"And she never knew who it was that saved her?"

"How could she—when I had the domino on all the time and she was in a faint."

"You should always have a special licence in your pocket to avail yourself of such chances—You have no foresight," said the Captain, gruffly.

"And to complete all, in the *mêlée*, some lightfingered gentleman relieved me of my watch; I made that my excuse to the maid for hurrying off so soon."

"A pretty excuse! the maid will tell the mistress, and the mistress will fancy her preserver has been some jeweller's boy—Go and tell her the whole story yet."

"Wait a moment," said Mrs. Linlayson, springing up as if she had arranged her plans. "If it be in reality as I expect, I will guarantee you against all danger from this magnificent-named individual. Julia is far too good for such a miserable fate, and so my good cousin, only have patience for two days and all will yet be well. In the meantime I must hurry off to the Crescent; Julia must be put on her guard as soon as possible."

In a few minutes the little party broke up, while hope made the countenance of the hitherto dejected Jack Ricketts shine (as the illustrative Captain expressed it) like a dish of beetroot.

Chapter II.

Augustus Frederick Fitz-Oswald was indeed a very formidable rival to the modest and unassuming Jack. Any boarding-school in England would unanimously have pronounced him an Adonis,—a face incapable of a blush, partly from the umbrageousness of the whiskers, but principally from the brazen qualities of the proprietor—shoulders square and broad; with a swaggering gait that proved at once that Nature had intended him for a hero—all these advantages, set off with the utmost skill of the jeweller and tailor, formed a combination of graces, natural and acquired, such as rarely falls to the lot of mortals in these degenerate days. On the present occasion he was reclining in an attitude of easy negligence on a magnificent sofa in the drawing-room of Mrs. Harley. His happiness was too great to be kept to himself, and his half-muttered ejaculations of contentment and anticipation might have been heard—if there had been anybody there to hear them. The door opened, and a man dressed in the most dashing livery you can imagine, walked deliberately into the room,—threw himself in a corresponding attitude to his master's on the other sofa, and after a few preliminary curses, with which he seemed to clear his throat for more important matter, he said—

"I'll tell you what it is, Jim Crike, I von't stand none o' your gammon no longer."

"What's the matter, Spragg?"

"Matter!—vy, it's enough to drive any gentleman mad as cares for the honor of his profession. Vat good, I should like to know, has come of all this here gallivanting? and as to your cards and roulette, and all them ere, it's all in my eye. I tell ye—you could do more in the vay of business in von night with those long fingers of yours, than you'll do in a twelve-month with all this love and billy-dooing—but it all comes o' that hinfernal hedication."

"Three days longer, Spragg, and the game's our own. You shall then have the share of the booty I have promised you, and we part company as soon as you like."

"There'll be a blow up afore that time, as sure as my name is Bill Spragg. Vy, all the folks is a-coming here with their bills and notes of hand and sich like, and how are you to keep the Viddy's eyes hocussed all that time?"

"Nothing so easy. The contract is to be signed to-day, if the fright of last night don't interrupt it. By the by, who was the domino that brought her home?"

"A real gentleman, I'll be sworn, by means of his ticker—solid gold every inch of it. I lifted it out of his fob ven he vas carrying the lady into the carriage. He never took no notice of what I was a-doing, but just to show his generosity, as he seed I was very busy, he tipt me half-a-crown, and thanked me for making way! He's a true gentleman, and I've spouted his ticker."

"Take care, Spragg, what you do. You'll be nabbed one of these days if you don't leave off your old tricks."

"Leave 'em off, did you say? Vy should I? To begin with the cards? No, no. I'm not quite so bad as that yet: I have some little morals left me."

"I tell you, you'll be hanged if you're caught. Now, as for me, what have I to fear? Last night we had four lords at the table, and five or six members of Parliament. Every thing a man does depends on the company he does it in; but you to go filching watches on the streets! Spragg! Spragg! I'm ashamed of you!"

"I'm a cursed deal more ashamed of you. A poor sneak—plucking a pigeon by tricks and shuffling. No, give me the grab at the fat pocket-book, or the heavy purse—there's some ingenuity needed there, and a little more courage than sitting at a green table with them there lords and senators. You're a lost character, Jem Crike."

"Hush!—up, up, some one's coming—recollect you're the valet here. Who is it?—quick, quick."

Almost before the obedient Spragg could assume the deferential attitude becoming his station, a man gently opened the door.

"'Scuse me, sir—'scuse me for troubling you—but bill to make up—big family and wife.'"

"Well, but my good fellow, how can I pay your cursed bill just now on

the very eve of my marriage? All my ready money gone in jewels for the bride. Wait three days."

"Can't indeed, sir—large bill to make up—big family and wife, sir—I've furnished you all your dinners and suppers this last two months, and never seen the color of your coin yet."

"Oh! there's nothing at all particular in the color of it. You shall judge of that for yourself in the course of three days."

"I can't leave the house, sir, till I get my money—large bill, sir—big wife—and family."

"Curse your big wife and all your family—what's to be done? I hear Mrs. Harley at the door. William, a chair at the window for Mrs. Harley."

The lady entered the room as he spoke, and the unfortunate creditor, feeling now assured that the gentleman would scarcely venture to refuse him payment, prosecuted his claim with more energy than ever.

"Eighteen turkeys, nine rabbits, and four hares."

"What is all this, Fitz-Oswald?" inquired the lady.

"O, nothing my dear madam—a professor of natural history; you've heard of Buckland? Yes, yes, my good sir—as you were saying, the comparative anatomy of the turkey, the hare, and rabbit is extremely remarkable. Let me see—the technical name for the turkey is—is—I always forget the scientific nomenclature."

"I am delighted to see so celebrated a savant in my house. Will you introduce me to Dr. Buckland?"

"Presently, my dear madam. Just now the doctor is very much pressed for time. Don't let me keep you here a moment." But the creditor resisted the winks and pushes and other signs and actions with which the perturbed Fitz-Oswald tried to expedite his departure. He maintained his ground very firmly, and kept on an enumeration of the items of his bill.

"Three pheasants, six ducks"——

"Stop, stop.—Ah! now I recollect. The pheasant originally from Bessarabia—the Latin name *Phesanus Anthropomorphiticus Edinensis.* Now I recollect it perfectly—the duck I am not quite so sure of."

"The very best that could be had. Fed on the best grains, and done to a nicety. I warrant you picked the bones?"

"That I did. Unless you strip the flesh off for a demonstration, the mechanism of the conformation escapes your optical discrimination."

"Five salmon"——

"*Salmo purpureus—hyperboreanus*—one of the *mammiferi* of the Linnæan theory."

All this time Mrs. Harley's eyes had been fixed in admiration on the countenance of the gallant Augustus Frederick—but now her pride in the object of her choice knew no bounds. "Really, my dear Augustus, I had no idea you were such a philosopher, but your conversation is a little too abstruse for me. When you and your friend descend to lower matters I shall be happy to enjoy the conversation." Saying this she retired to the window, and left the colloquy to proceed between the learned gentlemen.

"Now, Mr. Mills," said Fitz-Oswald, in a low voice, "I declare to Heaven that if you don't leave the room in one minute, I'll break every bone in your cursed carcass."

"Not a step. I'm a free-born Englishman, with a large bill, a big family and wife—and"——

"Here, then, take my watch—I'll pay you in three days."

"Ah, that's something like reason," said the worthy furnisher of viands, as he eyed the watch, and placed it quietly in his pocket;—"you shall have it again when I touch the money; and in the mean time, your servant, sir; servant, my lady, if you have ever occasion for a"——

"Hush, my dear sir," interrupted Fitz-Oswald, putting his hand on his mouth, and gently pushing him out of the room, "your time is a great deal too valuable to be wasted in compliments to the ladies. Your class are waiting impatiently for you; I myself will try to get away for a few minutes to hear the conclusion of your admirable lecture on the structure of lexicographical strata among the megatherions of the old world. Adieu, adieu." And favoring the worthy Professor with a kick which considerably accelerated his progress down stairs. Fitz-Oswald returned into the room, and offered his apologies for the odd manners of his friend.

"You must excuse my distinguished

friend the Professor, my dear Julia; men of such profound research must be pardoned if they appear a little ignorant of the ways of the world."

"Say no more, my dear Augustus. Any friend of yours shall always be heartily welcome here; but, I think, I have seen a person within this half hour who unites the elegance of a man of fashion with the science of a philosopher."

"You are partial, my dear Julia. I have, indeed, picked up a little information, for I never had a turn for the usual frivolous amusements of men of my age and fortune. Ah! if they only knew the delights of knowledge, how poor, how contemptible, would seem all other pursuits!"

"Oh! I'm so fond of mind," replied the lady, enthusiastically; "what can be compared to intellectual society? but I have many things to do this morning.—What's o'clock?"

"About eleven—or twelve, perhaps," answered Augustus, a little puzzled.

"Don't tell me about perhaps's; look at your watch—tell me to a moment."

"I—O—my watch?—why—I think I must have left it in my bedroom."

"No—kind, noble, generous man! I know the loss you sustained, and in saving me too!"

"Saving you? Oh! how happy should I be—if"——

"But it *was* you—I know it could be no other. Who else would have risked his life to save mine? In the half conscious state I was in as we came home, I felt how tender and delicate were your attentions. I am grateful for them, indeed, I am; and you must allow me to show my gratitude by making up the loss you experienced in my service. There, my dear Augustus, is my watch; I know 'twill not be the less valuable to you that it is mine."

"Really; such generosity, such delicacy, might well repay a greater risk. How happy this ought to make the man who had the felicity to save you." So saying, and with a look of prodigious tenderness to Mrs. Harley, he deposited the very elegant gift in his vacant fob. The wink with which he showed his triumph to his astonished servitor luckily escaped the lady's observation. Spragg gazed with increased reverence on his master, and muttering, "that there hedication aint so bad a thing after all," left the happy couple alone.

"To-day, then," said the insinuating Augustus, "you will sign the paper that makes me blest for life."

"Oh yes, I have directed the lawyer to be here at four o'clock; after that I hope your uneasiness and all doubt of my intentions will be at an end."

"Angel! is it possible a student, a poor treader in the steps of Davy, Watts, Newton, Cicero, and Homer (for I had always a strong bias to mechanics) can have deserved such perfect happiness?"

"And why not? Are not our tastes nearly the same? Are we not both domestic, humble, contented? Our fortunes"——

"Perish the name in connection with my Julia! my estates, to be sure, in the north are large and valuable, and as a coal mine has lately been discovered on one of them, there is no doubt that a few years will make me the richest commoner in England; if indeed by that time a commoner I be; for the minister——but hush, no more, I promised him not to say a syllable on the subject to any one, no, not even to you"——

"I always knew you were disinterested, and on that very account I am determined in the contract to give every thing I have into your absolute possession, but—who comes here?"

The person who now entered the room was an old man of a very sinister expression, dressed in the old fashioned style of last century, and along with the dress it seemed as if he tried to preserve the formal courtesy of former days. He was bowing his way from the door up to the window where the lovers were seated, but was arrested half way by Augustus Frederick, who rushed forward, and shook the old gentleman forcibly by the hand. "My dear Mrs. Harley, excuse me a minute or two, this is one of the oldest friends I have in the world; a man of science, an antiquary—you've heard of Sir Hans Sloane?"

"I am happy, I am sure," replied the widow, "to see Sir Hans, or any other literary friend of yours."

"You are very good, honored sir," said the stranger, "to an old man like myself, but I take the liberty to inform your honor that the time for this bill has expired."

"Indeed?—A bill of lectures, my dear, at the Scientific Institution—I am sorry for it, but all will be right in a few days."

"It must be made right *now*, please your honor; the interest increases every day."

"The public does me too much honor. You hear, my dear, what Sir Hans tells me, that the interest in my approaching lecture on the transcendental trigonometry of spherical attractions increases every day?"

"Oh, if you are engaged in such lofty conversation," replied the lady, "I must plead my woman's privilege and withdraw."

"Honored lady," said the old man, "I beg you will kindly condescend to wait for a few minutes. This gentleman, I understand, is soon to be legally master here."—The lady blushed.

"Come, come, Sir Hans, don't be too hard on us," interrupted Augustus; "come back again this day week, and I will explain my delay to your entire satisfaction."

"No, no, with deference to your honorable worship, this paper speaks for itself—'twas due the ninth of this month; here is the thirteenth and not a shilling of it paid." Augustus took the paper from the old man's hand. 'Twas his own note for fifty pounds, payable on the ninth—for alas! the gentlemen honored with the title of Sir Hans Sloane was neither more nor less than a money-lender. He turned it over, twisted it in all shapes, till at last a bright thought seemed to strike him.

"'Pon my life I had forgotten all about it."

"Sir Hans seems to have some demand on you, Augustus?" said Mrs. Harley, inquiringly.

"Oh, a mere trifle. I don't happen at present to have money enough in my purse; indeed I gave purse and all to a poor family in great distress—nine children under six years of age, father lost, mother dead—but 'tis a pity too, that Shakspeare should suffer for my thoughtlessness."

"Shakspeare?" inquired the lady.

"Ay, the immortal bard!" replied the enthusiastic Augustus, "the man whose name stands pre-eminent among the Sons of the Morning. The apathy of the public has allowed his monument at Stratford-on-Avon to fall into decay; the very chancel in which his dust reposes is in a ruinous condition. A subscription has been opened for the repair of both the monument and the chancel—my name is down for fifty guineas. Sir Hans now tells me the work of restoration is begun, and they are in immediate want of funds, and"——*

"Say no more, I beseech you. The memory of Shakspeare ought to be dear to every one who has a respect for genius. Luckily, in my purse you will find a note for a hundred pounds and a few sovereigns. Let me also be a subscriber."

"Kind, generous, noble Julia!" exclaimed Fitz-Oswald, taking the purse, and handing it over to Sir Hans, "here, let this be a quittance to my debt. And then," he added, in a whisper, "I will call and get the difference at five o'clock. Let me not detain you, my dear Sir Hans."

"Your honor's most obedient—you may at all times command my services;" and with many a bow and reiterated thanks, the old man took his departure. Fitz-Oswald, hearing the bell rung furiously at the street door, made a hurried apology for abruptly taking leave, and left Mrs. Harley sunk in pleasing reveries, and perfectly contented with the choice she had made of a man so learned, so generous, and such an admirer of the memory of Shakspeare.

Chapter III.

The bell that had frightened Augustus from his propriety, was rung by Mrs. Linlayson. A very few minutes served to put the two friends in

* The fact is as stated above. It would be disgraceful to England if the restoration should be stopt for want of funds. Let the myriads of our readers send up any odd money they may happen to have about them. The subscription is limited to a sovereign from each person.

the full career of gossip. Mutual inquiries, mutual revelations, and all preliminaries being satisfactorily adjusted, the ambassador from poor Jack Ricketts commenced operations in form, and came to the point at once.

"They tell me, Julia, my dear, you are going to marry a Mr. Fitz-Oswald, or a person, at least, who says that is his name."

"Oh yes; I've intended for a long time to write you a full account of it—but why do you talk of him so slightingly?"

"Because I think I know him," replied the other. "He never spoke to you of Harrowgate, did he?"

"No—that is—perhaps he may—for, by the by, now I remember, he has very large estates in the north."

"He? Ha! ha! ha! but really, my dear friend, I have come up on purpose to save you from the designs of this adventurer," repeated the other, in a tone of displeasure.

"Adventurer! Who has dared to call him so? Who has been so busy in other people's affairs, as to take the trouble to write you any thing about it?"

"A true friend, Julia, one who would save you from a moment's uneasiness at the sacrifice of his life."

"Indeed! I think I can guess the source of these calumnies—your cousin—a disappointed suitor."

"Unluckily he *is* disappointed—but, though hopeless for himself, he wishes, through me, to make an effort to prevent your future life from being one scene of misery and degradation. And I am qualified for the task, for I have been honored with Mr. Augustus Frederick's attentions myself."

"How? When? Where? In Heaven's name tell me all," exclaimed the Widow, now fully aroused.

"He had another name, then; and at Harrowgate, about five years ago, he played the same game, under the title of Valerian Sidney Howard, which he now plays at Bath. Among others, he honored me with his 'Notice.' I was then unmarried—rich, and perhaps a little fond of flattery. He flattered me to the top of my bent—appeared learned, clever, and, above all, amiable and benevolent. His estates at that time lay in the south—but at last he was discovered, convicted of swindling, imprisoned two years, and, behold! here he is again.'

"Nonsense! Your Valerian, or whatever he called himself, can never be my Augustus. Impossible!"

"Hem! I don't know. Could I see him?"

"Certainly, I am not the least ashamed of the object of my preference!" and the Widow tossed her head proudly.

"But I don't wish to be recognised by him. I must see him without being seen—a glance will do—if they are indeed different men, there never were two people bore such resemblances to each other in character and conduct. He is a public gambler; any one in Bath would tell you that."

"And I wouldn't believe them if they told it me a hundred times. No! not till I see him with my own eyes at the gambling-table shall I ever"——

"Will you be persuaded if you see him at the table?"

The Widow sighed. "Oh, yes, certainly, if I see him, there can then be no doubt on the subject."

When the ladies had come to this point of their discussion, Mrs. Harley's servant brought in a note.

"A letter, madam, for Mr. Fitz-Oswald."

"For Mr. Fitz-Oswald! sent here!" exclaimed Mrs. Linlayson; "that seems as if he were master here already. Come now, Julia, let us just take one peep." She ran up to the table where the servant had laid it, and took the letter.

"No—no—for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed the Widow—"a seal is sacred."

"A seal! why, there isn't even a wafer. See! it has come open in my hand."

"Oh! 'twill only be some scientific appointment, or thanks, perhaps, from some poor people he has relieved."

"He will blush to find it fame," said Mrs. Linlayson, beginning to read—

'Dear Pal,—We are all here, gathered round the board of green cloth, and have resolved not to begin business till you come. We are all in the fidgets for want of you. Our 'fat friend' lies grumblingly on the sofa; the light weights are at the different windows. Come along, then, or may you never shake elbow again. Yours, A. B.' A pretty epistle truly—I hope you have no longer any doubt," and she folded up the letter.

"Why, really, this seems a strange

performance," replied the Widow, very much puzzled—"What can it mean?"

"The meaning seems plain enough," replied the other; "'tis an invitation from one of his gambling associates to go and play at hazard. Who is his friend?"

"A. B.," said Mrs. Harley, musing. "What friend of his are these the initials of? B. B. Oh! now I know, it must either be from his friend, who was here a short time ago, Dr. Buckland—or his benevolent friend, Bowles the poet. He very often goes to Bremhill."

"Who? Fitz-Oswald? If he goes there, I have not another word to say against him—but how can you suppose, my dear Julia, that a note like this could come from any one, but a low gambler? Don't the words of it convince you?"

But the Widow was not at all anxious to be convinced, yet the proof seemed very strong. She took up the note again, and placed it carefully in her reticule, and said, "Let us pass to some other subject, dear Mary; it is not yet too late, and I have it at any moment in my power to put an end to my acquaintance with Fitz-Oswald. I expect him back in a very short time. You shall see him as he comes into the room, if you will go with me to the parlor in the passage. I will ask him the meaning of this letter, and regulate my future conduct according to his reply."

The two friends accordingly spent about half an hour, pretending to converse on indifferent subjects, but too much occupied with what they had lately been talking about, to be very entertaining to each other. At the end of the half hour, a step on the stair surprised them, for Augustus had provided himself with a pass-key, and did not trouble the domestics by ringing at the door; and Mrs. Linlayson had only time to run into the parlor which the Widow had mentioned, when the hero of their conversation walked quickly into the drawing-room, and arrested Mrs. Harley before she could join her friend.

"Don't fly from me, my Julia," he said, taking her by the hand—"I am now so hurried with business, that I grudge every moment you deprive me of your presence. But what is this? Have I offended you?"

"This letter will tell you, sir, whether I ought to be offended or not," replied the Widow, showing him the dirty scrawl—"You know the hand?"

At this attack, any other man's assurance would have given way. Augustus burst into a laugh—"Ah, my queer friend, Abraham Bounce—I dare say the contents of that letter are as funny as himself. What does he say? He is an odd dog. You must know him one of these days."

"The signature is certainly A. B. Who is this Mr. Bounce?" said the Widow, more complacently.

"Oh, a man of science—he and I very often read together. He is a famous classic. You shall certainly be acquainted with my friend Bounce."

"I will read you the note, sentence by sentence," said Mrs. Harley, still in an unusually cold tone of voice; "his style is a strange one. He begins, *Dear Pal*—What does he mean by *Pal?*"

"Oh! a classical allusion," replied Augustus, "and a nicely turned compliment too. Palinurus, you know, was the pilot that steered old Homer's vessel when he went in search of the Golden Fleece. I have led poor Bounce through many passages in the old authors, and he always calls me his Pal; or guide—his Palinurus."

Mrs. Harley proceeded with the letter—"*We are all here, gathered round the board of green cloth.*"

"Ah! that's the library table—'tis covered with a green baize"—said Augustus.

"*And we have resolved not to begin business till you come.*"

"Reading.—That's very kind."

"*We are all in the fidgets for want of you.*"

"That's complimentary."

"*Our fat friend lies grumblingly on the sofa.*"

"Ah! that's a great thick volume of German divinity."

"What! a volume!" exclaimed Mrs. Harley—"how can a volume grumble?"

"A figurative expression. Bounce is a capital hand at figures—they call it prosopopœia."

"*The light weights are at the different windows.*"

"The magazines and reviews. We sometimes relax ourselves after severe study with a look into Blackwood or the Edinburgh"——

"*Come along, then, or may you never*

shake elbow again.—What does he mean by shaking elbows?"

"Don't you know I took lessons of Paganini?—Ah! it would indeed be a dreadful imprecation if I never were to shake elbow again. What should I do without my Cremona?" and Augustus sighed at the thought.

"And is all that you have told me really true?" said the Widow, delighted. "Oh! how I wish some of your detractors had been within hearing of your explanation."

"Detractors? Is it possible even my quiet unostentatious mode of life has not protected me from detraction? But I know the reason. 'Tis envy of the preference you have vouchsafed to show me. To you, and you only, I owe any enmity I may have excited."

"I believe it all; and to prove my belief, this very hour I will sign the contract, whatever may be said to the contrary."

"Angel! 'tis only what I expected of your magnanimity, your justice.—The attorney is down stairs—the witnesses are all ready—may I offer you my arm?"

Mrs. Harley went into the parlor where she had directed her friend to remain; but the lady had disappeared. The Widow proceeded down stairs; and in presence of proper witnesses, and with all the ceremonies of the law, the marriage-contract was signed, sealed, and delivered.

Chapter IV.

"Hawks abroad! we must cut our sticks, or have another taste of the mill," said Spragg to his master, whom he met at Mrs. Harley's door.

"How? what?" exclaimed Augustus, somewhat alarmed—"Are the police awake?"

"Vorse nor that. There's that there lady as you gallivanted with at Harrowgate—just afore we were nabbed—I've seen her with my own eyes—She has been for a whole hour this very day with your sweetheart—the devil take all hedication, say I."

"But why? who is it?—poh! man never mind. Do you see this little packet tied with its beautiful red tape? This puts me in possession of the Widow's fortune, and as to herself"——

"Her fortune, did you say?" cried the other, with glistening eyes. "That's the main chance. As to hall other matters, I suppose there are hother widdys in plenty."

"Oh yes—but at the same time, Spragg, for two days more, we must be wide awake. Keep that lady, if you possibly can, from having a minute's conversation with Mrs. Harley. As for me, I will keep as much as possible out of the way. I am just on my road to old Jones, the money-lender, to get a few guineas he owes me; and to-night I am in for a go at hazard with a few good fellows to pluck a pigeon—a Captain Linlayson"——

"O curse all dice and cards! You're throwing away all your talents and all the lessons I gov you in the nimming line. There never was no fellow with a neater finger for a snuff-box, and now"——

"Well, Spragg, patience only for two days. After that you shall have your share; but don't set on me now."

Before he had time to part from his confederate, the very individual of whom he was in search came up and joined them.

"Your honorable worship's most subservient—I was just going to present myself to your honor."

"The devil you were—and fifty guineas to boot, I hope."

"Your worship is too good. The contents of the purse were a hundred and nine pounds; whereof fifty for money advanced—ten for interest."

"Well, fork out the odd forty-nine."

"Your honor will excuse me; but when I saw how like a noble lady your noble lady behaved, I recollected some friends of mine who would be glad to be paid"——

"You were infernally kind to your friends. You went and told all my creditors to come and make their demands immediately?"

"Far from it, your nobleness—I went to stop them from coming, for in truth I have bought up all their accounts—I have got them all receipted."

"What have you done, you d—d old extortioner?"

"Please your worship, will you pay me just now, or must I apply to the noble lady?"

"How much do you want?" said Augustus, biting his lips.

"Why, here is your tailor's bill—'twas a hundred and twenty, but as I got it at a bargain I can let you have it for sixty-five—your confectioner, wine merchant, washerwoman, shoemaker, lodging, jeweller—the whole lot will not cost the noble lady above four hundred and fifty pounds—Is she at home just now?"

"Can't you wait for two days? I tell you I shall be married by that time, and every thing shall be paid?"

"Oh! please your honor, she will never grudge such a paltry sum—I can't wait without security."

"What the devil's to be done now? —Here, take my servant here, I'll pawn him till the money's paid—lock him up till the last farthing is settled."

"You're cursed purlite," interposed the domestic, "we have both on us had enough of locking up—why don't you knock the old Jew into the gutter and run for it?"

"Away from the Widow's fortune? No, no, I've a trick worth two of that."

"But think of the pleasure of flooring the hould willein."

"Here, old skinflint," at last said Augustus, "you say you won't wait without security; here's the marriage contract, all properly attested, will that content you?

"Oh! certainly, your honorable worship, you shall have it again on payment of these bills."

"Yes; but I want a little money in the mean time, give me the odd fifty and the contract shall be good for five hundred."

This was very civilly advanced by the usurer, and even Spragg, in spite of the apparition of Mrs. Linlayson, began to think that every thing was secure.

In the mean time, the confederates in the interest of my friend Jack had not been idle. Mrs. Linlayson had satisfied herself of the identity of the fascinating Augustus with the adventurer of Harrowgate; and, besides the satisfaction of aiding her cousin, had now the additional motive of saving her friend from the certainty of disgrace. She had taken her measures well; but after the specimen she had seen of the Widow's wilful blindness, she was not without some apprehension that her efforts to open her eyes would be unavailing. Linlayson had introduced himself to the coterie of one of the gambling-houses, and had arranged to join the party that evening, being assured at the same time, that Augustus would not be absent. Jack, who really loved the Widow, was lamenting all day that the character of his rival prevented him from settling the business in a more summary manner, and consented to accompany his friend Linlayson to the table, though determined to take no active part in the game. When all their plans were properly arranged, the lady betook herself to the house of Mrs. Harley, and the gentlemen to the Crockford's of Bath.

"I am glad you have come," said the Widow very coldly, "that I may tell you that your suspicions are unfounded, and that Augustus Frederick Fitz-Oswald is as pure and honorable a gentleman"——

"As Valerian Sidney Howard," replied the other. "I saw him, my dear friend, it is the same."

"Impossible. You told me that the person you talk of paid you attention; that he flattered you, and then that he was found out. How do I know that your account of him may not be slightly colored by your disappointment? What if his theft consisted of a heart, and the despairing maiden vents her spleen in calling him a swindler?"

"But, my dear Julia," said Mrs. Linlayson, a little nettled at the insinuations of her friend, "the jailer was never flattered, and he will tell you the same story—the finisher of the law who whipped him (for he was sentenced also to a public flogging) never listened to his compliments, and he will give you the same information."

"Mrs. Linlayson—madam!" exclaimed the Widow, "You wish me to believe that Mr. Fitz-Ozwald is a wretch who has been branded as a felon. To this felon I have signed this very day my contract of marriage."

"I know it," replied the other; "but you will never marry him."

"Then, do you fancy, madam, I believe your preposterous stories? Your version of the very amiable letter he received this morning from the

celebrated philosopher, Dr. Bounce, puts me on my guard against any interpretation you may offer of his character or conduct. We were once friends, but now, madam"——

"We shall be greater friends than ever. Dear Julia, don't fly into a passion. Every thing will be settled delightfully. You don't care for this superficial impostor, I know you don't. Confess that, if you were fully convinced of his infamy, you could whistle him down the wind without a pang."

"Certainly; if I were convinced."

"And that you shall most assuredly be. Your own eyes, your own ears, shall be witnesses. Are you afraid to run the chance?"

"Of what?—of discovering my Augustus to be a villain?"

"Even so," replied Mrs. Linlayson.

"Not in the least; if you will let him explain whatever may appear odd in his behavior. I confess, till I heard his explanation of Dr. Bounce's letter I was a little alarmed; and if he had not named the two gentlemen he introduced to me, I should have thought them, from their appearance, very different characters from Dr. Buckland and Sir Hans Sloane—but scientific people are generally very odd; and a word from Augustus explained every difficulty."

"We shall see. Come with me this very moment, I will take you to a house where you will see him shaking his elbow in good earnest."

"A concert—oh, I shall be delighted to hear him play?"

"You shall *see* him play; he is quite a master of the dice-box."

"See him gamble!—play!—dice! lose money!—Oh, that may be only once. The quietest men in the world occasionally gamble a little with their friends."

"Ay—but this is at a public table;—we are to see the party through a glass door. Linlayson has bribed the keeper of the house to let us peep.—Come on; by this time they are all assembled."

"There you are mistaken," said the Widow, proudly; "for this very night he is deeply engaged along with a great botanist from Dublin, Mr. M'-Kay, classifying some plants."

"Yes; he is no doubt very busy culling simples; for I believe at this very hour he is endeavoring to pillage Captain Linlayson."

"Is he also of the party? Then it can't be so very bad."

"Yes; he is there—Mr. Ricketts is there.—Come quickly, Julia, or we shall be too late."

After a few more attempts at procrastination, the Widow allowed herself to be prevailed on. The ladies wrapt themselves closely up in their cloaks; and as it was not very far from the Crescent to the gambling-house, they walked in silence to the place, were received by Linlayson at the door, and smuggled into the room where, through a small pane of glass, they could see everything that was going on.

Many people were gathered round a table—a man sitting on a lofty seat, armed with a slight cane, shaped like a spoon at the extremity, seemed to direct the proceedings, crying out, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game!"

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed a voice, which made Mrs. Harley jump—"What's become of your friend, Mr. Ricketts? he has not gone off, I hope, without giving me my revenge?"

But his further speech was broken off by the return of Linlayson to his chair.

"Make your game, gentlemen!" cried the croupier.

"Here," said Augustus, taking the box—"here's all I've got in the world—Is it covered?"

"Covered!" said Captain Linlayson, laying down the same amount that Augustus had placed before him.

"Seven's the main," said Augustus, and threw the dice.

"Crabs!" cried the croupier, and pushed all the money of Augustus to Captain Linlayson. The other gamblers had left off the game, the battle had become so embittered between these two.

"What's to be done now!" exclaimed Augustus, with an oath.—"You've cleaned me out—I will give you paper—I. O. U."

"No paper," said the Captain. "I hate it like crow-pies. But you've surely something about you—a man in your situation so soon to be married"——

"Yes, but I haven't fingered the cash yet. The Widow is a d—d sly bird—the deuce a thing has she given me yet but a score or two of letters."

"Well, they're good for something," said the Captain.

"What! are you serious? How much will you stake against each of them?"

"Ten guineas," replied Linlayson.

"No mistake!" exclaimed Augustus. "Why you're a trump of a fellow—here they are—one, two, three, four, five. There they lie, loving, civil, romantic, moral, religious—cover them with fifty, and give me the box."

"'Pon my soul," interrupted Jack Ricketts—"this is too bad—I will not allow a lady's letters to be so publicly"——

"What the devil have you to say to it, eh? Are you going to marry the Widow?" said Augustus, blustering.

"Marry or not, I won't allow a swindling scoundrel like you to profane her name before these gentlemen. Pocket these letters directly, or I'll kick you out of this room." Jack grinded his teeth as he spoke.

"Why, what do you mean, sir?" replied Augustus, greatly sobered by the determined tone of Jack Ricketts. "I can't see what business you have to interfere between this gentleman and me. He chooses to take these letters as equivalent to so much"——

"I will take them at the same price," said Jack, magnanimously. "But I give my honor at the same time I shall never look at their contents, but restore them uninjured to the lady they belong to. Here are fifty guineas, sir."

"But here are ten or twelve more, sir," said Augustus—"you may as well buy the whole batch."

Before, however, Jack had had time to pull out the requisite funds, Mrs. Harley, whose indignation got the better of every other consideration, rushed into the room. The gamblers, scared by the sudden movement, evacuated the room, leaving only Linlayson, Jack Ricketts, Augustus, and the two ladies, of whom Mrs. Linlayson retained her veil.

"Give *me* the letters," said Mrs. Harley. "You are discovered, sir. Our acquaintance is at an end."

"My Julia! so unkind! I confess indeed that appearances are against me. I have been inveigled, for the first time of my life, into a place of this sort by my friend Ricketts."

"How dare you call me your friend, you scoundrel?" said Jack, breathing fire.

"You take advantage of the presence of these ladies," replied Augustus, very coolly. "But I forgive you. But *you*, my Julia, to be so unkind! 'Tis more than I can bear." As he said this, he covered his eyes with his handkerchief, and seemed to hide his tears.

"'Tis too late, sir. I have heard and seen all you have done. My name insulted—my letters publicly sold"——

"And yet, Julia, you are the first woman I ever loved—the only one in whom I ever reposed my hopes of happiness, of peace, of virtue! Are all to be destroyed by the light-hearted folly of a moment? I knew that your letters would be safe in the keeping of Mr. Ricketts. Would I have parted with such precious treasures to the cold hands of a stranger?"

"I had the first chance," said Captain Linlayson—"but Jack was too quick. He was down on them like a hammer."

"You are silent, Julia? You! the only one I ever loved—the only one I ever thought of asking to share my name!"

"Which of them?" said Mrs. Linlayson, throwing off her veil, and looking indignantly at the lover, who began to fancy he was softening the Widow's displeasure; "is it to be Mrs. Fitz-Oswald you invite her, as once you invited another person to be Mrs. Howard? You are unmasked."

"Unmasked do you say?" replied Augustus, seeing all subterfuge, vain, and assuming a tone of dogged assurance. "Unmasked, do you say? So much the better. I have no farther need of a mask when the game is in my hands. Mrs. Harley, I will no longer play the lover. I must now put on a higher character—as the contract of marriage is signed, giving me every shilling of your property"——

"Let him keep it," whispered Jack Ricketts; "there is one true heart that will like you all the same"——

"You have it, of course, in your option whether to marry me or not; but the property is mine," continued Augustus, with a sneer.

"Not quite so fast," interrupted Mrs. Linlayson. "The contract, a few hours ago, was in the possession of a certain Mr. Jones, to whom this very disinterested gentleman had pawned it for five hundred pounds. Two hours

ago I paid the money, and the contract is here!" She held it up as she spoke, and tore it into a thousand pieces.

Augustus now saw every thing lost; but while he was preparing to give utterance to his vexation, the door was opened and the unhappy Spragg walked in, held firmly by two policemen.

"That there is the hindiwidyal," whispered the servitor, pointing to his master. "His real name is Jem Crike, and no mistake; and all this comes along of his cursed hedication."

"Carry the fellow to jail!" exclaimed Augustus; "I have found him out in many dishonest tricks."

"Vat are you a-goin' to peach, Jem? I've got the start on ye—and every thing you've done shall be told to the beaks, since you ran away from the rope-dancer's troop till this werry day."

"Rope-dancer's troop!" whistled Captain Linlayson. "His rope-dancing isn't over yet"——

"'Tis true, indeed," said Augustus, in a sentimental tone, "that I was stolen from my parents in early youth, and sold by gipsies to a company of dancers. Julia! is the voice of Nature dead within you? In me behold your long lost brother!"

"My brother!" exclaimed Mrs. Harley; "I never had a brother."

"So, then, our mother has kept her loss secret from you! How kind! how considerate to your feelings!"

"Bother!" interrupted Spragg. "I know'd your mother afore you was born: so no more flaring up about gipsies, and that there"——

The conversation was here interrupted by one of the policemen, who, going up to Jack Ricketts, said, "I believe, sir, by the description you gave us of the watch you lost last night at the fancy ball, this is it. We traced it to this man. He confesses he picked it from the gentleman's pocket who saved his lady from the crowd."

"'Twas I that saved the lady," said Augustus, as bold as brass; she'll tell you so herself."

"Indeed," began the Widow, "I believe"——

"No such thing," said Spragg; "Jem wasn't at the ball at all. 'Twas o' this here gentleman as I nabbed the ticker."

"Come, sir," said the policeman to Augustus; "You must come with us quietly; your confederate has told us some of your doings, and you must have a little talk with the magistrate."

"Do you mean me, fellow?" replied Augustus. "I shall certainly write to the Ministry to punish you for insulting a gentleman. As to you, sir (turning to Jack Ricketts), your insolence is not forgotten; you shall hear from me in a few days"—and he marched off like a king in a tragedy.

"We shall all come to see you whipt at the cart's tail," interrupted Captain Linlayson. "In the mean time, be off with the police, or I'll take the hangman's office in my own hands, and dress you like—whipt cream!"

The watch was restored to its rightful owner, and Mrs. Linlayson whispered, as the party sallied forth on their way to the Crescent, "What do you think now of my plain cousin, Jack?"

"That I am unworthy to mention his name."

But a few months served to convince her that she was not only worthy to mention his name, but to wear it too; for it is not very long since I received a beautiful pair of white kid gloves, with two cards tied together by silver threads—and on the larger of the cards was written,

MRS. JOHN RICKETTS,
No. — ——*Crescent.*

PEGSWORTH: A PRESS-ROOM SKETCH.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR SIR CHRISTOPHER, London, 10th March, 1837.

IN giving you a short—and I hope interesting—account of a scene of peculiar gloom and terror which I have just returned from witnessing—the preparations within the prison for the execution of Pegsworth the murderer, and his execution, I do not think it necessary to vindicate or account for the curiosity which led me to witness so sad a sight. I must acknowledge that of the many persons who happened to know that I was going, none evinced any desire to accompany me, even had it been in their power. Some expressed astonishment at my determination, and declared that no earthly consideration should induce them to follow my example. Some pretty significantly hinted at my want of feeling, while others remarked upon the over-mastering effect of curiosity upon even the liveliest sensibilities. When, however, I rejoined these persons after having witnessed the spectacle I am going to describe, there was not one of them but besought with eagerness, and listened with breathless interest to the details of a scene which they had so murmured at my qualifying myself to describe. This communication to you—and a melancholy renewal it is, by the way, of our old intercourse—is the result of their suggestions and intreaties. I shall, therefore, tell you shortly and simply, all I saw; I shall, in a manner, take you with me; premising only that I have no desire to prolong the remembrance of the blood-stained wretch whose end I witnessed, nor to lay myself open to the charge of exaggeration or mawkish sentimentality.

Pegsworth, you will remember, about two months ago, sought an interview with one Ready, a tailor, whom he owed some trifling sum, for which he had been summoned to a Court of Requests by Ready. While standing in quiet conversation and remonstrance with Ready, who was an invalid, in the parlor of the latter, Pegsworth calmly drew a long sharp knife from his pocket, and stabbed him to the heart, so that he almost instantly expired. Both were members of the same dissenting chapel, and had ever passed for quiet, reputable people; both had wives and families. The murderer immediately surrendered himself to the officers of justice; instantly confessed the fact; and when arraigned at the Old Bailey, pleaded guilty—on which he was immediately sentenced to death, and his body, according to the recent statute, to be buried within the precincts of the prison. When this part of his sentence was pronounced—and then only—he shuddered. The day of execution was fixed for Tuesday, the 7th instant, and on the Monday preceding, I suddenly formed the determination to endeavor to procure admission into the interior of the prison, for the purpose of witnessing the person and demeanor of the murderer, and the solemn preparations for his execution. I went straight to one of the undersheriffs; who, on seeing my card, and hearing my request, after some little demur, politely acceded to my wishes; and writing his name on my card, desired me to present it the next morning at half-past seven o'clock at the door of the room in which we were then standing, when I should be admitted, and accompany him to the scene of execution, and see the whole process.

I passed a wretched night, disturbed by all manner of wild and dismal dreams. I rose a little after six. Several times, while dressing, I half determined to abandon my design, and get into bed again; but I persevered, and about seven o'clock was in the upper part of Holborn, down which was pouring a constant stream of men and women, of the lowest description, towards the spot whither I was bent. I felt then somewhat ashamed of my company and errand! Judging from the indifferent manner, the jocular volubility of these people, you would have thought them going to see a dog-fight rather than the execution of a murderer. As we approached Snow-hill, which leads directly up to Newgate, all the avenues were seen crowded with the same description of people as had accompanied me down Holborn. Passing along Farringdon Street, I approached the Old Bailey by Ludgate Hill; and so escaping the crowd, even already immense, I slipped into the side door of the Court-house, and was presently ushered into the room into which I had been shown the pre-

ceding afternoon. Three or four gentlemen, one of whom was a foreigner, I understood, of some distinction, were sitting and standing round a cheerfully-crackling fire, and had evidently come on the same errand as I had. I sat down in perturbed silence, wondering at myself for entering upon such a gloomy expedition. While the foreigner, a Spaniard I thought, was describing, with somewhat excited gestures, the mode of execution adopted in his country, the door opened, and the two Sheriffs and Undersheriffs entered, attired in their official costume, wearing weepers of white crape. The Sheriffs had never before, I understood, witnessed an execution; and they seemed not entirely free from indications of nervousness and apprehension at the dreadful duty they were about to go through. After a few moments' pause, they moved towards the interior of the prison, and we, whose number had increased to about twelve or fifteen—an eager but silent little throng—were directed to follow. After going through two or three long and very narrow passages, we were stopped by a huge iron-bound door, on the other side of which, peering at us through the bars, was Mr. Cope, the Governor of the prison. The Sheriffs and Undersheriffs passed on immediately, and the door was then closed upon us, who would have followed them. We began to fear disappointment, and that, for some reason or another, the authorities had suddenly determined upon refusing us access to the press-room, possibly on account of our suddenly augmented number. After waiting, however, patiently for a minute or two, I and another, showing our countersigned cards, were permitted to pass, as were the rest of the party soon afterwards. A turnkey conducted me and my companion along a very narrow passage, the floor of which was covered with sickly smelling saw-dust. As we followed our grim guide along a second passage, which seemed to run parallel with the front of the prison, an open door gave us a momentary glimpse of the vast crowd without, whose confused hubbub, suddenly and but for an instant audible, enhanced the portentous silence that reigned within the prison. After standing for a few moments in the passage, our guide quitted us, but soon returned, and requested us to follow him silently into the room in which the criminal was very shortly to undergo the fearful preparations for execution. I obeyed, with a beating heart. We had to pass through a room, lit with a lamp, if I recollect rightly, where a man was opening a door, having in his hand the sacramental cup—the last ordinances of religion either having been just completed, or commencing. "Gentlemen," said the Governor, dressed in black, who here rejoined us, and ushered us into the press-room, "you will wait here, and be as quiet as possible, till the prisoner comes in, which will be in about five minutes. You will have the goodness to stand on each side of the room, and leave the middle open, so that the prisoner may pass on directly from the door to this table." He then left us, and we disposed ourselves as he had directed. It was not a very large room, nor had it been before used for such a purpose as the present. The window looked upon a confined yard in the centre of the prison—and the revolving iron spikes with which the tops of the walls were fortified, together with the gloomy, massive, and ponderous appearance of every thing about us, reminded me of the inscription—

"Who enters here, gives up all hope!"

At the end of the room opposite to the door, leaning against a kind of dresser, stood three men: the one in the middle,—a short, sallow-visaged, ill-omened wretch, in a shabby old drab great coat—proved to be the hangman—"Jack Ketch;" and the other two were his assistants. These grim ministers of death were standing in silence when we entered. He in the middle, had his hands stuck into his hind coat-pockets, where, doubtless, were the cords and rope, ready to be produced the instant they were wanted. A gentleman who stood between me and the nearest of the three men, now and then whispered to him, and I heard a little of their conversation.

"Did he die well?" inquired the former, speaking of some malefactor whose name I could not catch.

"Yes, most *uncommon* game indeed. The Captain was a gentleman, sir, every inch; I hanged him—and he deserved a better fate!"

He was asked if the prisoners did not often appear overcome with terror.

"Lord, sir, frightened? I warrant me some on 'em is indeed. Some

makes *sich* a noise, and cries dreadful! I've often told 'em to keep up, for that they hasn't much longer to be in misery! Sometimes they can't stand up at all, sir—and are obliged to be held by the Sheriffs and Ordinary. How their knees tremble!—I recollect there was one young chap for forgery—we shan't never have any more to hang for *that* matter, hows'ever—he went through all uncommon well. But directly he caught sight of us standing, as we may be now, ready to tie him, it was quite wonderful, but he went as white as your shirt, sir, in a twinkling—and began to cry about his poor wife. Do you remember him?" appealing to his principal, who simply nodded.—"This man, sir, as is to die this morning, has a wife, poor thing—and she's to be brought to bed, they say in a day or two. Isn't it sad, sir? But it's *fate*, you know, sir."

"You've not had much to do lately, have you?"

"No, sir, very little, uncommon little. It's pretty near a good four years since any one suffered here."

"Your's is a horrid employment!"

"Y—y—es—es, people thinks so, and so it is, I suppose—but use, sir—use you know"——

Here the slight whispering that had been carried on was suddenly stilled by the Governor making his appearance, motioning us to silence. After a little widening the space between the two rows of anxious expectants, and entreating us not to press forward when the prisoner entered, he withdrew. My heart began to beat very hard and quick. In a few moments the Sheriffs and Undersheriffs, with their staves, entered—then the Ordinary (the Rev. Mr. Cotton) in his gown and bands—his long flowing white hair and kind intelligent features gave him a striking and remarkable appearance;—then followed a man with a slow firm step, walking unassisted, his countenance solemn and composed, showing a mind absorbed in prayer—his eyes fixed, and his hands clasped together. This was the miserable Pegsworth!

He was dressed in a somewhat shabby claret-colored body-coat, with velvet collar, a black neck-handkerchief, a dark waistcoat, and corduroy trowsers. He was about five feet seven or eight inches in height, and of a robust frame, with a tolerable head of dark hair, and looked just about as old as he really was—thirty-six. I stood within a yard of him, and narrowly scrutinized his features. They appeared rigid, as if with the efforts he was making to preserve his firmness, in which he surprisingly succeeded. Their expression seemed naturally heavy and sullen. The knotted forehead, the high cheek-bones, the peculiar *setting* of the eyes, the protuberant upper lip, the *tout ensemble* of his features, in short, was that of a man quite capable or committing the diabolical act of cruelty for which he was now about to suffer, and not a little mitigated the agonizing sympathy, or pity, his present circumstances were calculated to excite, by reconciling one to the removal of such a being from amongst us. He walked, as I have described, firmly and slowly to the middle of the room, when the Sheriffs motioned the executioners to advance. They instantly came forward. One of them, drawing out a slender cord tied his hands together at the wrists; a second passed a stronger cord round his arms and fastened it at his elbows; while a third untied his neck-handkerchief, and thurst it into the prisoner's bosom. While this frightful ceremony was going on, Pegsworth did not move a muscle,—his eyes were fixed upwards as if in intense devotion—(I shall never forget their dreadful expression)—and though his lips slightly moved, he uttered no sound. Once, and once only, did his pent bosom relieve itself by a half-suppressed sigh, when he felt the executioner's hands removing his neck-handkerchief. He behaved in short, with amazing firmness and decorum. "Believe in the Lord Jesus," whispered the dissenting minister, to whose congregation he had belonged. Pegsworth fixed his leaden eye upon the speaker for a moment, but spoke not. How fearful was his quietude—his passiveness, in the hands of them thus preparing him for death—a man in the prime of life, in full health, leaving behind him wife and children!

At length the preparations, which had not occupied more than three or four minutes, were completed, and the chief executioner gently turning the prisoner with his face towards the door, shook his pinioned hands as if asking his forgiveness for the act he was going to perform, and passed hastily out of the room, followed by his

two assistants. The procession was immediately formed, and began to move towards the gallows. First went the Sheriffs and the Undersheriffs; then followed the Ordinary, Mr. Colton, reading the burial service—how I shuddered! The burial-service over a living man—then the criminal, the other religious attendants, and we brought up the rear, I among the foremost.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord," commenced the clear and solemn voice of Mr. Cotton, as the procession began to move slowly along. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth." At this moment, just as we were entering a long dark passage, the dismal tolling of the prison-bell smote my ear and fell upon my heart, and continued, at short intervals, till all was over.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another!"

Here was a pause for about half a minute, which brought us very near the dreaded spot. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out"——Here I lost his voice, for he had passed out of the Debtors' door into the open air, and his solemn voice was drowned in the noise of the crowd, which *we* could not see, shouting "Hats off!—hats off!—there he is!—Ah!——"

The gallows stood at about six feet distance from the spot where I was placed. On it stood the executioner and his assistants, waiting for the prisoner, who following Mr. Cotton, and followed by two ministers, mounted the steep steps unassisted, and walked calmly to the spot from which he was to sink into eternity, suffering the executioner to place him exactly in the drop, and under the chain to which the rope was to be attached. He continued in exactly the same attitude, and with the same expression of countenance, that we had witnessed in the Press-room. The cap was quickly drawn over his head, down to his chin, the rope adjusted round his neck—the steps by which the hangman had mounted to attach the rope to the beam were taken down, and then every one left the gallows but Mr. Cotton and Mr. Baker. The prisoner stood, in these appalling circumstances, as firm as a rock—neither his hands nor knees moved or trembled in the slightest. The executioner took his place at the foot of the gallows, out of the sight of the crowd, and, with his hand upon the lever by which the plank on which the prisoner stood was to be let fall, fixed his eyes upon Mr. Cotton, awaiting the signal. Standing closely opposite to the prisoner, Mr. Cotton resumed, in a distinct deliberate manner, the reading of the burial-service, an awful silence prevailing among the spectators.

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor but of thee, oh, Lord! who for our sins art justly displeased! Yet, O Lord God most holy! O Lord, most mighty! O holy and most merciful Savior! Deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death."

Pegsworth suddenly hung quivering before him in mortal agonies, for he had unperceived by me, given the dreaded signal, and now retired as quickly as possible. Frightful as was the object, my eyes were riveted upon the swaying body with a kind of fascination. After a few convulsive heavings, life seemed extinct; and the murderer had passed into the immediate presence of Him whose decree it is that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. Moreover, ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, who is guilty of death, but he shall surely be put to death: for the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it."

As I had some acquaintance with the reverend Ordinary, he invited me to accompany him to breakfast in the Sheriff's room, at the other extremity of the prison; for, as the courts opened at half-past nine, the Sheriffs and Undersheriffs breakfasted there that morning, in company with the Ordinary and other ministers who had attended Pegsworth, and myself. I perceived that none of us were disposed to eat a hearty breakfast. The evident oppression and faintness of several present procured a supply of

brandy—a glass of which proved, to me at least, a real restorative! The conversation naturally turned upon him whose end we had just witnessed—the victim of Satanic passions, who was at that moment hanging a miserable spectacle before the assembled thousands around Debtors' door. It seems that he had been a pretty regular attendant at the meeting-house of the denomination to which he belonged—I believe, the Independents—and had always borne a good character, particularly as a quiet, mild, and peaceable man. Every body, it was said, that had known any thing of him, thought he would have been one of the last men in the world to commit murder. This set me reflecting upon the impression his countenance had made upon me: when I recollected the sullen cast of his features, and adverted to the account of the brutal ferocity with which his crime was perpetrated, I did not participate in the astonishment I heard expressed by those around me. It was very possible that he might have always appeared a quiet and inoffensive man, and yet he might have been all along, at heart, of a cruel and ferocious disposition; his dull phlegmatic temperament, inaccessible to the ordinary stimulants and excitements to which irritable, mercurial, and vivacious temperaments are liable. This it was—his comparative torpor and insensibility—that secured for him, as it secures for many others, the character which I now heard assigned to him. The moment, however, that his deep-seated passions were appealed to by an adequate stimulus, see what a fiend was manifest! How trivial the provocation, if any even at all: how deliberate the contrivance; how ruthless and diabolical the execution of his fell purpose!

He acknowledged to Mr. Cotton, a day or two before, that he went into Ready's parlor for the purpose of stabbing him; but that, after conversing with his intended victim, his heart failed him; and he was on the point of leaving the room, repenting of the horrid purpose for which he had entered it, when poor unconscious Ready said to him, "And you, Pegsworth, a *religious* man! *you* not pay your just debts?"—"On which," said Pegsworth, "I turned round instantly and stabbed him to the heart. I should never have done it, but for his reproaches on the score of my religion."

For about a fortnight after the perpetration of his crime, he exhibited, as his religious attendants assured me, the most hopeless hardheartedness. "He was like a rock—no making any impression on him, or extracting any expression of compunction, or remorse." His wretched wife, when she first came to visit him, he repulsed, I understand, and told her "to go along home and look after her children." Latterly, however, the near and inevitable approach of death, added to the unceasing exertions of his spiritual advisers, brought him to a better frame of mind. If he did not exhibit that hearty and abundant contrition for his enormous offences which could have been desired, at least he acknowledged his guilt, and fervently besought the pardon and mercy of God, in the ordinances of religion. He clung to his dissenting teacher to the last. The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a letter which, late in the night preceding his execution, he addressed to Mr. Cotton. I copied it myself. His handwriting is perfectly firm, good, and business-like; there is not an instance of bad spelling or bad grammar. Some of the expressions are singular and significant:—

"*Monday Evening, March 6th*, 1837.

"Rev. Sir,

"I address these lines to you, to thank you for kindness to me during my confinement in Newgate, and for your kindness in giving me my choice of a minister; believe me, rev. sir, it was not in any religious scruples that I preferred Mr. Kelley—it was because I had known him some time; had I known you as well as I do now, I should have been perfectly satisfied with your ministry. I feel particularly obliged to you for your anxiety for my soul, and the kind admonitions you daily offered me; and I trust, thro' the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the merits of my Redeemer, I may be introduced into the Kingdom of God, clothed in the robes of Christ's righteousness, where God will wipe away all tears from my eyes. Hoping that God will support me to the last, and that he will abundantly crown your labors—I remain, rev. sir, your obliged servant and penitent sinner,

"Jno. Pegsworth.

"The Rev. Mr. Cotton, Newgate."

He went to bed on Monday night

at eleven o'clock, desiring that he might be called at four; but his attendants, finding him sleeping very deeply, suffered him to sleep on till five, when they awoke him, and he calmly dressed himself, and immediately entered upon his religious duties. At seven o'clock he ate a pretty hearty breakfast! I cannot account for the latter of these two circumstances. Both of them almost invariably take place; and the former may be explained by the utter and extreme exhaustion both of mind and body, which are unable to resist the influence of sleep. Though the mental suffering he had experienced ever since the perpetration of his crime, and during a period of nearly two months, must have been great, yet even when close confinement was added, it did not make any alteration in his health or appearance. He looked as stout and healthy at the moment of being led to the gallows as when he was first taken into custody. Surely there are not many of us who would not, in half the time, have been worn to a skeleton, and reduced to the last state of mental exhaustion!

I forgot to mention that he passed, in his progress to the gallows, over the very spot where his remains were, on the Wednesday, interred at midnight —by torchlight, next to those of Thistlewood and Brunt, in one of the passages of the prison.

About nine o'clock the City Marshal intimated that it was time for the Sheriffs to go and order the body to be cut down. We all accompanied them. Exactly as the clock of St. Sepulchre struck nine, the hangman ascended the gallows—his appearance proving the signal for shouting from the crowd, who uttered many coarse and insulting expressions concerning him, and placing the steps behind the drop, he ordered his two assistants, who were beneath, to receive the body; then placing his left arm round it, with a clasp-knife he severed the cords that bound the wrists and arms, and the rope by which he was suspended. The body was then laid on a plank, and brought immediately into a room within the prison. When the cap was removed, very little distortion of the features was visible; they were very sallow, and bedewed with a cold sweat, especially about the upper lip. He was quite cold. Two men immediately removed his coat and waistcoat, and began to cut off his hair—I believe, in order to make preparations for Mr. Deville, a plaster-cast man, in the Strand, to take a cast of his countenance. Those who now saw the features—which, as I have already stated, were very nearly in a state of repose—on deliberately examining them, agreed with me that they evinced a sullen and ferocious disposition, as far as any reliance may be placed upon physiognomy. I felt his arms and legs, and found them very muscular. A few minutes afterwards I left the dreary spot—and, thanking the authorities for the polite attentions I had received, quitted the regions of the Old Bailey, glad to find myself again amid the active scenes of life, with the faces of my friends and family about me. I do not think I shall, even if the opportunity be afforded, ever again attempt to witness such a scene. I am not sorry that I have once observed it, and enabled myself to bear testimony to the solemnity, the decency, the feeling, with which the dread sentence of the laws is carried into effect. I can conceive no scene more tremendous than that which I have here attempted to describe. It is true that the main part of it is restricted to the privileged few who, like myself, were admitted within the prison: but even that portion of it which is witnessed by the public is awful enough to produce salutary effects upon the observer. Undoubtedly crowds at executions have been generally and correctly described as noisy and heartless—evincing little emotion, either of fear or pity: This may be the case with the bulk of the desperate wretches who congregate upon such an occasion, and yet afford no sufficient justification of the opinion of those who assert that capital punishment, and the public infliction of it, is ineffectual in deterring others from incurring the like penalties. We see with disgust the insolent hardihood of a few swaggering ruffians: we cannot penetrate into their bosom,—or we *might* see a heart shrunk with horror; and, above all, let us reflect how many that are not witnesses of the execution, but know it is going on, may be quailing in their guilty haunts, and deterred from the further prevention of crime.

Believe me ever, dear Sir Christopher, yours very sincerely,

W.

NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

At first sight it seems not a little curious that a work which contains so much that is characteristic, and in many respects quite new, respecting Napoleon, should not have excited attention in France, and accordingly that it should only be now, four years after date, that the book should be presented to us for acceptance. But on rising from its perusal, we readily discover the reason of this affected indifference of the French—for affected it must be—to a work so full of important and characteristic details of their quondam sovereign. The truth is, it does *not* give a favorable impression of Bonaparte, though there is abundant internal evidence that the statements are strictly true, even without the assurance we have on this score from the high character of M. Pelet.

The French would rather not see the character of their idol lowered—and the more faithful any book is which has this effect, the less favor it is likely to meet with at their hands. And this is quite natural—for it is surely less galling to think that we have been tyrannized over by a great tyrant than by a little one; and if it shall appear that Napoleon, with all his talents, was not only shabby, but often shallow, always selfish, and frequently foolish and ignorant, and that in no one respect, save that of military capacity, did he evince any true greatness—the evidence tells sadly against those who so long submitted servilely to his despotism. But as we have nothing, fortunately, to do with this, excepting in the shape of example, we ought not to allow any past predilections, arising out of Bonaparte's military renown, to interfere with national lessons so important as these pages include. It is of no small consequence, for instance, to the people of England, to whom tyranny and oppression are known only by name, to be made aware, by facts in detail, what these terms mean, and how they might be applied to themselves. Bonaparte, it has been repeated a thousand times—as if it were a positive merit!—was not what is called cruel; that is, he did not, like some of the Roman emperors, take a fiendish delight in witnessing the sufferings of others; but his selfish ambition, and the total want of consideration for the rights and feelings of others, led him to commit acts in the highest degree tyrannical and cruel in their effects. Of this description may be reckoned his insulting decree of the 6th April, 1810 (see page 154), issued in a time of peace—requiring every person born in France, or in any of the countries conquered by his armies, and who were either employed or pensioned by Austria, instantly to return to France upon pain of death and confiscation of their property—though their right to live where they pleased had been solemnly guaranteed to them by treaties which Napoleon himself had negotiated! His wanton and almost barbarous detention of the English travellers at the breaking out of hostilities; and still more, the obstacles which, with a coldness and hardness of heart quite unworthy of a soldier, he threw in the way of an exchange of prisoners taken in war—and many other similar traits, are too well known to require comment.

But what we would call attention to just now, are the innumerable small touches contained in this volume indicative of the same kind of tyranny, and very useful, we conceive, as a corrective to the injudicious admiration of those persons amongst us who, without any real cause, fret themselves into discontent with their own political lot—and, knowing little or nothing of the lot of other countries, or the intense misery of revolutions, are eager for changes at home, without once dreaming of the possible consequences.

France, it may be well to remember, was for a long period entirely blocked up, and shut out, as it were, from all

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Napoleon in Council; or the Opinions expressed by Bonaparte in the Council of State. By Baron Pelet (de la Lozere), Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and late Minister of Public Instruction. Translated by Captain Basil Hall, R. N. Edinburgh: Robert Cadell. 1837.

intercourse with this country—partly by the ordinary operations of a war vigorously pursued, and partly by the instrumentality of Bonaparte's own insane "Continental system," by which he committed the most complete act of political suicide ever monarch was guilty of. The consequence was, that it became next to impossible to obtain correct information at the time, even on affairs of the highest importance—and with respect to the less obvious, though perhaps not less important springs of action, they were totally hid from our view. Many of these things are now oozing out, drop by drop, from authentic sources; and we consider this book as one of the most valuable contributions in this way, which the overboiling of the revolutionary pot has tossed out to us.

Even, however, supposing that many of the historical and other circumstances here related may have been already more or less known to us, it is not a little instructive, and often very interesting, to learn what are the opinions of an intelligent native, living on the very spot, as to the actual workings of many circumstances, the operation of which we have been in the habit of taking it for granted we were well acquainted with.

In viewing, as we happily do in this country, the regulated movements of a long-established government, we are apt to forget how much of the form is merely conventional, and the artificial work of man. We insensibly let ourselves suppose that the machinery we see in action is regulated by the immutable laws of nature, whereas, after all, we know but little of the secret springs and the original adaptations of one part to another which enable the machine of civil society to go on. The satire of Swift had for its object to show the real state of the case, by dissecting the various parts of the body politic, and exposing their mutual connection. But perhaps the same purpose is fully as well answered by the exposure here given of the real workings of the machinery by which a new system of government was actually got up—some parts being fully as ludicrous as any thing which Captain Lemuel Gulliver records of Lilliput! Chapter X., which gives the discussions respecting the coronation, is of this character, and it is quite clear that Bonaparte himself is at times abundantly sensible of the ridicule of the whole transaction. One of the questions, for example, which were sharply discussed in the Council of State, was the choice of a spot in which the coronation should take place. As some of the members were for Notre Dame, some for the Church of the Invalids, and some for the Champ de Mars, it is exceedingly droll to observe the Lilliputian sort of style in which these different localities were recommended; nor is it less so to see how Napoleon overturns, like so many nine-pins, the trashy arguments of his straw-stuffed counsellors.

"'The Champ de Mars,' said he, 'has been thought of from an association with the confederation,* but the times are greatly changed since then. The people were the sovereigns in those times, and every thing was required to be done before them—let us take care not to put it into their heads that it is always to be so. The people nowadays are represented by the lawful authorities. Besides which I cannot admit that the people of Paris, still less the people of France, are made up of the twenty or thirty thousand ragamuffins, who would take possession of the Champ de Mars on such an occasion. In such a mass I recognise nothing but the stupid and vicious population of a great city. The true people of France are the presidents of the cantons, and the presidents of the electoral colleges; not forgetting the army, in the ranks of which will be found soldiers from every canton of the empire.'

"'Only fancy,' he continued, 'the effect which would be produced by exposing the Emperor and his family in their imperial robes, to the inclemency of the weather, and covered with mud, dust, and rain! What fine fun would not all this be for the Parisians, who delight in turning every thing into ridicule, and who are accustomed to see Cheron at the Opera, and Talma at the Theatre Francais, play the Emperor a vast deal better than ever I can do!

"'It has been proposed to have the ceremony in the Church of the Invalids, on account of the warlike associations connected with that institution, but the cathedral of

* On the 14th July, 1790, when Louis XVI., the National Assembly, and the Deputies from all the Departments of France, were assembled to swear to the Constitution. *Trans.*

Notre Dame will answer better. It is more vast in space; and it, too, has associations which speak still more forcibly to the imagination, so that the whole ceremony will be rendered more solemn in that place than any where else.'

"One of the members of the Council of State still insisted that the 'Invalids' was the best place.

"'That church,' said the noodle, 'is less under the dominion of the clergy, because it is not a parish church, and for that reason it ought to be fixed upon. Besides, the ceremony is not purely a religious one, but rather of a political nature. Notre Dame, on the contrary, will recall to the minds of the clergy those days in which they used to bestow crowns as well as to take them away. That cathedral is strictly diocesan; the Church of the Invalids, on the contrary, belongs to France, and, therefore, is every way more fitting for a national ceremony. The access to the Invalids is easy and spacious; that of Notre Dame so narrow and incommodious, that it would be difficult to preserve order and avoid danger.'

"'These motives,' replied the Emperor, 'are quite frivolous. To maintain order is a simple affair of the police; and for such a trifle it is not worth while to mortify the clergy, and relinquish a place otherwise suitable. The cathedral possesses a solemn character, worthy of a ceremony in a certain sense divine. It is, moreover, consecrated by long tradition to this use; and as for the procession, it will not be so numerous as people might suppose. There will be merely the public functionaries, pointed out by the Senatus Consultum of the 28th of Floreal (18th May, 1804), that is to say, the presidents of the different cantons, the mayors of the great towns, the presidents of the electoral colleges, and the presidents of the tribunals. There will also be a deputation from the national guard of each department, and a deputation from each corps of the army, as well as from the navy; to each of which I shall give a flag. I do not choose to have any deputations from the headquarters of the military divisions, for that would be to admit in political matters another set of territorial boundaries besides that of the departments, and thus to suggest the re-establishment of the old provinces.'

"The next question discussed, related to the substitute which should be chosen in place of the Republican cock on the State Seal. One member proposed an elephant, another a lion couchant, with this legend,—'*Inoffensus quiescit.*' Napoleon, however, preferred the eagle, suggested by the director of the museum, and already associated in all men's minds as an inseparable emblem of the imperial power."—P. 103.

The effect produced on the minds of the Parisians by the transition from a Republic to a monarchy is very well described by M. Pelet in the 7th Chapter; but we have been most amused with the mechanical manner in which the etiquettes of the new court were put together—just as a manufacturer of cotton goods at Manchester, having built his works, and got his spinning-jennies into their places, would send to Messrs. Boulton and Watt for a steam-engine.

"Of course, the usual allowance of good things were uttered in the 'Salons,' upon the new-fangled titles of Excellency and Highness, as applied to certain personages. Epigrams and bon-mots flew about, and some few caricatures were circulated furtively. An occasional allusion also was ventured on the stage, but no serious resistance was offered anywhere. So that, in the course of a few days, the court was as much in fashion as it could have been in the times of Louis XV. or Louis XVI.!

"As it was fitting, however, to organize these matters on a proper footing, innumerable tomes were drawn out of their dusty repose from the royal library, to be consulted on this momentous occasion. A solemn old gentleman, formerly one of the King's pages, was summoned from the country to expound the traditions of Versailles. His appearance in the salons of the Tuileries was quite an event; for, except on the stage, such a personage, powdered and frizzled, had not been seen for many years. With an air of the most pompous frivolity, this oracle of the old court unfolded the secrets of bygone ages, and reclasped the links in the broken chain of time. By his means, the forgotten laws of court etiquette were revived, and a volume as large as the 'code civil' was concocted forthwith. Chamberlains and equeries were speedily nominated, as well as a grand master of the ceremonies, and a grand huntsman. Each person was instructed in the place he had to fill in the long suite of halls of the palace. Every functionary, at every stage of rank, wore his distinctive costume. Napoleon himself regulated the dress of the Empress, and even made her exhibit before him!"—P. 81.

We are, however, getting on a little too fast, and it is fitting we should give some account of the work before making further extracts.

It may be said to be divided into three parts. The first consists of a short prefatory sketch of the construction of the Council of State, its objects

and duties, and the share which Bonaparte took in its deliberations.

The next portion of the work, which occupies fifteen very short chapters, consists of a number of lively pictures of some of the most important historical results of the day in which Bonaparte took a prominent part, from the expedition to Egypt to the invasion of France by the Allies. These notices bear strong internal evidence of that fidelity which belongs to sketches done on the spot, under the eye of a person well informed upon all the topics, and personally familiar with some of the most interesting of the series. To these we shall presently advert, in order to show how frequently Napoleon appears in them in his proper person.

The remaining portion of the work is occupied with discussions in the Council of State, and here we have the actual words spoken by Napoleon himself. This part consists of seventeen chapters, also most agreeably short, in which an immense variety of topics are touched upon, not in a hasty or careless manner, but in that sketchy or "touch and go" style which, on subjects so hackneyed, is almost the only one to be tolerated nowadays. We shall take a hint from our author, and without exhausting any thing, endeavor to give such an account of his book as may leave a just impression of its contents on the minds of our readers.

M. Pelet, in his preface, alludes to the multitude of writings, of all sorts and sizes, with which we have been inundated about Napoleon, and he remarks with truth, that by far the greater part of these make us acquainted with him merely in his capacity of a general. We have, it is true, a most interesting account of the share taken by Bonaparte in the formation of those celebrated codes, which are still in use in France. But the learned person to whom we are indebted for this report, laid down his pen whenever the discussion wandered from the topic in hand, and he resumed it only when Napoleon returned to the consideration of the code. M. Pelet says,

"The St. Helena memorials, it is true, report his conversation on all sorts of subjects; but it must be recollected, that, though still alive, he had virtually become a member of posterity. He exhibited himself, therefore, as it were historically, in the manner he wished to appear in future times; and as it was clearly under this impression that he dictated his memoirs, it is impossible not to distrust the sincerity of his opinions.

"There is, I believe, only one writer, a distinguished member of the Council of State,* who has published the opinions of Napoleon as he actually gave them utterance in the Council, at the very moment of action, and while the business to which they related was going on. But that author ceased to be a member of the Council of State in 1803, and could not therefore continue his notes.

"My purpose is to continue the work just alluded to, first, by help of memorandums, made up to 1806 by a hand in which I have perfect confidence, and afterwards by means of those taken by myself.

"At the enthusiastic age at which I became a member of the Council of State (the author was then only nineteen years old!) I watched with avidity every word Napoleon let fall, and, as I recorded them at the moment, in the expectation of their proving of interest to posterity, I often thought how much we should now give to have such notices of Alexander the Great or of Julius Cæsar! Posterity, indeed, in the case of Bonaparte, has come much sooner than I had expected; and I venture to present it with a document which will aid essentially in estimating the character of one of the most extraordinary men who has ever appeared on earth, and whose catastrophe and melancholy end have placed their seal on what was wonderful in his history.

"The observations of Napoleon, contained in the first part of this work, are reported in connection with the narrative of the events to which they refer; but those in the second part consist exclusively of discussions which took place in the Council of State, all which will be found classed under the respective heads descriptive of the matters discussed." —P. 2.

Napoleon, it appears, took the greatest pains in the formation of his Council, as it afforded him the only check on the errors or incapacity of his ministers. The despot, no doubt, pulled the strings by which the personages forming what was facetiously called the Government, were put in motion; and it is pleasant to have

* Mons. Thibaudeau, author of a work called "Memoires sur le Consulat," published in Paris in 1827, in 1 vol. 8vo. P.

such a peep as this book affords of the manner in which the director of the show fixed his pullies and arranged his wires, so as to be as little apparent to the spectators as might be. But it was still a point of the greatest consequence to Bonaparte to have the cleverest assistants, stage-managers, actors, orchestra, and so forth, in order to his being able to carry off the piece with any eclat.

"He called to his assistance, accordingly, all the best qualified persons he could find in every department of government, and wherever he could lay his hands upon them. In this manner, Merlin and Portalis were selected to assist in the business of legislation —Fourcroy and Chaptal in science—Fleurieu in naval affairs, and Gouvion Saint-Cyr in those relating to military matters. Besides these, there were many others whose names are well known to the world. Having formed his Council, he divided it into sections, to each of which he referred the various projects proposed to him by his ministers to be separately considered. The same matters were afterwards discussed by the assembled Council, and generally in his presence.

"The moment a new province was added to the empire, he sought out the cleverest men with whom to enrich his Council. For example, Genoa supplied him with Corvetto, who became afterwards one of the ministers of Louis XVIII. Corsini came from Florence, Saint-Marsan from Turin, and Appelius from Holland. All these were men so remarkable for talents, that, after the downfall of the empire, and their return home, they were appointed to high stations by their own sovereigns, in spite of any prejudices which their having served in France might have created against them."—P. 5.

We have then an account of the manner in which the Council did business, and of the prominent share Bonaparte took in the discussions. Business, however, appears to have proceeded but slowly when he presided, in consequence of the long digressions into which it was his imperial will and pleasure to wander. But he appears to have encouraged his counsellors to speak out; and he utterly banished all the eloquence and flourish of the tribune, and would permit nothing but facts and sense, delivered in the simplest style. "There was no method," says M. Pelet, "in that place, of concealing the want of ideas under the profusion of words; what was required was substantial matter, and a mind stored with facts." He adds—

"It is needless to give in detail the functions of the Council of State, as the enumeration would be tedious. It may suffice to mention, that they embraced every thing relating to the interior legislation of the country. And here it is only fair to the Council to remark, that if Napoleon's faults referred chiefly to his foreign politics, and that his internal administration, generally speaking, was not only judicious, but, taken along with his codes, formed the most creditable and the most lasting portion of his reign, it must be admitted that a considerable portion of this merit belongs to the Council of State; and, accordingly, that body, which formed the only remaining guarantee in the country against an unlimited despotism, has deserved well of France."—P. 15.

M. Pelet has generally observed a very gentlemanlike discretion in speaking of his former master, and, without compromising his own principles, generally avoids giving his own opinion either upon the actions or the sentiments expressed by Napoleon. He is aware, however, that, under all the circumstances, he will be expected to give the result of his observations on the extraordinary person whose character it is the purpose of his book to elucidate. The following passage, we are sure, will be read with interest, not only from the calmness and absence of party asperity with which it is written, but from the intrinsic value which belongs to the testimony of an eyewitness of unimpeachable probity, who has enjoyed the highest advantages which station, talents, and habits of business can confer:

"'It may be asked,' says M. Pelet, 'What impression will be produced on the reader's mind by the documents I here lay before him? What opinion will be formed of Napoleon and his system of administration by the observations made by him in the Council of State?' The reply is, that unquestionably the same opinion which the public have already formed will be thereby confirmed. They will recognise in Napoleon's character a mixture of impetuosity and trickery, half French half Italian, but in which impetuosity predominated; while it was modified by such a decided bearing towards absolute power, that it could not fail, on the one hand, to deaden all the internal energies of his country, and, on the other, eventually to rouse foreign nations into resistance.—P. 17. * * * * * "Fortune, however, did not choose that the system should exist so long as himself, for, unlike Alexander and Cæsar, he outlived his power and his conquests. He lived to see France torn by internal dissensions

which had been checked by his appearance, but which burst forth the moment he was off the field, and with all the more violence in consequence of his having—to serve his own ends—fomented the passions upon which turbulence is fed.

"He stimulated the ambition of every class of the community, by the distribution of an immense number of employments, promotions and honorary distinctions, and thus set agoing an immoderate love of excitement, with a feverish desire of change; and he kept up these propensities by the daily exhibition of kings dethroned and dynasties overturned. Finally, he rendered the task of his successors an exceedingly difficult one for a long time to come. For a nation familiarized with wars and conquests cannot readily subside into peaceful habits. She recalls only the glory, and takes no count of its cost; she feels, as it were, humiliated, from ceasing to humiliate others, and her restless energies finding no employment abroad, naturally seek for vent in domestic commotions.

"Napoleon, looking down from the vast height which he had reached, thought the rest of mankind smaller than they really were; and this was the cause of his downfall. He raised up against himself, by the mere abuse of power, not only sovereigns and whole populations, but even his own country, in which he had nurtured the most dangerous enemies.

"It is not a little strange, that while conquerors will go every length for glory, and do anything to gain the public applause, there should lie a thorough contempt of mankind at the bottom of their hearts. It may happen that too good an opinion of the world will prove occasionally fatal to the head of a government, while too low an opinion may become equally destructive to his authority.

"The true glory of Napoleon consists in his having suppressed anarchy, in having rallied round him all parties in the state, in having organised such a powerful administration, that France, during fifteen years, submitted to the guidance of his powerful hand, as if the whole nation had been but one man; in giving his country a code of civil laws more perfect than any which it had possessed before; and in being laborious, indefatigable, and unceasingly occupied with the cares of government.

"What might not Napoleon have affected, with all these great qualities, had he employed them for the purpose of governing France in peace, and in studying to bestow upon her a constitution and a state of manners calculated to prevent the recurrence of fresh political tempests!"—Pp. 18–20.

We shall run hastily over the historical parts of this work, and select, without much regard to dates, or even to the order of importance, such passages as contribute to elucidate Bonaparte's character. It will be observed, that while in some of his remarks he shows great shrewdness, in others, he displays an extraordinary degree of flatness and poverty of conception. But it may be remarked, generally, that egotism and selfishness invariably predominate, and that we search in vain for a single generous sentiment, or even a strong expression, which has not for its object the advancement of his own personal ambition. He thinks, speaks, and acts solely for himself; and though he works with the most indefatigable industry in the public service, his exertions have all a direct and avowed, eventual, bearing on himself, and his own interests, or what he miscalled his glory.

Upon one occasion when his Senate, in a fit of forgetfulness of their true position, as his tools, had presumed to dream of extending their own attributes, Napoleon breaks out in a violent tirade against these functionaries. "The senators," he exclaims, "wish to be legislators, electors, and judges, all in one! But such a union of powers is monstrous. They affect, forsooth, to consider themselves as the guardians of the liberties of the country—but what better guardian can they have than the prince? Besides," adds Bonaparte, with sarcastic bitterness of a despot confident of his strength, "should he choose to attack them, who can make head against them?"

"These pretensions," continues the Emperor, "of the Senate, are merely old recollections of the English constitution; but no two things can be more dissimilar than France and England. The Frenchman lives under a clear sky, drinks a brisk and joyous wine, and lives on food which keeps his senses in constant activity. Your Englishman, on the other hand, dwells on a damp soil, under a sun which is almost cold, swills beer or porter, and demolishes a quantity of butter and cheese (consomme beaucoup de laitages.) Accordingly, the blood of the people not being composed of the same elements, their characters are unlike. The Frenchman is vain, giddy, bold, and, above all things on earth, fond of equality; and thus we have seen them at all periods of their history declaring war against the distinctions of rank and fortune. The other, the Englishman, is rather proud than vain; he is

naturally grave, and does not trouble himself with petty distinctions, but attacks serious abuses. He is far more solicitous to maintain his own rights than to invade those of others. An Englishman is at once haughty and humble, independent and submissive. What folly, then, to dream of giving the same institutions to two such different people! Moreover, I should like to ask who is to protect the French Chambers against a prince who has at his disposal an army of 400,000 men, whom the geographical situation of the country renders it always necessary should be kept on foot.—P. 75.

Our author, it appears, married the daughter of M. Otto, who, it will be remembered, negotiated the preliminaries of the treaty of Amiens, and by this connection he came into the possession of much information relating to those parts of Napoleon's foreign diplomacy, in which M. Otto took a share. We particularly call attention to the private instructions with which that able negotiator was furnished on his proceeding to England, ostensibly as agent for the prisoners of war, but in reality to sound the English Government on the subject of peace—and if necessary to act as minister, should he find a good opportunity. Chapter II. contains these instructions, and gives a strange picture of Bonaparte's sensitiveness to the attacks of the English newspapers. The great little man was so much discomposed by these troublesome gentry of the press (whose cat-o'-nine-tails has made even stronger men than Bonaparte wince!) that he actually ordered M. Otto to return; and had not the judicious diplomatist succeeded in soothing his irritated master, the peace might never have taken place.—P. 30.

This, indeed, seems to have been a never-ending source of annoyance to Napoleon, even in the midst of the gravest discussions respecting the terms of the peace.

"He found still greater fault with the manner in which he was abused in the English papers and in Parliament, declaring that the peace had brought about no change in the language of either. And he went so far as to declare publicly to the English ambassador, that if these attacks were not put a stop to, he would cross the Channel with 400,000 men, and demand satisfaction at the point of the bayonet!"—P. 36.

Nothing certainly could be more unworthy of a statesman than the whole of Bonaparte's behavior on these occasions. At a later period, that is to say, after his fortunes began to wane, and when he was glad to obtain the mediation of Austria in his attempts to make terms with England, instead of acting with dignity and reserve, he seems to have given way most absurdly to his temper. The following rap he gets over the knuckles from M. Metternich (one of the most sagacious statesmen in Europe) for his folly on this occasion, is one of the neatest things in this amusing book.

"While Napoleon was pretending, by this trivial concession, that he was desirous of peace, he published, in the journals of Paris, the most virulent articles against the English Government, in reply to the attacks launched against him by the London newspapers. M. Metternich complained warmly to the French ambassador of the injury which these articles would do to the negotiations on foot for bringing about the peace.

"'The language held by the English journals,' judiciously observed Metternich, 'ought to form no rule for those of Paris. In England, where the press is free by the constitution, and where even the Government are exposed to its attacks, it is out of the question making the Ministry responsible for the opinions which the papers are in the habit of expressing as to the proceedings of foreign cabinets. In France, on the contrary, nothing appears without the authority of Government, or rather, every thing relating to politics which does appear is composed under its orders. While Napoleon, therefore, ought to despise the calumnies of the English newspapers, it is not to be supposed that the English Government can look upon those of Paris with the same indifference, being fully authorised to look into them for the sentiments of the Emperor of the French.'

"All this, which was now urged by M. Metternich, had already been brought to Napoleon's notice by M. Otto, his ambassador in Vienna, but without producing any effect, as Napoleon refused to allow the force of a distinction which left him open to the attacks of his enemies, while it denied him the right of replying."—P. 177.

We skip the account of the preparations for invading England, in Chapter IV., and also that which follows on the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. A couple of sentences, however, we must extract, from a long rigmarole speech of Napoleon's to the Council of State, in which he betrays the great uneasiness he felt in consequence of

the manner in which the aforesaid murder was received in Paris:

"'The population of Paris,' says he, 'is a collection of blockheads (un ramas de badauds) who believe the most absurd reports.

"'If I had chosen to do so, I might have put the Duke d'Enghien to death publicly,—and, if I did not, it was not from any fear of the consequences—it was in order to prevent the secret partisans of that family from exposing themselves, and thus being ruined. They are now quiet—and it is all I ask of them. I don't investigate the hearts of men to discover their secret sorrows. No complaints have been laid before me against the emigrants included in the amnesty—they were counted as nothing in this conspiracy.—It was not with them that Georges or the Polignacs found refuge—but with the women of the town and other reprobates of Paris.'"—P. 47.

"Napoleon frequently interrupted himself while running on in this way; for he evidently felt the necessity of making out a justification, but was puzzled what to say, and hence the vagueness of his expressions, and their want of coherence when touching on the main fact. After he had ceased speaking, no one else said a word; and this silence was abundantly significant. He then immediately left the room, and the meeting broke up; for our thoughts were too deeply fixed on this one topic to be able to attend to ordinary affairs."—P. 49.

He seems to have had a mortal hatred to lawyers.

"Napoleon complained bitterly of the conduct of the lawyers of Paris. 'One of these gentlemen,' said he, 'had the temerity, during the trial of Moreau, to pronounce a public eulogium on the Count d'Artois; and another, who was engaged to go to Lyons to defend a man who had killed a gen-d'arme employed to arrest him, actually preached up the doctrine of resistance to authority! These lawyers are ever ready,' he continued, 'to intermeddle with political affairs—they attack, on all occasions, the law of divorce—and that of the national property. It is thus that they sap all foundations of government. I shall forbid their pleading any where out of Paris without permission from the grand judge—and that shall be granted only to those who will not make a bad use of it. If that is not found to answer, I shall find still more effectual means of managing them."—P. 88.

The most important Chapter in this volume, in a historical point of view, is certainly the eleventh, which gives an account of the rise, progress, termination, and consequences of the fatal campaign of Austerlitz. M. Pelet, from his connection with M. Otto, who was then French Minister at the Court of Bavaria, has been enabled to furnish us, not only with a series of exceeding curious original and hitherto unpublished letters of Bonaparte, struck off in all the ardor of pursuit, when he was preparing, or rather when he was in the very act of pouncing on his prey—the unfortunate Emperor of Austria, afterwards the still more unfortunate father-in-law to this merciless "three-tailed bashaw!"

The causes of the war are pointed out with singular clearness, as well as the address of the French Minister at Munich in managing the distracted Elector of Bavaria. In taking upon himself afterwards—in the genuine spirit of a great officer—to order two corps of the French army to march instantly to the scene of action, and without waiting for Napoleon's sanction, albeit these forced marches were made across a neutral territory, M. Otto showed himself well worthy of the confidence reposed in him by his master. The letters of Napoleon to M. Otto here given are ten in number, and are dated from the 14th of September to the 24th October, 1805; and we think the translator has judged well in transferring these singular documents from the appendix to the body of the work. A fac-simile of one of these, we are glad to see, is given for the amusement of those who are curious in handwriting.

The Chapter (XIII.) on Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa will amuse every class of readers, for it relates to all sorts of things, from those momentous negotiations by which the fate of empires was sealed, solemn marriages dissolved, and national feelings highly excited, to the minutest arrangements of a lady's household, and the details of her journey regulated by impartial mandates. In the original the minor details are buried in the appendix, but the translator has given them, as he would express it, "a berth in the text," under an impression, we suppose, that even these trivial matters help to throw light on Bonaparte's character—a different light, indeed, from what is cast by the more glaring incidents of this great adventurer's career, but not a whit less true.

In this Chapter, where indeed one might least have expected it, we

meet with a precious sample of Bonaparte's brutality. After having conquered the kingdom of Austria, reduced the Monarch to the lowest state of degradation, and with the point of his sword having forked out for himself an archduchess for a wife, to the grief and indignation of the people, he might have been content, we think, to have left the unhappy Austrians alone. Not a bit! Such forbearance was not in his nature. He went on adding insult to injury, and, under his directions, of course, "the newspapers of Paris," M. Pelet tells us, "were filled with the most offensive articles against persons of the highest consideration in the Court of Vienna."—P. 154. In vain Metternich remonstrated—in vain the French minister (M. Otto) represented to his Master the impolicy of pressing Austria too hard. The only result was fresh injuries and insults! Let those who are shocked on hearing Bonaparte called a tyrant, ponder well the following passages;—

"The Emperor of Austria felt still more deeply hurt by Napoleon's decree of the 6th of April, requiring every person, born in France, or in the countries conquered by France, and who were either employed or pensioned by Austria, instantly to return to France, upon pain of death and confiscation of their property. This decree was aimed at a great number of military officers as well as civilians in the service of Austria. Some of these persons had quitted France before the Revolution, with the King's consent, while others had established themselves in Austria at the period of the emigration. Napoleon even extended his decree to persons born in Belgium, and who had entered the service of Austria before that country had been united to France, and when the Emperor of Austria was their legitimate sovereign!

"The treaty of Campo Formio (17th October, 1797), which united Belgium to France, had formally guaranteed to these individuals the right of making their election between France and Austria; and they had chosen Austria. Nevertheless, it was declared that this right of choice was annulled by secret articles in subsequent treaties, which gave to France the right of recalling those officers born in the departments united to her. The Emperor of Austria was thus called upon to relinquish the services of many very distinguished men, employed not only in the army, but in the civil service of his country. He was likewise required to send back between five and six thousand soldiers, born in the departments which had been united to France, and dispersed through the different corps of the army.

"This decree caused a shout of indignation at Vienna. 'Behold!' cried the inhabitants, 'the precious fruits of the family alliance! In a time of profound peace, Austria is required to do that which it would be unreasonable to demand of her even in time of war. The Emperor is to be forced to give up his most faithful counsellors, and to dismiss a host of men whose services are indispensable to him. These persons must abandon a country which has become their home, and relinquish employments which support them and their families, to return, against their will, to places in which they are strangers, and where they have no means of earning a livelihood! They will be reduced to the alternative of dying of hunger, or of begging their bread from the very government which has brought these miseries upon them. Is this the manner to cherish a good understanding with a friendly nation?'"—P. 155.

This is pretty sharp work! But the heartless despot was not satisfied with recalling those persons born within the territory of France, he wantonly extended his cruel mandate to those countries which had no other connection with France, than having just had the honor and glory of being trodden under foot by her troops!

"The severity of this decree did not only press on those persons who had been born within the limits of the French empire. The Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine zealously followed up the example of their chief. A great many of the Austrian functionaries, both civil and military, had been born in Bavaria or in Wirtemberg; and all these were ordered to return."—P. 156.

Meanwhile, to the astonishment of all Europe (Napoleon, we presume, inclusive), one of our hero's own flesh and blood, exhausted with the intolerable weight of his kinsman's rule, fairly ran rusty, and having abdicated his little coveted throne, took refuge in Austria! The letter of the ex-King Louis to M. Otto, the French ambassador at Vienna, which is given at page 159, is as capital a specimen of the "get-off" as we remember to have seen.

We regret exceedingly to learn that M. Otto's papers, with the exception of a few fragments, were destroyed by the foreign troops who plundered his

country-house in 1814.—(P. 17.) Had it not been for this, we might have been let still more deeply into the secret history of those times when Bonaparte ruled the Continent literally with a rod of iron.

Napoleon tried in vain to make a good boy of his brother, the ex-King of Holland, who, however, resisted with the most admired pertinacity all attempts to seduce him out of his snug quarters; and we suppose Napoleon was deterred from carrying matters to extremities, only by some small remaining trace, not of shame, but of prudence. So he left Louis to the enjoyment of his "raisin skin bath" at Marbourg, while he carried on the war elsewhere.

We have already given some extracts from the 15th chapter, which gives a hurried sketch of the fatal war with Russia, but we must make one more extract, which not only exhibits Napoleon in a pet, but represents him acting in the spirit of that childish humor.

After he had been beaten back from Russia, and was in some degree pommelled into reason, he condescended to listen to the offer of Austria to act as mediator. He required that an Austrian ambassador should be sent to Paris in place of Prince Schwartzenberg, who was absent with the army. Two perfectly competent diplomatic characters were mentioned to him for this service, but few people will guess why he refused to receive them. Their names did not please him!

"The Count of Bellegarde and M. Stadion were proposed for this purpose, as the only disposable men, in their rank, at least of sufficient capacity in these difficult circumstances. Napoleon objected to the nomination of either of these statesmen, not only because they were both looked upon as enemies to France, but because the appointment as ambassador from Austria of a person with the French name of Bellegarde, might seem rather insulting, after the decree which recalled every Frenchman from foreign service. The fact of M. Bellegarde having been born in Saxony made no difference; and at last M. de Vincent was named—though born in Lorraine!" —P. 175.

The truth is, poor Bony was like a spoiled child sorely pressed by his doctors to take physic he abominated. Take it quietly he would not, and therefore force became necessary. He struggled long, and cried lustily, but at last the dose was exhibited, as it is technically called, and the first part of Mons. Pelet's book ends with these words.

"At length, even Austria declared herself against him, and Napoleon, weakened by so many battles, could no longer resist this formidable coalition. The retreat from Dresden and Leipsic renewed the disasters of the retreat from Moscow. The allies passed the Rhine on the 1st of January, 1814, and spread themselves like a torrent over the fair provinces of France. The nation, tired of war, and so long weighed down by absolute power, stood, almost without exception, inactive spectators of the struggle. Napoleon in vain employed his multifarious resources in the art of war to arrest his numerous enemies. In spite of all his exertions to block up the way which led to the capital with the fragments of his army, the allies arrived there before him. His throne was overturned, and France, occupied on every side by the hostile armies of Europe, expiated most bitterly the intoxication of twenty years of victory!"—P. 181.

In Part the Second we see Napoleon in Council, laying down the law quite as imperiously as in his camp. He seems to have wished to derive the double advantages of the unity of despotism, and the expansion of freedom —but these parts of the machinery of Government he in vain endeavored to combine, so as to make them work together. He desired sincerely to obtain the opinions of the able and highly informed counsellors whom he assembled about him—while he reserved to himself the entire right of action consequent upon those opinions. He wished to combine all the parties in the nation into one, and to direct the energies of that one himself. But he did not see that by thus destroying all freedom of action in others, he not only removed all the responsibility from them to himself, but what proved even more baneful in practice, he took away from them both the will and the capacity to think to any good purpose —so that he virtually left himself "alone in his glory."

It is curious and instructive (and we are uncharitable enough to say, that it is pleasing, to witness) the difficulty as well as the pain which it cost this selfish tyrant to exercise his authority. Nothing, indeed, can work smoothly, when there is no genuine or hearty

assistance to be derived from the governed by the governor, and where *every thing* has to be ordered. And it is especially curious to observe the shallow artifices by which he endeavors to disguise his tyranny, even from himself, by affecting to shift the immediate operation of his acts unto other hands, as if the transference of the dagger to the clutch of the assassin could transfer likewise the guilt of the crime from the principal to the instrument!

"'I grieve daily,' says the Emperor, 'over the numerous arbitrary acts which I am now obliged to perform, but which would come much more appropriately (plus convenablement) from the tribunal I have been speaking of. I am made to sign, in the dark, all sorts of decisions deliberated upon in the Council of State upon disputed matters, so that I am merely a cat's-paw on these occasions! (Je ne suis pour cela qu'un griffe.) Yet I have no mind,' he adds, 'that such power shall be possessed by my successors, because they might either abuse it themselves, or allow others to do so.'"—P. 228.

It never appears to have entered his head to suppose that any one would suspect *him* of abusing these powers. All he complains of is the inconvenience.

"His invariable system," says M. Pelet, "was to contract as much as possible the functions of the legislative body, and to regulate by his own decrees a multitude of things which till then had been left to the legislature. The *Tribunat* could not denounce his infractions of the constitution, because it no longer existed; the *Conservative* senate preserved nothing; the legislative body dared not murmur; and the tribunals obeyed."—P. 183.

Bonaparte justified all this by a strange sort of argument, which, coming from such a quarter, would at once surprise and delight the heart of our present rulers.

"'There does not exist in the world,' said he, on the 9th of January, 1808, 'a single constitution which is acted up to. Every thing is in a state of change. The government of England, for example, has fallen into the hands of forty or fifty great families, who found no difficulty in giving the law to the House of Brunswick, who were strangers in the land; but that cannot last.'"—P. 104.

"How wise and prophetical!" exclaim our Radical Reformers.

Napoleon, however, is not more complimentary to his own country than to ours. He thus proceeds:—

"In France, things are not a whit more firmly established. A corporal might take possession of the Government at the moment of any crisis, for the Constitution does not give the Government power enough; and whenever the Government is feeble, the army are the masters."

It is now the Conservative's turn to shout—"How wise and prophetical!"

The following dicta we fear will please neither party.

"It ought not, therefore, to be in the power of the legislature to check the march of Government by stopping the supplies. The taxes, accordingly, when once fixed, ought to be collected by simple decrees, for it is absurd to suppose that in the interval between the sessions there shall not exist an authority to promulgate such laws as the circumstance of the period may require."—P. 184.

There is good sense in the remarks he makes on newly constituted states:

"We must take care," said he, "not to tie up the hands of a new government by laws too much in detail; for constitutions are the work of time, and too wide a way for improvements can never be left open. (On ne saurait laisser une trop large voie aux ameliorations.)"—P. 105.

The following observations on the fittest method of bringing a refractory senate to their senses must, we think, have furnished our precious Reformers with the brilliant idea of swamping the House of Lords!

"The senate," said Napoleon, "which was too feebly constituted in principle, and required improvement, I have duly strengthened. If ever I shall have any reason to dread the power of this body, I have nothing to do but throw in half a hundred young counsellors of state! (Il me suffirait d'y jeter une cinquantaine de jeunes conseliers d'etat.) Far, however, from their becoming formidable, the senate in a few years will be merely an assembly of old gentlemen, upwards of eighty years of age! As for the other bodies in the state, none of them have adequate consistence—not one of them offer any guarantee against the nation becoming the prey of a colonel commanding four thousand men. In fact, the only institutions which afford any guarantee at this moment are the senate and electoral colleges."—P. 186.

All he allowed his legislature (as he called it) to attend to was the details

of taxation, and to the formation of general laws for the administration of civil affairs.

"A single session of a month or six weeks, once a-year, is quite enough for these purposes. Every thing relating to executive business, public security, or police, is out of their beat; and so are politics, both internal and external. Indeed, the long residence of the deputies in the country unfits them for these matters." —P. 187.

"So long," he continues, 'as the legislature object to have laws merely local, I shall let them pursue their own way; but if there should grow up amongst them such an opposition, as might become strong enough to clog the movements of government, I shall have recourse to the senate to prorogue them; or change them; or dissolve them; and, in case of need, I shall appeal to the nation, which is behind all these. Various opinions will be expressed on this head, but I care not. Tom-foolery (*la badauderie*) is the characteristic of the nation ever since the days of the Gauls!" *

We shall close our extracts from this part of our work, with the following delicious piece of undisguised Machiavelism, which displays at once Bonaparte's impatience of any kind of control, and his utter ignorance of the true spirit of a legislative body—the very essence of which is a strong sense of independence.

"As far as the good of the nation is concerned, the legislative body cannot be rendered too tractable; (On ne saurait, pour le bien d'une nation, rendre le corps legislatif trop maniable); because, if it should be strong enough to inspire any wish to govern, it would in the end either destroy the government, or be itself destroyed."—P. 189.

As to Bonaparte's religion, few persons, we presume, will have many doubts; but it is nevertheless not a little curious to hear his "declaration of faith," of which the insolent levity is on a par with the doctrine—

"For my part, it is not the mystery of the incarnation which I discover in religion, but the mystery of social order, which associates with heaven that idea of equality which prevents the rich from being destroyed by the poor. Religion is indeed a kind of vaccine inoculation, which, by satisfying our natural love for the marvellous, keeps us out of the hands of charlatans and conjurors. The priests are better than the Cagliostros, the Kants, and all the visionaries of Germany."—P. 258.

He knew right well—nobody better—how to turn what he chose to call fanaticism to account—not to the account of religion indeed, nor of morals, nor of any similar commonplace and vulgar uses, but to the extension of his own power, and the furtherance of his own ambitious objects. We believe it will be allowed by all parties that a more single-hearted set of men, generally speaking, does not exist in the world than the missionaries—yet, see to what base purposes Bonaparte seeks to turn the sacred character of these devoted servants of their Maker!—

"It is my wish," observed he, "to re-establish the institution for foreign missions, for the religious missionaries may prove very useful to me in Asia, Africa, and America, as I shall make them reconnoitre all the countries they visit. The sanctity of their dress will not only protect them, but serve to conceal their political and commercial investigations. We all know of what great use as diplomatic spies the 'Lazaristes' of the foreign missions were in China, Japan, and all over Asia,—even in Africa and Syria there were some. They do not cost much money, they are respected by the barbarians—and, as they have no official character, they can never commit the interests of government, nor compromise its dignity. The religious zeal which animates a missionary will not only make him undertake expeditions, but carry him through trials which a mere civil agent would never dream of, or would sink under were he to attempt them.

"The missionaries, accordingly, may help to advance my views of colonizing Egypt and the coast of Africa. I foresee that France must relinquish her maritime colonies. Those on the other side of the Atlantic, before fifty years elapse, must belong to the United States; and, indeed, it was this consideration which led to the cession of Louisiana. We must therefore manage as well as we can to get up similar establishments in other parts of the world."—P. 243.

The mixture of levity, profound observation, and overweening political arrogance in the concluding sentences of the 19th Chapter, is every way characteristic of the man—

* We think this word means rather silliness, or frivolity, than tom-foolery.

"'Paradise,' said Napoleon, 'is the central point towards which the souls of all mankind are travelling, only they follow different roads—each sect has a way of its own.'

"On another occasion he said, 'Atheism, and not Fanaticism, is the evil to be dreaded in these days. I have nothing to fear from the priests, whether Catholic or non-Catholic; I am the head of the Protestant ministers, because I nominate them; and as I was consecrated by the Pope, I may well consider myself as chief of the Catholics.'"—P. 245.

Napoleon's notions on the administration of justice are wise enough in those cases where it did not bear on his own authority, which, of course, was paramount to every thing with him. In 1804 he had the prisons of Paris thoroughly examined and put to rights; but in 1809 he felt anxious to establish state prisons for his own particular use, and he submitted his ideas to the Council of State, who, as usual, at once agreed to his wishes—but even he was startled with their "alacrity in sinking" under his despotism.

"Napoleon complained that a project so much calculated to startle the public, should be brought forward in terms so brief, and without any preamble.

"'There ought to be a couple of pages of guarded reasoning, well seasoned with liberal ideas, for we are now coming back for the first time to state prisons, which is a measure of such delicacy, that every word ought to be carefully balanced. The power which it vests in the minister to keep persons in confinement, without bringing them to trial, is so likely to alarm the citizens, that I wish to afford them some guarantee against abuses of this power. For example, the decision of the Privy Council may be transmitted to the Attorney-General, and this officer should be required to visit the prisoners once a year.'"—P. 218.

He seems to fancy—and probably with reason, that *his* countrymen would consider an annual visit of the Attorney-General to the prisons, quite as good a guarantee for the liberty of the subject, as we consider the habeas corpus in England. He expressed himself most anxious to establish circuit judges (*des juges ambulants*), and nothing can be sounder than his reasonings on this subject—but still we detect, that while the interests of the public are on his lips, only the interests of his throne are in his head.

"'The circuit judges (*des juges ambulants*), who hold the assizes, may be rendered more useful instruments in the hands of government than fixed judges can be. Can it be said that there is any government at all in France, when we see justice administered in the midst of a mob of attornies and advocates, who lead the public opinion, and by that means intimidate both judges and witnesses? We have had various remarkable examples of this sort of influence lately.'"

(This remark refers to the trial of Moreau, Pichegru, Georges, and others.)

"'Do not we see,' continued he, 'the judges even in the Court of Cassation, dining with the lawyers, and falling into intimacies with them quite destructive of that respect which is so essential to the moral influence of a judge? A circuit judge (*un préteur ambulant*), on coming to any place where the assizes were to be held, would not be so readily influenced, still less intimidated. A small apartment should be provided for him in the Court House; and he should not be allured to reside any where else, or to go out to dinner with any one.

"'The great judicial functionaries are now so much scattered, that I have no means of becoming acquainted with the criminal judges, for instance, of Provence or Languedoc, nor can they become acquainted any better with me; and the consequence is, that I possess very little authority over them. If, however, I had thirty pretors, or judges of criminal justice at Paris, I should soon become well acquainted with them, and be enabled to send them to this place or to that, according to their character, or the exigency of circumstances.'"—P. 224.

Although he is against corporal punishment generally, in his fleets and armies, except, he says, "in actual service, and in presence of an enemy," (p. 231), he considers that such sharp discipline may be usefully applied in civil cases; and he entertains the Council with the story of an Italian village, the inhabitants of which having proved faithless, as he calls it, to him, and declared for his enemies, he thus turns them over to the tender mercies of his gen-d'armerie!

"'I degraded the inhabitants by taking from them the title of Italian citizens, and had their disgrace engraved on a marble slab placed at the gate of the town. An officer of the gen-d'armerie was then put in command, with orders that when any of the inhabitants incurred the penalty of imprisonment, that punishment should be commuted for a certain number of stripes after the manner of their friends the Austrians! And I had reason to know that the effects of this measure were most useful.'"—P. 231.

His thoughts at bottom ran always on war. Even in a discussion on funerals he cannot resist a military allusion. "I find," said he, "on reading the report of the number of burials in Paris, that, on an average, fourteen thousand persons die annually. This is a pretty battle indeed! *C'est une belle bataille!*)" It is curious to hear Napoleon speak of that fearful measure to which he owed all his strength, and perhaps, essentially, that weakness which enabled his enemies to crush him at last. "The law of the conscription," said he, "is of all laws the most frightful and detestable for individual families; but it ensures the security of the state at large."—P.262.

The chapter on the finances and taxes is most instructive—but we must skip it too for want of room. He dwells on the absolute necessity of keeping up a vast army in France. The following morsel of balderdash is so very characteristic, that, as we read it, we almost fancy we hear the Emperor speaking:—

"'The condition of the great European family of nations is not such as may be considered best for the happiness of mankind; but the western portion of it is under the necessity of accommodating itself to the existing order of things. The Roman empire, under Augustus, had not one quarter so many soldiers as France is obliged to maintain. My wish is to secure the good of my people, and I shall not allow myself to be checked in that course by the murmurs of the tax-payers. I exist for posterity; and as it is necessary for France that immense sums should be raised, they shall be levied accordingly. But my object in these measures is to lay a foundation for the resources of my successors, so secure, that it may serve them, instead of the extraordinary ways and means which I have devised for myself.'"—P 270.

The short chapter on the liberty of the press is amusing enough, and we once more see the mighty monarch driven into a fury by the insults lavished upon him by the English papers, or, as our author expresses it, like the lion in the fable stung to madness by a swarm of gnats. Owing to the peculiar circumstances under which he held the government during the busy period known by the name of the "Hundred Days," he was obliged to submit to the liberty of the press. "But," says M. Pelet, "Napoleon existing in France at the same time with a free press, could be compared to nothing but Gulliver in Lilliput, bound down by a multitude of petty cords, which rendered it impossible to move hand or foot."—P. 309.

In the chapter on the Communes or Townships, we find him appropriating, by his never-failing resource, a decree, a large portion of the municipal revenues of the provinces; and when this exaction was loudly complained of, on the score that no tax could be levied without a law to that effect, he turned round, and said with the cruel mockery of a despot, "You are very right—this is not a tax at all—it is merely an impost established by a decree!"—"To use such an argument as this," observes M. Pelet, "a man must not only be the master, but the absolute master of those he addresses."—P. 311.

From the contemplation of this tissue of tyranny and selfishness, we come with a feeling of relief to the consideration of such light matters as the theatres of Paris, on which Napoleon condescends to legislate with all imaginable solemnity. The opera was manifestly his favorite house; and considering his Italian descent, this was not surprising. "The opera," exclaims he, "is the very soul of Paris, as Paris is the soul of France! It costs the Government eight hundred thousand francs (or about thirty-two thousand pounds sterling) annually, but it is an establishment which flatters the national vanity, and must be kept up. This can easily be accomplished without laying on any new tax; for we have only to protect the opera by giving it certain privileges at the expense of the other theatres."—P. 325.

In the midst of his minute and meddling sort of legislation for the theatres he seems to have been struck with the ignoble and even mischievous nature of his interference. At least so we interpret the following remarkable observations—

"'At the same time, we must take care in our decree about these matters to leave most of the details quite loose and vague, dwelling rather upon principles, so as to give as much latitude as possible to the citizens themselves. It is any thing but a kindness to show too much solicitude about them, for nothing is more tyrannical than a government which affects to be paternal.' (Il n'y a rien de si tyrannique qu'un gouvernement qui prétend etre paternel.")—P. 326.

We wonder whether or not he had his father-in-law's government in his eye when he made this remark? Certain we are that the application is most exact, as we think might readily be shown, had we time and space to digress upon Austria.

After having regulated the numbers and specific duties of the theatres of Paris, he proceeds to decide how many shall be allowed to each of the great towns of the empire; and then, again adverting to Paris, and the choppings and changes he had made in the play-houses there, he says, justly enough—

"'I do not conceive the government can fairly be required to pay any thing in the shape of indemnity for the theatres, which are to be suppressed or shifted from one place to another. It is quite enough, I think, to have twelve hundred thousand francs (£50,000 sterling) to pay annually for the support of the stage! It shall not be said that I spend the people's money on mountebanks (pour des histrions). A decree will be sufficient to effect all these changes.'"—P. 327.

This curious book winds up with a remarkable chapter on the laws relating to the gambling-houses of Paris; and we lament to observe how ineffectual all sorts and kinds of legislative interference have proved to mitigate the dreadful rage for play which saturates the capital. We most sincerely rejoice, however, to learn that the government of France has at length resolved to shake off the intolerable disgrace of deriving a revenue from the proceeds of these horrid sinks of iniquity, even though, as we too much fear, all the efforts of the Legislature, however cordially backed by the executive, will be unavailing in the task of essentially suppressing the gaming-tables of Paris. The following is the last of the numerous notes which M. Pelet has contributed to this translation:—

"A law was passed last year (1836) to put down the gambling-houses of Paris—to take effect from the 1st of January, 1838. The person who farmed the gambling-houses paid 6 millions francs (£240,000) annually to the Government, which portion of the revenue has of course been given up. *P.*"

We close our extracts with a short sentence, which forcibly shows—what, indeed, the whole volume shows—the withering effects of despotism, which, when long exercised, is sure to destroy the self-acting elasticity of action which forms the vital principle in the institutions of a free country, but which (except, perhaps, in the single case of military enthusiasm) cannot coexist with arbitrary power.

"'On every fresh occasion,' sighed the harassed Emperor, 'or when any thing is to be done, I am constantly told that the judges and the courts require to be stirred up by me. Now, surely, the machinery of public justice ought to go on of itself, even when the Government is asleep!'"—P. 332.

And so it will, when people are left to exert their energies in the generous spirit of freedom—never when all their thoughts and actions are regulated by the absolute will of one man.

It will strike every one, we imagine, on reading this book, that, while there has seldom existed an individual who enjoyed such extensive opportunities of doing good as Bonaparte, so no one, probably, ever wasted more completely, on the uses of selfishness, those prodigious means which fortune had placed in his hands. M. Pelet is evidently of this opinion, as the following extract will show:—

"At the period when Napoleon came to the possession of power, he found himself placed in the most favorable circumstances possible to establish the union of freedom with the monarchical authority. France, in fact, dreaded nothing so much as anarchy, and would have been contented with a very reasonable allowance of freedom. But, unfortunately, that is always the predicament in which despotism is the most tempted to establish itself. Napoleon, accordingly, did establish a despotism; and, in the dread of having to combat republican tendencies at home, he carried abroad all the active spirits of the nation, and precipitated himself into a series of wars and conquests, which could have no other end but a fatal catastrophe. Even he himself was possessed with the notion that he could found nothing permanent. In full council he exclaimed one day—

"'All this will last as long as I hold out, but when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a-year.'"—P. 17.

We bear Napoleon no ill-will, Heaven knows; and as we have here extenuated nothing, so we have set down nought in malice. But we certainly do feel rather anxious to show that the admiration which is still heedlessly lavished by some people on this great adventurer is altogether inconsistent with those feelings which an honest inspection of the truth, as it comes to us authenticated by the most unexceptionable authorities, ought to inspire in the mind of every well-wisher to the cause of virtue, genuine freedom, and practical good government.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ARM-CHAIR IN THE SERVANTS' HALL.

WHILE John was shaking hands in this fashion with Arthur and Bobby, and blessing his stars that he had rid the house of Sheepface and his brethren, I leave you to guess what wry faces these gentry were making as they marched down the avenue and out of the gate, casting many a longing eye at the buttery as they past, and thinking how long it might be before they clapt their legs under John's wainscot again. When the gate was fairly shut behind them, and they had got out into the village-green, the villagers came flocking about them, wondering what brought them there in a body, and why they looked so wobegone and discomfited. Whereupon Sheepface, observing Obadiah, the dissenting minister, Dan, and Tipperary, and Radical Dick, and many of his friends among the crowd, got straightway into a dung-cart, and began to harangue them upon the cruel way in which they had been treated.—"'Twasn't," he said, "that John hadn't a right to dismiss his servants, as any other squire might; but to turn them out of doors between terms, and without even a month's warning, was a niggardly shame, and what had never happened before in the Bull family, even in the time of John's father, who was pretty peremptory and short-winded in his dealings with his servants; and then not a farthing of board-wages allowed them while they were seeking another place! Why, at this rate, who would take service? For his part, he cared not a brass farthing for the place; he had always had more kicks than halfpence in it, God knows! and more dirty work to do than he could well manage. It was the bad example he thought of. Besides that, he pitied poor Johnny, who had a young wife and a large family to provide for, and who was really not fit for hard work at his years. So he trusted they would make John feel his mistake, by never giving the new bookkeeper a moment's rest; and if he dismissed the present servants, as he was likely to do, then to fill the house with a set worse than the first, who were to do nothing but thwart him in every manner of way—to answer him at cross-purposes—when he asked for one thing to hand him another—if he called for an English beef-steak, for instance, to set before him an Irish stew, which he detested—if he wished to comfort his heart with a drop of Bishop, to fill the tankard, as if by mistake, with Dublin porter; and in short, by fair means or foul, to make the house too hot for him, so as to make him throw up his place of his own accord. Some good-natured bumpkins among the crowd thought this rather hard dealing, and proposed giving the new comer a fair trial, for they had never found any great difference, so far as they were concerned, whether Arthur, Gaffer Gray, or Sheepface had the books, and they thought it likely they would be just as well off under Bobby as any other. But no sooner was this spoken of than Dan threw his shillelah with a flourish into the air, and Radical Dick and Tipperary bellowed out that that was all gammon; while Obadiah, with a pious snuffle, observed, that the safe course would be that which was usually followed at Jedburgh, to hang him first, and try him afterwards. So right or wrong, they determined to have him out.

Though Bobby had taken the books at poor John's request—seeing him in such a quandary with his former steward, he saw very well that things were not likely to move on smoothly, and indeed had all along great doubts whether he would be able to keep his place till next term. However, he determined to put the best face upon the matter he could, and set to work as boldly as if he had taken a lease of the situation for life. The first thing he did was to send the former servants about their business, for being all hand and glove with the last steward, and a

damned unruly set besides, there was no chance of peace and quietness while they remained there. The worst of it was, that though John could dismiss the old servants when he pleased, he could not fill their places at his pleasure; for by old custom the tenantry themselves chose the under servants, and very jealous they were, if they thought John or the upper servants had a word to say in the matter. So on this occasion, though a good many honest fellows, chiefly from the country, were sent up in place of the discarded servants, yet a consumed number of the old tag-rag-and-bobtail found their way back into the house, more desperate and devilishly inclined than ever; so that though Bobby knew that he had now a large and stout party in the hall at his back, he really could not foresee what the result might be in case of a scuffle.

It was not long before he had occasion to find that, if he had calculated on getting the upperhand in the servant's hall, he had reckoned without his host. 'Twas a very simple matter indeed:—only who should sit in the old arm-chair at the head of the table—but it showed all the more plainly which way the wind sat, and what he had to expect when he came to closer quarters. You must have seen already that there were a great many odd fashions in this old rambling manor-house of John's; the meaning of which it was very difficult for one not acquainted with the ways of the family to make out, and in particular, from the prodigious number of servants and hangers-on about the hall (not always the best mannered people in the world, and particularly since Dick's companions had got a footing in the house,) John had been obliged to try all ways to keep up any thing like decent behaviour among them when they all met at commons in the hall. One device which he fell upon for this purpose, and which, whimsical as it seemed, answered the end better than might have been expected, was this: that none of the servants should call each other by their own names, but always by the name of the parish they came from, accompanied by some long ceremonious circumbendibus, in the most polite terms, so that whether you were asking a friend to take a glass of ale with you, or telling another that he lied like Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, it was all done in the same complimentary strain. The stable-boy was "the honorable the hostler from Hogs Norton"—a sheriff's officer would be addressed as "the learned bumbailiff from the Tower Hamlets"—a discharged soldier as "the gallant Chelsea pensioner with the wooden leg." If any one uttered a downright falsehood, though the whole hall knew it to be a bouncer, all that was allowed to be said was, that the gentleman labored under a misconception. If any person blustered and challenged another to a bout at fistycuffs, which, as the thing was attended with no risk, happened every now and then, both were bound over on the spot to keep the peace, or sit in the stocks, to cool their courage, if they could not find a friend to bail them. Another curious fashion was this, that after calling a man all manner of names, you had only to say in the end that you meant nothing personal; and that although in his capacity as a servant of John's, you spit upon him and despised him as an unredeemable and despicable varlet, yet that in private life you believed him to be every thing that was amiable and respectable; whereupon he would make you a low bow, and say that he was proud of having made your acquaintance.

Now, as there had grown up by degrees so many of these strange usages in John's house, and the servants were constantly changing, they had found it convenient for a good many years past to have an old servant, who had been long in the house, and was acquainted with its ways, to take the arm-chair at the top of the table, so as to interfere and call out order when he saw any of them pouring their liquor into their neighbor's pocket, rapping out an oath, crowing like cocks, or otherwise interrupting the harmony of the evening. He was a nice old gentleman, in a Welsh wig, with a voice like the thorough bass of an organ, and so civil and polite to every body that he generally went by the nick name of Manners. He had now sat at the head of the table many a long year; even when John changed his bookkeeper, Manners kept his place, for Allsop and Johnny both squeezed him into the chair as he was making some excuses, and said his equal was not to be found far and near through the country

round. And so, up to this day, there he had sat with a good-humored smile upon his face, yawning a little, no doubt, occasionally, but listening to all the prosing that went on in the hall; having a good word for every body, and now and then bawling out order in a tone that made offenders, particularly if they were new comers, quake with fear.

But now it seems Johnny and his friends determining to spite Bobby, whom they knew to be a friend of Manners, resolved he should quit his old seat. They could not deny, what indeed they had sworn to before, that no man knew the ways of John's house like him, or could have been more civil and obliging in his way. But they spread about a story (a lie, by the way,) that somehow or other, they could not tell how, he had had a hand in advising John to send them adrift and take his old servants back. "Besides," said Hum, "though he be civil enough, he has a knack of turning up his eyes to the ceiling as if taking a lunar observation, when he does not wish to look at one; and more than once when I have been proposing a toast, he has pretended to hear a noise behind, and began bawling out order at such a rate, that all I say goes for nothing." All these stories, though confounded lies, did poor Manners no little damage. So finding that he was likely to be backed by a majority of the servants, Johnny determined to turn him out of the chair by main force, and to put in the Scotch factor who had kept the chequers on North Farm, for whom he had long been looking for some snug easy post of this kind. On the other hand Bobby, though he knew very well that sooner or later he was likely to come to blows with Johnny and his party, never dreamt, after the way they had talked of Manners before, that they would begin by turning him out of his old seat by the chimney corner, to which he had been so long accustomed; so that on the afternoon when the new servants arrived, down he came, expecting no disturbance. Just as the dinner bell rang, Manners was stepping up in his usual way to the arm-chair, thinking no harm, when all at once a damnable rush was made from behind, chiefly by Dan and Tipperary, and he was sent heels over head upon the floor, calling out order the whole time; when, after some time, he made his way from under the table, and got up, he found that he had lost his wig; so, in considerable confusion, he tried to make his way towards the arm-chair, but, on reaching it, what should he see but the Scotchman squatted in the seat, attired in the very wig which had been pulled off his head, with an infernal grin upon his countenance, calling out order in a tone as like his own as possible, and with as much coolness as if he had been sitting there for years. Poor Manners was so discomfited by this apparition, that he left the room forthwith, never to enter it again; for John, hearing how he had been used, and thinking him very much of a gentleman, sent for him immediately, and gave him a place at once among the upper servants.

Chapter II.

HOW BOBBY GAVE UP HIS PLACE WHEN PATRICK'S BILL WAS PROTESTED.

It was plain to Bobby, from this bad beginning, that he would have but a dog's life of it while he continued steward; for though the greater part of the tenantry on John's own estate were with him, a pestilent majority of those from North Farm, and almost every mother's son from Westacres beyond the pond, headed by Dan, were against him. Dan, who, you will recollect, had got into the house at first as a scullion, had now, from one thing to another, become a very devil incarnate for pride and insolence, and was a thorn in the side of every one who had any thing to do with him. He was generally seen marching about the grounds at the head of about fifty blackguards, whom he called his Tail, and whom he had taught to imitate every thing he said and did, so that he had but to flourish his cudjel, and up went all their shillelahs in the air as if they had been moved by steam. Johnny had no liking to him—indeed I know not who had—and Dan had as little liking to *him;* but as Dan knew very well that he had no chance of

gaining his ends except by keeping Bobby out, he was ready to lend a helping hand to keep Johnny in whenever he felt himself at a nonplus. If Johnny whistled for assistance, down Dan would come with his *posse comitatus* at his back, and by main force clap a gag into the servants' mouths. You may suppose all this time he did not scruple to let Johnny and his friends know that he had them at his mercy; he made no bones of telling them he could show the door any day he pleased, and would do so the moment they became restive; and that, some day or other, he was determined to dock the entail of the west-country estate, and set up as squire for himself; nay, it was even said that he had administered more than one good kicking to Johnny in private, which I believe, as he was seen to walk about very uneasily, and wince a good deal for some days after one of these occasions. In order to keep up this gang, which could not be done but at some expense, Dan resorted to various schemes. Sometimes he would place his hat by the side of the high road near the park-gate, with a skull-and-cross-bones above it, and sitting down beside it, with a blunderbuss in his hand, and a bland smile upon his countenance, he would exclaim, "Good friends! sweet friends! some charity for the love of God and all the saints!" If he saw the passenger hesitating or buttoning up his breeches-pocket, he would add, "No compulsion in the world! This is liberty-hall—every man is free to contribute or not as he likes—only, my dear sir, make your will presently, for I've a strong notion you'll never reach home alive—and no mistake!" And, to be sure, if you glanced your eye along the bushes, there you would catch a sight of a dozen ruffians lurking in readiness to slit your weasand if you passed without dropping a tenpenny into the hat; and so folks were glad to save their throats at the expense of their pockets. Another plan which he had for raising the wind was that of selling places in John's household. He set up a sort of register-office for servants, and undertook to procure any man, who would put a guinea or two into his hand, a place in the family on the shortest notice. How much he pocketed in this way it is impossible to say, for he pretended that all the money he got went to pay other people who had something to say in the matter, and that he was a loser by the concern. Being as deep as the devil, there was no finding him out; so that on one occasion, when one of the servants charged him with having pocketed a five-pound note, on pretext of procuring a situation for a sheriff's officer, named Raffle, and got John to inquire into the matter, Dan so mystified the matter, by cross entries in his books, bills, accounts for drink-money, and so forth, that they could not trace what had become of the five-pound note, and his accuser was only laughed at, and called foolhardy for his pains.

Now Dan, as you well know, was a close ally of the old upsetting Priest Peter, and had long hated Patrick Martin's brother; all the more so that his schemes for robbing the rectory had been knocked on the head by the upper servants, after the sham-fight between him and Allsop. Though he had been disappointed at the time in this knavery, he had always cast a sheep's eye in that direction, and never doubted but that some day or other he would be able to lay hands on the church plate, in which Peter and he were to go snacks if he succeeded. In the meantime he contrived, by the aid of his gang, to make Patrick's life a burden to him. He could scarcely stir beyond the parsonage door without fear of his life—his poultry were stolen, not a parishioner dared to pay him tithe—if he distrained their cattle nobody would buy them—troops of drunken wretches would come dancing round his house of an evening with cudgels in their hands, singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—in short, he was dying by inches of terror and starvation. Some small allowance, as I said, had been doled out to him for a time from John's buttery, but 'twas plain this could not go on much longer, and that something must be done—as every body was agreed that the parishioners should not continue to pay tithe in kind, and that Patrick must not be suffered to starve—to give poor Patrick something in lieu of them. This Dan well knew would be brought upon the carpet forthwith, and so he determined to be beforehand with Bobby. And the plan which he and Johnny fell upon was this:

Poor Patrick in his distress had drawn a bill upon Bobby, as John's book-keeper, in part payment of his arrears, which he sent to him with a lamentable epistle, saying he hoped he would accept it, for he had not a farthing in the world, and must go to prison forthwith, unless it was duly honored. No sooner did Dan and Johnny learn that the Bill was in Bobby's hands for acceptance, than down they hurried to the servant's hall,—assured them that though Patrick was ill enough off at present, yet that some forty years after there was a chance he would fall heir to a mint of money, —and so persuaded them to go in a body and tell Bobby that they would not hear of his accepting Patrick's bill unless Patrick could at the same time grant a post-obit over all he might ever come to possess, for a sum to build a new charity school, on the Free and Easy system, to be taught by Buckram. And to be sure, when Bobby came down stairs with the bill in his hands, they would not suffer him to open his mouth. 'Twas in vain that he reminded them that Patrick was starving in the mean time, and that the money was justly due; that he showed them that there was no chance of his ever having a farthing to spare, having his curates to pay out of his income, and that if he had, they had no right to take his money from him; that there was no kind of connection between accepting Patrick's draft to keep him out of prison, and squeezing a sum out of him for the Free and Easy Charity School,—which John was quite able and willing to pay for without his help: and that they might, in the mean time, accept the bill, and consider the other part of the business at leisure. Not a word would they hear: whether Patrick could ever have the money or not, they said, was of no consequence; if he had not, then so much the worse for the school; if he had, so much the better for both; but Dan added significantly, that they would take their chance; that perhaps some of the curates would die out ere long, and that if Patrick reduced his establishment, and lived within proper bounds, he might die a rich man after all. So although John's own tenantry in general, who saw that Martin would probably be the next person to be hauled over the coals, stood out against this injustice, Johnny and Dan's gang, with some of the Scotchman's friends, by dint of hooting and roaring, prevailed; they would not look at the bill, but threw it over the table, whence Bobby picked it up, and returned it to Patrick unaccepted, and with a marking in the corner, "No effects."

Bobby, after the issue of this unfortunate business of Patrick's, saw that it was in vain to remain for another day in the stewardship; so like an honest fellow, as he was, he made up his mind at once. He walked up stairs into John's room, told him what had happened, and gave up his place; then stepping down again into the servants' hall, he laid the keys upon the table, and told Johnny he would find the books and accounts all ready for auditing any time he liked. Johnny took them with a look of some confusion, for, bad as he was, he could not but feel ashamed of his company, and said he had no doubt it was all right, and that Bobby had acted like a spirited fellow in giving up his place as he did; and, in fact, it was every body's feeling, except, perhaps, among Dan's gang; for I cannot tell you how many letters Bobby received from the tenantry, through the penny-post, all lauding him to the skies for the way he had managed John's matters, while he had been steward, and wishing his successor very heartily at the devil.

Chapter III.

HOW TIPPERARY INSISTED ON HAVING HIS CHOICE OF HIS OWN LIVERY; AND HOW THEY PROPOSED TO PAY MARTIN OUT OF HIS RIGHT-HAND POCKET FOR WHAT THEY TOOK OUT OF HIS LEFT.

Johnny having fairly got back into his old place, was not long in showing that he knew to whom all this was owing, and that he was willing to compound for his situation, by giving Dan and his brethren any thing they liked to ask for. Calling Dan and Obadiah, and the rest about him, "Dan," said he, "I dare not venture, as you well know, to put

you into any place in John's household, for, between ourselves, your character would sarcely suit; but choose whom you will as manager of Westacres, and he shall be at your beck and call in all things. Tipperary shall be made a justice of peace, if you wish it; Shillelah shall have the custody of the strong box, and no questions asked; if we can't just put Peter at once into Patrick's Church, we'll do nothing, at least, to keep a stone of it together—let him pay for his repairs as he best can; and by and by, as you observe, the curates may die out, and where's the need of replacing them? 'Tis a sin that Peter, whose congregation is six times as large as Patrick's, should not have some of Patrick's half-empty churches to preach in; but fair and softly all in good time." Then turning to Obadiah, he condoled with him on having to pay tithe to Martin, who, he hoped, would some day be made to disgorge his ill-gotten gains; and, in the mean time, he told him, by way of encouragement, that he was determined to insist on Maria's allowing him (Obadiah) to be buried in the churchyard, whenever he took a fancy to it. This, as you may imagine, however, was but cold comfort to Obadiah, who said he had no intention of troubling Martin in that way for some time, and that unless something more substantial was to be forthcoming, he did not see what reason he had to trouble himself further in Johnny's matters. After a time, however, he allowed himself to be pacified, and agreed to have patience, on the understanding that Johnny was privately to do all in his power to serve his turn; and particularly that he should set his face against a proposal which Martin had made for the addition of a chapel of ease, to accommodate the parishioners who had not room in the village church. And you shall see, by and by, how well Johnny kept his word.

Well, as might be expected, Dan had now the sole management of Westacres, for, though he took care to keep in the back ground himself, and even appeared for a day or two to cut Johnny's society, he contrived to have a fellow appointed overseer, who had been a writer of puffs for Warren's Jet Blacking, and a dreadful accident maker for the newspapers, and who was entirely under his command; while his assistant Grizzle, a low comedy-actor in the style of Liston having no mind of his own, was ready to do whatever longer heads might require of him. You may believe Dan now carried matters with a high hand; he turned out without mercy every tenant who had a word to say in favor of Patrick, filling their places with the most papistical, gunpowder-plot adherents of Peter: he formed a penny-a-week society for paying the lawyers' costs whenever a parishioner was prosecuted by Patrick for his tithes; he waylayed the bailiffs and ducked them in the horse-pond if they attempted to carry a writ into execution. On one occasion he pulled down a mason-lodge, because he said, Patrick's health had been drunk there with three times three; on another, he made the overseer come down, open the jail doors, and let all the prisoners free, though among them there were some of the greatest desperadoes in the country. As he never allowed the Justices to try any body for any crime whatever, he boasted very much that the calendar at Westacres was lighter than on John's own property; and had the assurance to repeat this in John's own hall, where some who knew no better were taken in by the device, till Jack's son, the Sergeant, let out the truth; and though Dan tried hard to put him down, made the whole house aware of his knavery.

And now Tipperary who began to think he had been quiet too long already, burst out all at once with a strange demand, which nonplussed John not a little. You must know that some time before, John had given his servants, both on North Farm and Bullock's Hatch, the choice of their own liveries; for though he doubted much if they would be gainers by the change, yet as they chose to make a point of it, he did not think the matter worth disputing; and except that he insisted upon their retaining a little of the old lining, he gave them their own way in other matters. And accordingly, they lost no time in arraying themselves in new suits, certainly a good deal more showy than the old, but generally made up of the strangest patchwork, bedizened with tinsel facings, brass buttons, and copper lace shoulder-knots, in which party-colored raiment, and with boquets in their hands, they went flaunting about, believing that the whole world

was admiring them; while all the time the tenantry were in convulsions of laughter at their awkward movements, and looks of mock dignity. Absurd, however, as this spectacle was, Tipperary no sooner beheld his fellow-servants in this mountebank attire, than nothing would serve him but that he too must have the choice of his own livery; and so set on by Dan, and clapped on the back by Johnny and Grizzle, he marched one day boldly up to John, and demanded that he should have the choice of his next livery for himself. "He could not see," he said, "why he should be worse off than other servants; he had a soul to be saved as well as Jack and Andrew, and a livery of his own choice he would have, or he would know the reason why. As it was, Patrick had supplied the liveries for many a year past, and had had it all his own way—and confounded rotten stuff he had imposed upon them—so bad, that if any money was put into the pockets, it slipped through, and was never seen again; that the liveries were always of an orange tawny, which he detested; that they never fitted, but pinched most damnably about the seat of honor, and were so tight in the elbows that he could not handle his shillelah with any comfort to himself or satisfaction to others. It might be all very well for Derry and those who were of Patrick's congregation, and trusted him to wear any trash he might give them to cover their nakedness; but for himself, and Shillelah, and others, who never went to church, all he could say was, they could submit to his rogueries no longer." John listened to this long harangue with great patience; told him he had not the least wish to make a distinction between him and his fellows if it could be avoided; and thinking there really might be something in this complaint as to the rotten materials and bad make of Patrick's liveries, he referred him to Johnny, was of course, having arranged the whole business with him before, lost no time in reporting to John that he was clear that Tipperary had been horribly abused, and that the supply of the liveries should be taken at once out of Patrick's hands, and Tipperary allowed to please himself, by buying at his own shop, and covering his corporation as he listed. But here the upper servants thought it high time to interfere, and though Sheepface made a blustering speech, and tried to persuade them that Dan and all his gang would be upon their backs immediately, they stood firm to their point. "It may be all very true as you say," they observed, when Johnny came up to them with an estimate in his hand for the new liveries. "Patrick may have furnished a bad article now and then; and if so, we don't object to have John's custom taken out of his hands: but because we take the job from Patrick, is that any reason for throwing it into the hands of Peter? for one sees with half an eye that the first thing Tipperary will do, if he be left to himself, will be to hurry down to Peter's old-clothe's-shop in Pope's Alley, and get himself dressed out from head to foot in scarlet, in imitation of Peter's servant's after whose livery he has always had a hankering. What right has Tipperary to insist that every body shall wear scarlet, any more than Derry has to insist that every body shall wear orange tawny? A strange way methinks to promote peace and good-fellowship! But what we'll do is this: John shall take the choice of the liveries into his own hand; neither Patrick nor Peter shall have a word to say in the matter; and instead of orange or scarlet, all shall be dressed alike in a suit of good stout serviceable true blue, fitted to every man's shape, and well secured about the pockets, but without shoulder-knots or furbelows, or such gewgaws, which, as all sensible people know, add nothing to the durability of the livery, and prodigiously increase the expense." There was so much reason in this, that even Gaffer Gray could not but admit that Johnny's proposal was out of the question; but Gaffer (who by this time had begun to dote a little, poor man), had a crotchet of his own on the subject—which was this, that Patrick should be allowed to furnish half the coat, half the vest, and one leg of the breeches, of orange tawney as before, while Peter, in like manner, should furnish the corresponding half of scarlet plush or velveteen; that each shold employ his own tailors and journeymen, and that John should pay for both.

One of the servants puzzled poor Gaffer sadly by asking to know who was to join the two halves together

after they were made; but, in fact, Gaffer's proposal was received with such peals of laughter, that for some time it was impossible to hear a word that was said.

After silence had been a little restored, they told Johnny that he had heard their ultimatum on the subject, and that they could not be induced to make matters worse under pretext of mending them; so that if Tipperary could not be content to leave the choice of his livery with John himself, he must even go on in his old way, for Peter should have no finger in the pie any more than Patrick himself. So Johnny returned in high dudgeon, and walked down stairs into the servants' hall, he threw down the tailor's estimate upon the table, swore the upper servants were a set of bigoted infatuated varlets, and that the day would come when they would repent it. In the mean time, however, Tipperary goes without his livery; and though most people are agreed that his present suit is worn threadbare, and that John would be a far better judge of what would suit him than he can be himself, he is far too obstinate to yield, especially as Johnny and others are eternally dinning in his ears that he has been cruelly insulted in the matter of the scarlet doublet, and Jack and Andrew have been shamefully preferred before him. Indeed, is is said that Johnny still intends trying to cram this job in favor of Peter (for such all the world sees it is) down the throats of the upper servants, and has been trying hard for some time past to get up a row as usual upon the estate, in hopes of scaring them into compliance; but for my part I don't think they are the gentry who are likely to be alarmed by his popguns and penny trumpets, and that they will send him about his business as they did before.

In the mean time, finding that he can't yet swamp Patrick altogether, he has been doing his best to please Obadiah by robbing Martin. It was not to a great amount, no doubt, this time, but it showed his spite, and what he might be expected to do thereafter. Martin, you must know, had been accustomed, from time immemorial, to collect a small sum annually from each of his parishioners, for mending the church spout, or tinkering any crevice about the church wall; and so small was the quota paid by each, that even Obadiah himself, though he did not attend the church, had never thought of making a grievance of it. In fact, every body knew that Obadiah took his farm, knowing well that this trifle was payable for it, and that it was taken into consideration in fixing his rent. But, being a long-sighted fellow, and perceiving plainly enough that if he could get quit of this, tithe might follow; and that when he once got in the sharp end of the wedge, the head and shoulders might be made to follow, he set to work, and gave Johnny no rest about this intolerable hardship, as he calls it, of paying for the church spout, which was of no use to him, or patching up the church wall, where he never sat. Now Johnny had a thousand times before said that Martin had an undoubted right, by long usage, to this payment; that Obadiah's grievances in that quarter had not a leg to stand upon. Nay, meeting Martin in the street shortly before, he had told him that he would stand up for his rights: and that if ever this payment should be put an end to, to please Obadiah, it should be made up to Martin, out of John's rents, to the last farthing. "Leave me alone," said he, "I'll devise a scheme which shall satisfy both you and Obadiah." So Martin, good easy man, though he might have known him better, was quite at his ease, and thought himself quite safe in Johnny's hands. Johnny sent for his cash-keeper, Surface; and shutting themselves up for some time in the office, at last they marched out, looking very serious and important, and announcing, with nods and significant whipers, that they had a great scheme to propose next day, and asking Martin to meet them for that purpose in the hall. Johnny, in particular, dropt hints that never was such an admirable scheme devised; that it would make all men's hearts sing for joy; that Surface had discovered the philosopher's stone, and had found out a plan by which Martin and Obadiah might play together at beggar-my-neighbor, and yet both rise winners. Well, as you may suppose, all folks were eager to hear what this notable scheme was, and Martin among the rest came down in such high spirits, that he was

tempted to shake hands with Obadiah, whom he met in the lobby. But when the mountain came to be delivered, out came the most pitiful little mouse you could imagine. For what think you was Surface's plan of compensating Martin for the deficiency? Why, to pay him out of his right hand breeches pocket what he took out of his left! "It is very true," said he, "you will be a loser to the tune of some fifty pounds or so, by the want of your contributions, but just put your other monies into our hands (they have been damnably ill managed hitherto by the by), we'll lend them out at a better rate of interest for you, so that on the whole you will be no worse, and I verily believe all the better for it. And thus Obadiah gets quit of his troublesome payments: Martin gets a better investment for his money, and the lender may have it left longer in his hands, so he is a gainer by the business likewise." Poor Martin's disappointment at this plan of compensation was of course inexpressible. If they could help them to better interest for his money, he thought they were bound to do so; but he could not see why they should put their hands into his pocket at the same time and help themselves; and so he told them in plain terms. And yet, plain as the juggle was, Johnny actually got a small majority of the servants to support him in the proposal; though from all I can see at present, I think it doubtful if he will venture to carry the matter farther; and not at all doubtful how the upper servants will deal withit if he does.

SONNETS BY THE SKETCHER.

PHILOSOPHY.

As once I gazed upon a shining planet
That bore the glory of God through ether blue,
A coxcomb came to me, and forth he drew
His optic tube, as he would nicely scan it,
Scratch'd diagrams, and cross'd heaven's arch to span it—
Quoth he, "our ship aerial 's built on new
Sure principles to reach the stars."—"Then who,"
Said I, "since you have built your ship, will man it?"
Answer he deign'd not—but in speech of Babel
Pour'd out his scientific jargon voluble,
Of man, and his mind's power incalculable,
That Nature, Heaven and Earth, were problems soluble—
That th' universe itself was made with tools;
"Name then," quoth I, "your ship—the ship of fools."

FASHION AND TIME.

Thou seemest, Time, on an ill errand bent,
Kniting thy aged brows; come sit thee down,
If not thy wrinkles, thou canst smooth thy frown.
And well I know thou lovest merriment—
For all regret thee, gone and overspent.
Quoth Time, "I'm Death's purveyor, and thro' town
And country speed, gathering both peer and clown,
Mankind's worn refuse, for his greediment.
Yet still he cries for more, and oft doth rave
For carterer Plague, then will he rarely sup;
And tho' the young and gentle I would save,
Fashion so tricks old beaux and beldames up,
With fineries, forc'd gait, and mincing tongue,
I'm sorely vex'd to know the old from young."

THE WHIGS—THE RADICALS—THE MIDDLE CLASSES—AND THE PEOPLE.

The social revolution with quickening step pursues its career, gaining from each concession, extorted from fear, or proffered as the sordid calculations of place and pay, force and velocity, ever on the increase, as the impetuous career of the Alpine avalanche in its downward course is accelerated co-equally with its massy and ever-gathering proportions, until it precipitates itself upon the happy vale, and confounds man and nature in one shapeless wreck of death and desolation. Principles and institutions are dealt with, carved, mangled, or overthrown, with lack of measure so reckless on the part of administrators, and with hands so destructive on that of legislators, that with after ages it will be a question whether asylums have not been ransacked both for members of Parliament and Ministers of the monarchy; and of the two species of insanity, which is best calculated to effect the downfal of a state,—the idiot who, half maliciously, half stupidly, sets the house on fire, or the stark-staring maniac who, with demoniacal laughter, heaps faggot upon flame. Changes have been multiplied until change for its own sake alone has become the craving of a distempered appetite. The love of change to-day ferments into the fever of revolution to-morrow, and we laugh to scorn the wisdom of our ancestors, of whom Bacon was one, who bid us take heed that it be "the necessity which provoke the change, and not the desire of change which pretendeth the reformation." Politically, as physically, one member of the body cannot long be diseased, without affecting through all its ramifications the whole system. Occipital excitement and derangement is not slow to communicate, with corresponding symptoms, to the central organ of life, and the dispensing recipient of the vital store. The action of the heart and the stomach, unnaturally stimulated, induces a deceptive plethora and an accelerated circulation of the blood, which, with its customary accompaniment of boisterous yet uneasy gaiety, imposes for some time as the rude robustness of health and the natural exuberance of animal spirits. The exhaustion and revulsion consequent arrive and reveal the existence and the causes of the malady, but inflammatory tendencies are then only the more alarmingly exhibited, and the more difficult to be subdued, from the physical debility and prostrate powers of the patient. So is it now in the political world. Material prosperity had been advancing with sure and measured pace up to the period when political agitation and revolution became the order of the day. The stagnation of industry in France and Belgium, and consequently in Spain, attendant upon civil war and national convulsions, imparted an additional impetus to the gigantic and productive energies of this country. The vacuum of supply created by the temporary secession of those nations from the field of competition, could only be supplied from hence; but since the return and concurrence of the two former, we have been so far from yielding back the share which devolved to us by fortuitous incidents, that speculation had been rashly pushed beyond all legitimate bounds, and markets have only the more been inundated. To this may be added the restless, unsatisfied, and eager aspirations after some distant and undefinable El Dorados, mystically shadowed out in ministerial harangues, and the infatuated pursuit of which was fanned into flame by continuous declamation about Whig prosperity. From the comfortless contemplation and the turmoil of faction, selfishly fomented by the Government at home, the industrial interests sought refuge and consolation in the counteracting influences of commercial enterprise abroad. From these divers and co-operating causes have resulted a fury of overtrading. Prices have been in excess—wealth, fictitious and illusory, has been apparently accumulated, only afterwards to mock the grasp. The lurid and plague-fraught glare of the meteor, misinterpreted by official astronomers for the sun of national aggrandisement, is now fast overspreading with the gloom of the coming tornado. The tale of its mid-day glories has been duly sung in lofty strains by placemen and pensioners in Parliament or before constituencies, and zealously commemorated in a venal press; to the London Ga-

zette is now consigned the task of enumerating, with pomp lugubrious, the lengthening tail of its parched-up victims, for the due celebration of whose funeral rites a weekly supplemental sheet is found indispensable.

Thus a commercial crisis is in presence and in daily development to complicate the embarrassments and enhance the perils of the social struggle. The cape has to be doubled, at whose headlands opposing tempests meet and howl and mingle in terrific confusion; where counter-currents and contending seas mix and mount in foam and fury to the heavens, in seeming deadly strife for mastery; and where all these elementary horrors combine, as if by tacit accord, to assail and engulf the luckless vessel betrayed through false reckoning into the vortex. With stout hearts and skilled hands at the helm, the good ship might yet ride out the raging storm and right herself, with timbers sound in the main, and, albeit damaged in rigging, still able to make headway under easy sail, sporting her royals, and flying her glorious union-jack. But at this moment of double peril, with a majority of one, and the strongest branch of the legislature, applauding measures which threaten the civil and religious institutions of the state with utter disorganization—one moiety of which, constituting a faction apart, confident, if not commanding, does not scruple to avow its determination of pressing to a final and irretrievable overthrow—and when the material interests of the empire are in the incipient stages of an awful crisis, the results of which no man can foresee, although the boldest may quail at the mere contemplation;—at such a moment, we repeat, despondency must fill the mind of every reflecting man as he turns his regards to the centre of action, and takes measure of the steersmen in charge. The thoroughpaced revolutionist, indeed, derives additional boldness from the contemptuous survey of the pusillanimity ostensibly arrayed against him, but ever receding before him; his strength increases in proportion to the weakness which yields upon pressure; accordingly, republicanism is seen to rear its brazen front with greater audacity each succeeding day, and during the present session of the Commons' House, its representatives fearlessly take the lead in debate, at one moment proclaiming "unmingled horror of the Irish," and for the Protestant Church at large, concluding with a howl for the repeal of the Union; at another, preaching open rebellion to the Franco-Canadians, or urging our brethren of Upper Canada to shake off the "baneful domination of the mother country;" and ever by speech and act hallooing on to organic change and the work of destruction; whilst the sworn servants of the King and the Constitution, with trembling or treacherous souls, sit listening by, or with false hearts and coward lips, where open defiance is the part of duty and manhood, seek pitifully to propitiate, whilst by implication they commit themselves to participation in the *quasi* treason, with deferential salaams to the "profound and comprehensive reasoning," the "admirable and luminous speeches" of people intellectually so shallow, and politically so worthless, that nothing less than a complete inversion of the natural order of society could have raised them to the surface of the troublous stream on which they float, and where, side by side almost with the genius and virtue of the land, the ignoble refuse, amidst the caresses of depraved officials, may well be tempted in self-satisfied companionship to exclaim, "See how we apples swim!"

No more heavy curse could be visited on a nation than, with revolution in progress, and with an industrial crash imminent, to have men in the supreme direction of affairs mentally, morally, physically moreover, incapable of rising, not above only, but to the level of the circumstances which surround them. We have a Premier, amiable, doubtless, in all the relations of private life, and a lover of literature, but who, in the best of his bygone days, exhibited nothing more remarkable than the degree of talent which soars not beyond the art of pleasing, and provokes not, by the lofty and uncompromising advocacy of principles, or the towering pretensions of genius, to command either envy or hostility in any quarter. A life of luxurious ease, with all the goods of fortune in possession, has wasted whatever of vigor might once have been his in the heyday of the blood; contradiction makes him querulous, but it is not in his nature to be energetic. Too high-minded, if not too conscientious, to join the revolutionary pack, whose de-

signs, nevertheless, do not baffle his penetration, he is too indolent to counterwork them—he is impotent for opposition. We may take him at his word, that to the solemn league and covenant of Lichfield-House between ex-officials, agitators, and republicans, he was no party, and shunned all contact with it. We may believe that he reassumed his former post, partly from pique at an unceremonious, too ungracious, because, on his part, not specially provoked dismissal, and partly, also, from the urgency of colleagues and followers, to whom, as the ostensible leader of a party, he may fairly be said to have been bound on the point of honor. Lord Melbourne has no family exigencies to satisfy; he is not one of the younger sons of a numerous brood, and of a house historically voracious. His estate is ample and unencumbered; he is without sons whose fame or advancement he has to care for. Personally, therefore, from sordid imputations he may be acquitted; of great personal ambition at his years, and with his habits, we are not disposed to challenge him strongly in tempestuous days like the present, however the seductions, the love of power and patronage in other and more tranquil seasons, might have tempted. His is a character compounded of negatives. There is nothing about him positively good to command respect, or great to admire, or absolutely vicious to denounce—and in this is the danger, for he is no more than the slave of a party, of which he exhibits as the leader, whose necessities, urgent and imperious, he must provide for, and the more pronounced section of which hold him in tutelage. Too inert for reflection, he resigns himself to the dictation of colleagues of more active habits and determined mould, but whose intellectual capacity no man estimates more truly, or holds in more sovereign contempt than himself. The language and the sentiments of the Prime Minister in one House are unscrupulously repudiated by his subordinates in the other, and he condescends to propose measures, of the motives or the merits of which he is no further cognizant than the notes of instructions transmitted to him by the heads of departments for their vindication. What better instrument can the revolutionist desire than a Premier buried in aristocratic sloth, who dreads the annoyance of thinking, and begs only not to be *derangé!*

However deficient in the higher attributes of the statesman, Lord Melbourne is withal an accomplished gentleman—not contemptible for talents and acquirements—personally disinterested—liberal-minded, frank, generous and sincere. What proportion of this praise can truly be accorded to the small person of the Abbey (for small in every sense he is), by whom he is bestridden and tormented? Lord John Russell is one of the younger scions of a family great alone by territorial possessions; which, from the dawn obscure of its rise unto this present noontide of its splendor, has never yet gratefully presented the state, as some equivalent for transcendent value received, with one offshoot whose name adorns, or is worthy to adorn the page of history—save one. By some freak of nature or caprice of womankind, there chances an exception to the rule, but even Lord William Russell is more celebrated for the virtues of constancy, and the sufferings of martyrdom, than for commanding powers of mind, or service of high national import. He might indeed have been gifted in the one sense, and shorn in the other—had fate and Popery permitted the development. Otherwise the trophies emblazoned of the house of Bedford, must be sought, not in the annals of Great Britain, but in the pages of Junius and Burke. Of Lord John himself, the present hero of our pen, may be repeated what Burke said of one of his progenitors,—"he was swathed, rocked, and dandled into a legislator." Of the cunning which alone made, and still remains hereditary in the family, he is the very type—the "child and champion." Cunning is the essence of small minds, and not unfrequently the characteristic of men of small stature. If any record could exist of so insignificant a personage as the Russell of Henry the Eighth, the first of the known name, and the man who slily inveigled out of the capricious tyrant the spoils of a fallen church, in some of those fitful and lavish moments, upon which he servilely waited, it would perhaps be found that he was some dwarfish pimp to royal fantasy—for popular caprice there was then none worth administering to. The family tree is still notorious for the same fruit—centuries

have not sufficed to scour the taint from the blood,—the passage of nearly two thousand years finds the children of the money-changers of the Temple, money-changers still. The descendant of the first Russell, faithful to the traditions of his race, has ever been, and will remain a waiter upon Providence, and a timeserver of ascendency, until the day fast coming, but not foreseen—for wisdom only is foresighted for to-morrow—the tiny optics of cunning pierce not beyond the hour—when the people of whom he has been the pioneer to level the way shall decree the reassumption of national domains, with which his minions were so prodigally endowed by the reckless despot—when the vast possessions of the house of Bedford shall revert to their former and, since the revocation of poor law rights, rightful owners. Thus Lord John lauded the old Constitution with all its blemishes so long as it was popular, but when a change came over the spirit of the land, the object of his veneration was pitilessly abandoned to its fate, and a new one concocted—he bowed the knee before Old Sarum first, and after broke his idol in pieces. The ancient Russell forsook the falling church of his age, and out of its ruins founded the future dukedom; the modern patriot aids likewise to undermine what he believes the falling church of his day, so that the timely claim of gratitude may be established in the event of scramble or repartition of another wreck hereafter. For the petty details of intrigue and for mischief the Secretary of the Home Office seems gifted with capacity just sufficient, and no more. The grasp of his mind may be estimated from the conclusion solemnly meditated in his closet, and published to an astonished world, that the corruption of the ancient noblesse, and their devotion to the refined sensualities and Heliogabalan luxuries of the *cuisine*, was a chief cause of that mighty outbreak, the first French Revolution. By a parity of logic, the Reform Bill, and the revolution now working here under the pretext of Reform, are not attributable, as vulgarly believed, to Lord John Russell and the Whig lust of power and place, but to the epicurean extravagances of Crockford's and the enervating *potages*, *soufflés* and *entremêts* of that prince of artistes, Monsieur Ude. Of a piece with this profound discovery, was the pitiful exhibition of fright and feebleness on the introduction and opening dissection of his misshapen Reform bantling, when Lord John fled the withering sarcasm of opponents, and the contemptuous condolence of friends, in the Commons' House in dismay, and took to a bed of sickness (as is yet his wont when difficulties perplex, and his faculties are bewildered), devolving upon the brawny shoulders of Lord Althorp, the burden of defending his unsightly cub, and licking it into shape. As a speaker the language of the Secretary corresponds with the commonplace character of his intellect. He never, by any accident, digresses into eloquence—his pedantic pretension of manner cannot disguise the poverty of ideas—he is heavy without matter, verbose without logic, diffuse without clearness, pompous without elevation, solemn but not impressive. Imagination he has none; he is heard rather than listened to, concludes without producing conviction, and but for social position and official station, would scarcely be tolerated beyond a colloquy in committee or a turnpike bill debate. Such is the colleague in chief, and the *imperium in imperio* of the government over which Lord Melbourne presides in appearance but not in reality. The subaltern leads his commander, because ever cunningly a march in advance—his cry is always *en avant marchons*, and following freebooters eager for foray and spoil, cluster preferentially round the standard that floats in the van. Upon the other adjuncts of the cabinet, it were profitless to waste words—they are but the makeshifts of one, and the cast-offs of another party. There is but one whose talents soar above mediocrity, and he listlessly content to serve where most qualified to command—Lord Glenelg barters acknowledged powers for a life of ease and license to doze away an official existence.

The attempt were bootless to canvass or classify the merits or pretensions of the Ultra-Radical section which have followed in the wake, and now head and hurry the march of the more lagging Ministerialists. Among themselves they own no chief, because superior mind amongst them there is none. They are a striking exemplification of a perfect democracy—an equality of capacities with a certain unity of action, but with no

common bond of conviction. For there are amongst them republicans pure, and republicans *quasi*, and republicans turn-about; men who hate the hereditary principle in King and Lords—men who would stop short of the Monarch—men who, for a price, would be staunch to one or both. All these diverse people talk now and then of universal suffrage by way of popularizing themselves; some few would sincerely go the length of household suffrage; the generality prefer the sovereignty one and indivisible of the middle classes, could they, by sacrifices of consistency and principle, however base, acquire their confidence. Of these various fractions of a faction, with and without principle, Mr. Joseph Hume is the finished Iago. Now he distils wormwood into the ears of the credulous and impetuous Othello—anon, makes drunk with flattery mine "ancient"—and next excites the easy idiot Roderigo. Honest Joseph sides and sails with all and each—whoever sinks, his bark, he resolves, shall not founder. If now he swear by Lord John, to-morrow he will fasten upon Mr. Grote, and the next day proffer his adorations to Sir William, or go the whole hog with Carlile himself. Obtuse of intellect, in a ratio commensurate with his powers of matchless effrontery, Mr. Hume does not the less largely and lengthily deal with every variety of subject, expounding none, because none comprehending; the sole description of philosophy in which he is at home being that of the breeches pocket. Accordingly, no man ever besieged the public offices more audaciously, or practised among them more successfully. From a commissionership down to a policeman—from contracts in grand to contracts for a half share in the supply of police clothing—no place or job to be made or given away has been beyond the aspiration, or beneath the notice, or escaped the clutches of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P. for the Metropolitan county, or Messrs. Hume and Co., army-clothiers and police tailors. It was so in the times of Tory ascendency, let it be said with shame—so it is even now in the halcyon days of Whiggery; we could quote the very terms of scorn and loathing in which more than one Whig functionary has reprobated a nuisance which they cannot, or dare not abate. But the disinterested patriot is never liberal to others, without an eye to interest or business. The suppliant for patronage must make out his qualifications; he must show credentials of Hume clanship—a bar sinister, moral or heraldic, counting for nothing—or his rate-receipts and testimonials to command of votes in Middlesex or Aberdeen, which is the ex-candidate's *pis aller*, or other places for which sit his creatures, more mean than the meanest of patrons, as we are told below the deeps there is a deeper still. These only are the sterling coins of claim and merit current at the Hume Office; all else are rejected as counterfeit. You exclaim, as well you may, against the possible or the probable of such cormorant rapacity, ever fed and still hungering, because you see, and have seen, votes recorded against Whig friends and Tory foes indiscriminately, and read speeches, so far as words go, bitter against both. So reasons the simplicity and common sense of mankind; the fact of votes and speeches is there printed and published; but of votes, motions, annoyance—jobbed, compromised, or stultified—there is and can exist no tangible record or glossary. The late Admiral Harvey, M.P. for Essex, used to answer applications of friends for army influence with the Government of the day, "If you want favor at the Horse Guards, go to Sir Ronald Ferguson." The name of Sir Ronald, as every one knows, was never seen except on the Whig lists of opposition. One must be behind the curtain to comprehend the working of the machinery. There are two systems: that of the Tories was to neglect and spit upon their friends—their opponents they delighted to honor and reward. The Whigs have adopted a *mezzo termine*, and, it must be owned, a better calculated if not more equitable policy. In Ireland they gorge their foes to repletion, and so silence them; in England, rather than postpone the claims of friends, they manufacture places express, and find sops abundant wherewithal to soothe the cravings of importunate croakers like Mr. Hume.

In contemplating the character and judging the capacities of the two parties, one of which wields the government, and both combined constitute

the parliamentary majority of the Commons' House, it is impossible that the mind should not be carried back to those phases of the first French Revolution which reflect men and things in parallel positions, and with the outlines of parties and individual characteristics not dissimilar to those of the present day in this country. In order to ensure the overthrow of Royalists and Constitutionalists, the two factions of the Gironde and the Mountain were banded one and indivisible, so far as the special object in view; each in all other respects marching under its distinctive banner, and urging its separate theories. In the ranks of neither body were to be found the great names of the Revolution, but indisputably the ablest as the most respectable innovators were those of the Gironde. Now, an impartial scrutiny must satisfy the most partial of the extraordinary inferiority in talents and acquirements of the Whigs and Whig-Radicals, with scarcely an exception, to the Girondists, with whom from position and circumstances they naturally enter into comparison. Register the Ministerial benches, and where shall we meet with the brilliant and burning eloquence of Vergniaud, the more cool and subtle reasoning of Brissot, the philosophical elevation of the scientific Condorçet? These were men, however, not distinguished beyond many, and barely above a large proportion of their colleagues of the same color of opinion. No sane person would certainly think of elevating Lord John Russell to the unattainable standard of Brissot, or of comparing the intellectual budget of Mr. Spring Rice with that of Condorçet, or collating the polished diction, exuberantly overlaying paucity of matter, of Lord Glenelg, with the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" in the orations of Vergniaud. The member who nearest approaches to a Brissotin by the qualities of his mind and his oratory is perhaps Mr. Grote, if we may accept his recent speech upon the Ballot as a fair specimen of both. It is unquestionably a vast improvement upon his former efforts, however false its conclusions, and none the worse for the absence of that affected display of classical reference which on a former occasion subjected him justly to the imputation of an ambitious pretension to scholarship which superficially only he could possess, inasmuch as he had evidently misread or misapprehended, and assuredly misrepresented, his authorities. Mr. Grote ranks, however, in common acceptation, as a Radical pure, and certainly not as a Whig. If the section of Radicals pure, or philosophical Radicals, as with ludicrous self-laudation, they love to style themselves, be weighed against the men of the Mountain, the process exhibits the like results. The distance is almost measureless from Barrère,* Robespierre, and St. Just, down to Buller, Hume, and Roebuck. Beside the keen wit, the learning and fluency of Barrère, the powers of argumentation of Robespierre, and the rhetorical ability of St. Just, to judge only by what remains of them, how inefficient, marrowless, and unreasoning appear the senatorial performances of the British trio, who, so far as principles, seem emulous to tread in their footsteps! When these principles are once triumphant—when the institutions of the state and the altar are laid prostrate, and the Goddess of Reason en-

* The hoary revolutionist still lives—at least he was alive and made his appearance in Paris after the Revolution of July. Some time after that event, he was found out, and a large party invited by an old acquaintance of other days to meet him. Of course all the world was there to see and hear one of the great monsters of the Revolution. The lion made all the *frais* of the conversation, and his powers of wit and repartee were found as brilliant as ever. One of the company present was M. de . . ., himself no mean proficient in revolutionary lore, whose father, a Court banker of Louis XVI., was guillotined in the times of Robespierre. Barrere, as president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, presided at the execution, and as usual, seasoned the deed of blood with a pun. As the head of the victim was being severed from the body, he exclaimed to a friend, in allusion to the money-dealing pursuits of the sufferer, 'c'est battre de la monnaie'—this is coining. M. de . . . the son, being asked, subsequently to the party alluded to, his impression of Barrere, ingenuously and unconcernedly answered—c'est un homme extraordinaire, mais il a tue mon pere!' Undoubtedly none but a Frenchman born and bred to revolutions, could have done or said the like.

throned, monsters will not long be wanting to carry them out practically to all their sanguinary consequences here as it was in France—consequences at the bare reflection upon the possibility of which, those deeply sinning, but still we hope well-intentioned Radicals, must start with horror and affright. Robespierre himself, whose capacity, from a just abhorrence of his atrocities, has been exceedingly underrated, betrayed no indications originally of those ferocious instincts which successful ambition and the acquisition of power unlimited subsequently so fearfully developed. The Gironde initiated him in the taste for blood, and fell almost the first victims to the latent carnivorous propensities which they had aroused and feasted.

The mediocrity of talent in the leaders is commonly assigned as the first cause of the sanguinary anarchy which accompanied the march of the French Revolution, and the failure of the republic which they aimed at constructing out of the ruins of the monarchy. The mediocrities here being more signal still, the revolution can terminate only in the same results of destruction to life and property. When the masses become agitated, feebleness in the governing power is the surest symptom, and the forerunner of violence and anarchy. What M. Chevalier profoundly and philosophically observes of France, specially in his work on the United States, may be usefully applied here. "Weakness," says he, "is what the people tolerate least in their rulers. The mediocrity men (*hommes mediocres,*) who in their ridiculous vanity dare aspire to preside over the destinies of thirty-three millions of men, and who, once invested, degrade power to their own level, and allow it to be dismantled, would they not deserve to be accused of conspiracy against social order, equally with frantic revolutionists or crazy counter revolutionists? Do they not compromise equally one and the other the public tranquillity—do they not undermine the foundations of the prosperity and safety of the country?" Counter revolutionists there are none here, because there is yet no revolution finally accomplished to provoke combination. To the Reform Bill, announced by Reformers as a "final measure," the great Conservative body has long yielded an unanimous adhesion, and none are more zealous in upholding the law than those who have ever been accustomed to obey with cheerfulness, and most rarely to violate it. The property and intelligent classes have themselves so deep a stake in the conservation of this final adjustment, intact from invasion, that no danger need be apprehended, provided a Government, strong by the concentration of talent, firmness, and patriotism, with its foundations based on such a rock, existed to represent and enforce their opinions and resolves. The only conspirators hitherto declared against the Reform Bill are to be found among its authors and abettors; the only propositions to change or subvert it have emanated from those who most loudly demanded, and most solemnly accepted it, as satisfaction in full of all demands. But there can be no question, that by the working classes, it is far from being regarded with that enthusiasm with which on its appearance it was hailed, under the prevalence of which, and of the unpardonable impostures practised upon them to that end, those physical demonstrations were resorted to which contributed so largely to decide the fiercely disputed point of its acceptation by the Legislature. Excitement over, they have not failed to discover, that under the old Constitution, anomalous, complex, and corrupt in parts as it was, they still enjoyed a voice in the national representation; that if the mass was not privileged, component portions of that mass, identical in feelings, opinions, and interests, were. Freemen, potwallopers, and those who voted in right of a smoke, all formed part of the operative classes, and had a controlling power in the elections of various cities, towns, and boroughs. Thus, through a sort of delegation of the order, the people, commonly so called, had a direct and influential action upon the representation—a distinct, and no mean share in the representative body. To these descriptions of electors, a life-lease of their privileges was secured by the Conservatives, after a struggle, under the Reform Bill; but, in most cases, their force is swamped already by the overwhelming numbers of the ten-pound franchise electors; the body is wasteing away annually in the course of nature, so that in a few years not a vestige of rights and power so strictly popular will remain. This did not, at the time, escape the penetration of

Cobbett and Hunt,* whose remedy, indeed, was to the most thoroughgoing extent; but the masses, inflamed to the wildest fury, rushed blindly on under other and more artful leaders, and neither bargained to retain the powers they had, nor to secure an equivalent for an extension of them. The freemen might be, and to a certain extent were doubtless corrupt, but not more so than the ten-pounders in the smaller communities are rapidly becoming, and will become within a short period. Alarmed even at the prospect of the moral or physical agency which the people non-entitled may still exert over the qualified electors, the Reformers are hotly urging on the ballot, with the more special object of depriving them even of the shadow of control, although this same "moral" and indirect agency was largely insisted upon, during the discussions on the Reform, by its supporters, as one of its most unquestionable and desirable results, by enlarging the sphere of popular influence, and bringing it more directly to bear upon the proceedings of the Legislature. Mr. Grote, doubtless, desires to lay the axe to the root of aristocratic and county influences and dictation, and to act upon the relations of landlord and tenant; but he deceives himself wofully, if he thinks to throw dust in the eyes of the public by this pretext alone as to other ulterior views, more cogent although less salient. He would, we opine, have no disinclination to compromise with aristocracy, and leave the counties alone, if the towns might be surrendered to the ballot. Not that Mr. Grote hates the aristocracy less, but that he dreads the workies more. The theories of Whig and Radical governments, so far as they have been developed, are not altogether of the most popular complexion, nor, as they come to be practically applied, do they promise to improve in that sense upon further acquaintance. Anti-popular votes, such as those for the abolition of the old Poor Law, that palladium of the poor man's social rights, and for the enactment of that barefaced imposture miscalled the Poor Law Amendment Act, are not calculated to curry favor with those who are both insulted and agrieved thereby. The return of Radicals, no less than of Whigs, to Parliament will be endangered, unless the popular action upon the electors be neutralized or destroyed. The votes of the ten-pounders, whose pockets are spared in the payment of poor's rates are, it is selfishly calculated, safe and sure in grateful behalf of their rate-saving representatives, provided that through the process of secret voting the people are shut out from knowledge or interference direct or indirect. However the electors, in their own case, and for their own convenience, may relish this guarantee for the unrestricted exercise of a more free volition, it may be doubted whether they will be so readily satisfied with the application of the ballot to the regulations of the honorable House itself; whether they will consent that the votes of their delegates shall be equally unshackled and shrouded in darkness quoad those who depute them, as their own with the ballot would be quoad the non-privileged and unrepresented of their countrymen. For in the one case, as in the other, despite fine-drawn and cob-web distinctions, it is a simple affair of trusteeship, in the one expressed, but in the other understood only; the powers in trust with which the ten-pounders are invested by the nation, being again, and by virtue of the trust-authorization, committed into fewer and more selected hands, with the reservation of certain obligations and responsibilities, direct and special, from representatives towards the constituency, but from the electors to the non-electors implied and moral only. With the ballot once in the House of Commons, the mode in which it will work is already familiarized to us by the example of the French Chamber of Deputies. In that assembly it not unfrequently occurs, upon a disputed popular question, that on the first scrutiny, which is by *assis* and *levis*, by one party rising and the other remaining seated, or open voting, the result is a majority on the popular side; but on the demand for the application of the ballot, or secret vote, by which the publicity of the member's opinion is avoided, the reverse takes place; the majority, swayed by

* Nor we believe of Mr. Bell, of the True Sun then, but of the London Mercury now.

an occult influence, be it royal or aristocratic, it may be in the exercise of an impartial judgment, no longer coerced by the fear of public odium, is found to be arrayed against the open vote and popular decision. To this complexion the ballot, once adopted for the constituency, will come at last. The argument, if worth any thing, is irresistible in the one application as the other; the representative will urge his title to protection against the electoral body, on the indisputable plea that they on their part have been withdrawn, and secured from the popular jurisdiction. Let the constituency beware how they give into the trap, for if the robbery of the remnant of popular rights be countenanced in the spirit of encroachment or tyranny by them, they will be fleeced in return, and their own arbitrary inclinations retributively retorted upon them.

What valid objection, moreover, can be urged against extending the scope of the ballot to the House of Peers, and thus withdrawing that body from the control and coercion of public opinion? The House of Commons is a reflected and dependent power only; but the Lords represent a fixed, hereditary, and independent principle *per se* in their own persons, and the hereditary principle equally resides in the property qualification, which is the basis of the electoral right. The elector may be disfranchised by the accidents of life, but the property never; so the peer may die, but the peerage never, save by default of heirs in the right line. The Commons are a delegation direct, with powers as to persons revocable periodically. The Lords are seized of power in their own right as a branch of the constitution, and coeval with it—the constituency is a delegation permanent, with faculties non-revocable. The two latter alone are legally, that is, constitutionally irresponsible. There exists no tribunal to which they are amenable, save the moral force of public opinion. The Lords politically, as numerically the weaker, as against Commons and constituency, and therefore the more exposed to lose its independence of action, may feasibly urge their stronger pretensions to the protection of the ballot; it would be gross injustice and oppression to invest either Commons or constituency, or both, with it to their exclusion. If conceded to the Commons, it annuls their direct responsibility to the constituency; if to the constituency and the Lords, it vitiates the agency, slow, indirect, but irresistible, of public opinion; it sweeps away the last relic of the rights of the people. If to the constituency alone, it clothes a class apart with all the awful attributes of an Inquisition invisible though absolute. The masses are enslaved by a despot, with whom, because unseen, they cannot grapple—the monarchy is undermined by a hidden foe, whom it cannot counteract.

In the convulsion forthcoming of the industrial world, to aggravate the perils of the political crisis, what claim, we ask, has the Whig-Radical Government to the confidence or the gratitude of the masses, who will be the chief sufferers and the most dangerous complainants? Let them answer it with the Factory Bill, and the Workhouse system, and the Central Police system in hand—for no one doubts that a Central Police system was already concocted, prim, perfect, and absolute in all its parts before the Board of Commissioners was formed, or one single leading query of the trashy circular traced in ink. Let us begin with the Factory Bill and the Factory system.

It is not our intention to recapitulate any portion of the horrors of that system unregulated by law. There are the committees of 1816, 1818, and 1819, before the Houses of Lords and Commons, with their folios of appalling evidence arrayed in judgment against it. The Lords, more especially, devoted two sessions to the duties of humanity. There is also the committee of the Commons in 1832, most reluctantly conceded by the Whigs to the late lamented philanthropist, Mr. Sadler, as the former were due to that good and able man the late Sir Robert Peel, and the untiring energies of that eminent benefactor of the working classes, the late Mr. Nathaniel Gould of Manchester. These three gentlemen were all Tories; for, by a fatality almost incredible, we never hear of a Whig or a philosophical Radical active and prominent in works of benevolence—devoting unostentatiously the powers of mind and body to soothe the miseries or add to the sum of comforts of those in humble life.

The factory system passes for being the creation of modern times—for having sprung from the loins, as it were, of the splendid inventions of Arkwright. The mistake is singular, and shows the carelessness or the want of research in writers who have descanted so largely upon those industrial interests interwoven with it. Neither M'Culloch, Dr. Ure, nor Mr. Baines, in their several publications upon the cotton manufacture, seem to have been aware of the fact that the Factory System, such almost as we have seen it in years past, such in its leading features as it exists at present, such unchecked by legislative interference, as in times of pressure, low prices, falling wages, and the application of the screw it might and would become hereafter, had, centuries ago, flourished in all its rank luxuriance in South America, fostered, if not planted, under the genial auspices of Spanish avarice and Spanish despotism. As an ample justification for the exercise of the superintendence, ever-watchful, of a wise authority over the health and wellbeing of the laboring classes, no less than as a warning to merchants and master manufacturers, of the revolting cruelties which a lust for gold renders possible, and which might come to be perpetrated in after times under the Factory System, abandoned to the caprice or cupidity of future administrators—cruelties, from the commission of which they would recoil, as from the mere perspective they will with horror—we shall conclude with one extract from the *Noticias Secretas de America*, descriptive of the Factory System in the cotton and wool manufacturing districts of the provinces of Quito and Caxamarca (now forming part of the new Republic of the Ecuador,) and generally applicable to all those of Peru and New Granada in the former part of the last century. These *noticias* are official reports, drawn up for the private information of the Government, from personal survey, by Don Jorje Juan and the justly celebrated Don Antonio de Ulloa, by the latter chiefly, in conformity with special instructions to examine into the administration of authority and the situation of the people, in that portion of South America seated on the Pacific. The Inquisition was commenced on the termination of that scientific mission for measuring a degree upon the Equator, on which those two functionaries, no less eminent for learning than for their humanity, had been deputed to accompany and assist the French astronomers, Godin, Bouger, and La Condamine, in the year 1735.

"The labors of the manufactory commence," says Ulloa, "before daybreak, when each Indian (the factory workmen were all Indians) hastens to the room appointed for his class of work, where their task portion of the day is distributed to them; which done, the master fastens the door and leaves them incarcerate. At noon, the door is opened for the women (the wives or other female relatives,) who bring their poor and scanty rations of food. The meal consumes little time, and they remain again imprisoned as before. When the darkness no longer permits them to labor, the master manufacturer comes to collect the work; those who have not been able to finish the allotted quantity are, without listening to reason or excuse, castigated with a cruelty that is incredible; and, turned into unfeeling brutes, these impious men discharge upon the miserable Indians stripes by hundreds,* for in no other manner do they know how to count them; and for conclusion of the chastisement, they are left locked up in the prison-room (although all the building is no better,) fettered and placed in the stocks. There is a particular place set apart for punishing them with greater *indignities* † than would

* The instrument of punishment is thus described:—"Este instrumento de tortura consiste en un cabo, como de una vara de largo y un dedo de gruesso, o poco menos, hecho de cuero de vaca torcido a la manera de un bordon."—A kind of rope's-end about a yard long and a finger thick, made of ox-hide, and twisted like a pilgrim's staff.

† The mode of punishment thus:—"Se le manda (the Indian) tender en el suelo boca abaxo, se le quitan los ligeros calzoncillos, que es todo su ropage, y los azotar con el ramal, haciendole contar los latigazos que descargan sobre el hasta completar el numero de la sentencia." After which the poor wretch was suffered to rise, and on his

be done with the most guilty slaves. During the day the master, his assistant, and the overlooker, visit every room various times; the Indian who has been the least remiss is instantly chastised in the same manner with stripes, and then returns to his work until the hour of leaving off, when the punishment is repeated."

Such was the Report of an upright Spanish *Commissioner*. The local government were conscious of the habitual practice of their enormities, without the power to remedy. The Viceroys of Peru had before, as Ulloa testifies, despatched commissioners to inquire, and armed with full powers to call the masters to account, and inflict condign retribution. In vain; the commissioners, who on their arrival in a district would neither be bribed nor feasted* by the masters, were insulted and abused, and were finally too happy to escape threatened assassination, by a precipitate departure and abandonment, of their mission. Few were, however, so honest and scrupulous as not to barter conscience and compound with crime for the sake of ease and profit.

Let no man lay the flattering unction to his soul that monstrosities such as described by Ulloa of America could never obtain and be tolerated in this more enlightened era—in this more civilized land. Extremes meet—as imperial Rome advanced in refinement, more gladiators and hosts of slaves were slaughtered at her festivals—the amphitheatre overflowed with gore amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of ravished assemblages of the most advanced people of the earth. The Factory System, in some of its leading features, is the same in England as in Peru—the differences are of degree only. The oppression which crushes childhood first may hereafter lay its iron hand upon manhood—upon manhood depressed and spiritless from times and circumstances, from the competition of supply in the labor market and the paucity of demand, from receding wages and insufficiency of employ—for tyranny grows with the consciousness of power, and the cravings of the demon of avarice become more insatiate as hecatombs of victims are multiplied. Children and young women form the majority of the factory population already—ere long adult co-operation may be wholly displaced, and children only remain the subordinate agents of the steam-engine, the self-acting mule, and the power-loom. The strap and the billy-roller are but other names for the *cabo de cuero de vaca*—the scandal of the South American discipline upon children would be less gross, less repugnant in form, although more pitiless towards the helpless sufferers. But for legislative intervention all the evils of the parent—of the South American factory system might be realized here to the fullest extent. They who doubt it have never consulted the Parliamentary evidence, not even that collected by one-sided Whig commissioners. Our humble and impartial testimony has never been wanting in the cause; but to those who are still incredulous we advise a perusal of "the Evils of the Factory System,"† a masterly compendium of that evidence, and of the Parliamentary debates upon the question, preceded by a rationale so forbearing, so free from personality where personality is almost a virtue, so excellently, philosophically, and humanely reasoned, that we know not which is most to be admired in the author, the goodness of his heart or the soundness of his understanding.

In the cause of the factory children and the factory population we have seen that Whig-Radicals and Radicals philosophical were not only not zealous, not only not neutral and quiescent, but they were outrageously and indecently arrayed against them. All the manœuvres of Government and of faction were played off, and succes-

knees forced to return thanks, and invoke the blessing of the Almighty on his inhuman flagellator. Women and children, who also were employed in the factories, were indiscriminately subjected to the same barbarous as indecent discipline.

* Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, the Leeds Factory Commissioner, would do well to consult Ulloa as to the mode in which the tribe were feasted in Peru one hundred years ago—human nature is the same it appears in all ages.

† "Evils of the Factory System, demonstrated by Parliamentary Evidence." By Charles Wing, surgeon to the Royal Metropolitan Hospital for Children &c. London: Dedicated most appropriately to Lord Ashley.

fully, to defeat their claims—the claims of humanity. In this Lord John Russell and Mr. Hume, Mr. P. Thomson and Mr. Gisborne, displayed an unanimity reprehensible, if not surprising. When, from the evidence of facts irresistible—of facts forced upon them by their own specially instructed and delegated tools—farther resistance was impossible, with the malice prepense of the great father of evil in the like dilemma, what could no longer be openly opposed was, with the wile of the serpent, insidiously countervailed. They who had vociferously maintained the healthy aptitudes of the child for twelve hours of toil continuous and daily, with a revulsion of opinion too sudden to be conscientious, as boisterously asserted that eight hours was the physical limit of endurance. The Factory Bill prepared in accordance was, with a fiendish ingenuity in its provisions, so drawn up as to be impracticable—so conceived that the operatives themselves should be the first to complain of its pressure upon their interests, demand its repeal, and prefer to hug once more the chains of former oppression. The bait has indeed not taken, and so the President of the Trade Board has been reduced to the necessity of recording the abortive result of Ministerial delinquency, by moving the Commons' House to stultify itself and rescind the act of Whig-humanity quackery. That he failed only adds dishonor to the contempt before felt for the governing power. Under the *regime* of the Ballot and secret voting it had been far otherwise. But it needs no Delphic priestess to tell that the sunshine of Whig and Radical patronage was withheld from factory operatives, because they had no votes, and their opponents had. The factory operatives are, however, but one section of the working classes; let us see if the general body have been treated with more mercy, and how social rights have been interpreted with respect to all, and justice administered. The party now in power have for the last fifty years been at the head, and the apologists of every popular movement—the patrons of all popular discontent. They have humbled themselves to the people—cajoled them—pandered to their passions, their excesses, their vices in every shape—no adulation has been too gross—no subserviency too degrading. On the shoulders, and amid the acclamations of the populace, they were carried into office, and there maintained. The grateful return has been the Poor-Law Abolition Bill, in the enactment of which, and animated by the same motives, the Radical Utilitarians, who for twenty years have been contesting the race of popularity with them, have been the most zealous as the most heartless co-operators. Why? Because the poor have no votes, and ratepayers have. The people are trampled on because no longer useful.

The old poor-laws were abused, because mal-administered. But the tree is not rotten or in decay because in autumn its foliage grows yellow and dies off. The system was still sound at the core; it was founded in natural rights, and had been consecrated by social covenants; humanity presided at its birth—by consummate wisdom it was fostered into strength and fair proportions. The nation had waxed great, the middle classes prospered, the poor were contented under it. But as the Whig-Radicals changed the constitution to gain votes, so they conspired against poor-laws because the poor had none—*point d'argent, point de Suisse.* The fate of the old poor-laws was foredoomed in the composition of the preliminary Board for inquiry—in the selection of the assistant tools for procuring and moulding evidence wherewith to bolster up a foregone conclusion. The Grand Inquisition, with its familiars, was the veritable incarnation of the barbarous political economy of the day. The satellites sallied forth under banners emblazoned with the hideous spectre of redundant population—their mission was to survey the land, and cut down the excess. Merciless as Procrustes himself, their theory was unstretching and unaccommodating as his bed. The mass was measured, and the superabundant victims adjusted by it. At one end they were lopped off by the premium on infanticide, and at the other by the workhouse system; the axe of the one was whetted by bastardly clauses, of the others sharpened by starvation-diet and the horrors of imprisonment. Such was the origin, such the parents, such the intents, such the achievements of the new Poor-Law Abolition Bill. Not one friendly voice represented in the Commission the interests or feelings of the poor—none was found to cry,

God bless them. A case was got up to justify oppression by means of garbled testimony and one-sided depositions. The assistant of touring Commissioner was officially intrusted to *use his own discretion* as to the places which appear to be most deserving of investigation, and *as to the points of inquiry* which may be most successfully investigated. The license was used in all its latitude. Lawyers real and lawyers nominal,* of the class of lacklanders, who had studied the poor only in the assize calendar or in police courts,† transformed paupers into felons, and presented poverty as crime. The Grand Inquest of the nation found a true bill upon the *ex-parte* allegation of witnesses so partial and corrupt. Corrupt and partial they were, for the prize of place and salary was contingent on the case to be got up—a prospective premium was held out for the most varied and apposite collection of distorted facts and the boldest perversion of reasoning. The competition was great, for golden was the reward; so exceptions were hunted out and multiplied sufficient to pass muster for the rule—reports were manufactured to establish, in conformity, a general principle—finally the pains of parturition concluded with that monstrous birth of Whig-Radical legislation most comprehensively understood as the WORKHOUSE SYSTEM.

Into the practical working of this atrocious system it is not within our province now to enter, nor is it necessary. Volumes of heart-rending evidence have already been published to illustrate it—every journal in the kingdom teems daily with the most revolting details of it. It is now submitted to the process of Parliamentary investigation — a consummation achieved through the dauntless energies of that friend of the people, the member for Berkshire, but from the result we have no anticipations of justice; a packed ministerial committee will labor to suppress, not elucidate truth. He who can rise from the perusal of Mr. Walter's masterly exposure of the grinding tyranny and remorseless havoc, which, true as the dial to the sun, reflect the progress of the workhouse system with soul unmoved and unappalled, may boast the human form divine, but of humanity otherwise, no more than if he had been bred in the jungles of India, and sucked the dugs of tigers. By Whigs and Radicals conjointly he was assailed, interrupted, and insulted, all to stifle the expression

* Of the genus distinguished as "lawyers nominal," the public are not, perhaps, generally aware. The fact is, that numbers of the gentlemen who delight to place "barrister" after their names, have never held a brief, or worn a wig, or studied a statute. What is more, some have been and are incapacitated by want of previous education, others disabled by want of means, many from disinclination, want of ambition, and the possession of a competent fortune. The rank of barrister is, however, to all socially a convenience, and easily attainable. For a man has only to enter himself of an Inn of Court, eat his commons in term time with punctuality for a probationary period, and he is admitted as a matter of course, without examination into his legal attainments, provided no objection be stated against his moral character. He thus gains a *settlement* in society, and takes rank, without question, as a gentleman, something in the same way that a pauper qualifies for a parish *settlement*, and a claim upon the poor's rate.

† It is commonly reported, but the thing is incredible, that one of the functionaries of the new Poor-Law Board is himself the offspring of an agricultural laborer. Far be it from us to allude to the fact, if fact it be, otherwise than as redounding the more to his honor in his elevation, provided that elevation were purchased by no sacrifices of principle—no truckling subserviency to the dark laid designs and nefarious conspiracies of those in high station against the poor. We have, however, read portions of the Report of an Assistant Commissioner, now officially known under another designation, with feelings mingled of disgust and contempt. The reasoning about "independent laborers and paupers,"—the "means by which the fund for their subsistence is to be reproduced," &c. &c., is just as trashy as might be expected in a penny-a-liner; and the spirit which seasons the whole savors strongly of conclusions drawn from the habit of witnessing and recording the scenes of gin-drinking broils, petty larcenies, squalor, filth, and pauper misery daily exhibited at Bow Street or the Mansion House. That sort of experience would seem greatly to ministerial taste, as may be gathered from the lists of Poor-Law Commissioners, Factory Commissioners, and Rural Police Commissioners, in which certain names invariably recur. The hardest taskmasters are usually those of the order to be oppressed—the most callous of nigger drivers is the nigger himself. Does Lord John recognise the policy of the slavery system?

of hateful facts, and drown the voice of the speaker—happily in vain. "The interruptions," said the fearless orator, "within the walls of that house—even if they amount to the howlings with which the neighborhood rung two nights ago, shall not prevent me from making known the cries of the poor out of it." (He alluded to the disgraceful yells with which the ministerial pack had saluted Lord Lyndhurst.) One Captain D. Dundas, a nominee and retainer of Lord Lansdowne's, we believe, whom nobody ever hears of, except for braggart and bullying airs in Berks or St. Stephen's towards Mr. Walter, took umbrage, it seems (as Joe Miller would say, what other place has the man of war taken?) about the "accusation of howling," from which it may be inferred either that he was himself one of the beagles, or felt sore at being coupled by the speaker among so degenerate a breed of mongrel curs. And what reply did Lord John Russell make to the dreadful enumeration of "large families starving," wretched children without other disease than "prostration of strength from want of food,"—deaths (murders would be the proper term) of the poor and aged from absolute want and relief denied—representations, that in certain parishes the poor were "dying in great numbers, and die they will, sooner than go into the bastile, as they call it, as did the poor woman," &c., — that in these bastiles, "if a man is dying, his wife cannot see him, if she be an inmate," so stern the separation of husband from wife, of parent from child! What, we repeat, was the answer of Lord John to all the array of hideous examples cited, with names, dates, times, and circumstances, furnished and vouched for by honorable men, clergymen, and magistrates? Why. Lord John informed the House, and rested his justification of the Workhouse system on the proof of the decrease "in the amounts of the poor rates." He enumerated places where the savings reached 30, 40, 50 per cent and more, as if the economy of starvation were denied. It is however, well that the mask is cast off, and that the great principle of the workhouse system is now avowed to be that of pounds, shillings, and pence alone, in other words, the gaol and hunger. The expenditure of poor's rate, Lord John exults in stating, has been wonderously diminished. In

1834 it was . . .	L.6,700,000
1835	5,500,000
1836 down to . . .	4,360,000

and he charitably opines they may and ought to be reduced within the compass of L.4,000,000. Why four millions? Why four pounds? Why stop short of one of the clauses of the original bill, as carried by himself and Lord Althorp through the Commons, but mercifully rejected by the Lords, for fixing the date when all poor relief should cease and determine? But whilst poor's rates have been lessened, and paupers have been ground down in their allowances, the higher order of paupers, the commissioners, flourish in all the chubby freshness of absolute plethora. Their salaries have been raised in the ratio of pauper allowance cut down, thus—

Chief Commissioners from L.1000 to L.2000 per annum.

Assistant Commissioners L.800 to L.1500 do.

By the workhouse bill the number was restricted to nine; there are now twenty-five. Even the saving, as Lord John put it, is a fraudulent assumption. He allows nothing for the constantly increasing absorption of labor during years past through a course of trading prosperity almost unparalleled, through extensive building speculations, through railroads numberless, and the improved prospects of agriculture. The cry is and has been that poor's rates and paupers are on the increase, that they are evils "every year and every day becoming more overwhelming in magnitude, and less susceptible of cure;" and Lord Brougham went the length of asserting that all property would be swallowed up by them. Let us note the progression of this plague, pestilence, and famine, from the tables of Mr. Nimmo. (*Parl. Papers*, 1830.)

Years.	Relieved.	Population.	Ratio.
1688,	563,964	5,300,000	9.4
1766,	695,177	7,728,000	11.3
1792,	955,326	8,695,000	9.7

Years.	Relieved.	Population.	Ratio.
1803,	1,040,716	9,168,000	8.0
1813,	1,361,903	11,028,425	8.0
1821,	———	11,977,663	9.3
1831,	1,275,974	12,300,000	9.6

Relatively to the population, therefore, it is evident that pauperism has not been on the increase, but rather the reverse, the numbers relieved having varied only between 8 and 12 in 100 during a period of 140 years. The increase per cent. of the cost of the poor's maintenance, in quarters of wheat, Winchester measure, which in 1820, as compared with 1803, was 47 per cent., was no more in 1830, as contrasted with 1820, then two one-seventh per cent. In the mean time, it may be useful to note the progress of national wealth, as measured only by the exportations of produce and manufactures, home and colonial.—From

1698 to 1701 the medium of exports was (official value)	£6,500,000
1802	41,500,000
1820	43,000,000
1830	66,000,000

The official values are taken, because no formal records of declared values exist before 1779. But as the export of 1698 was doubtless according to the ascertained, that is, "the declared" as well as official rates of values then current, it may be fairly compared with the "declared" values of British produce and official values of colonial exported in 1830, which were nearly £46,000,000. Thus, whilst population and pauperism have little more than doubled in 140 years, national industry, even in the restricted view thus exhibited, has augmented sevenfold, and national wealth, did the inquiry fall within our limits, would be found to exhibit a much more considerable development.

We shall not dwell on the frauds practised by the Commissioners, or, as we are loath to suspect men of respectable antecedents, of their subordinate official, to impose upon public credulity with pretended abuses of the old, and forged or strained eulogiums of the new system. Among others, the parish of Cholesbury figured in the reports of the ambulant tribe, and in the speeches of Lord John, as damning proof of the property-swallowing qualities of the act of Elizabeth—"All the farms in the parish, we were warned with impressive repetition and awful solemnity, had gone out of cultivation under the old system." This darling and selected parish, it turns out, consists of 110 acres only, with two farms of 50 acres each! "The clerk of the Petworth Union states the M.P. for Berkshire wrote a letter to the Commissioners, stating, as may be seen in their Report, that the people were much more orderly than heretofore." All this was true, so far as it went, and the Board ingeniously availed themselves of this fact, to take credit for the workhouse system as the cause; but they stopped short of the remainder of the letter, in which the writer attributed the improvements to the provisions of the Police Act, which had recently been introduced into the place, and to its being lighted. Here we have a notable example of the *suggestio falsi* as well as the *suppressio veri*. The same device was practised by the Factory Commissioners in the suppression of Mr. Stuart's Report.

Doubts have been thrown, and a meaning attempted to be wrested from the first and declaratory clause of the 43 Elizabeth, for the relief of the poor without the shadow of right or reason. The parish was bound to take order *for setting the poor to work*, "having no means to maintain them," and for the necessary relief of the aged, &c. The providing with work was compulsory; the object was the maintenance of the poor; if there be no work to be had, that might be a misfortune, but it could not discharge the parish from the resulting obligation of the maintenance of those willing and able for any work that might be found. Work and maintenance are clearly in the act synonymous or convertible terms, which the weak or the wicked alone can misapprehend the relative import of. By the same act of Eliza-

beth, it is ordered that "convenient houses of dwelling for the impotent poor" shall be erected on the "waste or common" lands of the parish, upon consent of and agreement with the Lord of the Manor, or by order of the Justices of the Peace, such "cottages" not to be used or employed at any time after for any other purposes. By the Whig system observe the difference: the "cottage" is superseded by the workhouse, from which the desolate inmates are allowed no egress, and by windows above reach, are debarred even the sight of the earth beneath. The intent of the "cottages" was the decent and affectionate provision for family ties and family affections, which are mercilessly sundered and inhumanly disregarded under the Whig law, by which the father or the husband immured in one workhouse, is rigorously isolated and denied all communication with the desolate partner of his life and the hapless child who are relegated to a separate dungeon in some other portion of the Union; and in both cases, with a refinement of cruelty scarcely credible, the places of confinement are so calculated, under the instruction expressed or implied of the central despotism, as to withdraw them, by interposing the greatest practicable distance, from the communion and consolation of the more special friends and relatives of each. Is it to be wondered at that the poor, the aged and impotent poor, prefer to die of starvation, as they are daily dying by hundreds, in their own dear though miserable cottages at home, rather than be consigned to lingering misery in tombs, which, like the graves when dead, cut them off living from the most wretched solaces of earth? Shall we be surprised that weeping friends and relatives take leave and bewail the fate of victims thus sentenced to excommunication, as if the workhouse, like the churchyard, were part and parcel of those gloomy regions from whose "bourne no traveller ere returns?" Ulloa records the same thing in Peru of the factories: "The order to go and work," says he, "in the *obrajes* or factories, causes more terror in the Indians than all the rigorous cruelties impiously invented against them. The married women, the mothers, begin to bewail the death of their husbands and children the moment of their condemnation to this penal labor. With respect to their parents the children do the same, and there is no means left untried by parents to procure the liberation of their children from the labor of these *obrajes*." Once incarcerated, we may add, it was a sentence for life. When all efforts have proved unavailing, their despair is inconsolable; they (the Indians) "direct to Heaven their clamorous complaints, seeing that all on earth conspire against them." Hear what the great and good Pitt said, as quoted by Mr. Walter—"The law which prohibited relief, where any visible property remained, should be abolished. That degrading condition should be withdrawn. No temporary occasion should force a British subject to part with the last shilling of his capital, and descend to a state of wretchedness from which he could never recover, merely that he might be entitled to a casual relief." And yet under the workhouse system, so long as a stick of furniture can be found in the poor man's cottage, or a shilling in his possession, he is not entitled even to the luxuries of the Union gaol. Nay, distress warrants have been issued, and execution levied, to recover by public sale of his goods the defalcation of contribution assessed upon the son of a pauper earning twelve shillings a-week, and on the point of being married, for the parish outlay upon his mother.

Whatever amendments the original Workhouse Bill received in the House of Lords, one of which we have gratefully particularized, we are far from being content, after every allowance for the popular excitement of the time and the peculiarity of their position, with the conduct of the Conservative party upon the Poor Law trial. In all times care for the material interests of the poor had been a distinguishing feature of the aristocracy, gentry, and great manufacturers of the country; they should have left the Whigs and Radicals-utilitarian with the monopoly of odium accruing from their own crusade against the non-voting working classes. We are not of the opinion of those who think a "red herring" good enough for the unfortunate beings who cannot work, or who are unable to procure work, or that food to the amount of two pence per day can keep soul and body together, or that paupers should not after death be buried in the same churchyard endeared to them as the

repository of the bones of their fathers, or that families should be divided and the affections of kindred alienated by a line of demarcation in workhouses as broad and as impassable comparatively as the intervention of an ocean. A passage of the humane protest against the Workhouse law, recorded in the Peers' journals, by a right rev. Prelate, and several members of that House, in which it is denounced as "unjust and cruel to the poor," is well worthy of a place here, to the lasting honor of those who signed it. "We think that the system suggested in the bill, of consolidating immensely extensive unions of parishes, and establishing workhouses necessarily at great distances from many parishes, and thereby dividing families, and removing children from their parents merely because they are poor, will be found justly abhorrent to the best feelings of the general population of the country." This is language which affectingly contrasts with the doings of a right rev. Prelate who headed the first commission, and lost sight of Christianity in the delusions of utilitarianism, who himself subsequently, and in more reflecting moments, thus stigmatized the bill for workhouse imprisonment when advocating one benevolent clause. "It is about the only one in the bill that bears a kindly feeling towards the poor on the face of it." Better had he done to have deposed his mitre rather than have countenanced it.

The commissioners have declared that, for the due administration of this exterminatory enactment, stern, unflinching, and unfeeling executors (executioners, they should have said) are the best and the only qualified tools. There is a point at which resistance, we are told, becomes lawful, and Mr. Fielden has intimated his opinion that the limit of endurance is reached. If the workhouse system be presevered in, a social revolution, in companionship with the one political, seems inevitable. The masses—the strong—who have foregone the privilege of strength to "take who can," on a condition and a right, not enacted only by Elizabeth, but coeval with Nature herself, will redress their own wrongs. The poor cannot, will not, ought not, to starve whilst any "visible property remains," as the great Pitt said. To this truism and compact founded on it, the weak, the property classes, acceded. If the seal be "railed off the bond" wo to the rash innovators. If the law remain unchanged, unmodified, the Corn Laws cannot stand—to uphold them would be a paltering with principles which can meet no sympathy with us. If they are abolished, as abolished they must be, what becomes of the farmers? We shall be among the last to consent to their being victimized—we shall be among the first to insist upon an "equitable adjustment" of leases and rents. Prices will fall, and so must wages. We shall be found in the front of the battle for the operatives also, that wages may not be depressed beyond the fall point of corn values. But, great God! what a convulsion—what ruin—misery universal must be the consequence of heartless experiments for determining the extreme minimum of food upon which soul and body can be just kept from final separation! We have been told indeed—we are assured every day—that the abolition of the corn laws would raise wages. That frothy person, Dr. Bowring, in the debate on the factory bill, slashingly bids us "abrogate our corn laws—liberalize our commercial system; thus shall we raise wages." And Colonel Thompson, a gentleman who should be much better informed, and who is infinitely superior in talent, has himself given and preached from the same text. But Prussia has no corn laws, and yet wages do not rise; according to the evidence of Mr. Grey before the committee on commerce and manufactures, a political economist of much higher repute than the touring Doctor, manufacturing wages at Bonn in Prussia were only two shillings and sixpence per week, and the operatives were condemned to live on black bread and sour wine. Neither are there any corn laws in Switzerland, where the workmen live on chickory for coffee three times a-day, with potatoes, although, as the Doctor acknowledges, "they naturally prefer better living when they can obtain it." Are the working classes of England to be brought to this—will they submit to it? In passing, we may notice the opinion of a writer upon the Doctor's boasted morality of Switzerland manufacturing, whose literary reputation as far transcends his, as does

the integrity and trustworthiness of his facts. M. Chevalier is quoting from the letter of a friend who was sojourning at Aran, in the canton of Argovia, which, as the Doctor prides himself on his French, we give in the original. "Je vois l'industrie qui envahit les montagnes, et arrache des bras aux terres les plus fertiles. Je puis voir aussi combien elle emancipe et combien elle démoralise. En passant à côté de l'étranger le paysan ou l'ouvrier ne le saluent plus: la jeune fille ne murmure plus son *Dieu vous salue!* mais elle le regarde fixement et sourit." This is language the Doctor will fully comprehend, and we should not be astonished if his employer of the Trade Board were tempted by the picture to a tour in Switzerland himself.

Thus to the Government and to the Utilitarian Radicals the working classes are indebted for the Reform Bill, which deprives them of a share in the representation—for the proposition of the Ballot which would fleece them of the fraction of political influence in remainder—for the abuses of the Factory system—for the workhouse system with all its horrors. In exchange they are amused with unmeaning balderdash about Church rates, which they do not pay—about an Irish Municipal Bill, of which Irish hodmen understand little, and for which they care less—about "despotism and Don Carlos," which they value as moonshine. The middle classes are, on the contrary, the special pets of Whig and Utilitarian solicitude. These they have made the depositaries of political and municipal powers—these they seek to conciliate with freedom from poors' rates—these they would bribe with the surrender of church rates. The middle classes ought to know how to appreciate their selfishness and hypocrisy—the working classes their ingratitude, their tergiversations, the turpitude of their changeling policy. They court the middle classes now—when not in office, and before the Reform, they excited the lower classes against them. The lessons of experience should not be lost upon either. Mr. Roebuck, on the Utilitarian side, has defended the Centralization system of the workhouse, because the poor are a national concern. If so, as this shallow legislator asserts, why is not poor law provision administered equably, rateably, uniformly in allowance throughout the kingdom? Why is the administration split into parishes with the rates of some differing 50 per cent with those of others? Paving, lighting, watching and warding, are to the same extent national concerns. Upon what principle are these left to the absolute direction of parish boards or town councils? Why should they be better qualified to adjudge upon outlays of hundreds and thousands upon town halls and gas works, than upon the shillings and pence to helpless paupers? Why should the *self*-government about which he dilates, without grasping the principle, be more operose, or impracticable of application to the offices of local charity than to those of local police? Why should those who are assessed to the rates be disqualified for dispensing and controlling their expenditure? No central board of despots sits enthroned, or would be tolerated at Washington, for coercing or disposing at its pleasure of the poor of the American Union; not even a State Assembly interposes to limit or influence the action of legal and local authority. The select men apply the law, and superintend its execution in the township, against whose decisions appeal is allowed to the justices of the peace in session—as here under the old law. The system is found to work satisfactorily both to the poor and the rate payers; for there are poor even in America; a recent report states the existence of 2000 in the city of Boston alone. The local Board of Guardians, which by the workhouse system has been created, is the mere slave, and not the delegation of the central despotism. It is a body without vitality—a corporation without power—official without functions—having option or volition none, save to register the decrees which emanate from the triune tyranny of Somerset House. Men who servilely consent to accept the style and title of guardians, without one single right or privilege to the care and superintendence of the poor, must stand degraded in self-esteem, as they are in public opinion. The Government has invested them with no trust, the people repose in them no confidence. They are the ostensible agents of oppression, which they have not sanctioned, but are powerless to qualify—they are the helpless utensil

for the reception of that popular execration, which unshared, might suddenly overwhelm the Workhouse system with all its authors and abominations.

Let the middle classes take heed in time; for upon them, as the foundation of power, as the order, more tangible, more hated and envied, the reaction of popular vengeance, for the ills of the Factory system, and the atrocities of the Workhouse system, will surely be discharged the first. Savings in wages, by the slow immolation of factory children, and of rates, by the decimating consequences of workhouse incarceration and workhouse starvation diet, will be found cheerless and unfructifying economy, when corn ricks are blazing, cotton mills are fired, and the masses, manufacturing and agricultural, with their Jack Cades and Wat Tylers at their head, are in open insurrection. At the best, and if successful in the struggle, the county rate of one year may chance to absorb all the wretched and recklessly purchased parsimonies of the poor's rate outlay for twenty. The sound and thinking portion have foreseen this, but in the presence of a factious majority in the Legislature, and agitators in the Government, they remain inert and passive. The clergy of the national church have distinguished themselves as becomes their holy calling, by active endeavors to mitigate the evil, and by remonstrance against the barbarity of the system. But not one of the dissenting ministry has ventured forth to plead the cause of the people, nor dare they. The wealthy and well-doing, and such only do they covet for their flocks, are there with the Voluntary principle in hand, and *in terrorem* over them. Their salaries, the supplies of the recusant preacher would be stopped, who also has a sordid interest in diminished rates.

With these dangers impending on the one hand over them, no inconsiderable portion of the middle classes, of the sectarians chiefly, are rushing blindly on towards—are affected with insane longings for—the establishment of a pure democracy on the ruins of the mixed Constitution, under which they, as all, have grown in wealth and happiness. M. Chevalier notes it as a distinctive characteristic of the English and Anglo-American race, that whilst they trample on, or disdain all below them in the social scale, they are jealous, and would pull down to their own level all above them. The bourgeoisie, or middle orders of America, have already passed under the absolute yoke of the masses. They are shorn of all power, deprived of all dignity, degraded and confounded among the common herd of matter without mind—robed in all the arbitrary absolutism of universal suffrage. Not alone does the majority, in the plenitude of its tyranny, exclude them from political dominion or participation in it, but its scrutinizing jealousy penetrates and persecutes them in the details of private life. Woe to the citizen, rich though he be, who indulges too ostentatiously in the luxuries of private life. The sight of a carriage would scarcely be tolerated in Broadway—in Wall Street the gaudy nuisance would breed a riot; the tenant would be hooted for lordly affectation of superiority—the pride of "equality" would be shocked, the majesty of the workie insulted. "In Europe," says M. Chevalier, "where great cities abound, every bourgeoisie which should fail in supporting the throne or the aristocracy, would be exposed to a worse fate than that of the American bourgeoisie." Let it not be imagined that the prosperity and advancement of America is referable in whole, or to any extent, to her republican institutions. De Tocqueville, a writer equally favorable to the democratic principle, and calculating upon its inevitable triumph with the one before quoted, acquaints us, that "the population of America (in which is included her progress economically and socially), increased as rapidly under the colonial system as it does at the present day; that is to say, it doubled in about twenty-two years. But this proportion, which is now applied to millions, was then applied to thousands of inhabitants; and the same fact which was scarcely noticeable a century ago, is now evident to every observer." He continues to show that the "British subjects in Canada, who are dependent on a King, augment and spread almost as rapidly as the British settlers of the United States, who live under a Republican Government."

Here we must draw to a conclusion. Interests well understood, should lead the middle classes rather to strengthen

their connection with the aristocracy and monarchy, than jealously to weaken powers and forms essential to the preservation of their own supremacy, and which never can seriously endanger it. But the social and political superiorities of both bourgeoisie and aristocracy, will be jeopardised if the crusade of the first, and the acquiescent march of the last, against the rights of the poor be madly persisted in. The industrial world is every where in the throes of a convulsion—in the United States, in France, in Germany, as well as here. Overstrained production is succeeded by a violent reaction of falling values. Widely spread ruin and bankruptcy are inevitable results of a decline in prices, of 30, 40, or 50 per cent. Consumption is arrested without a medium of barter or exchange, and can only be re-established when the par is re-adjusted, and the downward race between nations decided at the common goal of diminished rates, as well as diminished production. Long before that period, nay, before the expiration of another year perchance, thousands, and tens of thousands, in the manufacturing districts, may be cast out of work. They will cry out for bread, and a stone, a work-house will be offered. The next encampment of one hundred thousand raging spirits, will not be in Warwickshire, but in Lancashire. No Olivers, or Parkeses, backed with Treasury franks, will be wanting to excite them—for betrayed they will be powerless. A populace incomparably more intelligent, and leaders infinitely more desperate than those of Birmingham, may be banded in mortal strife against the "monarchy of the middle classes," whilst these are rashly as besottedly occupied in sapping the foundations of the monarchy aristocratical. Where, in so solemn a conjuncture, is the empire to look for safety and protection? In presence of the coming tempest there is a Government only less imbecile than unprincipled—a majority in the Commons' House compounded of traitors more than suspected, of Radicals utilitarian and destructive, of Whigs venal and time-serving—the authors, abettors, and supporters of the workhouse system—the implacable foes of the poor. Come the crash will, meet it who may. A rural police will be nerveless to prop up workhouses tumbling to their ruin. The firmament of Whiggery is, however, calm and unclouded as on a summer's day. The cries of the poor or the oppressed cloud not the atmosphere respired in Downing-street—yet rebellion is silently and sombrely hatching in Ireland—Lower Canada is in open revolt—even the little rock of Malta is in quasi insurrection. Russia captures our ships, and wars against our commerce—Portugal bars us out with prohibitory tariffs—General Evans, the hero of Lord Palmerston, with his legion and an army half as strong as that which, at Vittoria, under Wellington, triumphed over, and chased before it, 50,000 of the *élite* of the troops of Napoleon, is so disgracefully defeated at Hernani by a band of raw mountaineers, that the wreck owed its safety and escape, though within the walls of St. Sebastian, only to the cool intrepidity of the Royal Marines, who protected the flight. Brookes's is all agog with peerages expectant, and commoners coronetted but not ennobled. Nay, four hundred baronets have formed a union to enforce their rights to—the Ulster badge!!! Such was the feasting, such the idle revelries in Belshazzar's palace at the ominous moment of the "handwriting on the wall." So Nero sang, danced, and fiddled, while Rome was blazing!

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THE SPANISH CONTEST.

Amidst all our declarations in favor of the lights of the age, and the extraordinary influence of the press, and the extension of journals in diffusing correct ideas on every subject of policy, foreign and domestic, it may be doubted, whether there is to be found in the whole history of human delusion, not even excepting the benighted ages of Papal despotism, or the equally dark era of Napoleon's tyranny, an example of ignorance so complete and general, as has prevailed in this country, for the last seven years, as to the affairs of Spain. While a contest has been going on there during all that period between constitutional right and revolutionary spoliation; while the Peninsula has been convulsed by the long protracted conflict between legal government and democratic despotism; while the same cause which has been supported since 1830 in Great Britain by the arms of reasoning, eloquence, or influence, has there been carried on with the edge of the sword; while for the last four years, a struggle has been maintained by the Basque mountaineers for their rights and their liberties, their hearths and their religion, which history will place beside the glories of Marathon and Salamis, of Naefels and Morgarten: while an heroic Prince and his heroic brothers have borne up against a load of oppression, foreign and domestic, in defence of legal right and constitutional freedom, with a courage and a skill rarely paralleled in the annals of military achievement, the great bulk of the English nation have looked with supineness or indifference on the glorious spectacle. They have been deceived, and willingly deceived, by the endless falsehoods which the revolutionary press and the holders of Spanish bonds spread abroad on this subject, they have been carried away by the false and slanderous appellations bestowed on Don Carlos, they have been mystified by a denial of his clear and irresistible title to the throne, they have not duly considered the stern and inexorable *necessity* which *compelled* him to abandon the humane system of warfare which he at first adopted, and retaliate upon his enemies the atrocious and murderous rule of war which they had so long practised against him and his followers; and by their supineness permitted the royal arms of England to be implicated in the most savage crusade ever undertaken in modern times against the liberty of mankind, and a band of brave but deluded mercenaries, to prolong to their own and their country's eternal disgrace a frightful conflict between sordid democratic despotism, striving to elevate itself on the ruins of its country, and the free-born bravery of unconquerable patriots.

We take blame to ourselves on this subject; we confess ourselves implicated in the charge which, through all the succeeding ages of the world, will attach to the name of England, for its deplorable concern in this heroic conflict, which will go far to obliterate the recollection of all its memorable exertions in the cause of freedom. The calamity is not the defeat sustained at St. Sebastian or Hernani: not the disgrace of English regiments being

routed and driven back at the point of the bayonet in shameful confusion; these stains are easily wiped out; the national courage, when brought into the field in a just cause, will soon obliterate the recollection of the defeat which was sustained in supporting that of cruelty and injustice. The real disgrace—the calamity which England has indeed to mourn, is that of having joined in an alliance to beat down the liberties of mankind; in having aided a selfish, execrable band of murderers and plunderers to oppress and massacre our faithful allies; in having combined with France, in defiance alike of the faith of treaties and the rules of international law, to deprive a gallant prince of his rightful inheritance; in having sent out the royal forces of England, under the old flag of Wellington, to aid a set of cutthroats and assassins, of robbers and plunderers, in carrying fire and sword, mourning and despair through the valleys of a simple and virtuous people, combined in no other cause but that for which Hambden bled on the field and Sidney on the scaffold.

"Wo unto those," says the Scripture, "who call evil good and good evil; for theirs is the greater damnation." It is in this fatal delusion—in the confusion of ideas produced by transposing the *names of things*, and calling the cause of despotism that of freedom, merely because it is supported by Urban despots—and that of freedom slavery, because it is upheld by rural patriots, that the true cause of this hideous perversion, not merely of national character, but even of party consistency, is to be found. We are perfectly persuaded that if the people of England were aware of the *real* nature of the cause in which they embarked a gallant but unfortunate band of adventurers; if the government were aware of the *real* tendency of the quasi-intervention which they have carried on, both the one and the other would recoil with horror from the measures which they have so long sanctioned. But both were deluded by the name of freedom; both were carried away by the absurd mania for the extension of democratic institutions into countries wholly unprepared for them; and both thought they were upholding the cause of liberty and the ultimate interests of Great Britain, by supporting a band who have proved themselves to be the most selfish, corrupt, and despotic tyrants who ever yet rose to transient greatness upon the misery and degradation of their country. But, while we thus absolve both the government and the country from intentional abuse of power in the deplorable transactions which both have sanctioned, there is a limit beyond which this forbearance cannot be extended.

This result of our shameful intervention to oppress the free, and aid the murderers in massacring the innocent, is now fixed and unalterable, and in no degree dependent on that future issue of the contest. What they may finally be, God only knows. It is possible, doubtless, that the weight of the Quadruple Alliance—the direct intervention of France—the insidious support of England—the exhaustion of a protracted contest—and the extirpation of the population capable of bearing arms in the Basque Provinces, may beat down these heroic mountaineers, and establish amidst blood and ashes, anguish and mourning, the cruel oppression of the Madrid democrats in the lovely valleys of Navarre: "Quum solitudinem fecerunt, pacem appellant." In that case, the interest of the struggle will be enhanced by its tragic termination; the sympathies, the indignant sympathies of mankind in every future age, will be with the unfortunate brave; like the Poles or the Girondists, the errors of their former conduct will all be forgotten in the Roman heroism of their fall. They will take their place in history beside their ancestors in Numantia and Saguntum, who preferred throwing themselves into the flames, to the hated dominion of the stranger; and the Saragossans or Geronists in latter days, who perished in combating the formidable legions of Napoleon, or the gallant patriots, who, with Kosciusko, shed their last blood, when the grenadiers of Suwarrow were storming the entrenchments of Prague, and the Vistula ran red with Polish blood. Or it may be, that Providence has reserved a different destiny for these gallant patriots, and that on this, as on so many previous occasions, the God of battles will bless the righteous side. In that case, their struggle will form one of the most animating periods in the page of history—one of the bright and consoling spots in the annals of human suffering, to which the patriot will point in every succeeding age as the animating example of successful vir-

tue, at the recital of which the hearts of the generous will throb, so long as valor and constancy shall be appreciated upon earth.

We speak thus warmly, because we feel strongly—because we sympathize from the bottom of our hearts with the cause of freedom all over the world. But we are not deluded, as so many of our countrymen are, who never looked beyond the surface of things, by the mere assumption of false names. We have learned from our own experience, as well as the annals of history, that tyranny, plunder, and oppression can stalk in the rear of the tricolor flag, and urban multitudes be roused by a ruthless band of sordid revolutionists, to their own and their country's ultimate ruin. We have learned also from the same sources of information, that hearts can beat as warmly for the cause of freedom, and arms combat as bravely in its defence on the mountain as on the plain, in the sequestered valley as in the crowded city, under the banners of religion and loyalty, as under the standard of treason and perfidy. We yield to none in the ardent love of liberty; but what we call liberty is the lasting protection of the rights and privileges of all classes of the people, not the trampling them under foot, to suit the fanciful theories of visionary enthusiasts, or the sordid speculations of Stock Exchange revolutionists. We look around us, and behold liberty still flourishing in the British Isles, after a hundred and fifty years' duration, under the banner of religion and loyalty, despite all the efforts of infidel democracy for its destruction. We cast our eyes to the other side of the Channel, and we see freedom perishing, both in France and Spain, after unheard-of calamities, under the ascendant of a revolutionary and a free-thinking generation. Taught by these great examples, we have learned to cling the more closely to the faith and the maxims of our fathers, to see in the principles of religion and loyalty the only secure foundation for real freedom; and to expect the ultimate triumph of constitutional principles, not from the sudden irruption of blood-thirsty fanatics, or the selfish ambition of rapacious democrats, but the gradual and pacific growth of a middling class in society, under the protecting influence of a durable Government.

We make these remarks, too, in the full knowledge of the hideous massacres which have so long disfigured this unhappy war—having before our eyes the Durango decree, and the Carlist executions; and yielding to none in horror at these sanguinary atrocities, and the most ardent wish for their termination. We make them also, agreeing with the *Standard*, that if this frightful system *had begun* with the Carlists, or had even been adopted by them under the influence of any other cause than the sense of unbearable executions of a similar kind *previously* suffered by them, and *begun* by the Revolutionists, and the overwhelming necessity of mournful retaliation, not only would their cause be unworthy of the sympathy of any brave or good man, but that Don Carlos himself would "be a monster unfit to live." But admitting all this, we see it as clearly proved as any proposition in geometry, that this execrable system *began with the Spanish democrats, and them alone*, and was never resorted to by the Carlists, till *years after they had suffered under its atrocious execution by their enemies*; and the Carlist valleys were filled with mourning from the death of old men, women and children, murdered in cold blood by the democratic tyrants who sought to plunder and enslave them. And in such circumstances, we know that retaliation, however dreadful and mournful an extremity, *is unavoidable*, and that brave and humane men are forced, like Zumalacarregui, to sentence prisoners to be shot, even when the order, as it did from him, draws tears like rain from their eyes. Unquestionably none can admire more than we do the noble proclamation of the Duke of York in 1793, in answer to the savage orders of the Directory to the Revolutionary armies of France to give no quarter. None can feel greater exultation at the humane conduct of the Vendeans, who, in reply to a similar order from their inhuman oppressors, sent eleven thousand prisoners back, with their heads merely shaved, to the Republican lines. But it belongs to the prosperous and the secure to act upon such generous and noble principles;—the endurance of cold-blooded cruelty, the pangs of murdered innocence, the sight of parents and children slaughtered, will drive, and in every age have driven, the most mild and humane to

the dreadful, but unavoidable system of retaliation. We know that the Vendeans themselves, despite all the heroic humanity of their chiefs, were forced in the end to retaliate upon their enemies the system of giving no quarter. We know that Charette, for the two last years of his career, found it impossible to act on any other principle. We go back to the annals of our own country, and we see in them too melancholy proof, that even in the sober minded, or it may be, right thinking inhabitants of the British Isles, a certain endurance of suffering, and the commencement of a cruel system of war by one party, will at all times drive their antagonists into a hideous course of reprisals. Have we forgotten, that in the wars of the Roses, quarter was refused on both sides by the contending armies, for nine long years, and that eighty princes of the blood, and almost all the nobility of England were put to death, and most of them in cold blood, by the ruthless cruelty of English armies? Have we forgotten, that utter destruction was vowed by the Scottish Covenanters against the Irish auxiliaries in Montrose's army; and that they carried their vengeance so far, as to drown at the bridge of Linlithgow even their innocent babes? Have we forgotten the cruel atrocities of the Irish Rebellion, or the firm retaliation of the indignant Orangemen? Seeing then that a certain extremity of suffering, and the endurance of a certain amount of cruelty by intestine opponents, will, in all ages, and in all nations, even the most moderate and humane, induce the dreadful necessity of retaliation, we look with pity, though with poignant grief, on the stern reprisals to which Don Carlos has been driven, and earnestly pray that similar civil discord may long be averted from the British Isles; and that we may not be doomed by a righteous Providence, as we perhaps deserve, to undergo the unutterable wretchedness, which our uncalled for and unjust support of those who *began* the execrable system of murder, has so long produced in the Spanish Peninsula.

In attempting to make amends for our hitherto apparent neglect of this interesting subject, we rejoice to think that the materials by which we can now vindicate the righteous cause, and explain to our deluded countrymen the gross injustice of which they have been rendered the unconscious instruments, have, within these last few months, been signally enlarged. First, Captain Henningsen's animated and graphic narrative enlisted our sympathies in favor of the gallant mountaineers, beside whom he drew the sword of freedom. Next, Mr. Honan's able and well-informed work unfolded still more fully the nature of the contest, and the resources from which the Basque peasantry have maintained so long and surprising a struggle in defence of their privileges against all the forces which have been arrayed against them. Then Lord Caernarvon's admirable disquisition on the war, annexed to his highly interesting tour in the Portuguese provinces, gave to the statements of his excellent predecessors the weight of his authority, the aid of his learning, and the support of his eloquence. Though last, not least, Mr. Walton has taken the field with two octavo volumes, which throw a flood of light on the real nature of the contest now raging in the Peninsula,—the objects of the parties engaged,—the claims of the competitors to the throne,—the consequence of the triumph of the one or the other on the future interests of religion and freedom,—the cruel severities to which the Carlists were subjected by their blood-thirsty enemies before they were reluctantly driven to retaliation, —and the frightful consequences which have resulted, and must continue to result while it endures, from our iniquitous co-operation with the cause of oppression. All these momentous topics are treated in the volumes before us with a clearness, temper, moderation, and ability which leave nothing to be desired, and render them by far the most important work on the affairs of the Peninsula which has yet issued from the European press. When we see the ability and candor, the courage and energy, the learning and eloquence, which, unbought by the gold of the Stock Exchange, uninfluenced by speculations in Spanish bonds, unsolicited by the rewards of a deceived democratic and commission-granting Administration, is thus generously and gratuitously coming forward from so many quarters at once in defence of the cause of religious truth and independence, we recognise the revival of the spirit of Old England; we indulge a hope that the press, like the Thames water, may yet work off its own im-

purities; and we are ready to take our humble part in so good a cause, and bear with equanimity the torrent of abuse with which the servile writers of the Treasury, or the hireling scribes of the Stock Exchange, will assail our endeavors to give greater publicity than, in a selfish and engrossed age, they might otherwise obtain to their all-important disclosures.

From the statements proved, and documents brought forward, in Mr. Walton's work, it is manifest—1. That the constitution of 1812, so long the darling object of democratic contention in the Peninsula, and now the avowed basis of its government, is an ultra-republican system, which never obtained the legal consent of the nation, but was merely imposed on their countrymen for their own selfish ends by a knot of urban democrats at Cadiz, who at that unhappy period, when four-fifths of the country was occupied by the French armies, had contrived to usurp the powers, not only of sovereignty, but of remodelling the state. 2. That it is not only utterly unsuitable to the Spanish people, and necessarily productive of (as it ever has produced) nothing but plunder, massacre, and democratic oppression; but is of so absurd and ill-considered a character as even, if established in England, amidst a people habituated for centuries to the exercise of freedom, would tear society to atoms in six months. 3. That, from experience of the devastating effects of this ultra-radical constitution, and the sordid cupidity of the democratic agents whom it instantly brings to the head of affairs, the great majority of the Spanish nation, almost all who are distinguished by their patriotism, principle, or good sense, are decidedly opposed to its continuance; that though often established by military violence or democratic intrigue, it has ever fallen to the ground by its own weight when not upheld, as it now is, by powerful foreign co-operation; and that at this moment, if this co-operation were really withdrawn, it would sink to the dust in three months, with all its accessaries of democratic spoliation, royalist blood, and universal suffering, never more to rise. 4. That the democratic party, since the time that nine-tenths of the nation had become the decided enemies of their usurpation, fell upon the expedient of engrafting the maintenance of their cause upon a disputed succession to the throne—prevailed on Ferdinand VII., when in a state of dotage, to alter the law of royal succession in favor of his infant daughter—got together the farce of a Cortes, to give their sanction to the illegal act—and have since contrived to keep her on the throne, as a mere puppet, to serve as a cover to their revolutionary designs, despite the clearly proved voice of the nation, by filling the army and all civil offices with their own creatures, and maintaining an usurped and hateful usurpation by the aid of urban democracy, foreign co-operation, and stock-jobbing assistance. 5. That the title of Don Carlos to the throne is clear, not less on the legitimate principle of legal succession, which we were bound, in the most solemn manner, by the treaty of Utrecht, to guarantee, than on the liberal principle of a violation of the social contract, and a trampling under foot all the rights and privileges of the people, dissolving the title of a sovereign, how well-founded soever in itself, to the supreme direction of affairs. 6. That the frightful system of murdering the prisoners was first introduced by the revolutionists; that it was carried on with ruthless severity and heartless rigor by them *for years before it was imitated by the Royalists;* that they have repeatedly made endeavors, both publicly and privately, to put a stop to its continuance, but always been foiled by the refusal of their savage antagonists. 7. That the English auxiliaries, both under General Evans and Lord John Hay, lent their powerful aid to the Revolutionary party, not only without the English Government having made any effectual stipulation in favor of the abandoning that atrocious system of warfare, but at a time when, without such aid, the war was on the point of being brought to a glorious termination by the freeborn mountaineers of Biscay and Navarre, and have thus become implicated, through the fault or neglect of their government, in all the woful consequences of a continuance of the struggle. 8. That the stand made by the Basque provinces is for their rights and their liberties, their privileges and their immunities, enjoyed by their ancestors for five hundred years, asserted by them in every age with a constancy and spirit exceeding even the far-famed resolution of the Swiss

Cantons, but which *were all reft from them at one fell swoop* by the ruthless tyranny of a democratic despotism.

It is impossible, in the limits of an article in a periodical, to quote all the documents, or detail all the facts, which Mr. Walton has accumulated, with irresistible force, to prove every one of these propositions. If any one doubts them, we earnestly recommend him to study his work; and if he is not convinced, we say, without hesitation, neither would he be persuaded though one rose from the dead. But even in this cursory notice a few leading facts may be brought forward, which cannot fail to throw a clear light on this important subject, and may tend to aid the efforts of those brave and enlightened men who are now striving to prevent British blood from being any longer shed in the most unjust of causes, and hinder the British standards from being any longer unfurled, in the name of freedom and liberty, to uphold the cause of infidelity, rapine, and oppression.

Of the manner in which the Constitution of 1812 was fabricated by a *clique* of urban agitators, and thrust, amidst the agonies of the war with Napoleon, on an unconscious or unwilling nation, the following account is given by our author:—

"In the decrees and other preparations made by the central junta, in anticipation of the meeting of Cortes, the old mode of convening the national assembly had been abandoned, the illuminati congregated at Seville being of opinion 'that the ancient usages were more a matter of historical research than of practical importance.' It was therefore agreed, that in their stead a new electoral law should be framed, more congenial to the general principle of representation; the result of which was, that those cities which had deputies in the Cortes last assembled were to have a voice, as well as the superior juntas, and that one deputy should besides be elected for every fifty thousand souls. It was also settled that the South American provinces, at the time actually in a state of insurrection, should, for the present, have substitutes chosen for them, until they sent over delegates duly elected. It is a curious fact, that on the 18th of the previous April, Joseph Bonaparte convened Cortes, and it was at the time thought that this example served to stimulate the central junto to perform their long forgotten promise.

"The new-fashioned Cortes opened on the 24th of September, consisting only of popular deputies, or one estate, the other two being excluded. When the inaugural ceremonies were over, the members assembled declared themselves legally constituted in 'general and extraordinary Cortes,' in whom the national sovereignty resided; or, in other words, they at once declared themselves a constituent assembly."

"In one respect, the assembly of the Spanish Cortes of 1810 resembled that of the French States-general in 1791, the members being mostly new men whose names had scarcely been heard of before. In another sense, the disparity between the two assemblies was great. The States-general opened their sittings under legal forms, with the three orders, and, after stormy debates, one estate ejected or absorbed the other two, when the triumphant party, declaring themselves a constituent assembly, proceeded to enact laws and frame a constitution; in the end, rendering themselves superior to the authority which had convened them, and no longer responsible to those whom they were intended to represent. The Cadiz Cortes adopted a readier and less complicated plan. In utter defiance of legal forms and ancient usages, the Spanish Commons before-hand excluded the two privileged estates; and assembling entirely on their own account, at once voted themselves to be a constituent assembly, possessing all the essential attributes of sovereignty, and deliberately proceeded to imitate the example of their Parisian prototypes.

"The examples given in our early pages show the little analogy between the ancient and new Cortes. The latter did not meet to supply the want of a regal power, to provide means of defence, obtain the redress of grievances, or reconcile opposite and jarring interests. Their object was not to heal the wounds in the state, to introduce order and concert, or remove those obstacles which had hitherto impeded the progress of the national cause. As the genuine offspring of the central junta, they rather thought of seizing upon power, enjoying its sweets, and carrying into effect those theories with a fondness for which an admiration of the French Revolution had infected many leading members, some of whom were anxious to shine after the manner of Mirabeau—whilst others thought they could emulate the example of Abbé Sièyes, or took Brissot as their model. In a word, wholly unpractised in the science of legislation, and unmindful that the enemy was at their gates, they set to work with a full determination to tread in the footsteps of the French Constituent Assembly, and began by a vote similar to that passed by our House of Commons in 1648, whereby they de

declared that the sovereign power exclusively resided in them—and, consequently, that whatever they enacted was law, without the consent of either king, peers, or clergy."

The ruinous step by which, to the exclusion of the real representatives of the nation, a band of urban revolutionists contrived to thrust themselves into the supreme direction of the Constituent Assembly in the Isle of Leon, is thus explained.

"On the 10th of September, 1810, a fortnight before the opening of the Cortes, the regents issued an edict, accompanied by a decree, in which the impossibility of obtaining proper representatives from the ultra-marine provinces and those occupied by the enemy is lamented, and a plan devised to remedy the defect, by means of substitutes chosen upon the spot. It was accordingly ordained that twenty-three persons should be picked out to represent the places held by the French, and thirty for the Indies; which number of substitutes, incorporated with the real delegates already arrived or about to arrive, it was thought would compose a respectable congress, sufficient under existing circumstances to open the house and carry on business, even although others should unfortunately not arrive."*

From the official records of the Cortes it appears that its numbers stood thus:

Members returned by provinces of Spain unoccupied by the French, ...	127
Substitutes provided at Cadiz for the others, ...	45

"It would be almost insulting to the judgment of the reader to offer any remarks upon either the illegality or the incongruity of a legislature composed of such elements as the preceding sketch presents. Independently of a total abandonment of ancient usages, and an utter disregard of the elective franchise practised in former times; besides the exclusion of two estates, and the enlargement of the third on a basis not only impracticable, but also ridiculous; substitutes are put in to represent an infinitely larger proportion of territory in both hemispheres than that which, with the free agency of the inhabitants, is enabled to return representatives, elected according to the scale proposed by the conveners of the Cortes themselves, founded on rules of their own framing. The representative principle was thus entirely lost; and how a party of politicians and philosophers, circumscribed to a small spot of ground, and protected only by the naval force of an ally, could, during eighteen months, sit quietly down and frame a constitution for the acceptance of nearly thirty millions of people, situated in three quarters of the globe, and opposed in interests as well as in habits, on a plan so defective in all its parts, is the most extraordinary of the many singularities which mark the Spanish contest.

"In the new representative plan, neither population nor wealth was taken as a basis. Valencia, with 1,040,740 souls, was allowed nineteen deputies; whilst Granada, including Malaga, and containing 1,100,640, had only two. The ancient kingdom of Navarre with 271,285 souls, Biscay with 130,000, Guipuscoa with 126,789, and Alava with 84,139, are rated at one each; whereas, the mountains of Ronda had two. Spain, with fourteen millions of souls, is set down at one hundred and fifty-four deputies; when the South American and Asiatic provinces, by the central junta declared integral and equal parts of the monarchy, and containing a population of more than seventeen millions, were represented by fifty-four. Never was any thing more monstrous than the organization of the Cadiz legislature—more opposed to the practice in ancient times, or more at variance with the objects for which the Cortes were to meet. It was not even in accordance with the wild theories of the day. The absence of opposition was the only sanction given to their labors; a circumstance which may be easily accounted for in the existing state of the Peninsula."

These Revolutionists were not long in invoking the aid of the same principles which emanating from the Jacobins of Paris, had consigned France to slavery and Europe to blood. "Eight or nine journals were immediately established in Cadiz, of which one was called '*The Robespierre.*'"

"The principles proclaimed by the constitution, if possible, are more monstrous than the manner in which it was constructed. It begins by declaring that the legislature is composed of the general and extraordinary Cortes of the Spanish nations represented by deputies from Spain, America, and Asia; that the national sovereignty resides in the Cortes, and that the power of making laws belongs to them, jointly with the king; that the population is to be taken as a basis for the new electoral law, without any defined qualification for eligibility; that the Cortes were to

* "For the electors and the elected the only qualifications required were to be a householder and twenty-five years of age!!"

meet every year, and on closing, leave a permanent deputation sitting, to watch over the observance of the constitution, report infractions, and convene the legislature in extraordinary cases, and that the king should be at the head of the executive and sanction the laws. A new plan was also formed for the government of the provinces, the election of municipalities, the assessment of taxes, and a variety of other purposes. In a word, the Cadiz code deprived the king of the power of dissolving or proroguing the Cortes, and in other respects destroyed the royal prerogative, as well as feudal tenures and the rights of property. It confounded the various classes, and reduced the power of the clergy, extinguished the civil rights of a whole community, cancelled all previous compacts made between the sovereign and the people, broke the bond of union, tore asunder the charters, confiscated the privileges and franchises so highly valued by the inhabitants, and, in a word, obliterated every line and feature of the ancient institutions, by transforming Spain into the reverse of what she had been. It was a sweeping proscription of every privileged and corporate body in the country, annihilating the whole, and leaving neither wreck nor vestige behind."

Of this constitution, which is now the constitution of Spain, which the arms, aye, the *Royal arms* of England are employed to uphold, it is sufficient to say that it establishes—1. Universal Suffrage; 2. One Legislative Chamber; 3. Annual Parliaments; 4. It annihilates all the power of the nobles and clergy; 5. Sweeps away all corporate rights and feudal privileges; 6. Exterminates *the whole royal prerogative.* How long would the British empire withstand the shock of such a constitution? Not one week.

Even before it was brought into operation, or the French armies had been driven by British valor from the soil of Spain, the ruinous effect of this monstrous constitution was so clearly perceived, that the democratic despots were fearful of its overthrow.

"Such a transition as that which this code was calculated to effect, was too sudden and too violent not to meet with decided opposition. Its levelling principles and subversive doctrines were accordingly denounced from the pulpit and by the press. Every epithet of odium and contempt was applied to its officious framers; and so great was the apprehension of disturbances entertained by the government itself, that, within a month after its promulgation, they prevented arms from being entrusted to the Galician peasantry. Individuals of rank and influence were banished for merely expressing their disapprobation of its provisions or the dread of the calamities which it was likely to produce."

The fate of this monstrous democratic abortion is well known. On Ferdinand's accession it fell to the ground from its own weight; not a sword required to be drawn, or a shot fired to dissolve the destructive fabric. His famous decree from Valencia, on May 4, at once, extinguished the Cadiz constitution. In that instrument Ferdinand justly said—

"To this Cortes, in 1810, convened *in a manner* never practised in Spain, even *in the most* arduous cases, and in the turbulent times of minorities, when the meeting of deputies has been more numerous than in usual and ordinary Cortes, the estates of the nobility and clergy were not called, notwithstanding the central junta ordered this to be done by a decree, artfully concealed from the council of regency, who were equally unaware that to them the junta had assigned the presidency of the Cortes; a prerogative which otherwise would never have been left at the will of the Congress. Every thing was thus placed at the disposal of the Cortes, who, on the very day of their installation, and as a commencement of their acts, stripped me of the sovereignty which the deputies themselves had just before acknowledged, nominally attributing it to the nation, in order to appropriate it to themselves, and by this usurpation enact such laws as they deemed fit, imposing on the people the obligation of forcibly receiving them in the form of a new constitution, which the deputies established, and afterwards sanctioned and published in 1812, without powers from either provinces, towns, or juntas, and without even the knowledge of those said to be represented by the substitutes of Spain and the Indies.

"'This first outrage against the royal prerogative was, as it were, a basis for the many others which followed; and, notwithstanding the repugnance of many deputies, laws were enacted, adopted, and called fundamental ones, amidst the cries, threats, and violence of those who frequented the Cortes galleries; whereby to that which was only the work of a faction the specious coloring of the general will was given, and for such made to pass among a few seditious persons at Cadiz, and afterwards at Madrid. These are notorious facts, and thus were those good laws altered which once constituted the felicity of our nation. The ancient form of the monarchy was changed, and by copying the revolutionary and democratic principles of the French constitution of 1791, were sanctioned, not the fundamental laws of a moderate monarchy, but rather those of a popular government, with a chief magistrate at its head—a mere cele-

gated executive, and not a king, notwithstanding the introduction of the name as a deception to the uncautious.' "

The joy of the nation at this pacific liberation from their revolutionary tyrants knew no bounds. It was like that of the English on the Restoration. The journey of the king from Valencia to the capital was a continued triumph.

"Some members and other flaming patriots proposed open resistance, but soon found that they possessed neither physical nor moral power. As far as outward appearances went, they preserved their consistency, or rather their delirium till the close. Some of the most vociferous were however seized; and this put an end to the show of opposition. Ferdinand VII. entered the capital on the 14th, amidst general acclamations and other demonstrations of joy. Persons present attest that never did Madrid witness such a scene of general exultation. When the king alighted, the people took him up in their arms, and triumphantly showed him to the immense concourse assembled in front of the palace, and in their arms conveyed him to his apartment. From Aranjuez to Madrid, his carriage had been previously drawn by the people. In the afternoon of the 16th, he walked through several parts of the town, the streets thronged with spectators; but not a single constitutionalist ventured to show his face."

We have dwelt the longer on the original illegal formation, and revolutionary principles of the constitution, because it lies in truth at the bottom of the whole question. The Cadiz democrats, like all other reckless revolutionists, bestowed on the nation at once, without either preparation or reason, the prodigal gift of unbounded political influence. The whole powers of Government were by them vested in one Chamber: the Cortes combined the powers of the executive and legislature in England, being vested at once with the exclusive right of imposing taxes, passing laws, declaring war and peace. These vast powers were vested in *one single assembly*, unfettered by any separate House of Peers, or the representation of the clergy in any shape. And how was this omnipotent assembly chosen? By *universal suffrage*; by the votes of every man in Spain who had a house and was twenty-five years of age. No qualification was required either in the electors or the representatives. A majority of beggars might rule the state, and dispose at will of all the property it contained! ! !

The Urban revolutionists of Spain, an ardent, energetic, insolvent class, instantly perceived the enormous advantages which this extravagant constitution gave them. They saw clearly that under this radical constitution, they would in fact be the rulers of the state; that its whole offices, emoluments, influence, and property would ere long be at their disposal; and that by simply sticking to that one point, "the constitution of 1812," they would soon, and without bloodshed as they hoped, and by the mere force of legislative enactment, strip all the holders of property, not only of their influence, but their possessions. In the few great towns, accordingly, which the Peninsula contains, in Madrid, Cadiz, Seville, Barcelona, Valencia, Bilboa, and Malaga, a *clique* of agitators was immediately formed, who, destitute of property, education, or character, were yet formidable to the holders of property over the kingdom by their influence over the population in these great centres of profligacy, pauperism, and ambition. They were closely held together by the hellish bond of anticipated plunder. Freedom, liberty, and independence were ever in their mouths; tyranny, plunder, massacre unceasingly in their hearts. But though a miserable minority, not amounting to a tenth part of the whole nation, they had great advantages in the political strife in which they were engaged, from their position in the great fortified towns of the kingdom, from their sway over the depraved and deluded populace, from the rapid communication which they maintained with each other, from the want of union, organization, or intelligence among their rural antagonists, from the possession of a plausible *cri de guerre*, "the constitution of 1812," which was supposed to be a sovereign charm by its supporters for every evil; and from the union, energy, and resolution which present insolvency and the prospect of future plunder, had diffused universally through their ranks.

It is the more material to attend to these considerations, because it is the

struggle to re-establish this radical constitution which is the real matter that has ever since been at issue between the two parties in the Peninsula. The Queen at Madrid was from the first a mere puppet; the *Estatuto Real* a mere instalment; the revolt of La Granja brought to light their real projects, and revealed, in its pristine nakedness, the violence and iniquity of the democratic faction. By it the constitution of 1812 has again become the basis of the constitution: a nocturnal revolt, an irruption into the bed-chamber of the Queen, a drunken sergeant and ten treasonable grenadiers were sufficient to knock down the phantom of a constitutional monarchy, which, as a mask to their ulterior designs, the revolutionists had set up. And it is to support *such a cause*, to establish such a *revolutionary regime*, that General Evans and his unhappy band have been exposed to defeat and dishonor, and L.500,000 worth of arms and ammunition sent to the democrats of the Peninsula, and the royal flag of England displayed beside the abettors of spoliation, robbery, and murder.

The evils experienced and anticipated from this radical constitution, however, were so powerful, that it probably never again would have reared its hated head in Spain, were it not that in an evil hour Ferdinand VII. resolved upon an expedition to South America in 1821, to subdue the revolted provinces, and assembled 20,000 men in the Isle of Leon for that purpose. This distant service was to the last degree unpopular in the Spanish army; its inglorious dangers, it certain hardships, its boundless fatigues, its remote situation, its probable disastrous termination, were present to every mind, and filled both officers and men with the most gloomy presentiments, and left them in that state of moody despair when the most desperate and flagitious projects are most likely to be embraced with alacrity. The presence of 20,000 men close to Cadiz or within its walls, influenced by these feelings, was too favorable an opportunity for the revolutionists in that great centre of democracy to let slip for re-establishing their hated dominion. While the troops were waiting for the transports to convey them across the Atlantic, which, with the usual want of foresight in the Spanish character, were very long of being prepared, intrigues were actively set on foot by the Cadiz *clique*; and in the subaltern officers of the army, which is almost wholly destitute of men of property in Spain, and filled with mere adventurers, they found the most ready reception. Soldiers, unless restrained by preponderance of property and education in their officers, are never averse to playing the part of prætorians; they are seldom disinclined to setting an empire up to sale. The glittering prospect, on the one hand, of escaping a perilous, hateful, and inglorious foreign service, and on the other, disposing of the whole emoluments and advantages of government for themselves or their connections, was more than the military adventurers of the Isle of Leon could withstand; they revolted; raised the cry of "The constitution of 1812," amidst the transports of the democratic party over all Spain; and the King, destitute of any military force to withstand so formidable an insurrection, was, after a trifling attempt at resistance, forced into submission. The promised boon was not withheld from the traitor soldiers, who had, by violating their oaths, brought about the revolution; they were retained at home; the expedition against South America was laid aside, and the crown of the Indies for ever lost to the throne of Castile. But what was that to the Spanish democrats? What did it signify that the empire was dismembered, and the transatlantic colonies consigned to an anarchy, despotism, and suffering, unparalleled in modern times? They had got to the head of affairs; the pillar of the constitution was raised in every considerable town in Spain; the Cadiz clique had become prime ministers; and every province of the Peninsula was placed under the rule of a set of low rapacious revolutionary employés, who made use of all their authority to promote the election of such extreme deputies for the Cortes as might ensure the total revolutionizing of the state.

Even while the Liberals lay at Cadiz they had begun their system of rapacious iniquity:—

"M. Alcala Galiano," says Walton, "assisted in a civil capacity, and when the mutineers were shut up in La Isla, wrote the principal proclamations and addresses which served to extend the insur-

rection. On reaching Madrid, this civilian became one of the leading speakers at the debating society of the *Fontana de Oro*, and was afterwards named Intendant of Cordova. In 1822 he was elected to the Cortes, from which period he is classed among the leaders of the *exaltados*. His speeches were marked with impetuosity and extreme liberalism; but his ideas were not always regular, or his conduct consistent. He was among the emigrants in this country, and a warm admirer of radicalism,—a blessing of which the last importation into Spain has been pretty extensive. The latter part of his political career was the most successful, his labors having been crowned with the appointment of Minister of Marine. Whilst the army remained at La Isla, the naval arsenals were completely gutted. The copper, brass cannon, rigging, and other valuables, were sold to the Gibraltar Jews, who ascended the river of Santi Petri and fetched their purchases away."

The worshippers of the constitution of 1812 were not slow in beginning with the first and greatest of all revolutionary projects, the confiscation of the property of the church.

"Various reports," says Mr. Walton, "on the poverty of the treasury, the annual deficit, the arrears of pay, and a variety of other financial matters, has been submitted to the chamber, and produced no small degree of embarrassment. The expedient of a foreign loan was adopted; and it being no longer necessary to temporize with the clergy, a plan was formed for the appropriation of church property, which it was supposed would yield an abundant harvest. By a decree passed October 1st, the monasteries were suppressed, excepting a certain number, and also several of the military orders, the revenues of which, it was agreed, should be set apart for the payment of the national debt, after pensions had been secured to Riega, Quiora, and the other leaders of the La Isla mutiny. The inmates of the suppressed convents were to receive stipends from the government; but it was clear that the exigencies of the state, if no other reasons existed, would prevent the performance of this promise. Hitherto the king had remained passive, and sanctioned, certainly against his will, yet without any remonstrance, the various acts tending to destroy the little authority left to him; but when called upon for his assent to the suppression of the regular orders, he hesitated. At the end of a month his signature was reluctantly affixed, and the next day he departed for the Escurial."

Nor were tyrannic measures to enforce the authority of these popular despots wanting.

"Among the new measures was a decree awarding the penalty of banishment for eight years against any one endeavoring to dissuade the people from the observance of the constitution, and imprisonment for that period if an ecclesiastic."

This violent spoliation, however, excited at the time a general feeling of indignation.

"This precipitate if not unjust measure on the part of the Cortes, could not fail to rouse public indignation and prepare the way for their own downfal. Besides the nature of the act, which general opinion regarded as a profanation, numbers of persons venerable in the eyes of the people were sent forth from their seclusion to beg their bread. The project, therefore, came before the public stamped with a double title to reprobation. It was pronounced a violent spoliation, as well as a revolting act of irreligion; and it appears strange that the patriotic senators of 1820, after clashing with the nobles and depriving so many public functionaries of their places, should have thus braved the anger of so powerful a body as the clergy.

"Having obtained possession of the political stage, they formed a confederacy to keep it exclusively to themselves; and if any thing was wanting to complete their usurpation, it was to vote their own perpetuity, as the long parliament did in 1642, and by means of intimidation obtain the King's consent. They had an army at their disposal, and, as was done in the time of Charles I., some of the King's advisers were denounced as enemies of the state. The indignity offered to him previously to his abrupt departure for the Escurial called into action all the elements of collision. The reduction of the monastic orders might be deemed advisable—nay necessary,—so it had been thought before; but the constitutionalists having resolved upon that important measure, contrived to render it doubly dangerous by the manner and degree in which it was to be executed, and the time chosen for carrying it into effect. Religious establishments of this kind had been interwoven with the frame of society in Spain—they were considered as a principal appendage of the religion of the state, had been formed by the collective funds of private individuals, were associated with proud recollections of the past, and still held in veneration by all excepting the liberal party. When, therefore the people saw these establishments suppressed, the aged, who had spent their little all to

procure an asylum for life, cast upon the world, and their substance bestowed upon persons who had set the worst possible example by heading a military rebellion—their resentment passed all bounds."*

The first commencement of civil war, and of that atrocious system of massacre, which has ever since disgraced the Peninsula, is then given by our author; and as murder was their grand weapon, so they were so dead to all sense of justice or shame, that they actually HAD ITS EMBLEM ENGRAVED ON THEIR SEALS. It was in the massacre of a man who had merely counselled "a free and national government."

"A paper of a mixed character made its appearance in the capital, tending to excite a counter-revolutionary movement. It preached—'No despotism and no anarchy—no camarilla and no factious Cortes; but a free and national government, founded on the ancient institutions.' The author being discovered was thrown into prison, and his name ascertained to be Vinuesa, formerly the curate of Tamajon, a small town in the province of Guadalajara, seven leagues from the capital, and lately one of the King's honorary chaplains. At a moment of public excitement an incident of this kind was likely to produce much noise in a place where idlers and politicians abound. A surmise got abroad that the prisoner, in consequence of his high connections, would be protected, and an evasion of justice was apprehended. This sufficed to rouse the ardent spirits frequenting the Puerta del Sol, and, in the true sense of the sovereignty of the people, they rushed in a crowd to the prison, forced open the door, entered the curate's cell, and with a blacksmith's hammer beat out his brains.†

"This murder was a signal for general agitation. The nobles, royalist officers, and ex-functionaries, held up to contempt and derision the conduct of those who were unable to prevent the commission of such an atrocity. The ejected monks called the peasants to arms, by invoking the altar and the throne, or appealing to their own wrongs.

"The large cities were, in a contrary sense, agitated by clubs and debating societies. At first these clubs had been the organs of government; now they wished to dictate the means by which the commonwealth was to be saved. They publicly reproached the ministers for their apathy, almost accusing them of being leagued with the king, whom they denounced as the chief plotter, and his palace as a ready receptacle for the *Serviles*."

And now we come to a most important subject—one to which we earnestly request the serious attention of our countrymen. It is the COMMENCEMENT of that war of extermination, which, as Mr. Walton justly observes, has ever since raged in the Peninsula. Let us see with whom the responsibility of its introduction rests:—

"Catalonia was the cause of great disquietude to the constitutionalists; and in order to put down the Army of the Faith, and dislodge the regency from the Seo de Urgel, Mina was appointed early in September to command that principality, and entered on his duties at Lerida. As he himself states, he found 'the factious, to the number of thirty-three thousand, masters of almost all the country, in possession of various strong places and fortresses, protected by a great part of the towns, and, what was of still greater importance, they had a centre of union and government, viz. the titular Regency of Spain, established in Urgel;' adding, 'these were the elements which presented themselves in Catalonia.' After noticing his preparations, he proceeds thus:—'I commenced operations on the 13th; and a month and a half sufficed me to organize a small army, to raise the siege of Cervera, and take possession of Castell-fullit. I ordered the total destruction of this last-mentioned town, as a punishment for the obstinacy of its rebellious inhabitants and

* "Quiroga, for example, had capitalized his pension, and thus obtained possession of the Granja de Cernadas, a valuable estate near Betanzos, in Galicia, belonging to the monastery of San Martin, at Santiago, of the Benedictine order, upon which he cut a large quantity of timber. Others had obtained estates, the property of the suppressed orders, in a similar manner."

† "This deed was celebrated in songs, sung about the streets and in the guard-houses. In its commemoration, seals were worn with a crest representing a brawny and naked arm holding a hammer in the hand. This seal became fashionable among the martillo or hammer faction, and letters at that time, received in England, frequently had that impression upon them. The mob were also in the habit of expressing their displeasure at the conduct of an individual by beating hammers on the pavement under his windows; a pretty significant indication of the fate which awaited him if he sinned against the sovereign people."

defenders; and by way of retorting the contempt with which they replied to the repeated messages I sent them, as well as for a warning to the rest, upon its ruins I ordered the following inscription to be placed: 'Here stood Castell-fullit. *Towns, take warning; shelter not the enemies of your country.*'

"Thus spoke and acted the hero of Catalonia at the close of 1822! After enumerating a variety of other exploits, the captain-general comes to his attack upon the fortress of Urgel, where he experienced difficulties, and exultingly adds, 'that in the end constancy and heroism were victorious, and *six hundred profligates and robbers*, taken out of the prisons, who formed the greater part of the faction of the ringleader Romagosa, the defender of the fortress of Urgel, *expiated their crimes on the morning of the evacuation by their death upon the field.*' The men thus barbarously butchered were royalists, the countrymen of this savage pacificator: their only crime was that of having embraced a cause opposed to his own.

"As a proof of the spirit with which the constitutionalists were then actuated, subjoined is an abstract from a proclamation, issued by Mina a few days before the Duke d'Angouleme entered Madrid:—'Art. 1. All persons who may have been members of a junta, society, or corporation opposed to the present system of government, as well as those who may have enlisted men or conspired against the constitution, *shall be irrevocably shot the instant they are taken.* Art. 2. Any town in which the inhabitants are called out against the constitutional troops *shall be burned to ashes, and till one stone is not left upon another.*'—At the same time that the governor of Catalonia published this proclamation, General Villacampa at Seville issued a similar edict, in which he declared that 'every one who by word or deed co-operates in the rebellion shall be *held to be a traitor, and punished as such;* further, that any one knowing the situation of the factious and concealing it shall be held to be a traitor, and as such treated." This edict closes with the following: 'The members of the municipalities of towns situated at the distance of six leagues from a constitutional column, who may fail hourly to send in a report of the movement of the factious in their vicinity, shall pay out of their own property a fine of ten thousand rials; and if any injury arise out of the omission, he shall be judged in a military manner.'"

It was, therefore, not without reason, that, on the 20th November 1822, Count Nesselrode declared, in a public state paper, expressive of the feelings and resolutions of the Allied Powers regarding Spain—

"Anarchy appeared in the train of revolution—disorder in that of anarchy. Long years of tranquil possession ceased to be a sufficient title to property; the most sacred rights were disputed; ruinous loans and contributions unceasingly renewed, destructive of public wealth and ruinous to private fortunes. Religion was despoiled of her patrimony, and the throne of popular respect. The royal dignity was outraged, the supreme authority having passed over to assemblies influenced by the blind passions of the multitude. To complete these calamities, on the 7th July blood was seen to flow in the palace, whilst civil war raged throughout the Peninsula."

The armed intervention to which these events in the Peninsula gave rise on the part of France in 1823, is well known, and when put to the proof, it speedily appeared on how hollow a foundation the whole fabric of revolutionary power in the Peninsula, with its whole adjuncts of church spoliation, democratic plunder, and royalist massacre, really rested. The French troops marched without opposition from the Bidassoa to Cadiz; hardly a shot was fired in defence of the constitution of 1812; even the armed intervention of a stranger, and the hateful presence of French soldiers, ever so obnoxious in Spain, could not rouse any resistance to the invaders. The recollection of the legions of Napoleon, and the terrible hardships of the Peninsular war, were forgotten in the more recent horrors of democratic ascendency. But an event happened at Corunna which made a profound impression, and powerfully contributed to stamp on the future progress of the contest that savage character, by which it is still unhappily distinguished.

"At Corunna the most barbarous occurrence of the many which sullied the annals of the constitutional contest took place. The French guns commanded the bay, in consequence of which a number of royalists confined in a pontoon rose upon their guards, cut the cables, and drifted out with the tide. Fearful that the other prisoners in the Castle of San Anton might equally escape, the military governor on the 23d ordered fifty-two of them to be brought to the town, and in the afternoon they were lodged in the prison; but the civil authorities objecting to this step, in consequence of the crowded state of the prisons, as well as of the convents, the

unhappy men were put into a small vessel and conveyed down the bay. After doubling the point on which the castle stands, and in front of the light-house, called the Tower of Hercules, *they were brought up in pairs from under the hatches, and bound together back to back and thrown into the sea.* One of the victims, seeing the fate which awaited him, jumped into the water before his hands were tied, and endeavored to escape by swimming; but, being pursued by some of his executioners in a boat, they beat out his brains with their oars. The tide cast the bodies of these unfortunate creatures ashore, where they were the next morning found by the French soldiers on guard. General Bourke sent in a flag of truce, complaining of this atrocious act; but the monster in command, who had given orders for its perpetration, had, in the mean time, together with several other patriots, made off in a British steamer, and eventually found his way to England, where he *shared that hospitality* which was experienced by the other refugees. On the 19th August, Corunna capitulated."

Nor were these atrocities confined to the north of the Peninsula. At Granada and Malaga, the same scenes were enacted with even deeper circumstances of horror.

"So insolent had the *nationals* become at Granada, that royalists and persons of moderate politics could no longer live in the place. Of these a party of about fifteen resolved to withdraw into the country; but no sooner had they left the suburbs than they were denounced as having gone out to form a guerilla. The *nationals* instantly pursued them, and at the distance of two leagues succeeded in capturing seven, the rest escaping. Among the party seized was Father Osuna, an old and venerable professor in the convent of San Antonio Abad, the rest, customhouse guards and officers on half-pay. All, including the friar, were bound to the tails of horses—in this manner led into the city and paraded through the streets; after which, to add to the indignity, they were cast into the dungeons of what is called the lower or common prison, and herded with felons. Learning some days afterwards where the few who escaped had retired to, the eager *nationals* again sallied forth, and succeeded in surprising five at the little town of Colomera, situated in the mountains, four leagues from Granada. Their hands being bound behind them, they were *brutally assassinated on a small ridge of hills overlooking the bridge Cubillas.* So ferociously did the *nationals* wreak their vengeance upon these victims of their licentious fury, that their mangled bodies could not be recognised by their friends, who the next day went out to bury them. Among the victims were two officers of the guards, the handsomest youths in the province.

"The seven confined in prison demanded an inquiry into the causes of their arrest and detention; but nothing appearing against them beyond their being reputed royalists, which did not exactly warrant the penalty of death, the *nationals* felt afraid that their victims would escape. In the afternoon of the 4th February they therefore got up a commotion in the usual way, and, heated with wine, *groups* passed along the streets, demanding the heads of Father Osuna and his companions. Reaching the front of the prison, they set up yells, to be heard by the inmates, reiterating their demand, and endeavoring to force a passage through the gate, where a sergeant and a few soldiers were generally posted; but when the uproar commenced, General Villacampa, the governor, doubled the guard, and stationed a lieutenant there. The mob being disappointed, went away.

"In the evening the lieutenant was changed, and an officer in the confidence of the *nationals* was placed at the prison-gate. The commotion was now renewed, and the leaders of the mob assembling at a noted coffeehouse in the Plaza Nueva, their usual resort, the death of the prisoners was at once decreed. Sure of their game, the brave *nationals* hurried off to the prison, where they were received with a volley of musketry, pointed so high that the balls struck midway up the wall of the cathedral, fronting the prison-gate, where the marks are still seen. This saved appearances, and the commanding officer thought his responsibility sufficiently covered. The blood-thirsty mob now rushed into the prison, the leaders with their faces blackened and their persons disguised. *Five inmates in separate cells were seen laid prostrate upon the ground, covered with stabs.* One of them, posted in a corner, manfully defended himself with a pillow, which dropped from his hands after they had literally been *cut to pieces.*

"Father Osuna was now led forth—as the old man supposed, that his life might be saved; but no sooner had he gone fifteen paces beyond the prison-gate and turned the corner of a narrow street, than he received a sabre-cut on the top of his bald head. He lifted up his hand to the streaming wound, and at the same moment a blow knocked him against the wall, upon which the bloody imprint of his hand was left as he endeavored to save himself from falling. Dropping to the ground, he was beaten with sticks and cut with knives. Supposing him dead, the mob dispersed; when the gaoler, hearing

his means, conveyed him back to the prison, where his wounds were dressed. The next day, the heroic *nationals*, hearing that Father Osuna still survived, flew to the prison; when one of them, after insulting and upbraiding him for his royalist principles, put a pistol to his right ear, and *blew his brains upon the opposite wall*, where the bloody traces were seen till within the two last years, and till the interior of the prison was repaired. The seventh victim, who had been conveyed to the upper prison, was murdered under similar circumstances. These scenes ended in a drunken frolic; and if they occurred in 1823, can any one be astonished that they should now be repeated?"

Our heart sickens at these atrocities; but the exhibition of them at this crisis is an indispensable duty on the part of every lover of truth and justice. It is now the game of the English liberals to withdraw all sympathy from Don Carlos and his heroic followers, by constantly representing him as a blood-thirsty tyrant, a monster unfit to live, with whom the infamous system of giving no quarter originated. The documents and historical facts now quoted may show how totally unfounded is this assertion. Here we have the liberals of Spain,—the humane, philanthropic revolutionists of the Peninsula, committing these atrocities when at the helm of affairs, not only before the royalists, but *ten years before the death of Ferdinand*, and when Don Carlos was still living secluded in private life. These massacres were commenced by the liberals when in possession of the government, the fortresses, the treasury, the army. When such frightful deeds of blood stained their first successes over their helpless royalist antagonists, it is not surprising that a profound feeling of indignation was roused through the whole Peninsula, which has rendered it the most difficult of tasks to moderate the sanguinary character of the conflict in subsequent times. Hitherto, be it observed, the massacres had been all on our side; not one act of retaliation had taken place on the parts of their opponents.

With truth it may be said, that the revolutionary party are ever the same; they learn nothing, they forget nothing. Mr. Walton thus sums up, in a few words, the series of crimes and follies which had thus twice precipitated the democrats of the Peninsula from the possession of absolute authority.

"The follies and illegalities committed by the Cortes from the moment of their assembling at Cadiz may be easily traced in the pages of this narrative; and yet the same follies and illegalities were at Madrid and Cadiz repeated in 1820, 21, 22, and 23. The Cortes first became the legislators of the land by means of a flagrant act of usurpation, which, under the pretence of being legally constituted, they sustained at all hazards; the second time they rose into power by the aid of a military mutiny, and were not prudent enough to steer clear of the very shoals upon which they had previously been stranded. The first time, they had a fair opportunity of judging the evils of precipitate and ill-considered legislation; they then beheld events pregnant with lessons of political wisdom, and still had not the sense or the courage to correct old mistakes when chance again placed the helm of state within their grasp. On both occasions they fell from the same causes. Public indignation hurled them from their seats in 1814; and in 1823 they were overpowered, not by the arms of France, but by the displeasure of their own countrymen, disgusted and wearied out with the turmoils in which they had been kept, as well as by the many atrocities which they had witnessed. Their army of 96,750 men was gradually frittered away; and while in fortified towns they were vainly denouncing vengeance, in the interior the lips of thousands greeted the Duke d'Angoulême, and welcomed him as the liberator of their king and country."

The situation of Ferdinand VII., when thus a second time restored to his throne, was surrounded with difficulties. Not only had the most furious passions been awakened in the royalists by the savage and uncalled-for massacres of their opponents, but the public interests in every department had suffered to a degree hardly conceivable in so short a period as that of the revolutionary domination.

"The new ministers," says Walton, "who were the best men the country could produce, found every thing unhinged and in disorder. The misfortunes of which the Cadiz code was so lamentable a memorial, daily showed themselves in some new shape. The more the state of the country was inquired into, the more flagrant the errors, if not the guilt, of the fallen party appeared. The reports from the provinces were appalling—the treasury empty, and foreign credit destroyed. On isolated points the shades of opinion might have varied; but in the condemnation of the acts of the liberals, the public voice was unanimous. Then only was ascertained in its full extent the galling nature of their yoke."

An amnesty was immediately published by the King. The exceptions were numerous, amounting to nearly two thousand persons; but "they were chiefly assassins—men whom no amnesty could reach." The means of being reinstated in favor were amply afforded to those who were not actually stained with blood; and great numbers were immediately reinstated in their employments. The rest, for the most part withdrew to France and England, where they lived for many years, maintained by public or private charity, and an object of mistaken interest to the English people, who believed that the selfish projects of aggrandisement from which they had been dashed were those of freedom and public happiness.

The repeated and ludicrous attempts which the Spanish Revolutionists at this period made to regain their footing in the Peninsula since 1823 to 1830, and the instant and total failure of them all, demonstrated in the clearest manner the slender hold they had of the public mind, and the strong sense of the horrors of revolutionary sway which the experience of their government had generally produced.

Doubtless the government of the Royalists during the period of their ascendancy, from 1824 to the death of Ferdinand in 1833, was not perfect. The ministers of the King must have been more than human if, in a country in which such a revolutionary party had obtained for ever so short a time an ascendancy, they could at once have closed the fountains of evil.

* "More," says Mr. Walton, "perhaps might have been done—many abuses were left untouched; still commerce and agriculture continued in a progressive state of improvement. The public burdens had also greatly diminished. Under the administration of the Cortes, the general taxes levied were equal to 100 millions of rials, afterwards they were reduced to 40, and the provincial rents from 295 millions lowered to 130. The best test is perhaps that of the finances; an idea of which may be formed from the subjoined approximate statements, founded upon correct data:

The foreign debt created by the Cortes from September 1820 to October 1823	£ 19,000,000
Ditto by the king, from October 1823 to September 1830	5,000,000
Foreign debt cancelled by the Cortes	None!
Ditto by the king . . .	1,060,000
Interest paid on domestic debt by the Cortes . .	None!
Since the restoration .	Paid regularly.
Public expenditure under the Cortes	6,648,133
Ditto since the restoration	4,197,772"

Thus it appears that the Liberal Government, during their short reign, from October 1820, to October 1823, that is, in *two years*, had contracted, in spite of all the produce of the confiscated church lands, NINETEEN MILLIONS STERLING of debt; and that, in the next *seven*, the King's Government had only contracted FIVE: that the Cortes paid *no interest* on the national debt, and the King paid it regularly. Finally, that the annual expenditure of the Cortes was a half greater, besides their enormous loans, than that of King. So much for the realization of the blessings of cheap and good government by the Spanish Revolutionists!

But the time was now approaching when the cast down and despairing Democrats of Spain were again to be elevated to supreme power, and by the aid of liberal governments in France and England, a civil war lighted up in the Peninsula, unexampled in modern times for constancy and courage on the one side, and cruelty and incapacity on the other.

Ferdinand VII., in his latter years, had married a fourth wife, by whom he had no son, but one daughter. By the Spanish law, which, in this particular, is an adoption, under certain modifications, of the famous Salic law, females were excluded from the succession to the throne; and this order of succession to the Spanish Crown had been guaranteed by all the powers of Europe, and especially England, by the treaty of Utrecht. It had regulated the succession to the throne for an hundred and thirty years. Ferdinand, however, was declining both in years and mental vigor. The Queen was naturally desirous of securing the succession to her own offspring, and she was a woman of capacity and intrigue well fitted for such an enterprise. Upon this state of matters, the Liberals immediately fixed all their hopes, and

artfully succeeded, by implicating the King and Queen in an alteration of the order of succession in favor of their daughter, both to divide the Royalist party, distracted between the pretensions of the royal competitors, to conceal their own selfish projects of aggrandisement under a pretended zeal for the maintenance of the new order of descent, and to engraft the interest of a disputed succession on the native deformity of a merely sordid revolutionary movement.

The magnitude and importance of the vast change on which the Liberal party had now adventured is thus ably stated by Mr. Walton:—

"The law which excluded females when there was male issue was precise and peremptory. It had been enacted with the due concurrence of the Cortes, and formed part of a general settlement of the peace of Europe guaranteed by England and France. This law was besides recorded in the statute-book, and for one hundred and twenty years had been held as the only rule of succession. Its abrogation, therefore, was a matter of the most serious consideration, affecting not only the prospective claims of the king's brother, strengthened as they were by his popularity and the royalist interest which he represented, but also those of other members of the Bourbon family who came after him in the line of succession. The undertaking was indeed arduous and awful, in consequence of the extensive changes which it was likely to introduce.

"It was not a matter of mere family aggrandisement upon which the queen had set her heart. The proposed measure arose out of no wish to revive a principle successfully maintained in former times. It was part of a system of which there was a further action in reserve. More and deeper mischief was contemplated than that of depriving one branch of its hereditary rights. *The alteration in the established rule was intended as a seal to a revolution.* This was the light in which Ferdinand himself viewed the proposal when first made to him; and although his scruples gradually gave way when he found himself beset by the creatures and puppets of the queen, there was no other period of his life in which his resolution on this point could have been shaken. Even then the whole scheme would have failed, if a clever and fascinating woman had not been the principal agent. Her great aim was to raise up a barrier between the Infante Don Carlos and the throne, and the king's jealousy of his brother's popularity was the chord touched with most effect. The queen also knew that this feeling chiefly led to her own marriage, and it was agreed that the most propitious moment for the developement of the plan would be the termination of the rejoicings to which the announcement of her pregnancy had given rise."

The way in which this extraordinary change in the Constitution was introduced is thus detailed:—

"In the Gazette of the 6th April, 1830, to the astonishment of every one, an edict, dated March 29th, appeared with the following remarkable heading:—'Pragmatic Sanction, having the force of law, decreed by King Charles IV. on the petition of the Cortes for 1789, and ordered to be published by his reigning majesty for the *perpetual* observance of law 2, title 15, partida 2, establishing the regular succession to the crown of Spain;' alleged to have been in force for seven hundred years.

"The publication was also carried into effect with the usual solemnities. The rain fell in torrents; nevertheless the magistrates and heralds proceeded to do their duty by reading the decree aloud and posting it up in the public places. The streets of Madrid were thronged with an anxious and inquiring multitude, who did not hesitate, in no measured terms, to express their surprise and disgust at this glaring imposture. Nobody could understand how the reigning sovereign, of his own will and accord, could venture to sanction a law alleged to have been passed by his father forty-one years before, and which, even if it had then been perfected (and the reverse was the case), could not be held valid for obvious reasons."

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Walton through his able argument against the legality of the change thus unceremoniously introduced *of the King's own authority*, without any recourse whatever to a Cortes or any other national authority. It was not even attempted to get any such authority; but it was pretended that it had been granted when the alteration on the law of succession had been made by Charles IV. in 1789. The absurdity of supposing that so important a matter as the descent of the Crown could be legally altered by a pretended act of a king on the petition of the Cortes, without *its even being known*, or even heard of, for forty years after its alleged enactment, is too obvious to require illustration. Add to this, that the pretended alteration by Charles IV. has *never yet been*

produced, or seen by any one; and that the fact of its existence rests on the assertion of a bed-ridden doting King in favor of his own daughter. And even if such a deed did exist, it would, by the fundamental laws of Spain, be utterly null in a question with Don Carlos, or the princes born before its promulgation, as not having been published to the magistrates of the provinces in the way required by the Constitution. The more defective the title of the Queen to the crown, however, the better for the Liberals: they had now a *revolutionary dynasty* implicated in their struggle for supreme power.

Upon the publication of this decree, Don Carlos, the next male in succession, and directly struck at by the ordinance, was solicited by the chief nobles of Spain instantly to assume the government.

"Several grandees," says Mr. Walton, "now leagued with the opposite party, together with generals and other influential persons, urged the Infante Don Carlos to come forward and accept the crown, not only as his right, but also as the only means of preserving public tranquillity. The conscientious prince rejected their offer, though well aware of the extent of his popularity in every part of the kingdom; alleging that so long as the king lived, *he would never do an act derogatory to his character, either as a brother or a subject.* He was then invited to take the regency upon himself, which, it was argued, could be done without any violation of his principles, on the plea of the king's illness, and to rescue the country from a dreadful crisis; but again the prince declined to interfere, observing, that his right and those of his family were clear and still well protected; protesting that he would not take any step that might hereafter render his conduct liable to misrepresentation. Had the prince then lifted up his hand, the regency, and eventually the crown would have been his own: Spain would have been saved from the horrors of a long and sanguinary civil war. But where is the man who does not respect the prince's motives of action—who does not admire the disinterestedness with which he refused a sceptre already within his grasp?"

The Cortes never was assembled to *deliberate* on the alteration of the order of succession or consent to it; but a limited number of creatures of the court (seventy-six in number) were convoked in June 20, 1833, *to swear allegiance* to the King's daughter, as a princess whose title to the throne was unquestionable. A protest was on that occasion taken by the Neapolitan and Sardinian ambassadors against the change, on grounds apparently unanswerable.* And even all the efforts and influence of the Court could not give a national character to the ceremony, or dispel the gloomy presentiments with which even the humblest of the spectators were inspired.

"Seventy-six popular delegates had been summoned," says Walton, "to take part in a dumb show, at a moment when two of the most important questions which ever presented themselves to public consideration agitated the country. The legality of the alteration in the law of succession, and the appointment of a regent in case of the king's death, were points which, every body thought, ought to have been submitted to the Cortes, if such was the character of the meeting just dissolved. The world had been ostentatiously informed that, when those of 1789 met for the purpose of acknowledging the Prince of Asturias, the question of succession was introduced, and this circumstance, after the lapse of nearly half a century, made a plea for the establishment of a new rule: why then all this silence now, in defiance of public opinion? The Queen, at the moment, was supreme, and her rival a voluntary

* "The law of 1713 was enacted by the chief of a new dynasty, with all the formalities that were requisite and indispensable to its validity, and at a time when a concurrence of extraordinary and distressing circumstances justified the propriety of a new law of succession; that it is a law consecrated by more than a century of uninterrupted existence; that it was the necessary consequence of the stipulations which secured the throne of Spain to the grandson of Louis XIV., and to his male descendants, and that the weighty reasons in which it originated continue to subsist.

"'We have further considered, that an order of succession established as this was, by the consent and under the guarantee of the principal powers of Europe, and recognised successively in various treaties concluded with those powers, has become obligatory and unalterable, and has transmitted to all the descendants of Philip V. rights which, as they were obtained by the sacrifice of other rights, they cannot relinquish without material injury to themselves, and without failing in the consideration due to the illustrious head and founder of their dynasty."

exile in a foreign land. Every precaution had also been adopted to secure the return of deputies, if not favorable to her views, at least belonging to the movement party; and the capital was besides crowded with troops. And yet the Queen and her advisers *had not the courage to trust the decision of two plain questions to a meeting of their own calling*—fearful that among its members some lurking royalist might be found to expose their injustice, and argue the illegality of their acts. Any sympathies then excited in favor of the Infante, might have been ruinous to a cause only half consolidated. It therefore became necessary to carry on the delusion, by again resorting to sophistry, tergiversation, and calumny."

Mean while, however, every effort was made to fill all offices of trust in the army and civil department with liberals of known resolution and determined character, who then found themselves, to their infinite joy, in consequence of the disputed succession they had contrived to get up to the throne, reinstated a *third time* in the possession of that authority from which they had been twice chased by the experienced evils of their sway, and the general indignation of the people. In a few months their preparations were complete. Such had been their activity, that all the offices in the state—all the fortresses in the country—all the commands in the army, were in their hands. At the same time Don Carlos was banished; his adherents discouraged; his cause to all appearance desperate. Suddenly reinforced through the intrigues of the Queen for her daughter, by the whole weight of Government, the Revolutionists had completely regained their ascendant. Yet, even in these circumstances, such was their unpopularity in consequence of the numberless corrupt and atrocious acts of which they had been guilty, that all these preparations would have been unavailing to force an unpopular and revolutionary change of government on the country, had it not been for the instant and powerful support which the Liberals in Spain received on the death of Ferdinand from the democratic government of France and England.

"Ferdinand died," says Walton, "on 29th September, 1833. The account of his decease was transmitted to Paris by telegraph, and the next day a courier departed with orders to M. de Rayneval to declare that the French government was disposed to acknowledge the young princess as soon as the official notification of the demise of the crown arrived. This step had doubtless been agreed upon with the British Government, in anticipation of an event long expected; and to this joint determination, and the immediate announcement of it in the Madrid Gazette, it was that the Queen chiefly owed the ascendency which she gained in the first period of her regency. At that time the eyes of all Spain were upon England and France. They, as it were, held the balance in their own hands; for the numerous and influential Spaniards, who were disposed to assert the rights of the lawful heir, intimidated by the extensive preparation of the government, and discouraged by the absence of their natural leader, held back from any attempt against the usurped power of the regent, through fear that for the moment opposition would be fruitless. Many colonels of regiments intrusted with command—even some liberals of the old school, sensible that the country was on the eve of a civil war, hesitated, and only joined the Queen's cause when they saw it pompously proclaimed that England and France had declared in her favor and thrown their powerful aid into her scale."

"The British and French Governments may be said to have then assumed the right *to dictate to Spain who should reign over her;* and, as if it was not enough to have appointed to the throne, to have taken upon themselves to name a regent; for it is impossible to believe that the governments of the two countries which most contributed to the settlement effected by Philip V. were really convinced of the legality of the last measure of Ferdinand VII. to annul that settlement; or that, with their boasted attachment to the principles of a limited monarchy, they could be sincere in professing a belief that the mere testamentary provision of an uxorious and enfeebled king could disinherit the rightful heir to the throne, and subvert the fundamental laws of his country."

The result of this possession of the treasury, the seat of Government, the army, with their powerful foreign support, is well known. The Queen was proclaimed throughout the kingdom; and although partial risings in favor of Don Carlos took place in almost every province, yet as that Prince was in exile, and his adherents unarmed and scattered, they were without difficulty suppressed by the military force, 100,000 strong, now at the disposal of the Liberals. But as Mr. Walton justly observes,

"The Spaniards in the end will redress their own wrongs. They will not submit to insult and proscription; the popular thunder will never cease to roll until the confederacy formed between the Spanish liberals and their foreign allies is dissolved for ever. Already, indeed, are the oppressors of 1823 and 1833 treading on a terrible volcano, surrounded by every sign of past ravage and impending explosion. Neither the queen, nor the party by which she is upheld, has any hold upon the confidence or affections of the Spanish people: the views of the one, in endeavoring to secure the throne to her daughter by an outrage upon her late husband's memory, are too unjust and too revolting to prosper; whilst the object of the others, in seizing upon power for a third time, is as apparent now as it was before. Were the liberals really friends of constitutional order—known for their adherence to settled systems of reform—disposed to admit changes founded upon principles of tried merit—taught by experience and adversity to prefer plans of a practical character and easy results to dangerous theories and extravagant notions—in a word, were they prepared to sacrifice their party prejudices to the general wants and wishes of the country, they might still have repaired their former errors and spared the effusion of blood.

"So far, their cry for freedom has only been another name for social disorganization—their return to power *the commencement of an uncontrolled career of outrage and murder*. Their official existence seems to depend on the repetition of previous follies and crimes. Place and pelf in their opinion cannot be secured unless the Revolution is completed by the *utter extermination of the royalists:* they equally disregard the laws and the public voice. The Spaniards have always evinced a scrupulous respect for ancient forms, as well as an aversion to changes in their institutions; and now they are told that they must have nothing that does not bear a modern stamp. They have been distinguished beyond other nations by a jealous love of their country and a horror of foreign dictation; but they are now informed that they must be satisfied with such rulers, and such a form of government, as the *liberals of London and Paris may be graciously pleased to bestow on them*. In one breath they are branded as ignorant and prejudiced bigots, and in the next called upon to admit changes of a refined kind long before society is in a state to receive them."

The civil war soon after commenced in Navarre, and we again pray the particular attention of our readers to the mingled perfidy and cruelty by which, from *the very first*, it was distinguished by the queen's forces: a cruelty so atrocious, and *uniformly adhered to*, as to have rendered altogether unavoidable the frightful reprisals which have ever since prevailed in the Peninsula. Lorenzo was the Christino general in Navarre—Santos Ladron the popular leader. The former, fearful of the issue of the contest, privately conveyed a message to Don Santos, signifying his wish to have a conference to prevent the effusion of blood.

"This message was cordially received, and in an unguarded moment Don Santos agreed to meet his adversary, judging by this step that he was promoting the interests of humanity, and the advancement of the cause which he had so fervently embraced. Without a written engagement or previous formality, a private meeting was agreed upon, and the two generals, with their respective staffs, and a few attendants, proceeded to the appointed spot, a short distance beyond Los Arcos.

"Santos Ladron endeavored to persuade Lorenzo that he was wrong in supporting the Queen's cause; and in the most feeling manner pointed out the calamities in which the country was about to be involved, it being evident that the laws and the great majority of the people were in favor of Charles V. He alluded to the unfortunate contest of 1820, which, he said, was about to be renewed. He appealed to Lorenzo's patriotism and religion, and, as one older in rank and more experienced, implored him to spare the effusion of blood. Finding that he could make no impression upon the queen's representative, Santos Ladron reined his horse and was about to withdraw, when Lorenzo's people fired upon him. His horse fell, and as he was extricating himself from his stirrup, the flaps of his frock-coat flew open, and underneath discovered the general's sash. The sign of the insignia of his rank inflamed the rapacity of the Christinos, and they rushed upon the dismounted chieftain eager to gain so valuable a prize and the corresponding reward. Santos Ladron, who had been already wounded by the treacherous fire of the Christinos, was conveyed to Pamplona, and, without being admitted to a hearing, was, with thirty-two of his companions, subjected to the mockery of a court-martial and condemned to death. In vain the provincial deputation and the Bishop of Pamplona implored the viceroy and the military governor to suspend the execution till the matter could be referred to Madrid; all intercession was vain. It was answered that the formalities of a court-martial had been fully observed, and it was now impossible to alter the sentence. In reality, the authorities were

eager to recommend themselves to the Madrid government by executing with precipitate activity the orders of a remorseless policy, and they were well aware that nothing could be more *distasteful to their employers than any hesitation in discharging the bloody service* that was required at their hands. On the 15th of October *the wounded general, with his thirty-two companions, was led into the ditch of the fortress, and there privately shot.*"

The effect of this atrocity may be easily conceived.

"The perfidious massacre of thirty-three persons at once proclaimed to Spain and Europe the faithless and remorseless character of the government that sanctioned and rewarded the horrid deed; as a measure of intimidation it utterly failed, nay, rather fanned the flame which it was intended to extinguish. The very night after the execution five hundred persons, mostly youths of the best families in Pamplona, quitted the place, and joined the Carlists of Roncesvalles. The next day Colonel Benito Eraso, who had raised the valley of Roncesvalles, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants and an address to the soldiers. In the former, after begging those whom he addressed not to be discouraged by the misfortunes of Santos Ladron, he added, 'No vengeance! oblivion of the past, and a religious observance of the decree of amnesty! Let order, union, and valor be your motto, and triumph is certain.' A noble contrast to the barbarous atrocities which his enemies had not only the heart to perpetrate, but the shamelessness to avow."

Saarsfield, another of the Queen's generals, though of a more mild and pacific character, was nevertheless constrained, by his orders from Madrid, to begin the war with the same system of reckless butchery.

"It was well known," says Walton, "that he did not belong to the Revolutionary school, and the very names of many of those who, fresh from the exile to which Ferdinand had consigned them, were now employed to second his own operations, must have enabled him, long before he crossed the Ebro, to judge of the probable course of impending changes, and have filled him with mingled feelings of discontent and apprehension. He was, however, carried away by events; and the ease with which his advantages were gained, did not restrain his troops from marking their progress by acts of violence, and the wanton effusion of blood. His orders, doubtless, were severe, and too peremptory to be trifled with; while the more active and ambitious of his officers must have been allured by the rewards bestowed on the bloody deed of Lorenzo, to imitate his barbarous example, and to adapt their mode of warfare to the taste prevailing in the capital. *Every Carlist chieftain taken in arms, was accordingly shot without mercy;* the same severity was extended to the *less responsible peasantry*, and the most unsparing efforts were made to extinguish the hopes of Charles V. in the blood of every class of his adherents; a merciless, and at the same time impolitic rigor, by which fuel was added to a half-extinguished flame, and the discontent of a bold and warlike population converted into the most bitter and desperate hostility."

These inhuman massacres, however, did not intimidate the Carlists: but wherever they rose in arms, the same execrable system of murder was pursued by the queen's generals.

"The Carlists," says our author, "one and all, felt that faith had not been kept with them; that the proclamations of the queen's officers were only intended to entrap the unwary, and that their real aim was extermination.

"The cries of fresh victims constantly resounded in their ears, and they continued to shudder at the remembrance of the butcheries which they had already witnessed. Brigadier Tina, who had been captured and his band dispersed, was on the 26th November shot near Alcaniz. At Calatayud, *twenty-one Carlists* had previously *met with the same fate*, and among them two ecclesiastics,—a fact sufficient to show the brutalising effects of the new system. Morella was entered on the 13th December, after a close investment by General Butron, the governor of Tortosa; but the Carlist garrison escaped, and were afterwards overtaken at Calanda, near Alcaniz, when their commander, Baron Herves, his wife and three children, fell into the hands of the queen's troops. Agreeable to an order of the day, published by Viceroy Espeleta, the commander of the royalist volunteers of Torreblanca, D. Cristoval Fuste, and D. Pedro Torre, were shot at Zaragoza, in the morning of the 23d December; and on the 27th, Baron Herves, and D. Vincente Gil, commander of the royalist volunteers, shared the same fate. At Vitoria, the son of a rich merchant, for whose ransom five thousand dollars were offered, was also shot by the orders of Valdes, at a moment when a courier from Madrid could not pass without a large escort."

And now the Queen's Government,

emboldened by the success with which they had hitherto butchered and massacred whoever appeared in arms against them, resolved on a still more sweeping and unjustifiable act of democratic despotism. This was the *destruction of the liberties and rights of the whole Basque provinces*, and the extinction of the freedom which had prevailed in the mountains of Navarre and Biscay for six hundred years. It is unnecessary to say what these privileges were. All the world knows that these provinces were in truth a free constitutional monarchy, inserted into the despotic realm of Spain; that their popular rights were more extensive than those of England under the Reform Bill; that they exceeded even the far-famed democratic privileges of the Swiss Cantons. For that very reason they were odious to the democratic despots at Madrid, who could tolerate no restraint whatever on their authority, and least of all from free-born mountaineers, who had inherited their privileges from their fathers, and not derived them from their usurpation. Like their predecessors in the French Directory with the Swiss Cantons, they had accordingly from the very first devoted these liberties to destruction, and they seized the first opportunity of success to carry their tyrannical determination into execution.

"As soon," says Walton, "as the queen's military commanders had established their authority, *they declared the Basque fueros provisionally suspended.* For some time past the Madrid Government had wished to place these provinces under the Castilian law, by carrying the line of customs to their extreme frontiers, and the present opportunity was thought favorable. On the 3d December, Castanon issued a proclamation from his head-quarters at Tolosa, of which the following are the principal clauses:—"If, after a lapse of eight days, arms are found in any house, the master shall be subject to a fine and other penalties; and should he have no means of payment, condemned to two years' hard labor at the hulks—any individual concealing ammunition, money, or other effects belonging to an insurgent, *shall be shot*—the house of any person who may have fired upon the queen's troops shall be burnt—every peasant forming one of an assemblage of less than fifty men, and taken in arms at a quarter of a league from the high road, shall be *considered as a brigand and shot*—any one intercepting a Government courier *shall be shot*—every village that shall, without opposition, suffer the insurgents to obtain recruits, shall be punished with a heavy contribution—all the property of absentees shall be confiscated—every person refusing to convey information from the municipalities to head-quarters shall be put in irons, and condemned to two years' imprisonment, or hard labor, in the fortress of St. Sebastian—all women who, by word or deed, favor the rebellion, shall be closely confined—a court-martial shall be formed to take cognizance of all causes brought before them, and every moveable column shall have with it one member of this court for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of this proclamation.'

"The brutal edict was read with horror and disgust. Such of the natives as had embraced the queen's cause now bitterly repented of their error when they saw their privileges trampled under foot by a military despot, and found themselves obliged to receive into their houses, and furnish with every necessary, the soldiers who protected him in his outrageous exercise of illegal power. The mere mention of their *fueros* being suspended, produced a magical effect, and the Basques now considered their cause more than ever sanctified. Many who before had remained neutral flew to arms, and the war-cry resounded along the mountain ranges. Surrounded by rocks and precipices, the Basque patriots assembled to consider their prospects, and devise revenge for their wrongs. The hardy peasantry resolved to suffer the last extremities of war rather than submit to the yoke with which they were threatened. They required no oath of secrecy, no pledges for each other's fidelity. They called to mind the heroic efforts of their ancestors to resist oppression; and holding up the printed paper circulated among them, in scorn and in abhorrence, they swore to defend their freedom, and mutually bound each other, as the sword was already unsheathed, never to return it to the scabbard till their *fueros* were acknowledged and secured."

Human cruelty, it might have been thought, could hardly have gone beyond the atrocities already committed by the revolutionary generals; but they were exceeded by that perpetrated in the endeavor to crush this gallant effort of the Basque peasants to rescue from destruction Biscayan freedom.

"Zavala (a Biscay chief) having seized five noted Christinos, took them to his head-quarters at Ganteguiz de Arteaga, a small town on the east of the river Mundaca, where he treated them with respect. In retaliation, the enemy sent a detachment of six hundred men from Bilboa to Mur-

guia to seize his family; after which the same corps advanced upon his position *with his children placed in their foremost rank.* Zavala was struck with horror at this revolting expedient, and hesitated between his duty as a soldier and paternal tenderness. If an engagement ensued, his own children would inevitably fall before their father's musketry. In this dreadful dilemma, and hoping still to defeat the enemy without submitting to the cruel necessity of destroying the dearest portion of himself, Zavala withdrew to Guernica. Here he was attacked the next day by the same troops, who again advanced with his children in front of their column. The same torture awaited the distracted parent. He placed his troops in an advantageous position, and the fire commenced under the tree of Guernica, that glorious sign of proud recollections to the sons of Biscay—the tree under which they swear fidelity to their liege lord, and where he binds himself in turn to keep their privileges inviolate. Victory crowned the efforts of the Biscayan royalists, and scarcely more than a third of the queen's troops escaped. The devoted victims of the atrocious assailants were saved, and restored to the arms of an agonised father."

The extent to which these early massacres by the revolutionists was carried, was very great.

"It was about this time estimated," says our author, "that not less than *twelve hundred persons had been put to the sword, or executed in the Basque provinces and Navarre* alone, besides the many victims sacrificed in other parts of the kingdom. For three months the queen's agents had been playing a deceitful and desperate game. They respected no laws, and even broke the promises contained in their own proclamations. Hence numbers who had laid down their arms, and returned to their homes, again banded together, filled with the most exasperated and vindictive feelings; and if in this state of mind they resorted to acts of retaliation, those whose previous cruelties provoked such severities are justly answerable for the excesses of the Carlists as well as for their own. The horrible atrocities of the queen's partisans gave the contest a deadly and ferocious character; and, as if the former severities had not been sufficient, fuel was added to the flame by a decree issued by the queen-regent, and bearing date the 21st of January, in which it was ordered, that all privates, belonging to the several factions, who might not have been shot, should be employed in the condemned regiments of Ceuta, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, at the same time that the officers were to be punished with the utmost severity of the law."

Nay, so resolute were the revolutionists on carrying on the war on no other principle than that of indiscriminate massacre, that it was repeatedly announced in official proclamations as the rule of war by the queen's generals.

"On the 5th August, 1834, Rodil issued a proclamation," in which he said, "'that after employing all possible means of clemency, he is convinced that severe chastisement alone can put an end to the rebel faction; wherefore he decrees, 1st, that *every one found in the ranks of the rebels shall be shot as soon as taken;* 2d, those who supply arms, favor their attempts, or obey their summons, *shall be equally shot,*' &c. This edict is dated Pamplona, and the strictest orders were circulated to carry it into full effect."

All attempts on the part of the Carlists to establish a more humane system of warfare were in vain. One in particular deserves to be mentioned. In one of Zumalacarregui's victories, a Spanish nobleman of high rank was made prisoner.

"On the first leisure moment, Zumalacarregui examined his prisoners, and more especially the count. The Carlist chieftain was pleased with his manly behavior; and, after several inquiries as to the state of affairs at Madrid, promised to propose an exchange of prisoners, in which the count's rank was to be waived. In the mean while the count was invited to Zumalacarregui's table, and treated with every consideration. A few days afterwards, whilst at dinner, Rodil's answer to the proposed cartel arrived, in which he stated that the prisoners for whom it was wished to make an exchange *had been already shot.* 'Here, count,' said the Carlist leader, 'take the letter of your queen's commander: read it yourself, and then judge the situation in which I am placed.'

"The unfortunate count turned pale, and with a start pushed his plate almost to the middle of the table. The repast was at once at an end. After a pause, during which a dead silence prevailed, Zumalacarregui, addressing the weeping count, added, 'I wished to spare you, and such also I know would be my sovereign's wish; but with such enemies forbearance is impossible. From the first I looked upon you as a deluded youth, of an ardent mind, and I should have rejoiced in being the instrument of royal mercy; but Rodil's outrages are beyond endurance, they must and shall be checked. Were I considerate towards you, our enemies, as they have done before, would attribute my conduct to weakness. This triumph they shall not obtain. *The widows' weeds*

worn in these provinces will tell you the state of the war better than all you heard in Madrid.' "

Not content with the wholesale murders thus carried into execution on women and children of the adverse party, the democrats in the Spanish great towns resolved to take the work of the butcher into their own hands, and enjoy in their own persons the exquisite pleasure of putting to death their captive enemies. At Zaragoza, thirteen monks were murdered: at Cordova, several convents burnt: at Valencia, the mob was only appeased by the sacrifice of six Carlists, who were massacred in cold blood. At Barcelona, the atrocities were still more frightful.

"On the afternoon of the 25th July, 1835, a mob, arrayed in various bands, each headed by a leader in disguise, paraded the streets with cries of 'Away to the Convents!' and 'Death to the friars!' and forthwith proceeded from words to deeds. Six convents (namely, those of the Augustins, of the Trinitarians, of the two orders of Carmelites, of the Minims, and of the Dominicans) were blazing at once, and soon were reduced to heaps of smoking ruins; while *eighty of their unfortunate inmates perished*, some burned in the buildings, others poniarded, and others again beaten to death with clubs and stones. Some escaped through the exertions of the artillery corps, and a few by mingling in disguise with the crowd. Three hundred friars and clergymen took refuge in the castle of Monjuich, and as many more in the citadel and fort Atarzanas. The military mean while paraded the streets, but *remained perfectly passive*, having received orders not to fire on the populace. Llauder, the captain general, fled into France, and left the city virtually in the power of the rabble.'

Subsequently the savage temper of the Barcelona liberals was evinced in a still more memorable manner:

"On the 4th of January, 1836, a crowd assembled in the main square, and, with loud imprecations and yells of revenge, demanded the lives of the Carlist prisoners confined in the citadel. Thither they immediately repaired, and, not meeting with the slightest resistance from the garrison, scaled the walls, lowered the drawbridge, and entered the fortress; their leaders holding in their hands lists of those whom they had predetermined to massacre. When the place was completely in their possession, the leaders of the mob began to read over their lists of proscription, and, with as much deliberation as if they had been butchers selecting sheep for the knife, had their miserable victims dragged forward, and shot one after another, in the order of their names. The brave Colonel O'Donnel was the first that perished. His body, and that of another prisoner, were dragged through the streets, with shouts of 'Liberty!' The heads and hands were cut off, and the mutilated trunks, after having been exposed to every indignity, were cast upon a burning pile. The head of O'Donnel, after having been kicked about the streets as a foot-ball by wretches who mingled mirth with murder, was at last stuck up in front of a fountain; and *pieces of flesh were cut from his mangled and palpitating body*, and *eagerly devoured by the vilest and most depraved of women*. From the citadel the mob proceeded to the hospital, where three of the inmates were butchered; and from the hospital to the fort of Atanzares, where fifteen Carlist peasants shared the same fate. In all, *eighty-eight persons perished*.

"This deliberate massacre of defenceless prisoners, and the worse than fiendish excesses committed on their remains, satisfied the rioters for the first day; but, on the next, they presumed to proclaim that fruitful parent of innumerable murders—the constitution of 1812. This was too much to be borne. Even then, however, two hours elapsed before a dissenting voice was heard; when a note arrived from Captain Hyde Parker, of the Rodney, who not long before, in obedience to the orders of a peaceful administration, *had landed fifteen thousand muskets in the city*. His offer to support the authorities against the friends of the obnoxious constitution was not without effect. The leaders of the political movement were allowed to embark on board the Rodney, and the tumult subsided, rather from being lulled than suppressed. No punishment whatever was inflicted on the murderers and cannibals of the first day; their conduct, perhaps, was not considered to deserve any.

"It was expected that when the riots of Barcelona were known at Zaragoza, the rabble of the latter city would have broken out into similar excesses; but the authorities had recourse to the same disgraceful expedient to appease them which had proved successful before. They ordered four officers, a priest, and two peasants, reputed Carlists, to be strangled, and thus prevented the populace from becoming murderers, by assuming that character themselves."

The humane philanthropists of the capital were not behind their provincial brethren in similar exploits.

"The first victim was a Franciscan friar who happened to be on the street. A report was then spread that the Jesuits had advised the deed; and the senseless mob, frantic for revenge, rushed to the college. The gate having been forced open, the first person who entered was one dressed in the uniform of the urban militia, who told the students to quit the house, as it was not in search of them that they came.

"Instantly the college was filled with an armed mob, thirsting for blood, and the massacre began. Professor Bastan was bayonetted, and Father Ruedas stabbed to death. The professor of history and geography, Father Saun, was next murdered, and his head beat to pieces with clubs and hammers. The professor of rhetoric was dragged from his hiding-place, and that he might be the sooner despatched, knives were added to the murderous weapons which had been before employed. Another master, endeavoring to escape, was fired upon by an urbano; and as the shot missed, he was bayonetted in the back. Three in disguise escaped into the streets, hoping by this means to save their lives; but they were murdered by the mob, to whom regular communications were made of what was passing inside the building. On every side were heard the groans of the dying, the screams of those who were vainly endeavoring to escape, the discharge of muskets, and the exulting shouts of the murderers. The students had been driven from these scenes of horror; but several returned, in the hope of befriending their masters. One child threw his slender form over the prostrate body of his preceptor, and shared in the wounds under which he breathed his last.

"In one house perished fifteen individuals, assassinated in the most barbarous manner by those actually employed and armed to keep the public peace, some in regimentals and others in disguise. The provincial regiment of Granada then formed part of the Madrid garrison: and the officers and men belonging to it, who were not passive spectators, appeared among the murderers. The death of their victims was not sufficient to satiate the fury of the rioters: some had their entrails torn out, others were dragged through the streets with ropes round their necks, and acts of cannibalism were perpetrated so abominable and disgusting, that it is impossible to enter into their loathsome details. The Franciscan convent and other places were the scenes of similar atrocities. These unhappy victims of ruthless liberalism perverting to its own ends the blindness of the multitude, had taken no part in politics: their only crime was that they were clergymen and instructors of youth."

Amidst these hideous atrocities, the Madrid liberals, and the Cadiz and Barcelona cliques, have steadily, and amidst the loud applause of their hungry dependents, pursued the usual selfish objects of democratic ambition. All useful establishments, all which relieved or blessed the poor were rooted out, new offices and jurisdictions were created in every direction, numberless commissions were issued; and the well-paid liberals began to roll in their carriages, and keep their boxes at the opera. The property of the Church, which in Spain is literally the endowment at once of education and the poor, was the first to be rooted out. Its character and usefulness is thus described by our author:—

"The convents in Spain are not like those which we had among us in Catholic times; and their suppression will necessarily excite indignation, besides giving rise to great abuses. They mostly partook of the character of the *hospice*, particularly in the northern provinces. To the peasants they often served as banking establishments, and greatly favored agricultural improvements. The friars acted as schoolmasters, advocates, physicians, and apothecaries. Besides feeding and clothing the poor, and visiting the sick, they afforded spiritual consolation. They were considerate landlords and indulgent masters. They were peace-makers in domestic broils; and if a harvest failed, they supplied the seed that was to be confided to the earth the next year. They also provided periodical amusements and festivities, which the peasant will see abandoned with regret. Most of the convents had *fundaciones*, or endowments, for professors who taught rhetoric, philosophy, &c. besides keeping schools open for the poor. They also supplied curates when wanted, and their preachers are considered the best in Spain.

"Without entering into the question of the legality of these suppressions, or pointing out the folly of a government proceeding to such extremes that is not sure of its own existence for half a year, it may be stated, that all the expedients resorted to in our Henry VIII's time to bring the monastic orders into disrepute, have been practised by the Spanish liberals, and have failed. On the 19th January, 1836, the monks in Madrid were driven out of their convents at two o'clock in the morning, without the slightest regard to age or infirmity. After being grossly insulted and reviled, several were waylaid in the streets by the *rage*, or thunderbolt party, and cudgelled in the most unmerciful manner. The measure of ejectment was simultaneously carried into execution wherever the government could enforce its commands; the great object in view being to seize on money, plate, and valuables.

"The liberals have appointed commissions to receive the confiscated property, and the same abuses occur as in 1822. One instance will suffice in the way of illustration. The convent of St. John of God, at Cadiz, well known to many of our countrymen, formerly fed and clothed a large number of poor, and its members, being mostly medical men, attended the sick and administered medicine gratis. The relief afforded by this institution was incalculable; and yet its funds, economically administered, and aided only by voluntary donations, were sufficient to satisfy every claim. The liberals took its administration upon themselves; and the persons intrusted with it soon grew rich, and had their boxes at the theatre. They had profits on the contracts for provisions, medicine, and other supplies. The amount of relief afforded was also diminished; and yet, at the end of the first year, the ordinary funds were exhausted, and the new administrators obliged to make public appeals to the humane."

The destitution thus inflicted on the clergy, and misery on the poor, has been unbounded.

"The suppression lately ordained by the Christino government may be called a general one, and the number of establishments to which it had extended at the end of last September, was estimated at 1937, leaving 23,609 ejected inmates, whose annual maintenance, if paid at the promised rate, would not be less than L.400,000."

The creation of new jurisdictions, and the extirpation of all the ancient landmarks, was as favorite an object with the Spanish as it had been with the French, or now is with the English revolutionists.

"The plan for the territorial divisions was also put forward. It may be here proper to observe, that formerly Spain was divided into fourteen sections, unequal in extent and population. It was now proposed to divide the territory, including the adjacent islands, into forty-nine provinces, or districts, taking the names of their respective capitals, except Navarre, Biscay, Guipuscoa, and Alava, which were to preserve their ancient denominations. The principality of Asturias was to become the province of Oviedo. Andalusia was to be parcelled out into seven provinces; Aragon, into three; New Castile, into five; Old Castile, into eight; Catalonia, into four; Estremadura, into two; Galicia, into four; Leon, into three, Murcia, into two; and Valencia, into three. To each it was wished to give as near as possible a population of 250,000 persons; and the census taken in 1833, amounting to 12,250 000 souls, was taken for a standard. A new magistrate, called subdelegate, was to be appointed to each province, and act under the immediate orders of the minister Del Fomento."

And it is to support SUCH A CAUSE that the Quadruple Alliance was formed, and Lord John Hay, and the gallant marines of England sent out, and L.500,000 worth of arms and ammunition furnished to the revolutionary Government! Lord Palmerston says all this was done, because it is for *the interest of England* to promote the establishment of liberal institutions in all the adjoining states. Is it, then, for the "interest of England" to establish universal suffrage, a single chamber, and a powerless throne, in the adjoining countries, in order that the reflection of their lustre there may tend to their successful introduction into this realm? Is it for the interest, any more than the honor of England, to ally itself with a set of desperadoes, assassins, and murderers, and to promote, by all the means in its power, the extinction of liberty in those seats of virtuous institutions—the Basque provinces? What has been the return which the liberals of Lisbon have made for the aid which has placed their puppet on the throne, and gave them the command of the whole kingdom? To issue a decree raising threefold the duties on every species of the British manufacture. A similar result may with certainty be anticipated, after all the blood and treasure we have wasted, and more than all the character we have lost, from Evans' co-operation, if he shall succeed in beating down the Carlist cause; because the urban democracy, which will then be established in uncontrolled power, will be necessarily actuated by the commercial passions and jealousy of that class in society.

One word more in regard to the Durango decree, on which such vehement efforts have been made to rouse the sympathy and excite the indignation of the British people. None can deplore that decree more than we do: none can more earnestly desire its repeal; and if our humble efforts can be of any avail, we implore the counsellors of Don Carlos, for the sake of hu-

nanity, to stop its execution; to btain its repeal. But when it is aid that it is such a stain upon the ause of the Spanish Conservatives, as enders their cause unworthy of the upport of any good man, we are rompted to ask what cause did the English mercenaries go out to support? Was it the cause of civilized, umane, legalized warfare? No! it vas that of murder, robbery, and lunder, of massacred babes and wellering valleys, of conflagration, rapine, and extermination. They voluntarily joined their standards to those of a power which *had begun* the infamous system of giving no quarter, and despite all the efforts of the Duke of Wellington's mission, *had resumed it*, and was prosecuting it with relentless rigor. They marched along with those exterminating bands, into valleys, where they had burned every house, and slaughtered every second inhabitant, and clothed in weeds every mother and sister that survived. They marched along with these execrable bands, without any condition, without either proclaiming for themselves, or exacting from their allies any other and more humane system of warfare. By their presence, however inefficient they may have been on the Biscayan shore, they have prolonged for two years beyond the period when it would otherwise have terminated the heart-rending civil war of Spain. If the 20,000 English and French auxiliaries, who retained an equal force of Carlists inactive in their front, had been removed, can there be a doubt Don Carlos would have been on the throne, and peace established in Spain two years ago? How many thousand of Spanish old men and women have been slaughtered, while Evans held the hands of their avenging heroes? We have thus voluntarily ranged ourselves beside a frightful exterminating power; can we be surprised if we are met by the severities which his atrocities have rendered unavoidable? We have joined hands with the murderer: though we may not have ourselves lifted the dagger, we have held the victim while our confederates plunged it in his heart, and can we be surprised if we are deemed fit objects of the terrible law of retribution?

Do we then counsel aid to Don Carlos, or any assistance to the cause he supports? Far from it; we would not that one Englishman should be exposed to the contagion of the hideous atrocities which the revolutionists have committed, and to which the Carlists, in self-defence, have been driven in every part of Spain. What we counsel is, what we have never ceased to urge ever since this hideous strife began in the Peninsula: *Withdraw altogether from it:* Bring home the marines, the auxiliaries, the steamboats: send no more arms or ammunition from the Tower: declare to the Christinos, that till they return to the usages of civilized war we will not send them another gun under the quadruple treaty. It is a woful reflection, that our vast influence with the revolutionary Government, after the quadruple alliance, was perfectly adequate, if properly exerted, to have entirely stopt this exterminating warfare. But what must be our reflection, when we recollect that we have actually supported it! And if hereafter a band of Cossacks or Pandours shall land on the coast of Kent, to perpetuate a bloody strife in the realms of England, to support the savage excesses of an Irish civil war, and spread mourning weeds and woe through every cottage in England, it is no more than we have done to the Biscay mountaineers, and no more than what, under a just retribution, we may expect to endure from some equally unjust and uncalled for aggression.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

No. VII.

Lord Radnor, only too fortunate in finding an opportunity to distinguish himself in this glorious day of levelling, has demanded an "inquiry into the constitution," and so forth, of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. For any thing like an useful inquiry on such subjects, his Lordship is probably about as much qualified as one of his own coach-horses. But the old routine of the patronage-hating ministers will take place on the occasion: half a dozen commissioners will be sent down to the universities; college by college will be examined day by day, at the rate of ten guineas a-day to the lucky commissioners. The enquiry may be prolonged for months, probably for years. It is too good a thing to be let loose easily. The whole affair is completely of the Grey school; and, in fact, we are perfectly convinced, that to Lord John Russell some of the most painful of his public tribulations arise from the necessity of delegating such capital sinecures to others.

But our present business is more with Lord Radnor's principles than his brains. His Lordship, man and boy, has been about thirty years in Parliament, and between sleeping on the back benches, and making motions to and from the coffee-house, has fulfilled every legislative duty of which nature had decided him to be capable. But ambition, which, in the generality of men, cools with the consciousness of decaying powers, has suddenly kindled within his Lordship. Naturally unchecked by the consciousness of decay in what he never possessed, he now comes forward to claim his share in the honors of a time, when a Lord Melbourne plays Premier in the House of Lords, and Lord John Russell plays Leader in the House of Commons. His Lordship is now in the third stage of his transformation. First a bitter Radical, then a lazy Whig, and now a bustling O'Connellite. First the worm, next the larva, and now the gnat, buzzing and stinging with all his little might, until he gets himself crushed, and there is an end of his little existence.

As to the new allegiance to which he has pledged himself, we have the tie under his own hand. Some time ago O'Connell, to raise the drooping spirits of his Corn-Exchange Parliament, and still more to raise the drooping funds on which his beggary lives, wrote an atrocious letter, as is his custom, to his slaves, attorneys, and tax-gatherers, in the "Grand National Association." After a *hint* in the native style, which was no other than a direct demand of money, stating, that if, "out of the eight millions of patriots in Ireland, but one million subscribed a farthing a-week, the yearly rent would amount to fifty thousand pounds," he proceeded to lay open his plan for *pacifying* Ireland. With the Irish school, money and massacre seem to have some indissoluble connection. A highwayman priming his pistols does not more instinctively figure to himself the purse which is to be their fruit. A swindler slipping the loaded die into his box does not more unequivocally calculate on the result of his turning up sixes. Revolution and the rent are the Siamese twins of the hungry Showman of the Emerald Isle.

"Would I could," said the mendicant ruffian, "transfer my spirit of constitutional agitation to some person of *equal integrity* [hear this Ex-Sheriff Raphael—hear this, Mr. Factory Potter, and smile], who, being able to reside in Dublin, would *consecrate* sufficient time to the complete expansion of the Association of Ireland. [So it is all Ireland already!] Now is the time. The eyes of Europe and of the world are on us! The friends of freedom in England and Scotland are *awaiting our determination* [a hint which we dare not translate. We well know the only *determination* that can find a place in that coward heart.] If we associate and agitate as men ought to do, *who hate violence, abhor revolution*, and *shudder at blood* [so innocently writes the man of the death's head and cross-bones] we shall receive the support of the wise," &c.

Then comes the native revelling in

vengeance. "Our glorious example will be more *closely imitated* than it was before in Scotland and England. In the *next* organic change [so we are to have more of them, and more still, while one stone stands upon another] *the franchise will be so extended*, as to deprive the bigoted, selfish, and sordid Tory of all hope of ever again regaining power." The letter worthily finishes with the roar of a drunken rabble at an Irish fair—

"Hurrah, then, for association,
Hurrah, then, for agitation."

Still adding the slight but expressive touch which thrills through the sensibilities of every pikeman in every bog of Ireland. "Remember, oh, remember, that the fate of Ireland *now* depends upon her *own exertions*. Hereditary bondsmen—— I believe you know the rest.

"Yours, faithfully," &c.

Whether Lord Radnor was struck by the proposal for a new office in the stewardship of Mr. O'Connell—for the management of the rent, is, we believe, a remarkably comfortable job for a narrow income, or a narrow mind, which amounts to the same thing; or whether he had any idea of any kind beyond signalizing himself by an act of measureless foolery, his his Lordship instantly pored himself out in the following epistle to the Beggarman:—

"Sir,—I have just read in the Morning Chronicle your address to the people of Ireland. It is what I fully expected, and I rejoice that I have not been disappointed.

"Believing that some such measure as that which you propose can alone save Ireland from confusion, and probably civil war, I enclose a small contribution to the rent of Ireland, in aid of your proposed General Association."

After some farther nonsense about O'Connell's claim to the "eternal gratitude of all who *love peace* and dread, above all things, a *civil and religious war*" his Lordship, to prevent any possible mistake as to his being one of the most absurd lords alive, and anxious not to be shorn of the very smallest beam of his political glory by the suppression of his authorship, writes—"You are welcome to make what use you please of this letter—[we could easily point the use for which it is fit]—but I am anxious that, in Ireland at least, it should be publicly known that Englishmen sympathize with the Irish in their *wrongs and sufferings*."

The "Association," of course, received this new contributor with great joy, as they would any contributor; but they little know Lord Radnor if they think that they can squeeze any thing out of his generosity. It would be amusing to ask, what has been the amount of his Lordship's assistance to any of the great charitable institutions of England during the last thirty years? We have never discovered his name among their lists. When the national feelings have been appealed to for the widows and orphans of our brave men lost in the victories of England, we never recollect an instance in which this patriotic personage mulcted his revenues or put his soul to pain by the expenditure of five pounds for the purpose. Yet this sensitive peer yearns for the prosperity of *peaceful* agitation, and groans over the sufferings of Ireland—where, however, Popery is not yet sovereign—and magnifies the ruffian Agitator as the object of his patriotic homage. And with this public display of the texture of his brains, and the British nature of his opinions, this foolish man is to be Reformer of Oxford and Cambridge!

There are years which have, like ages, their characteristics. The year 1825 was the well-known year of panic. It was also the year of projectors. The plans set on foot for getting rid of the national money were on the most gigantic scale, and it was computed (if we do not much mistake) that the capital, if fully subscribed, would have amounted to three hundred millions sterling. Some of this extravagance was undoubtedly due to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, now Lord Ripon, who thence obtained for himself the *soubriquet* of Prosperity Robinson; his Lordship in the fullness of his heart, having said that the great difficulty of the nation in the sudden tide of wealth that was to pour in upon us would be how to spend it. Some was to be laid to the charge of the Bank, which by the sudden lowering of its discounts apparently opened the national purse for every

hand that would take the trouble to plunge into it. Some to the natural passion of all men for showy speculation, but more than all to the very busy and very knavish intrigues of the whole host of brokers, solicitors, and dealers connected with the money market of England. It is a remarkable instance of the shortsightedness which seizes on the wisest, when avarice once lays hold on them, that, with the exception of one or two enterprises in Spanish and Portuguese colonial mines, there is probably not one of these projects in existence at this moment. The mere list of them would be curious. Every part of the earth was made the location of some new contrivance for marvellous wealth. Gum companies for Africa—ivory companies from India—companies for cutting down the American forests, were among the most familiar conceptions. It is equally remarkable, as an instance of the blindness which cannot discover obvious utility, as well as of the precipitation which hurries men into waste, that there was probably not a single attempt in the whole list at any of those contrivances for locomotion which have since opened out such important views to mankind. The railway seems to have been almost unthought-of in that day of showy anticipations. It is true, that the railway itself has been made the subject of speculations, nine-tenths of which must be productive of ruin. But the invention will last—the results will be permanent; and England and mankind will yet acknowledge it as the great discovery of the century of mechanism.

One of the most interesting, and apparently most feasible projects of 1825, was the company for pearl-fishing off the coast of South America. It was long known that the pearl-oyster was to be found there; but the poverty of the fishers, and the general ignorance of the people, strongly favored the idea, that European ingenuity might sweep the bottoms of the bays, harbors, and creeks where the oysters lay, and carry to the European market the gathered treasures of many an age. Accordingly, a vessel was fitted out, equipped with all the modern improvements for catching those little bright ornaments of the ears and bosoms of the fair. It was put under the command of Lieutenant Hardy, an intelligent officer, well acquainted with the navigation, and despatched on its errand for this new philosopher's stone hidden in the bosom of the deep. But how many things are to be considered to gain any one point in this world? The principal instrument on which the whole enterprise depended was a diving-bell of the most complete construction. One thing, and one alone, had been omitted in the calculation—the nature of the ground on which the oysters were to be looked for. It seems to have been taken for granted, that it was a sort of subaqueous bowling-green, or billiard table. It is possible that no one thought of asking the question.

The vessel reached the coast: the diving-bell was let down, and returned with the report that the bottom, instead of being the smooth bed of sand on which the pearls lay in heaps, was a succession of pointed rocks and deep clefts, where the animal hid itself—and where a diving-bell was of little more use than a balloon. The experiment was made over and over again, with the perseverance of the British sailor; but the oysters would not be found: the machine could do nothing in the midst of those dells and caverns, swept, too, by the currents of the heady ocean; and the expedition was finally abandoned, producing as its only fruits a book by the officer in command, a very spirited and amusing production. Lieutenant Hardy, in the course of his adventures, became acquainted with the native pearl divers, some of whose exploits he narrates; some of these, too, being instances of remarkable peril, encountered with remarkable intrepidity.

One of those divers had plunged into eleven fathoms, in the expectation of finding some peculiarly fine pearls. He was pursuing his search, when seeing the water suddenly darken, he looked up, and to his horror beheld at some distance above him, a huge shark, leisurely surveying all his movements, and evidently intending to make prize of him. The diver made a dart forward towards a rock, where he thought that he might elude the eye of the monster, and then spring up to the surface; but the shark shook his tail, and followed quietly, but with the same evident determination to eat him the moment he rose. As under water time is every thing, and the diver had only to choose

between being eaten alive and being suffocated, the thought suddenly came into his mind to puzzle his pursuer by a contrivance in which, whether he remembered it then or not, the cuttle-fish has the merit of originalty. He threw himself upon the ground, and with the stick which all divers carry, began to muddy the water. A cloud of mire rose between him and the shark; he instantly struck out under cover of the cloud, and when he thought he had cleared his enemy, shot up to the surface. By great luck, he rose in the midst of the fishing boats. The people, accustomed to perils of this kind, saw that he must have been in danger, and commenced plashing with their oars and shouting, to drive the shark away; they succeeded so far as to save their companion, and the diver was taken on board, almost dying from the dreadful exertion of remaining so long under water, if his heroism disdained to acknowledge the alarm.

Hardy's book contains another, and very interesting piece of information; the South American cure for the hydrophobia. This dreadful disease is extremely common in violent heats of summer. The wild beasts in a country but ill supplied with streams, and in the long summer with all those streams dried up, tear their flesh in agony with this disease: the wolves and all of the dog kind are the especial sufferers; but the jaguars, or tigers, and perhaps all that roam the sandy plains, are seized with this fury; accidents are, of course, common among the hunters, herdsmen, and the people of the lower ranks in general; but they excite comparatively little terror, from the frequency and simplicity of the cure. This is effected by taking two or three doses of a powdered root, which seems something of the hellebore genus, and of which Hardy gives the characters. This root throws the patient into the most copious perspiration: the second day generally completes the cure, though the patient remains weak for a time. This is better than smothering between two mattresses, or killing with laudanum, after six weeks' agony of suspense and a week of frenzy. It is remarkable, that this root acts in the same manner as the only medicines which have been found as a palliative of this terrible disease in Europe. *Sudorifics* alone seem to have produced any effect here; and some instances of the singular force of the vapor-bath in quieting the paroxysms, have been given within these few years, which may lead to a more skilful treatment. All this, however, has been told to our English surgeons already: the root in question has even been brought to England and administered; but, as is reported, without effect. Still, while we know how hard it is to convince any man, even an hospital surgeon, against his will, what slight circumstances may be taken advantage of, and what important ones may be neglected, where the mind of the experimentalist is not in favor of the operation; we must suspend our belief that the root which had so plainly wrought its cure in South America becomes utterly useless in crossing the Atlantic. We hope that trials will continue to be made. The man who shall succeed in bringing the hydrophobia within the power of European medicine will deserve the highest gratitude of Europe, and would doubtless receive the most valuable testimonials of the liberality of England. For the circumstances we again refer to Lieutenant Hardy's book, as giving a clear, intelligent, and, to our conception, a most satisfactory detail of the victory of science and nature over a malady which now constitutes the terror and the shame of the art of healing.

The Horticultural Society has just announced an exhibition of flowers, &c., at its garden at Chiswick, with the following scale of prices—tickets to be obtained by the Fellows for their friends, at 3s. 6d.; tickets obtained, after a certain date, 5s., and tickets bought at the door, 10s. 6d. Now, we cannot hesitate to say, that this has the entire appearance of a remarkably poor expedient for the ways and means. If the Horticultural Society were Mr. Cross, or Madame Tusaud, or any other wild-beast keeper, or wax-work exhibitor, the scale of prices might be all that was becoming; but here we have a great society, full of subscribers, and with some of the first names of the kingdom among them, yet trafficking in public curiosity as if they were not worth a sixpence in the world. We quite admit the necessity of keeping away the mere

rioting and rambling multitude, who would only trample their flower-beds, and destroy their fruits. We admit that all other exhibitions, natural or artificial, are compelled to adopt the principle of payment, chiefly for the same reason, security. But we have seen nothing among them which palpably looks with so keen an eye to raising the supplies. A shilling a ticket answers all the purposes of keeping the treasures of the Royal Academy safe on their walls, of keeping half a hundred other exhibitions intact every day in the year, and of sheltering the majesty of the lions and tigers in the Regent's Park and Surrey, from insult to a hair of their mustaches. But 3s. 6d. is the sum that can be trusted to, to keep profane hands from coming into contact with the camelias and currants of the garden at Chiswick. Yet, if the 3s. 6d is enough, why lay on the 5s.? Except in the hope that those who may not know any of the Fellows will rather pay the surcharge than be disappointed. Or, if curiosity is thus far mulcted, what is the ground of demanding the half-guinea? It is true that some sight-hunter, stimulated by a peep through the bars, may rather pay his half-guinea, where others pay but a third of the money, than tread back his way to London. But the whole contrivance looks pitiful. A shilling would be ample payment for a promenade through any row of flower-pots displayed by the Horticultural Society since the days of its foundation.

But the Horticultural Society talks of patriotism too. It professes itself founded expressly to promote the cultivation of flowers and fruits in all quarters of England; and one of its special proposals is, that of encouraging this cultivation among the cottagers and peasantry. If the Horticultural Society is in want of funds, we can perfectly comprehend the idea of amassing as many half-guineas as possible, in any way possible. But if its subscribers can feel the situation in which this expedient places it before the nation, we are inclined to think, that this ridiculous penalty on rational curiosity would be abolished forthwith, and that the price of admission (for we entirely acquiesce in the acknowledgment that some price is necessary) would be of the lowest rate compatible with the preservation of the garden. If we are to be told that the exhibition-days now announced are *fêtes*, and that the price will be made up in cheese-cakes, we ask, why should one man, who happens to buy his ticket without the aid of a Fellow, pay nearly twice as much for his cheese-cakes, as another? or, why the unfortunate who has forgotten to buy his ticket till he came to the gate of this nursery, should be compelled to pay triple, unless he should be supposed to swallow three times the quantity?

In this period of the nineteenth century the world scarcely requires to be told, that the most sapient criticism has sometimes made mistakes, and that the most solemn judgment is sometimes ridiculous. The predictions of the Edinburgh Review on Lord Byron's career have been long laughed at. But the Edinburgh Review was not alone. On turning over the pages of a collection of Literary Morceaux of the year 1808, we found the following erudite and sagacious estimate of the then young poet, given by a writer who very considerably swayed public opinion in the Belles Lettres:—

"*Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, original and translated, by George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor.*

"In composing what are called *Hours of Idleness*, his Lordship had probably an eye to the saying—It is better to do the idlest thing, than to be idle. And he really seems to have strained the maxim to its fullest extent when he wrote poems which he wished to be neither blamed nor praised. We know little of the peerage, and nothing of Lord Byron's family, but we shrewdly guess that he is descended from Lord Lovat, who, as our nurse once told us, walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off. Which piece of ingenuity of his ancestor he has improved upon, by actually writing in the very same predicament. He (Lord B.) seems to think, that if he is not able to enter the lists with genuine bards, it is because he has not had the benefit of such *pure air*, or so elevated a *residence* as they have, supposing them to live in a *garret*. What there is in this we cannot say; but we are firmly per-

suaded, that if his Lordship were condemned to a garret until he wrote himself into better apartments, his case would be most hopeless and forlorn. His Lordship says that it is highly improbable that he should write any more. Now this is talking so much unlike a poet, that we suspect he did not write this volume, but kindly lent his name to support the maiden muse of his *sister*. If he have furnished the translations and imitations we must say that his sister has the advantage of him. If the passage on the death of Lesbia's sparrow was one of his Lordship's school exercises at Harrow, and he escaped *whipping*, they have there either an undue respect for lords, or they do not deserve the reputation they have acquired."

We give this, as the phrase is, without note or comment. It ought to be kept in perpetual remembrance, for the edification of reviewers in all ages to come.

One of the happiest hits ever made at the Bar was made at Erskine in the days of his renown. He was arguing on a patent right relative to some new kind of buckles; his opponent, Mingay, strongly contended that the invention was worth nothing. Erskine started up, and said in a solemn tone,—"I said, and say again, that our ancestors would have looked on this invention as singularly ingenious—they would have been astonished at these buckles." "Gentlemen of the Jury," said Mingay with equal solemnity, "I say nothing of my ancestors, but I am convinced, that my learned friend's ancestors would have been much more astonished at *his shoes and stockings*." The Court burst into a roar.

The history of fashions would be a curious volume; and the fate of the buckle would be an instance of that rise and fall, that rapid supremacy and final decline, which make the moralist look grave, and characterise the fate of heroes and empires. France, to which mankind has owed so much that is pretty and preposterous on earth, was the parent of the shoe-buckle. Louis Quatorze, the most regal of coxcombs, introduced it at Court. William III. beat him in the field, but he yielded to him in the dressing-room; and the champion of Europe against the Bourbon was forced, by resistless fashion, to adopt the buckle from his rival. Yet, in those days, the badge of submission was of the smallest possible size—the frame scarcely visible—an oblong of diamonds. The brilliancy of the ornament made it a favorite, and buckles were transferred from the beaux to the fair; and every one conscious of a pretty foot gave it the additional decoration of a buckle set with gems. But fashion in England is incapable of being retained within the sacred precincts of courts. The buckle began to make its appearance on feet that were any thing but aristocratic. A still more luckless consequence soon occurred. All could not compass diamond buckles, and those who could not began to *try* what was to be done by size. The gold buckle had long degenerated to the silver—the silver now degenerated to the plated; while the delicate shape gradually expanded over half the foot. Taste began to repine; but as fashion and taste never have any thing to do with each other, fashion bare the burden weightier and more unwieldy still. At length the French Revolution gave the death-blow to both taste and fashion,—said, in the same breath, to toupees and nobility,—Be no more,—and extinguished kings and buckles together. Ribbons were voted liberal, virtuous, and free; buckles corrupt, Spanish, and behind the spirit of the age.

"Roland the just, with ribbons in his shoes,"

is commemorated as one of the cardinal virtues *en costume*. The Marquis de Breze, the master of the ceremonies at Versailles, nearly died of his fright at the first pair of shoes divested of buckles, which he saw on the feet of a revolutionary minister ascending the stairs to the royal levee. He rushed over to Dumouriez, then Minister of War. "He is actually entering," exclaimed the Marquis, "with ribbons in his shoes!" Dumouriez, himself one of the incendiaries of the Revolution, solemnly said, "*Tout est fini.*" The game is up—the monarchy is gone; but ribbons have always done great things in France, whether they lie in the shoe or in the button-hole—in the heart of a monarch, or on the bosom of the fair.

If buckles have lost their honors, it is to be remembered that even they

were but usurpers. The ribbon in the shoe had established a legitimacy at least two centuries older. The war of the Roses had immortalized the loveliest of all flowers, east or west, in politics. But there is a time for all things; and when the swords that had blazed in the fierce feuds of York and Lancaster were rusting on the tombs of those gallant blockheads who had sliced each other from forehead to chine to settle who should be the next tyrant, the roses, descending from the helmet to the breast, at last settled on the toe. But the Lancastrian color was the order of the day, and the foot-rose, sometimes a mere bud, sometimes in full-blown glory, was, politically and fashionably, red. Elizabeth, glowing with the Tudor blood, would have stripped the embroidered mantle from Raleigh, or from Essex himself, if he had dared to approach her footstool with any shoe-knot but one of the red rose. Fashion under James grew capricious, and roses of every color of the rainbow decorated the lower extremity of the man of *ton*. But when did innovation ever know where to stop, or fashion how to be content with elegance? The rose itself began to disappear. It was at length wholly superseded by a small and almost viewless ribbon, edged with silver-lace. Even the lace finally vanished, and the string of the Revolution of 1789 appeared, anticipated under the Revolution of 1648. The rose had perished with the monarchy; yet even with the Restoration it was not restored. In the time of Charles II. the mind of the world was set on wigs, and the flower of the Tudors was forgotten in the curls of a peruke worthy of a lion in the forests of Monomotapa.

The war of the Revolution in our own day was so busy a period in England, that between stock-broking and starving, between beating the French, and non-paying the national debt, we had not a moment to think of any thing below the middle region of man. Fighting and famine were the national thoughts, and Pitt and plunder the national triumph. In those days the individuel who could find time to go through the process of buckling his shoes must have been either a genius or an idler. And as Nature has forbidden a superflux of the one, and the necessity of the age impeded the existence of the other, buckles were exploded for the simplicity of strings. Of course, this was not done without infinite predictions of national calamity. The buckle-makers were eloquent. Embassies from Birmingham and the allied manufacturing places haunted the Minister, pronouncing to him that England was undone, or was to be rescued from immediate ruin only by an universal resumption of buckles. The Minister did all that man could do—recommended them to his acquaintance, and bought half-a-dozen pairs for himself. But their fate was sealed; the indignant manufacturers took to making muskets, cannon, and steam-engines. The dynasty of strings was triumphant, and will probably remain so until some new shape of Government, some ultra discovery in science, or some showy caprice in the coteries of France wipes out the written records of the brain, and fashion, folding her wings, takes post on the foot once more.

A little correspondence has lately passed through the public papers, of which it may yet be amusing to watch the result. A pair of very accomplished rogues, Mrs. and Miss Newman, a mother and daughter, have lately been brought to trial, convicted on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to two successive terms of transportation of seven years each. The mother was a grave, matronly personage, perfectly calculated to win her way into all lodging-houses where there was any thing to be pilfered. The daughter was a quick-eyed, well-looking brunette—very coquettish, very light-fingered, and very indefatigable in the collection of whatever trinkets unlucky single gentlemen who went out for the day, and left their escrutoires open, might happen to possess. Dexterity will do much, and luck more. The trade of the two swindlers went on briskly, and for a length of time actually surprising, when we know how sensitive the loss of watches, rings, and purses makes the world in general. But neither dexterity nor luck will hold out for ever; and the Newmans at last were caught, brought to the bar of the police, examined, remanded, brought up again, until the younger lady became the object of very particular interest, and received billets containing bank-notes of

handsome amount from old gentlemen, who called themselves uncles, guardians, &c. &c. Notwithstanding all this elderly interest, and the melodramatic performance of the brunette herself, who alternately laughed and fainted during the trial, the sentence was passed, as has been stated, and the accomplished pair, it was presumed, were on their way to reinforce the virtues and elegance of Sydney.

But it appears that the transportation part of the sentence has been already changed for a residence in the Penitentiary at Millbank; and, if report says true, that the fourteen years are to be diminished into so many months, or perhaps weeks. This has excited a good deal of indignation among the less susceptible. Notwithstanding the combined merits of piquancy and pocket-picking, the question has been rather roughly asked, Why are those two women to be treated with such peculiarity? The Bond-street people amuse themselves with laughing, and say that the whole affair is the most *en regle* that can be imagined.

When the two convicts arrived at the Penitentiary, and put on the dress of the place, *Miss* Newman is said to have looked perfectly captivating and quakerish, and to have enjoyed the novelty of her costume, which she termed "masquerading." Of course, it must be deemed by persons of taste in those matters, an infinite pity that such a rose should be sent to waste her sweetness among the Kangaroos.

Time and tide proverbially wait for no man. The patriot purse runs dry, and the "Rent" must be looked to, or the cause will starve, and the thirty-five patriots along with it. Ireland is notoriously a minstrel land. Massacre and music are its hereditary boasts, and the minstrels have been busy accordingly. The following is one of the strains in which they announce the approach of the tribute season:—

'Killcommon, Killowen, Killforbay, Killmully,
Knoctopher, Knacbay, Ballyhadey, Gorbally,
Awake, 'tis the voice of your bards, who are sent
By St. Patrick, to bid ye 'be helping the Rent.'

"We know ye are naked—we know ye are poor—
We know that a meal seldom enters your door;
But your 'Member' must live, boys, so all be content,
Then down with the Parsons, and up with the Rent.

"'Oft in the stilly night,' wait for the 'Mail,'
For a shot through the head will be good for the 'Tail';
And the gold of the Saxon can never be spent
In so pleasant a way as, half whisky, half Rent.

"Believe us, if all your bog-buried firearms,
To the eyes of the Saxon but once showed their charms,
To the right-about soon would your landlords be sent,
And 'twixt you and the Member be settled the Rent.

"'When midnight around us is beaming,' my boys,
Then be off to the Parson's, be sure make no noise,
Till the blaze round his bed makes the blockhead repent
That he wasn't a bold Papist, and 'friend to the Rent.'

"Remember the glories of stout Captain Rock,
Take your pike in your hand, or your gun at full cock!
If he hopes to escape, let him know your intent
By a ball through his heart, that's the way for the Rent.

"If the Sassenachs hang you in rank and in file,
With the Priest at your side, you may die with a smile;
Though in murder as thick, boys, as herrings in Lent,
Your souls are all whitewashed, for sake of the Rent.

"Here a toast, loyal boys, To the Princess long life!
We wish that the Member would make her his wife,
Till the Brunswicks were gone, as the Bourbons once went,
So here's for St. Patrick, the Pope, and the Rent."

Genius never dies. The invention of the omnibus for a while paralysed

all the cutpurse system of London. The old prizes of petty larceny seemed to be snatched away at once. All the ancient maidens returning from the Bank on dividend days, with their little gains grasped as for life and death in their withered hands: all the old gentlemen who roamed the streets, too fond of a shilling to hire a hackney-coach, coming from their bankers: all the honest squires, come to London for the first time, full of wonder at every thing, and staring at the cross on St. Paul's, with their mouths and pockets alike wide open: the whole tribe of the natural prey of the light-fingered were suddenly carried off by the ill-omened omnibus. To be whirled along seven miles for sixpence was a temptation which none could resist, and the streets were left to the bustling persons who would knock down a pickpocket sooner than be pilfered; to the unfurnished persons from whom no ingenuity of finger could extract any thing, or to those well-clothed and brave persons in blue coats and lettered collars, whose eye reads a lesson of vigilance, and whose hands, white-gloved as they are, would have no hesitation in consigning the most exquisitely curled and perfumed pickpockets to the Poultry Compter.

At length a bright idea occurred. If men and women with purses will drive about the world in omnibuses, what is there in nature or art which shall forbid a pickpocket to follow? The idea was reduced to practice, with an activity worthy of this age of intellect. Yet the system was not perfected at once. The first performers were females. Several dozens of remarkably mild, well-dressed, and well-looking young women were ordered on this service. Their only implements were softness, smiles, and a pair of remarkably sharp-pointed scissors. Their success was considerable. Many gentlemen, whose climacterical feelings might have defied captivation in any other shape, were rendered incautious by proximity during a run from the Bank to Charing-Cross or Chelsea; a fainting fit from the closeness of the vehicle, the rapidity of the motion, or any other satisfactory cause, increased the interest, until the fatal moment when the omnibus made a pause, and the fair sufferer was fortunate enough to be able to get out and enjoy the fresh air. Then the old gentleman had leisure to recover his faculties, and feel for his spectacles, snuff-box, or purse, or for all three. The knowledge then flashed upon him, that "knowledge of good lost," which acts upon our organs of intelligence in the most disagreeable way of all. The fair absentee had cleared his pocket of its entire contents, and left him in return the moral lesson, "never to think more of a pair of eyes than of a pair of spectacles, nor value the softest sigh beyond the care of his pocket."

The next expedient contemplated a different order. The old ladies frequently found themselves seated beside some dapper fellow, from fifteen to five-and-twenty, with a hat a little thrown off the temples, a bunch of raven curls, which the improved fashion of the time, instead of sticking on the head with a comb, now sticks on the hat, a much more commodious contrivance; a remarkably large display of shirt with pearl studs; a figured velvet waistcoat; a slight bamboo in one hand, and three rings on the other; the usual allowance of whisker, mustache, and imperial being taken for granted, as matters without which no apprentice can ever pretend to be a man of fashion. What conceivable chance has any innocent creature of from fifty to seventy against the graces of a being thus equipped for the plunder of hearts, and every thing else that lies in his way! A few civil words, a hint on the weather, the convenience of public carriages, any thing will lead one into communication when the heart begins to thaw—and the fixed frigidity of half a century is certainly difficult to be got over; yet assiduous attentions from a smiling youth, suddenly caught by the remaining interest of lips that well remember the triumphs of their better days, may do much; and they do enough if they keep the old lady's eyes off the active movement of the finger and thumb, that with the smallest knife in the world is severing the string of her reticule, insinuating its way into the bottom of her pocket, and soundlessly relieving it of the notes and shillings which form her last half-year's dividend; that done, the young admirer takes his leave, with the bow of an old friend, and awakes the lady, to her astonishment and horror on alighting from the coach, to discover that she is left sixpenceless! But the fare *must* be paid. The conductor has heard too many tales of sorrow in his time to listen to one now, peculiar-

ly where he must pay the penalty himself; and unless the passengers have the gallantry to subscribe their pence a-piece, death or a jail are the only alternatives, credit being wholly out of the question. But the subscription is made, the lady is free once more, and she arrives at her chamber only to register a new resolution against ever again trusting to the arts of man.

But all practice improves by time, and though Adam Smith panegyrizes the division of labor, the more philosophic pickpocket studies its combination. Both sexes are now employed at once. It is well known to be remarkably difficult to beat husband and wife at whist, and the inexperienced and presumptuous individual who indulges in any hope of the kind, is soon taught by his purse that the laws of nature are not to be infringed with impunity. The omnibus system is now connubial. A quiet and tolerably well-clothed man, with a woman of the same order and equipment, enter the omnibus together. They are obviously man and wife. They, however, contrive to take opposite sides. If the patient to be operated on is a gentleman, the wife gets ready her implements; if a lady, the husband is the performer. In the mean time, the eye of the patient is fixed on some manœuvre of the party placed opposite. A scream at going down Holborn-hill; or a story of some recent breakdown; a narrative of a disastrous fire the night before; or the distress of both parents for a child seized with the influenza; any thing is enough to seize the yawning sympathies of a stage coach. And the moment this is accomplished, the experiment begins. When it is completed, no time is lost, the retreat is made with the rapidity of Colonel Evans himself; but with a degree of order which ought to raise the envy of that rather hasty officer. The husband and wife descend quietly from the coach, move down the first lane that presents itself, divide the spoils in the first gin palace that glitters by the way, and then dissolve the connubial bond with the facility of radical legislation. Both are free, till some new adventure reunites them.

The success of this new plan has been prodigious. It has thriven, to the terror of so many, that the entry into one of the popular omnibuses is now contemplated with some of the feeling of entering into a gipsy camp, the den of Cacus, or the Court of Chancery.

The consequence is, that the unlucky police offices are occupied with the history and adventures of the various garments which have been cut up worse than the Christinos in the course of the last month. Some of the scenes produced by these displays must have singularly diversified the gravity of justice. A few days since an old lady, who had just lost her purse in an omnibus, came, full of female oratory, to complain before the magistrate. Her *four* petticoats, she protested, had been cut through. And, from the narrative, it should seem that she actually produced the four, with all their injuries on their heads. A happy parody of Antony's speech over Cæsar, "See what a rent the envious Casca made." Other garments, less honored, have been produced by the suffering old bachelors; and the fact is fully established, that the knife is so freely used, as to create wonder that severe wounds have not been inflicted. The beggar alone travels in safety. But this has been the case from the beginning of the world.

In spite of nine months of winter, it is to be presumed that summer must come before the year is over. And as the Marquis of Carabas and his indissoluble appurtenance are preparing to move, it is to be equally presumed that there will be the usual migration of the English to Italy. This habit of leaving England for the Continent may be excusable enough in the unfortunate tribes, whom half-pay, children by the hundred, and stocks at 90, and Government offices extinguished, consign to bankruptcy at home. But we have a different sort of sensation for the great, proud, and opulent landholders, who think that life, wealth, and rank were given to them only to waste the whole three, and wallow in the mire of the foreign sty. It is computed that not less than ten millions of pounds sterling a-year are thus spent in France and Germany. The actual amount is probably much more. One English nobleman, notoriously in possession of L.40,000 a-year, spends his whole time in Italy, and this noble man is a prodigious *patriot* besides! Another, with the finest palace perhaps in England, and an overwhelming fortune, spends every hour of his life, and every shilling of his fortune,

rambling from Paris to Boulogne, and from Boulogne to Paris. Those, and men like those, are incorrigible, but there are others on whom royal reproof might have effect. And such reproof ought not to be spared. Nothing would be more gratifying to the nation than to know that the King had turned his back upon them at their first coming to Court. Nothing, too, could be more politic, for it is through those worthless and prodigal persons that the British name is tarnished by the conduct which they adopt abroad, and the British morals are corrupted by the principles which they bring with them home. The expenditure of British money by the residence of the national nobles abroad may make the fortunes of Italian innkeepers, pimps, and profligates, but it is a robbery of their country, a dereliction of their duties, and a degradation of the honors of the English name. For this reason, if for no other, we should be advocates for the most immediate reduction in the salaries of our ambassadors, our embassies forming one of the temptations to a residence abroad. Our ambassador at Vienna has a salary of L.10,000 a-year, which, regarding the cheapness of every thing at Vienna (ambassadors excepted), is little short of an allowance of L.30,000 a-year. Our French ambassador has also L.10,000 a-year, besides a palace, a service of plate. &c., those charges not including secretaries, under-secretaries, private-secretaries, and the whole trifling brood of the attaché school. Our ambassador at St. Petersburg has the same sum. And what is the actual fruit of this enormous waste? Why, that our ambassadors give a great many showy balls, make a great deal of amusement for our idle nobility, who otherwise would yawn themselves to death among the pictures and statues that they pretend to be going to see, and that they thus encourage the foreign-hunting folly which so rapidly and utterly *rots* the manliness of the English character. Another ridiculous error of the system, and productive of the same effect, is, that an English family, foolish enough to carry itself in pursuit of the follies and vices of foreign life, can scarcely go a day's journey without finding a master of the ceremonies in the shape of some idle English specimen of diplomacy. Since the war, patronage, still unreformed, and more amply deserving of reform than all that the patriot indignation of the Roebucks has ever railed at, or the reluctant grasp of the Russells has ever yielded, has overspread the continent with minor diplomacy. At the great capitals there may be something occasionally for ambassadorship to do, though, since the war, it is notorious that its most laborious employment has been the franking of letters. But what possible use can there be for the residence of a regular diplomatic staff in such corners of the earth as Copenhagen, Berne, Munich, Turin, Florence, and half a hundred other places of the same calibre? It is true, that the travelling John Bull and his progeny would be immensely at a loss unless they had some white-gloved and essenced countrymen to bear them into the presence of the little monarch of the territory. Their time would hang deplorably on their hands except for the fêtes and pastimes of the envoy, and both sons and daughters might return to their own country without the name of Monsieur Le Comte de Vaurien, or Madame La Princesse d'Ecarté, on their lips, but for the honor of his introduction. Except to avoid a calamity of this formidable nature, we own, that we should rejoice to see the whole swarm of those well-dressed drones swept away. All the real business in nine-tenths of those little sovereignties might be carried on by a clerk at a hundred a-year, and transacted through a two-penny postman. What is the result of our enormous expenditure? What says the Portfolio? That our diplomacy is laughed at throughout Europe, and that the whole Foreign-Office system is fit for nothing but Lord Palmerston himself. Still its appointments, in all corners, obscure as they may be, are greedily canvassed. They are the capital prizes among the "younger sons." The Lord Johns and Honorable Toms struggle for them with all the influence of their paternal Barons and Dukes. The envoyships form an agreeable lounge for half a dozen years; introduce their holders to a round of paltry princes and flirting countesses; pay for their cabriolet, their curls, and their opera boxes; and finally return them upon our hands, half foreign, half English; regular loungers through life; feeble creatures, content to live upon a pension, or vegetate in a sinecure; fops, despising English manners and prin-

ciples, and aliens never happy until they can escape once more into the low luxuries of the *farniente* life of the Café, the Casina, and the concert-room. Is it worth remarking, that not one of the whole crowd thus educated in what is presumed to be the very focus of political life, ever makes any figure in politics at home? that with every apparent advantage, with easy income, high connections, and that knowledge of public matters abroad which the veriest dunce cannot wholly escape while he continues in the midst of them, it would be difficult to point out a single individual of those hundreds or thousands who has distinguished himself in any public career in England? The reason is, that the long foreign apprenticeship to idleness emasculates the mind; forms a tooth-pick generation; fills the memory with nothing beyond the ball-room; and turns the brain into a toilet-box, the heart into a billiard ball, and the hand into a thrower of dice, a twister of ringlets, and a scribbler of billets-doux for life.

The workhouse question is not likely to be soon settled, though the Opposition have rather too tamely surrendered it into the hands of the Ministry. There can be no doubt that there are cases of great misery, great severities, and great sufferings, connected with a law which sweeps the whole commonalty of England before it, and in which pauperism is confounded with poverty, and both seem equally to amount to a crime. Yet the evils of the old poor law system were so pressing that something must have been done, or national bankruptcy must have been the consequence, unless it were *remedied* by popular rebellion! The true tactic of opposition would have been, following the dictates of common sense, to have pointed out the practical defects of the bill, to have prepared the cure, and to have insisted on its adoption. This, however, has not been done, and the Cabinet, as they have had the honor of its parentage, will have the benefit of its education. But as we have in this article more to do with the pleasantries than the politics of the day, we give one of the squibs which lately appeared in the Times in the form of a "Letter to a Chymist."

"Mr. Faraday, herewith I send
  A pint of our new workhouse gruel,
To see if the sawdust will blend
  By the help of our new patent fuel,
And a loaf—which I wish you to try,
  The housekeeper bidding me mention,
That, however the papers may lie,
  Starvation is not our intention.

"I forward—to make all complete
  (Observe, there's no wish to be cruel),
A contrivance for animal heat,
  Which will prove a great saving of fuel.
'Tis a packing of man up with man,
  (If they freeze, who can help the cold weather?)
So, I beg you'll report on the plan—
  Can't we give up coals altogether?

"Of these bone-raspings too, please to tell
  To a scruple, the specific gravity,
And whether they're likely to swell
  In a pauper's intestinal cavity.
The raspings will spare knife and fork,
  The gruel keep mouths from the bottle,
And both, keep all healthy for work,
  So you have what Joe Hume calls the *tottle*.

Yours, X. Y. Z."

If the Ministers have not the talents of their Whig predecessors of old, they have at least all the tricks. Whenever they are likely to be pushed hard, they threaten to resign, and to resign on a particular day. The present favorite is the 21st. The object of this manœuvre is to *stimulate*. In every party there are lazy adherents who are perfectly content to see their work done by others, live in a willing oblivion of every day but quarter-day, and practise their only dexterity in sliding away from a long sitting to a good supper, or leaving all the cares of debates and divisions to fate, and take the wholesale measures of adjourning to the horse-race or the *battue* a hundred miles off. But, though undelighted with legislation, they have an authentic love of place, and the sound most calculated to stir up all their well-fed energies would be the crash of a falling ministry. The menace itself is of course desperate—it is the hoisting of the black flag on the pirate, the outcry on the scaffold—but it has often been effectual, and where every thing must be hazarded, the waste of a trick additional amounts to no sacrifice whatever. But the fact

at length is, that they have nearly exhausted even this masterpriece—that the political *sauter la coupe* has been tried too remorselessly, and that their chief consideration now is evidently directed to the easiest kind of *fall*. Nothing can be more unquestionable than that their existence for the last year has depended upon "his Majesty's Opposition," and that Sir Robert Peel's holding up his finger would be their death-sign. Whether that distinguished person means to do this part of his duty to the country, is in his own breast; but we are glad to see symptoms that he thinks the game legitimately drawing to a close. In a capital speech on the Irish Municipal Bill (April 11), after tearing that equally absurd and dangerous project into a thousand pieces, he thus gave the history of the Cabinet:—"Let them look at the situation of our foreign affairs—(Lord Palmerston smiled). He was glad to see a smile on the noble Lord's countenance. The noble Lord had a right to smile when he looked at the position of the country with respect to the great powers; to Russia, for instance—(cheers); to France, and every power with which England was interested—(great cheering). Let them look at our commercial embarrassments—at the state of our manufacturing employment. But, above all, let them look at the condition of all the governments of the west of Europe. In France no government existing; in Spain no government existing; in England a doubt existing from day to day whether there was a government or not—(loud and long-continued cheers). Let them look at the state of our domestic questions; hundreds of the most important coming on them day by day, but scarcely one advanced. Let them look at the state of their colonial affairs."—(Loud cheering.

But we come to the more pregnant paragraph. "The country," said Sir Robert, "could not believe that any man from that side of the House would seek office from any other motives that those of public duty. But he did not hesitate to say, that if the present Cabinet should make this state of affairs a pretext for abandoning office, and thus escaping from the difficulties with which they were surrounded, then he did not hesitate to say that he believed there was spirit and energy enough in the country to find *compensation for their loss*—(long and loud cheers). And if the crew should abandon the noble vessel among the breakers, he did not believe that shipwreck was *inevitable*." (Great cheering from all parts of the House).

In the midst of this conflict of wits, the following paper has appeared:—

"*A Sale of Dogs, the property of Mr. Melburn, who is retiring to the Country.*

"No. 1.—An Irish mastiff. Has an extraordinary long *tail*, which he is in the habit of constantly dragging through the mire. Part of it was cut off at Carlow, where he fought lately with Bruin, and was beat. He plays a variety of tricks in good style, and *begs* capitally. His bark is remarkably loud; but his bark is worse than his bite. He is afraid of a stick, and will run any distance from the sight of a pistol. A cross of the bloodhound, and answers to the name of *Dan*.

"No 2.—A small Irish spaniel, remarkably fond of rice, but will eat any thing that he can get. Has a habit of licking people's feet, and never goes beyond a snap, except at a beggar. Has a trick of running about;—lately ran from Limerick to Cambridge, and on being let loose, is likely enough to run from Cambridge to Limerick again. Once had a herring tied to his tail, which spoiled his nose, and makes him sometimes be called Red Herring. He can fetch and carry extremely well: is losing his teeth, but still would suit for a lap-dog to a dowager lady, or old gentleman. Is much attached to any *place* where he finds himself well fed. Answers to the name of *Spring*.

"No. 3.—An English *Cocker*. A rather heavy animal, lately brought from Manchester. Being accustomed to watch carts and vans, might be made useful to the trade. Has long slept under a counter; and if he can be kept from eating *soap*, might do at the door of a warehouse in the city. Is rather chicken-hearted. Answers to the name of *Poulet*.

"No. 4.—A Scotch wiry-haired terrier. From his habit of barking when the other dogs are asleep, and

his silence when they are fighting, he has got the nick-name of *speaker*. Remarkable for hiding during the day; but will sit all night long in the same spot, seeming to have his eyes shut, but all the while with them on the *rat*-hole. Answers to the name of *Crombie*.

"No. 5.—A Scotch collie, or Shepherd's dog, from Inverness, one of the quietest creatures possible. Will *lie* for forty-eight hours together. Eats his meals asleep, and, except for that purpose, never opens his mouth. Was for some time in Ireland, where he was obliged to be led about by a *priest*. Loves a stray sheep, and is remarkably fond of the *fleece*. Is fond of keeping close to his master's heel, and is not to be kicked off. Has already had half a dozen masters in succession, and slept with equal steadiness at the feet of them all. Is fond of walking in a string, and would make an excellent beggar's guide about the Treasury, and the neighborhood of Whitehall, if he could but keep his eyes open. Supposed a cross of the sloth. Never passes a conventicle without lifting up his voice. Answers to the name of *Grunt*.

"N. 6.—An iron-grey Scotch turnspit. A capital dog for picking things out of the kennel. Will spend half a day hunting a halfpenny through the mire. Never passes a dust heap without poking his nose into the middle of it. Was bred in a workhouse, and ever since has exhibited a remarkable quickness in discovering the difference between chalk and cheese. A few years ago was caught in a *Greek* trap, and was in danger of losing some of his *substance*, but, by a *bounce* which caused much amusement, not merely saved his own skin, but carried off the trap along with him. Has often been taken for a Pariah dog, he having been found half-famished in India; but by following the army, and getting scraps from the suttlers' wives, he got plump, and made his way to *Middlesex*. He has been for some years wandering about town, especially barking at the doors of several persons inhabiting Downing Street, evidently with the hope of getting something among them; but none will let him in—and he is likely to be soon turned out of Middlesex. From the peculiar drone of his bark, has been nicknamed *Hum*. Answers to the name of *Joe*.

"No. 7.—A small weasel-shaped setter, of the Woburn breed. Was sold for a lap-dog, and called *Carlos*, but found too snappish. Was next tried at rabbit-hunting, but only lay down in the *burrow*, without doing any thing. Used to run and snap at the heels of clergymen's horses, until he was hoisted up to Mr. Melburn's coach-box, where he showed his teeth, and barked at every body. Underwent the operation of worming in his puppy state; but though it stunted his growth, it left him as bitter as ever. His ears would be much improved by cropping, they being, by nature, of extraordinary length; but the operation most useful to his temper would be clipping his tongue. His peevishness and restlessness are remarkable; yet he bears *tying-up* well. Answers to the name of *Rustle*.

"No. 8.—A *grey* cob, bred in the north, and intended to hunt in the subscription pack, but too heavy; has no nose, and is good for nothing after the first burst. Is ready to be sold for his meat; would do for a truck, or any common job-work. A cross of the *Fox*. Answers to the name of *Hoicks*.

"No. 9.—A poodle in tolerable curl, and altogether well preserved. Would do to walk out with a lady of a certain age. Has already passed through eight or *nine hands*, but without any visible change: and would be a good purchase for a showman, as he has always been accustomed to go from *fair to fair*, and might by the rustics be now and then taken for a *Lion*. Has a *red ribbon* round his neck, by which he can be led any where. *Commissions* have been sent for him by the Queens of Spain and Portugal, who have a curiosity to see him, as the oldest Poodle alive. But, to prevent national disputes, it is thought better that he should be *sold* at home as usual. Answers to the name of *Cupid*.

"N.B.—A whole brood of mongrels to be disposed of for the value of their skins."

HALLAM'S "INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE DURING THE FIFTEENTH, SIXTEENTH, AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES."

We cordially welcome Mr. Hallam's re-appearance before the public, on an occasion, too, so happily chosen, as the publication of the valuable work now before us. It had so long been wanted, that, even had its merits been diminished by a tedious style and a confused arrangement, we should still have thought that the rare utility of its plan compensated in the absence, of course, of historical inaccuracies—for considerable deficiencies in its execution. The present volume, however, needs no such qualified approbation. Its arrangement is good—as good, perhaps, as is consistent with a subject of such extent and complexity. Its style is clear, unaffected, and explicit. Mr. Hallam is never found, like Gibbon, veiling his facts under a gaudy metaphor or a remote allusion; but evinces so honest an anxiety to communicate all he knows, and all which he thinks ought to be stated, that he naturally wins the confidence, and conciliates the good-will of his reader.

As for the substance of the work—its author has throughout maintained his high character for accuracy and research directed to objects of adequate interest and importance. It is impossible to estimate his labors without having both read the present volume and paid minute attention to its subject. The toil expended on his admirable "Middle Ages" has told effectually on this "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries;" which shows how excellently well the long interval has been employed in prosecuting his researches and arranging their results. Minute and laborious indeed must have been those researches. But Mr. Hallam's is one of those minds to which

"Labor ipse voluptas."

And we trust, that, ere that period to which he, in his Preface, so touchingly adverts shall have arrived, he will have other and substantial reasons to congratulate himself on the devotion of his time and toil to a work of high public utility.

If the general reader wish to know what he has gained by the publication of this volume, we desire that he will put the question to himself—"What does he *now*—before perusing the book—know of the subjects upon which it treats, *i. e.* of the literary history of the fifteenth, and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries?" We fear that he must answer—"Little, except a string of names." He may *possibly* have heard of Loggio, Aretino, Sadolet, Politian, and Budæus; but what does he know of their history and writings? What of their influence upon the literature of their respective ages? The name of Erasmus is in his mind probably associated with the Reformation; but, setting that out of the question, has he any distinct idea of the acquirements and performances of that extraordinary man? The fact is, that the literary history of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has been hitherto almost unknown to the majority of readers, which is to be ascribed to the want of any popular and easily accessible source of information; in the absence of which, most were content with the brief notices which are occasionally to be found appended to the histories of the political events of those ages, while others, more curious, dipped into those voluminous biographical collections enumerated by Mr. Hallam in his Preface, from which they derived, it is true, much *information* respecting the characters *and lives* of individuals, but seldom, *it is to be feared*, any *connected views of the history of European literature*. The importance of obtaining such a view was, however, long felt and acknowledged, and the task of furnishing it, which in Germany had been thought to require the united efforts of several of her most distinguished literati, has been now, we think successfully accomplished, by the diligence, ability, and learning of a single Englishman.

Although the subject of his work does not professedly comprehend the literary history of Europe anterior to the commencement of the fifteenth century, a period which Mr. Hallam has fixed upon as nearly coinciding with what is usually called "the revi-

val of letters," he has considered it necessary to prefix a general view of the state of knowledge during some preceding ages. This view commences from the destruction of the Roman empire in the west, and the consequent disappearance of classical literature, the last of whose professors, the *ultimus Romanorum*, he considers to have been *Boethius*.

"The last of the ancients, and one who forms a link between the classical period of literature and that of the middle ages, in which he was a favorite author, is Boethius, a man of fine genius, and interesting both from his character and his death. It is well known, that after filling the dignities of consul and senator in the court of Theodoric, he fell a victim to the jealousy of a sovereign, from whose memory, in many respects glorious, the stain of that blood has never been effaced. The Consolation of Philosophy, the chief work of Boethius, was written in his prison. . . . Quenched in his blood, the lamp he had trimmed with a skilful hand gave no more light; the language of Tully and Virgil soon ceased to be spoken; and many ages were to pass away before learned diligence restored its purity, and the union of genius with imitation taught a few modern writers to surpass in eloquence the Latinity of Boethius."—Pp. 2, 3.

It may be satisfactory to know, that the destruction of this last scion of ancient literature was not long unpunished. The denunciation of the poet

"Raro antecedentem scelestum,
Deseruit pede pœna claudo,"

was fully verified in the fate of the Gothic monarch. For the account of that fate, and its connection with the deaths of his illustrious victims, Symmachus and Boethius, the reader may consult the third volume of Gibbon.

Thick darkness now rapidly settled over Europe; and the period of its greatest obscurity is fixed by Mr. Hallam, who agrees in this respect with Mons. Guizot, in the seventh century. The modern languages were as yet unformed. Of the ancient, Greek had been long banished from the west, and Latin was preserved only by the necessities of the ecclesiastics. The Scriptures. Canons, and Liturgies, were fortunately written in that tongue, and it was the only one in which the correspondence of their well-regulated hierarchy could be conducted. Still these very ecclesiastics, while they retained the language, were, for the most part, bitter enemies to the literary productions of antiquity. Pope Gregory is said to have ordered a library of heathen authors to be consumed by fire. Isidore strictly forbade their perusal; and if classical manuscripts have been preserved and multiplied by the Benedictines, we are probably indebted for their zeal to the somewhat laughable omission of their founder, who, when he enjoined his brethren to "read, copy, and collect books," seems to have forgotten that all books were not of a religious tendency, and added, therefore, no restriction as to their nature.

This state of general ignorance lasted, with no very sensible difference, for about five centuries, throughout the greater part of Europe; and Mr. Hallam states, that it is not unjust to claim for these islands the honor of having led the way in the restoration of knowledge.

"As early as the sixth century, a little glimmer of light was perceptible in the Irish monasteries; and in the next, when France and Italy had sunk in deeper ignorance, they stood, not quite where national prejudice has sometimes placed them, but certainly in a very respectable position. That island both drew students from the continent, and sent forth men of comparative eminence into its schools and churches. I do not find, however, that they contributed much to the advance of secular, and especially of grammatical learning. This is rather due to England, and to the happy influence of Theodore, our first primate, an Asiatic Greek by birth, sent hither by the Pope in 668, through whom and his companion Adrian, some knowledge of the Latin and even Greek language was propagated in the Anglo-Saxon Church. The venerable Bede, as he was afterwards styled, early in the eighth century, surpasses every other name in our ancient literary annals; and, though little more than a diligent compiler from older writers, may perhaps be reckoned superior to any man the world (so low had the east sunk like the west) then possessed."—P.17.

We gladly hasten forward from these dark ages, of which our author has remarked, as the most striking circumstance in their literary annals, "that they seem still more deficient in native than in acquired ability," to the twelfth century, at the beginning of which we enter, as he tells us, upon a new division in the literary history of Europe. "From this time

we may deduce a line of men conspicuous, according to the standard of their times, in different walks of intellectual pursuit, and the commencement of an interesting period, the later middle ages; in which, though ignorance was very far from being cleared away, the natural powers of the mind were developed in considerable activity."—P. 15. He proceeds to point out what he considers "the most important circumstances in this progress," viz., "1. The institution of universities, and the methods pursued in them. 2. The cultivation of the modern languages, followed by the multiplication of books and the extension of the art of writing. 3. The investigation of the Roman law; and, lastly, the return to the study of the Latin language in its ancient models of purity."

We are presented with a rapid but clear sketch of the influence of each of the above enumerated agents on the public mind during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The history of the most celebrated universities is first touched on, engrossed, as they then were, with the dry studies of scholastic theology and metaphysics, except indeed Bologne and Montpelier, which had applied themselves to the more useful sciences of law and medicine. The next, a most interesting topic, is the origin of the modern European languages and their earliest minstrels, the Troubadours of France, the Minne singers and meister-singers of Germany. These personages are so interesting to all readers, whether of romance or history, that it would be unfair not to insert the author's own account of them.

"William, Duke of Guienne, has the glory of leading the van of surviving Provençal songsters; he was born in 1070. .... We do not, I believe, meet with any other Troubadour till after the middle of the twelfth century. From that time till about the close of the thirteenth, they were as numerous almost as the gay insects of spring; names of illustrious birth are mingled in the list with those whom genius has saved from obscurity; they were the delight of a luxurious nobility, the pride of southern France, while the great fiefs of Thoulouse and Guienne were in their splendor. Their style soon extended itself to the northern dialect. Abelard was the first of recorded name who taught the banks of the Seine to resound a tale of love; and it was Eloise that he sang."—Pp. 42, 43.

"The poets of Germany, during this period of extraordinary fertility in versification, were not less numerous than those of France and Provence. . . . Wolfram Von Eschenbach, is, perhaps, the most eminent of the Minne-singers, as the lyric poets were denominated, and is also the translator of several romances. The golden age of German poetry was before the fall of the Swabian dynasty, at the death of Conrad IV. in 1254. Love, as the word denotes, was the peculiar theme of the Minne-singers; but it was chiefly from the northern or southern dialects of France, especially the latter, that they borrow their amorous strains. . . . *No poetry*, however, of the Swabian period is so natural as the epic romances, which drew their subjects from the highest antiquity, if they did not even adopt the language of primeval bards. In the two most celebrated productions of this kind, the 'Helden Buch,' or Book of Heroes, and the 'Nibelungen Lied,' or lay of the Nibelungen, a fabulous people, we find the recollections of an heroic age, wherein the names of Attila and Theodoric stand out as witnesses of traditional history, clouded by error, and colored by fancy. The 'Nibelungen Lied,' in its present form, is by an uncertain author, perhaps about the year 1200; but it comes, and, as far as we can judge, with little or no interpolation of circumstances, from an age anterior to Christianity, to civilization, and to the more refined forms of chivalry.

"The loss of some accomplished princes, and of a near intercourse with the south of France and with Italy, the augmented independence of the German nobility, to be maintained by unceasing warfare, rendered their manners, from the latter part of the thirteenth century, more rude than before. They ceased to cultivate poetry, or to think it honorable to their rank. Mean time, a new race of poets, chiefly burghers of towns, sprung up, about the reign of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, before the lays of the Minne-singers had yet ceased to resound. These prudent, though not inspired, votaries of the muse, chose the didactic and moral style, as more salutary than the love songs, and more reasonable than the romances. They became known in the fourteenth century by the name of Meister-singers, but are traced to the institutions of the twelfth century, called Singing Schools, for the promotion of popular music, the favorite recreation of Germany. What they may have done for music I am unable to say; it was in an evil hour for poetry that they extended their jurisdiction over her. They regulated verse by the most pedantic and minute laws, such as a society with no idea of excellence, but

conformity to rule, would be sure to adopt, although nobler institutions have often done the same, and the Meister-burghers were but types of the Italian Academicians."—Pp. 50, 51, 52.

England, far less prolific than her neighbors of these minor bards, may console herself for their absence in the possession of Chaucer, while Spain may boast, that in the twelfth century, she had already produced "The Cid," a lay which, although rude, is still perhaps without a rival in her language.

Two great names stand pre-eminent —"dwelling like stars apart"—amid the literature of the later middle ages. Dante and Petrarch, the former in the very infancy of his mother tongue, endowed it with a work fit to be placed in comparison with the noblest efforts of the great masters of antiquity. The latter—but we will enumerate his deserts in the words of our author:—

"He gave purity, elegance, and even stability to the Italian language, which has been incomparably less changed during near five centuries since his time, than it was in one between the age of Guido Guinizelli and his own. And none have denied him the honor of having restored a true feeling of classical antiquity in Italy, and consequently in Europe."

This great man paved the way for the more vigorous march of literature in the fifteenth century, on arriving at which Mr. Hallam concludes his rapid sketch of the rude state of European literature during the previous ages, and begins a more elaborate inquiry into the progress of its various branches towards maturity. His second and third chapters are devoted to the fifteenth century. That period is distinguished by the painful efforts made, in imitation of the example set by Petrarch, to rekindle the long dormant flame of classic literature. The task was a laborious and prolonged one, but the success was correspondent to the toil; and it must be acknowledged, that learning made no inconsiderable progress, during a century which, having commenced with the somewhat unpolished zeal of Poggio, Valla and Filelfo, terminated with the erudite maturity of Politian, and the promise of Erasmus and Budæus. In a fortunate, nay, in a critical hour, was the Italian mind directed to these studies; for the annihilation of Greek literature in the East followed, in but a few brief years, this its revival in the west; and the scholar and man of taste will still tremble with Gibbon at the thought, "that Greece might have been overwhelmed with her schools and libraries, before Europe had emerged from the deluge of barbarism; that the seeds of learning might have been scattered, before the Italian soil was prepared for their cultivation."

All circumstances seem to have concurred in forwarding this happy change from barbarism to refinement. The efforts of the learned, which, during the preceding ages, had been unaided, nay, at times even discountenanced and repressed, by their superiors in wealth and dignity, were now fostered by some of the most splendid patrons recorded by history. The names of Cosmo de Medici, and Pope Nicholas V., are closely interwoven with the literature of their age, and will never, while that literature is prized, be mentioned without gratitude and veneration. The latter, having spent his youth in the society of the learned, and the cultivation of learning, employed his age in the requital of the one, and the advancement of the other. "How striking," exclaims Mr. Hallam, "the contrast between this Pope and his famous predecessor Gregory I., who, if he did not burn and destroy heathen authors, was, at least, anxious to discourage the reading of them. These eminent men, like Michael Angelo's figures of Night and Morning, seem to stand at the two gates of the middle ages, emblems and heralds of the mind's long sleep, and of its awakening." A greater name than even that of Nicholas is Lorenzo de Medici whose influence over literature extended from 1470 till his death in 1492; a man, "worthy," says our author, "by his literary merits, to have done honor to any patron, had not a more prosperous fortune called upon him to become one." His accession to power is distinguished by a circumstance scarcely less honorable than the restoration of classical learning, the revival of the native genius of Italy, after a slumber of nearly 100 years. Since the death of Petrarch, no one had arisen deserving, we will not say

of comparison, with that illustrious bard, but even of the denomination of an Italian poet. But Lorenzo was himself amply entitled to that name; and his associates, Pulci and Politian, have shed a lustre upon the close of the fifteenth century, which was enhanced in 1495 by the appearance of the celebrated romance of Boiardo.

But the patronage even of Lorenzo seems of small importance when compared with the unexpected aid acquired by literature in the invention of printing. A very interesting account of the origin and progress of this art is given by Mr. Hallam in his third chapter. "It is," he remarks, "a striking circumstance that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried, at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready, at the moment of nativity, to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible (the first book, properly so called, now extant, and which appeared about 1455) is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led, perhaps unreasonably, to a doubt whether they were cast in a matrix. We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven."

Mr. Hallam, in his third chapter, describes the progress of mathematical and philosophical knowledge during the fifteenth century; and touches on the character and acquirements of the greatest of its masters during that age, Leonardo da Vinci. He winds up the history of that period with the following observations:—

"In taking leave of the fifteenth century, to which we have been used to attach many associations of reverence, and during which the desire of knowledge was, in one part of Europe, more enthusiastic and universal than perhaps it has ever since been, it is natural to ask ourselves what harvest had already rewarded their zeal and labor? what monuments of genius and erudition still receive the homage of mankind?

"No very triumphant answer can be given to this interrogation. Of the books then written, how few are read! Of the men then famous, how few are familiar in our recollection! Let us consider what Italy itself produced of any effective tendency to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, or to delight the taste and fancy. The treatise of Valla on Latin Grammar, the miscellaneous observations of Politian on Ancient Authors, the Platonic Theology of Ticinus, the Latin poetry of Politian and Pontanus, the light Halian poetry of the same Politian and Lorenzo de Medici, the Epic romances of Pulci and Boiardo. Of these Pulci alone, in an original shape, is still read in Italy, and by some lovers of that literature in other countries, and the Latin poets by a smaller number. If we look on the other side of the Alps, the catalogue is much shorter, or rather does not contain a single book except Philip de Comines, that enters into the usual studies of a literary man."—P. 332-3.

From the conclusion of the age of Lorenzo de Medici to the commencement of that of his son Leo the Tenth, the progress of improvement seems to have been gradual though unobtrusive. The establishment of the famous press of Aldus, and of his literary society or Neacademia, the publication of the Dictionary of Calepio, still the most complete polyglott lexicon for European languages, the early promise of Melancthon, the efforts made in England by Grocyn, Latimer, Linacre, Fisher, Colet, and Moore, with the assistance of Erasmus, to raise this island out of the low state of ignorance into which she had fallen during the civil wars, the representation of the earliest modern comedy, the Calandra of Bibbiena, at Venice in 1508, and of its rival the Calisbo and Melibæ in Spain, the cultivation of the pastoral romance by Sanazzaro, who produced his Arcadia in 1502, the finished elegance bestowed on the Italian prose by Bembo, the rapid strides in learning now made by the continental nations upon this side of the Alps, all these things testify the gradually increasing strength of the Republic of letters, at the head of which now stood two men, well deserving such pre-eminence, Erasmus and Budæus.

The pontificate of Leo the Tenth commenced in 1513. His patronage of literature is too well known to be long dwelt on, yet, during his life, literature was fated to receive the severest check which it had yet experienced. This was occasioned by the Reformation, whose dawn, while it shed light upon the regions of theo-

ogy, looked frowningly on those of profane learning. In fact, the all-important controversy then at issue so thoroughly engrossed the minds of men as to divert them, for a while, from other studies. The quick eye of Erasmus perceived this, and casting down the weapons of theological strife, which he had grasped in the enthusiasm of the first onset, he left the field, exclaiming, in a tone of heartfelt anguish—"Ubicunque regnat Lutheranismus ibi literarum est interitus! Evangelicos istos, cum, multis aliis, tum, hoc nomine, præcipue odi, quod, per eos, ubique languent, fugiunt, jacent, intereunt, bonæ literæ, sine quibus, quid est hominum vita!" Epist. MVI.DCCCCXLVI, A. D. 1528. It was reserved for Melancthon to show, that the greatest skill and deepest interest in theological discussion are by no means incompatible with the pursuits of a benefactor and cultivator of polite letters.

"The laws of Synchronism," says Mr. Hallam, "bring strange partners together; and we may pass at once from Luther to Ariosto. The Orlando Furioso was first printed at Ferrara in 1516. This edition contained forty cantos, to which the last six were added in 1532. Many stanzas, chiefly of circumstance, were interpolated by the author from time to time."—P. 420. The very just criticism which follows, for the whole of which we regret that we have not room, concludes thus:—

"Many faults of language in Ariosto are observed by his countrymen. They justly blame, also, his unobservances of propriety, his hyperbolical extravagance, his harsh metaphors, his affected thoughts. These are sufficiently obvious to a reader of reflecting taste. But the enchantment of his pencil redeems every failing; and his rapidity, like that of Homer, leaves us little time to censure before we are hurried forward to admire. The Orlando Furioso, as a great single poem, has been very rarely surpassed in the living records of poetry. He must yield to three, and only three, of his predecessors. He has not the force, simplicity, and truth to nature, of Homer, the exquisite skill and sustained majesty of Virgil, nor the originality and boldness of Dante. The most obvious parallel is Ovid, whose Metamorphoses, however, are far excelled by the Orlando Furioso, not in fertility of invention, or variety of images and sentiments, but in purity of taste, in grace of language, and harmony of versification."—P. 426.

The chivalric lay of Ariosto was published almost contemporaneously with the chivalric romance of Amadis de Gaul, a work which, in its day, was almost as popular as the Orlando, but has met with widely different treatment at the hands of posterity. Saved by the curate of Cervantes from the flames which swallowed up so many of his followers, the knight was spared, only to furnish forth a prey to moths; and his very name would be perhaps forgotten, had it not been enshrined in the imperishable sanctuary of La Mancha.

The period between 1520 and 1550 is comprised by Mr. Hallam in his fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters; the fifth treating of ancient, the sixth of theological literature, the seventh of the literature of taste, the eighth of speculative and moral philosophy, and the ninth, with which this volume concludes, of scientific and miscellaneous literature. In each of these walks, considerable advances were made, not merely in Italy, but throughout Europe. The works of Sadolet and Bembo attest the rank to which the Italian taste for classic literature had now attained; while, upon this side of the Alps, the spread of learning was ensured by the exertions of Budæus, Scaliger, Manutius, Gesner, Stephens, and Erasmus. The discouragement which classical studies had encountered from the reformers, now ceased to operate. The extent of this discouragment, and the merits of the great man by whom its evil consequences were prevented, are thus commemorated by our author:—

"Men," says he, "who interpreted the Scripture by the spirit, could not think human learning of much value in religion; and they were as little likely to perceive any other advantage it could possess. There seemed, indeed, a considerable peril, that through the authority of Carlostadt, or even of Luther, the lessons of Crocus and Moselanus would be totally forgotten. And this would very probably have been the case, if one man, Melancthon, had not perceived the necessity of preserving human learning as a bulwark to theology itself against the wild waves of enthusiasm. It was owing to him that both the study of the Greek and Latin languages, and that of the Aristotelian philosophy, were maintained in Germany."—P. 465.

The field of theological literature was, during this period, filled, as was naturally to be expected, by those eager and enthusiastic controversial-

ists who sought to aid or to impugn the Church of Rome. At the head of the reformers stand Luther, Melancthon, Zuinglius, and his successor Calvin. The Roman bands are headed by less celebrated leaders, Vives, Cajetan, Melchior, Cano, Soto, and Catharin :—

"These elder champions of a long war," writes Mr. Hallam, "especially the Romish, are with a very few exceptions, known only by their names and lives. These are they, and many more there were down to the middle of the seventeenth century, at whom, along the shelves of an ancient library, we look and pass by. They belong no more to man, but to the worm, the moth, and the spider. Their dark and ribbed backs, their yellow leaves, their thousand folio pages, do not more repel us than the unprofitableness of their substance. Their prolixity, their barbarous style, the perpetual recurrence in many of syllogistic forms, the reliance, by way of proof, on authorities that have been abjured, the temporary and partial disputes, which can neither be interesting, nor always intelligible, at present, must soon put an end to the activity of the most industrious scholar. Even the Coryphæi of the Reformation are probably more quoted than read, more praised than appreciated. Their works, though not scarce, are voluminous and expensive; and it may not be invidious to surmise, that Luther and Melanchthon serve little other purpose, at least in England, than to give an occasional air of erudition to a theological paragraph, or to supply its margin with a reference that few readers will verify." —P. 518.

While theological controversy was thus raging, philosophy was combating, with some success, the old and much abused scholastic discipline; and it fortunately happened, that her cause was advanced by the same agents which impeded the progress of polite literature; for the reformers of the Church were declared enemies, not only of the then prevalent ecclesiastical abuses, but of the scholastic system, which had been so long revered by their upholders. Even Henry VIII., vain as he was of his scholastic proficiency, and of the title which it had procured him, was compelled, when he renounced the spiritual dominion of the Pope, to sacrifice the idol of his youth, Thomas Aquinas. Thus were the schools at once assailed by the advancing forces of true learning and reformed theology. "They had," as Mr. Hallam has remarked, "no advocates able enough to say much in their favor; but established possession, and that innate force which ancient prejudices retain, even in a revolutionary age, especially when united with civil and ecclesiastical authority, rendered the victory of good sense and real philosophy very slow."

Ethical writers were during this period scarce; but political philosophy has one great name to boast of—Nicholas Machiavel. This celebrated man having filled, for about fifteen years, the post of secretary to that Government which was established in Florence during the interval between the expulsion of the Medici in 1494 and their return in 1512, was naturally involved in the ruin of the party he had served, and even underwent imprisonment and torture, on a charge of conspiracy against the new authorities. "The Prince" was written in 1513, during his retirement and disgrace, probably with a view of recommending himself to Julian de Medici, then at the head of the state of Florence. Mr. Hallam concludes as follows a very able critique on this work, and the "Discourses upon Livy :"—

"The absence of all passion, the continual reference of every public measure to a distinct end, the disregard of vulgar associations with names and persons, render him (Machiavel), though too cold of heart for a very generous reader, a sagacious and useful monitor for any one who can employ the necessary methods of correcting his theorems. He formed a school of subtle reasoners upon political history, which, both in Italy and France, was in vogue for two centuries; and whatever might be its errors, has hardly been superseded for the better, by the loose declamation that some dignify with the name of 'philosophical politics,' and in which we continually find a more flagitious and undisguised abandonment of moral rules for the sake of some idol of a general principle, than can be imputed to 'The Prince' of Machiavel.

"Besides these two works, the 'History of Florence' is enough to immortalize the name of Nicholas Machiavel. Seldom has a more giant stride been made in any department of literature, than by this judicious, clear, and elegant history; for the preceding historical works, whether in Italy or out of it, had no claims to the praise of classical compositions, while this has ranked among the greatest of that order. Machiavel was

he first who gave at once a general and luminous developement of great events in their ances and connections, such as we find in he first book of his 'History of Florence.' 'hat view of the formation of European societies, both civil and ecclesiastical, on the uins of the Roman empire, though it may eem now to contain only what is familiar, ad never been attempted before, and is still, or its conciseness and truth, as good as any hat can be read."—P. 564.

The commencement of the sixeenth century is also distinguished y the introduction of a new and corect mode of studying the civil law. This code, which had been overwhelmed and obscured by a superinumbent multitude of glossers, so gnorant of classic literature as frequently to be incapable of reading ccurately the text on which they rofessed to comment, and so numeous that it became an ordinary practice to count instead of weighing their uthorities, was now restored by Andrew Alciati of Milan. "He aught, from 1518 to 1550, in the universities of Avignon, Milan, Bourges, Paris, and Bologna. Literature became with him the handmaid of law; he historians of Rome, her antiquaries, her orators and poets, were alled upon to elucidate the obsolete words and obscure allusions of the Pandects; to which, the earlier as well s the most valuable portion of the civil law, this method of classical interpretation is chiefly applicable."—P. 569. Alciati stood not alone in cattering the flowers of polite literature over the thorny brakes of jurisprudence; an eminent Spaniard, Antonio Agustino, may be placed almost on a level with him.

As to the literature of taste, the chief feature in its history, during this eriod, is the increased credit which modern languages appear to have cquired, and the preference now iven them over the Latin, which had o long reigned unrivalled in the estimation of the literary world. The ames of Bembo, Alamanni, Rucellai, Tressino, and, above all, Berni, hough not so great as those of other oets who flourished during an age ess favorable to the reception of talian verse, suffice, at all events, to estify that the "sweet Tuscan ongue" was now appreciated by the eading public. Spain boasts of Garilasso, Boscan, Mendoza, and Saa di Miranda. Portugal now produced her first distinguished poet, Rebeyro: while the French versifiers, if less celebrated, were all events as numerous as those of any other European nation. In Germany, indeed, the lyre, chilled out of tune by the cold grasp of the Meister-singers, had not as yet found any minstrel capable of re-awakening its intrinsic melody. An honest shoemaker of Nuremberg, Hans Sachs, seems to have had the will, if not the power. But his poems, which exceeded ten thousand, are unread, though recommended by the praise of Wieland and Goëthe, who, sensible of the degeneracy of their countrymen during this age, were perhaps anxious to exalt the only one who can advance a claim to our regard. In England, Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey, the latter the introducer of blank verse, stand first among the names memorable for their connection, during this period, with our domestic literature. The passion which inspired the latter is well known to all; that of the former is less celebrated. Yet the reader will perhaps feel disposed to rank Wyatt above his noble rival, both in sincerity and taste, if not in loyalty, when he is told, that the oft-sung Geraldine was a child of thirteen for whom Surrey's flame kindled, if so it was, some years after his own marriage, while the object of Wyatt's adoration was the beautiful, the accomplished, the fascinating, and not less fascinating because unfortunate, Queen Anna Boleyn. The drama, too, constructed on the model of the Greeks and Romans, was now beginning to supersede those rude "mysteries" and "moralities"—Heaven save the mark!—which had constituted the amusement of less polished times: and the reader will be surprised, probably pleased, to hear that the Eton scholars were its first performers in this country. Nicholas Udal, head-master of Eton, and well acquainted with the Roman drama, produced, for the amusement of his pupils, the first English comedy now extant, under the title of "Ralph Roister Foister," which was printed in 1565, but probably not written later than 1540. "It is," Mr. Hallam tells us, "notwithstanding its uncouth name a play of some merit; and the earlies lively picture of London manners.'

Although the modern languages were thus advancing towards their proper rank, the study of the ancient had by no means retrograded; and could their supremacy have possibly been maintained, it would have been so by the pens of Vida, Sannazar, and Frascatorius.

Europe had made, during this period, much progress in scientific and miscellaneous literature. Algebra, the right arm of the philosopher, was now wielded with success by Cardan and Tartaglia. Copernicus, in 1543, announced to the world his solution of the grandest problem which can occupy the mind of the astronomer. Every early anatomist was now left far behind by Vesalius, who published at Basle, in 1543, his great work De Corporis Humani Fabrica. The love of science seems to have engaged him and his fellow-students in strange scenes of adventure. "Those services," says Mr. Hallam, "which have since been thrown on the refuse of mankind, they voluntarily undertook; They prowled by night in charnel houses, they dug up the dead from the grave, and climbed the gibbet, in fear and silence, to steal the mouldering carcase of the murderer."—P. 642,—The fate of Vesalius himself was lamentable:—"Being absurdly accused of having dissected a Spanish gentleman before he was dead, he escaped capital punishment at the instance of the Inquisition, only by undertaking a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, during which he was shipwrecked, and died of famine in one of the Greek islands." —P. 643.

With the year 1550, Mr. Hallam concludes the first volume of his history. We will venture to say, that in no other work of similar dimensions, has a greater quantity of useful and interesting information been popularly and agreeably communicated. Our limits will not permit a longer notice of it; but enough has probably been said to induce the reader to unite with us in hailing the appearance of a work, the publication of which is itself not unworthy of commemoration in the "History of Literature."

'Entire affection scorneth nicer hands.'

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

APOLLONIDAS.

Θέμνου τοτ' ακρους.—κ. τ. λ.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND BIRD-CATCHER (παράφραστις).

1.

High on a lofty thicket
Which soon the sun perceives,
Where branch with branch intwisting;
A couch of foliage weaves,
There sat a happy grasshopper
Among the sunny leaves.

2.

And while the blessed creature
Is striking both her wings
Upon her dædal body,—
The laughing forest rings,
And the sun is gleaming gloriously
Above her while she sings.

3.

But, ah! that simple melody
No pleasure gave indeed
To [illegible] e bird catcher,
Who stole with crafty heed,
Upon the bloodless grasshopper,
And trapped her in a reed.

4.

But dearly does he rue it,—
Most impious of men,
This Crito, the Thessalian,
Who never throve again;
In that he threw the grasshopper,
He never throve again.

5.

And up and down he wanders,
Like one bewildered sore;
Now all his snares are useless,
Which ne'er betid before,—
For not a bird comes near them,
Nor shall it—evermore.

II.

JULIAN THE EGYPTIAN.

Ἰμερτὴ Μαρίη μεγαλίζεται.—κ. τ. λ.

TO MARY.

1.

Mary herself too much doth aggrandize;
Therefore arise,
Oh! goddess Justice, and her vaunting scorn,
Not to be borne,
Avenge,—and be thy queenly power displayed
In punishing—no, not with death,—the maid.

2.

No, not with death,—but rather let her be
Long spared to see
Her raven-locks age-dyed in sober grey,
Mid the decay
Of her smooth skin—all wrinkles;*—thus may years
Avenge my tears,
And her bright charms, the source of all her pride,
For her pride's sins a punishment provide.

III.

MARIANUS THE SCHOLIAST.

Δεῦρ' ἴθι.—κ. τ. λ.

LOVE GROVE.†

Way-faring man, beneath this foliage rest
Thy weary limbs, by wandering far oppress't:
Here where this platane-grove by rills is fed
From founts self-flowing, and by conduits led:
Here where a spring of purple beds discloses
The glistening violets, and cups of roses:
Here where the thick-tressed ivy overspreads
The dew-gemmed meadows, with its flaccid threads:
Where, by the flower-fringed banks, that stream so fair
Kisses the feet of trees self-planted there.
This is Love Grove—how justly named a place,
Haunted by every Love, and every Grace.

IV.

MARIANUS THE SCHOLIAST.

Μητέρα Κύπριν ἔλουσαν Ἔρως.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A BATH CALLED CUPID.†

1.

Cythera's son
Eros, here bathed his mother dear—
That lovely one,
While his torch warmed the water clear,
And left its spicy odors here.

---

* A parody of the imprecation of Chryses. *Vide* Homer, Iliad, i. 42.

† Epigram iii. and iv.—There are two other epigrams by Marianus; one on 'Love Grove,' and one 'On a Bath called Cupid,' translations of which are somewhere in Maga. These, with the three here given, constitute the whole of his epigrams, given by Jacobs.

2.

Ambrosial dew
And incense from her body streaming
This bath imbue,
And mingle with the water gleaming
With Love's pure light and fragrance teeming.

3.

Here as before
Love's rosy atmosphere still waving,
Floats evermore,
As if Cythera—all enslaving,
Her golden body still were laving.

V.

MARIANUS THE SCHOLIAST.

Πού σοι τόξον ἐκεῖνο.—κ. τ. λ.

EROS CROWNED.

STRANGER.

Where thine elastic bow? Where now the darts
Wherewith full oft thou piercest human hearts?
Where thy much-paining torch? Thy wings outspread?
Why in thy hands three wreaths? Why wreathed thy head?

EROS.

No vulgar Venus—earthy, of the earth,
And no material raptures gave me birth.
In the pure hearts of those whose being's aim
Is heavenly lore, I lit that torch's flame
Which lights them to the Heaven from whence I came.
Four woven wreaths of virtues four* I bear,
Wisdom's the chief of all around my brows I wear.

VI.

PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Οταν λογισμοῖς καταμάθω.—κ. τ. λ.

FORTUNE CAPRICIOUS.

Whene'er my reason would essay to scan
The startling changes in the life of man—
That faithless stream, to whose inconstant flood
Fortune commits us in her wayward mood,—
How she speeds onward to her golden shore
The poor—and sinks the wealthy with his store,—
Groping unaided through the mazy plain
I loathe that mystery—the life of man.
How shall my reason e'er adjust her strife
With Fortune's doings in the ways of life,—
Who, as she tampers with man's hopes and fears,
But all too like a courtezan appears?

VII.

PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Ω τῆς βραχείας ἡδονῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου.—κ. τ. λ.

LIFE SHORT.

1.

"Oh! how brief this world's pleasure,"
Sated mortals cry repining,

* The four cardinal virtues.

"Time, an unenduring treasure!"
Mourn they at their ease reclining.

2.

Time is flying, wretched mortals,
Pained or pleasured,—time is flying;
Death is louring near our portals,
Warning us to think of dying.

VIII.

JULIAN THE EGYPTIAN.

Κλεινὸς Ἰωάννης.—κ. τ. λ.

EPITAPH.

Stranger. John the illustrious,—
Dead. *Mortal*, rather say:
Str. The kinsman of a queen—
Dead. A mortal too:
Str. Of Anastasius' house the flower and stay:
Dead. All mortal:
Str. And whose life was just and true—
Dead. Ay—the good done survives our mortal breath,
Virtue is mightier than fate and death.

IX.

APOLLONIDAS.

Ἀγροτέρων θεός εἰμι.—κ. τ. λ.

PAN.

I am the rustic's god; why pour to me
From gold, the wines of distant Italy?
My rough-hewn altar needs not that ye smite
The bull's round brawny neck for my delight—
Pan, the rude-imaged, lamb-fed mountaineer,
Deems homely wines, in homely cups, good cheer.

X.

APOLLONIDAS.

Καὶ πότε δὴ νήεσσ' ἄφοβος.—κ. τ. λ.

ON THE DEATH OF ARISTOMENES.

1.

And shall the vessel henceforth fear not thee?
Declare, thou sea,
Declare it now, since we are doomed to weep
By thee, thou deep;
Even in the halcyon's days, when not a breeze
Flutters its winglets on the waveless seas.

2.

The halcyons!—for whom old Ocean's breast
In breathless rest
Heaves not,—as if he deemed his own secure,
And Earth's less sure,
To nurse his darlings in their brooding throes,
Mid such repose,
Why didst thou swallow, in thy caverns dark
Our Aristomenes in that goodly bark?

XI.

ADDAEUS.

Αὐλακι καὶ γήρᾳ τετρυμένον.—κ. τ. λ.

ALCO AND HIS OX.

His aged ox, worn out by toilsome days,
Alco subjects not to the slaughter-knife;
But grateful for his beast's once useful life,
Has sent him to the richest field to graze,
Where he may low and eat, and eat and low,
Free from the cares and labors of the plough.

XII.

APOLLONIDAS.

Ἡ ΚΑΘΑΡΗ (Νύμφαι γάρ.)—κ. τ. λ.

ON A FOUNTAIN CALLED THE PURE.

1.

The PURE—ye nymphs, you fondly gave the name,
Mine to distinguish as the purest rill;
The PURE I was, until a robber came,
The blood of sleepers on my marge to spill.

2.

My sacred waters laved the hand accurst,
Shuddered and shrank,—and ne'er as heretofore
Shall gurgle sweetly to the traveller's thirst;
Dried now my source—and I'm the PURE no more!

XIII.

QUINTUS MÆCIUS.

Εὐτεταλον γλαυκὸν ἀναδενδράδα.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A VINEYARD GUARDED BY PAN.

High on the mountain's dark-green foliage here,
I, Pan am placed,—this vineyard's overseer.
Wayfaring man, if thou should'st long to take
A purple cluster for thy stomach's sake,
Eat—I begrudge thee not; but if so much
As one small grape with *thievish* hand thou touch,
Down on thy skull descends with might and main
This knotty club—'twill make thee reel again.

XIV.

APOLLONIDAS.

Μητρι περιστορέα σηκὸν.—κ. τ. λ.

ON A TEMPLE TO VENUS.

1.

This temple rising from the rocky deep
Amid the swellings of thy parent sea—
Whose waves forever round its basement sweep,
Cythera,—Posthumus has built for thee.

2.

Ocean, with joy, will clasp thee: every breeze
That crisps his azure wavelets, pleased, will smile;
And thou wilt look, great mistress of the seas,
On Posthumus, and this thy holy pile.

XV.

PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Ηρπαγέ τις νύμφην.*—κ. τ. λ.

1.

Some dæmon seized the bridegroom, seized the bride,
And made a throng of happy hearts his slaves;
Since five-and-twenty at that marriage died,
One single marriage filled so many graves!

2.

A bridal room—one charnel-house of wo!
Pentheus, Penthesilæa, bridegroom, bride—
Be these your names,—names forcing tears to flow:
Ill-fated spousals!—where so many died.

XVI.

PHILIPPUS.

Λάθριον ἑρπηστὴν σκολιὸν πόδα.—κ. τ. λ.

THE IVY AND THE VINE.

Ivy—with sidelong, stealthy, creeping pace,
Thou chokest Bacchus' child, the clustered vine:
Vain suicide! since *he* the feast must grace,
Before *thy* chaplets round our brows we twine.

XVII.

PHILIPPUS.

Τὸν πτανὸν Ἑρμᾶν.—κ. τ. λ.

A FAITHFUL DISCIPLE.

The winged Mercury, the god
Of all light-finger'd thieves, sir,
The king of rural Arcady,
Renown'd for *lifting* beeves, sir,
This mighty power, whose presence graced
Our famous school gymnastic,
Was stolen by Aulus—cunning thief—
A trick most unscholastic:
Who, as he bore his god away,
Thus said and ran the faster,
Full many a pupil has become
More famous than his master.†

XVIII.

PHILIPPUS.

Κόψας ἐκ φηγοῦ.—κ. τ. λ.

ON AN IMAGE OF PAN.

The goat-herd Philoxenides for thee,
O Pan, carved rudely from a beechen tree

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* This epigram, according to the commentators, commemorates the fate of a marriage party, who perished by the falling of the room where they were celebrating the nuptial feast. The etymology of the proper names is alluded to. Vide Euripid. Bacch., 367. Πεγθεὺς δ' ὄπως μὴ πένθος εἰσεῖσει δόμοις.

† πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείττονες διδασκάλων—a proverbial expression.

This image—rough with bark—and near it built
This altar, whereupon the blood he spilt
Of a grey, wanton goat, and drench'd the rock
With milk untasted by his infant flock.
Pan—may his kids have twins, and never bleed
Beneath the wolf's rough teeth, for this good deed.

XIX.

PHILIPPUS.

Χαῖρε θεὰ Πάφιη· σὴν γὰρ δεῖ δύναμιν.—κ. τ. λ.

HYMN TO VENUS.

1.

Hail to thee, goddess divine,
Goddess in Paphos adored!
Power everlasting is thine—
Ever by mortals implored.

2.

Deathless the beauty that spreads
Round thee the gleam of its fire;
Bright is the glory that sheds
O'er thee the glow of desire.

3.

All that is lovely and fair,
Either on earth or above,
Ever thy power will declare,
Beautiful parent of love.*

XX.

ASCLEPIADES.

Ἰὼ παρίστων.—κ. τ. λ.

EPITAPH.

1.

Oh! passer-by, give heed,
If that thy heart can feel, while I disclose,
In a few simple words, poor Botrys' woes—
Woes, pitiful indeed!

2.

His son is now no more—
The learned, the wise, the eloquent of tongue,
The old man's pride, cut off, alas! so young,
And he himself fourscore!

3.

Alas! for *him* bereft—
The grey-hair'd father: and, alas! for thee,
Botrys' dear son: how many, many be
The joys which thou hast left!

NICE, *January*, 1837.

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* The original of these lines is remarkable as being the only example, in the whole range of Greek poetry, of unmixed pentameters: so say the commentators. The measure of the original has been attempted in this version.

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE, AND OTHER PAROCHIALS.

BY A CURATE, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Your reply, my dear Eusebius, has not at all surprised me. You tell me that my account of parochial matters first made you laugh very heartily, and then made you very sad: and had you been curate of ——, what effect would the incidents themselves have had upon you? precisely the same as the narration,—excepting that the scene of your immoderate mirth, if not of your sorrow, would have been one not quite so safe as that closed library, where, though it be full of information, there are no informers, and from which you date your letter. And I doubt if you would not have had more real occasion for your subsequent sadness. I am aware that to many, the parochial memorabilia might appear overcharged or feigned—but it is not so. I have often heard you say, that Truth beats fiction all the world over—and you are right. More extraordinary things happen, than imagination can well conceive, and happen every day too, in all cities, in all villages, and in most families; but they often are the results of progressive action, and intermixed with everyday proceedings, and are not therefore collected at once, and to the immediate point of their oddity, or of their pathos. The novelist, the tragedian, and the comedian, by the mere power of separation and omission, of all that does not bear upon the chief incident to be enforced, excite in us most wonderful emotion; but only so long as they keep within the bounds of nature. A few facts may be collected, and but a few, considering that every moment of life is teeming with them,—they are the stock for all writers; but, my dear Eusebius, I believe the absolute invention of them to be very rare. And here, I must observe, that a great part of mankind suffer things to pass before their very eyes, without their seeing them, in their exact and true bearing. How many even educated persons do you not daily meet with, who are totally deficient in any perception of wit, or even of the more broad ridiculous! I know one whole family, consisting of many individuals, to whom, on my first acquaintance, I appeared very disadvantageously, from their utter misconception of my meaning, when I spoke facetiously, and *ad absurdum*. It must be very broad farce, indeed, that must move any given mass. Think but for a moment of the mummeries and absurdities that fanaticism will invest with seriousness. I have seen the puppet-show, from the habit of attraction, employed as an adjunct to divinity. Where? it will be asked, wherever I make the assertion. Then the matter of fact will prove it. Many years ago I was at Milan on Christmas Day; while the service was going on within the Duomo, immediately before it on the outside, was a common itinerant Punch puppet-show, in which was enacted, in imitation of the choice of Hercules, the Young Man's Temptation and Choice. He was between the devil (as commonly represented) and the Saviour. Had this appeared a ridicule, and a blasphemy, in the eyes of common spectators, the authorities would not have permitted the exhibition. I once watched a man at Venice on a little bridge near St. Marc's Place, walking backwards and forwards, intreating the passers by to take the advantage of praying to his most excellent Lady, whom he exhibited in his little portable chapel, which he had set up. He had little success—he became irritated—shook his fist at "Our Lady," calling her by all sorts of abusive names, which, though some may have fancied sounded very well in Italian, will not bear translation, and slammed the door in her face; many passed,—nobody laughed, and nobody seemed shocked. Did you ever, Eusebius, look into the books describing the virtues of particular saints, pretty common in all Italian villages?—particularly of the local Madonnas—with full and particular accounts of the cures for which they are celebrated? The worldly wise authority that allows and promotes their dissemination, knows very well the extent of all that is absurd, that yet will be taken for sober serious truths, and that the faculty of a perception of the ridiculous, is not the one which they have to fear. What in fact are these innumerable saints, but the old Heathen

deities, mountain nymphs, and water nymphs, and Pan, and all the monstrous progeny that possessed the land in Heathen-times, new-breeched, petticoated, and calendered, and impiously set up by their priesthood, in partnership as it were, with the one, the only Mediator? Once travelling from Naples to Rome by vetturino, as it was somewhat late, and the road had a bad reputation on account of frequent robberies, I urged the driver to make more speed, "Pense niente," said he, shaking his finger, and immediately handed me a paper, which, on opening, I found to be a receipt in form of a payment to a certain convent, and, in consequence, a regular insurance from all evils that beset travellers. There were portraits of saints, and on each side of the receipt, prints representing the different states of purgatory, and the souls released by the contribution of the pious. The paper further stated, that the insured, even though under the knife of the assassin, would be nevertheless safe, inasmuch as the souls released from purgatory, would pray to all the saints in Heaven for a rescue. No one laughed at this—but when I stated that *I* was not insured, and that I thought it safest for me to pay him my fare, and called witnesses to the payment, I did see a mouth curl into a smile,—but I am by no means sure that it was not in contempt of my incredulity.

Here am I, in the midst of my travels, Eusebius, when, according to the modern public determination to enforce strict residence, I ought to be in my own parish, and there I will be in a few minutes. Yet I must compliment Lord Brougham a moment upon his very liberal view of clerical imprisonment, to be found in his bill. It did occur to me at the time he brought it forward, that as he was then keeper of the King's conscience, another bill should have been brought in, enforcing, with precisely the same strictness, the Chancellor's adjunction to his Majesty's side, to ensure more perpetual political "ear-whiggery," and inviting as informers and inspectors of the Siamese adhesion, every attendant and domestic of the palaces, from the Lords of the Bedchamber, to the lacqueys and runners. If anything could have induced a pity for the poor good King William the Fourth, in the hearts of his refractory and radical subjects, it would have been that lamentable predicament—and with such an antipathy existing! And how would Lord Brougham have relished the position to which he would have brought the clergy? But the attempt to make not only our parishioners, but the very servants in our houses, spies and evidences as to how many successive nights in the year our heads have rested on the parochial pillow, could only have arisen from a mind atrociously gifted with liberality. The Whigs hate the clergy, that is the truth of the matter; they think they owe us a spite; and if they are themselves at all deficient in that article, their friends, the Dissenters, will readily subscribe for prompt payment. Since I have heard, my dear Eusebius, of your intention to become a resident curate, I have much wondered what would have been your answer to Mr. Lister's notable letter of Requests, especially that request touching the not troubling him in reply with any matter not relating to the registry queries. You would, if I mistake not, have told him he was a very impertinent fellow, and so were those who put him in his office, to lecture you, and forward his insolent requests, one of which is, that you act as his pettifogging attorney to dun your churchwardens for seventeen shillings; and having given him honestly a piece of your mind, his requests would have been in the fire in a moment, though we are requested to keep them, as the following extract will show:—"I must also point out to you, that inasmuch as it cannot be calculated at what period the register-books and forms herewith sent to you will be filled, it is necessary that you should give *timely* notice (that is to say, three months beforehand), by letter addressed to me, when a further supply will be required. I request you to keep this letter with the register-books, in order that it may be consigned with them to the officiating minister by whom you may be succeeded."

Every man thinks every man mortal but himself, they say; so it is, we conjecture, with Mr. Lister. He intends to survive all the present generation of the clergy, and hold official communication with their successors. Perhaps he has an eye to future church dangers, and, like the prudent insurance-offices, will not risk upon the lives of the clergy; or, perhaps, with

more modest views of his own vitality, he looks to another kind of *succession*, and that his requests, and the parish registers, and the parish churches too, are to be handed over to his friends the Dissenters. Now, Eusebius, you will have, when one of us honored clergy, to be the servant to the superintendent-registrar of your district, resident, perhaps, ten miles from you, to whom every three months you are to deliver certified copies of the entries in the register-books. Off you must trudge every quarter your ten miles with your copies, under penalty of being found guilty of misdemeanor, and appear before the Grand Lama, the deputy-registrar, who will say, when he is at leisure to attend to you, "Stand, and deliver!" My dear friend, pause a moment—you will surely be guilty of a misdemeanor; and all your parishioners do not know that the pillory is done away with, and will, if they owe you a spite for laughing, think themselves entitled to throw rotten eggs at you, in anticipation of the sentence of the court. In the first place, you will never know the quarter-day; in the next place, if told, you would receive the intimation as an indignity; and should you find yourself by accident or mistake before the great deputy-registrar, you would so bethink you of "my Lord Marquis of Carabas" and Puss in Boots, or some other nursery or whimsical tale, that you would laugh in his face, and fling your copy to the winds—and would that be safe? Have they not now-a-days, contiguous parochial bastiles; and where would you be? And if there but for a visit, how would you pity the poor inmates that must not have a window that looks out upon the blessed green fields, nor their own crony friends to look in upon them? And would not you tell them all, that it is a sin and a shame to separate man and wife—for they were married upon Christian terms, "that no man should put asunder those whom God hath joined together?" You would point out that our present marriage service says truly, "For be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God; neither is their matrimony lawful." You would tell the people that they were no longer necessarily to be joined together by God, that there might be a better pretext for separating them. You will certainly, Eusebius, when it comes to the point, be taken up as an incendiary. Words burnt Bristol; and, my dear friend, yours are occasionally the "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." You never will mince matters even with an Act of Parliament that blows hot and cold—that authorizes two contradictory things—First, that people may be coupled together without God's word at all, and their matrimony be lawful; and, secondly, that you should be required solemnly to declare, at the altar, that all such marriages are "unlawful"—that is, you are bound to declare that to be unlawful which the same act that so binds you (for you have no other form given) makes lawful. My dear friend, you have too strange and too free a spirit for these things. I fear you, with many of us, will be open to the malice of the base and mean minded, who are ready to take advantage of all our slips, inadvertencies, and omissions; those who, with the plea of conscience for urging all these changes, will have no respect for yours or mine. I should say that the deputy-registrars are not, in respect of marriage, treated much better than the clergy, for they are bound to make and attest as a civil contract, merely that which their consciences tell them should be a religious contract, unless it be intended by this very clause in the marriage Act to give a monopoly of the office to Dissenters. Now, Eusebius, you will have to ask very impertinent questions yourself, which I am confident you never can do; for every woman that presents herself at the altar to be married must be asked her age, which all do not like to tell, and you must (a very odd thing indeed) tell, I know not how you are to learn it, "*her condition*," not meaning her rank or profession, which forms the next item you are to put down for the information of the Deputy Registrar. I am sure I cannot tell what any lady's or others' condition may be, nor am I very curious to know what has been her *profession* previous to marriage; but suppose all this settled somehow or other, with or without odium to the questioner, you will have other scrutinies to make, that I am sure your delicacy will shrink from; and yet you will not relish the *certifying* to anything you do not know. Yet you are required to certify, "that you have on such a day baptized a *male* child produced to

you," &c.; and that some difficulty may be put in the way of infant baptisms, which are by this Act discouraged, the poor, who now pay nothing, will have to pay one shilling. Take great care in your touching these precious registrars of Mr. Lister's, for if you soil them you will be subjected to a heavy pecuniary fine; you, in mockery, will furnish yourself with a pair of silver tongs. In short, my dear Eusebius, you will expose all this legislative folly in a thousand ways, and perhaps make a foot-ball of the Whig enactments at the church porch, and render yourself an object on whom authorities may exercise a vindictive tyranny.

You tell me that you have been giving some attention to the study of medicine, that you may be useful to the poor. I fear you vainly flatter yourself: although, now that the poor are farmed out at a few farthings per head—a price at which none but the lowest of the profession can come forward, or those who look upon the advantage thereby offered of *subjects* for experiment, I am not surprised that one so humane as yourself should think some medical knowledge requisite in the clergy, to prevent the effects of this cruelty of the Poor-Law Commissioner; and yet your knowledge will gain you no credit. You will have powerful rivals, who will think you encroach upon their privileges; and should you practise largely, and prevail on the sick to take your remedies, before you have been long in the parish, you will find many a death put down at your door, as a sin and a shame. Do you think (to say nothing of neighboring Ladies Bountiful,) that the old village crones will quietly give up the sovereign virtue of their simples, their oils, their extracts, their profits, and their prescriptive right of killing their neighbors after the old fashion, to please a curate, and one of such vagaries, they will add! Infants will still die of gin and Daffy's Elixir, and the wonder will be pretty widely circulated that you are not haunted by their ghosts. And should you quit the parish, and visit it again after many years, depend upon it, though from a different cause, you will have as much reason as Gil Blas had, when he came in sight of Valladolid, to sigh and say, "alas, there I practised physic." And, besides these old crones, you will have opponents you wot not of. There is the cunning man within a few miles of you, who has a wonderful practice; there is the itinerant herbalist, and the drunken hedge doctor, who entitles himself M. D., and talks volubly of the ignorance of professional men in general. There was such an one recently in this neighborhood, who might have made a fortune among the farmers' wives, from five shilling fees, had he known how to keep them. He had a sure method; he used to frequent the village shop, and converse half familiarly, and half learnedly, with the in-comers; and frequently when a proper dupe left the shop, he used to remark to the bystanders, that he could see by that person's complexion, interlarding unintelligible words, that he or she was going into a dropsy, and sometimes a disease whose name the poor ignorant creatures never heard of, taking care to be always intelligible in the main point, that he could avert the dreadful malady. From this ingenuity he had much practice, and acquired a reputation for wonderful cures. But, oh! Eusebius, the cruel herbalist, I never can forget that man, nor the sight he showed me. The case was this: the sexton's wife was suffering from a cancer; I interested myself much about her, and made interest with my friend, a most able surgeon, and humane, sensible man, to see her; he did so, and told me nothing could be done for her then, but to retard the progress of the disease; and he liberally supplied her with bandages. In this state she put herself under the travelling herbalist. He very soon made a horrible wound, and promised a cure in a few weeks, receiving as earnest money about forty shillings. She suffered dreadful tortures from his corroding applications; but, clinging to life, endured all in hope of a cure. I desired to be sent for at his next visit. In a few days I met him in the sick-room, and told him he was attempting impossibilities, and inflicting unnecessary pain. He removed the cloths, bared her side, and roughly pulled out a quantity of tow, which he had thrust into the wound, a deep hole, which seemed to enter her very vitals, and put it in again, saying that he would forfeit his life if he did not entirely cure her. I told him he was working

at his peril. If he cured her, I would take care that his name should be celebrated, and the cure well known; but that if he failed, I would try to the utmost to punish him. He merely replied, that he would forfeit his life if he failed. The poor creature did not live a week after this. I consulted my medical friend as to the best mode of punishing the man, and to my surprise learnt that he was protected by law, if he could show that he had practised so many years, and that I could do nothing with him. Did the herbalist flatter himself into a belief of probable success? It is charitable to hope he did; and I now should be more willing to entertain such a hope, as I have heard that the man has been found murdered under a hedge. But the poor ought to be protected from ignorance and presumption—*the poor particularly*, for they are totally unable to distinguish real merit from rash pretensions in any medical practitioner. Speaking of this horrible disease, I must mention, that a very old man in the parish had one in his lip, which was so slow in its progress, that he at last died of extreme old age, and not of the disorder;—he was stone deaf. I knew a case in which a very eminent man in London acted very indiscreetly. The gentleman underwent an operation, and it was removed from his lip. I met him very shortly after, and he appeared quite well, and in high spirits; in a day or two after, he felt a little irritation in his lip, and instantly went to London to an eminent surgeon, who advised him to apply to a medical man in his own place, to whom he gave him a letter. This was an injudicious step—for the poor man, travelling more than a hundred miles with this letter in his pocket, could not resist the temptation of opening the letter, that he might study in the mean while his best means of a cure—when, what was his horror to find the letter consigned him indeed to the care of a medical practitioner, but without the slightest hope, and more unfortunately still, expressed the tortures, as well as the death to which the disease would shortly subject him. On his arrival home, he shut himself up, tried to be resigned to his fate, never left his room again, and died in great agonies. There is also the cattle-doctor, who often arrives at considerable celebrity; and from his habit of practising upon brutes, has acquired wonderful decision. A poor carpenter had cut his thumb sadly, the cattle-doctor happened to be near, and was sent for to dress it; but with the greatest seeming indifference, he whipped out his knife and cut it off entirely. The man was a carpenter, and it would have been unquestionably proper to have tried to save it. But decision had been acquired, and excision is akin to it.

> The wind in the east,
> Is neither good for man nor beast,

is a common saying—hence many poor people conclude, that if what is bad for man is bad for beast, so what is good for beast is good for man. A poor small farmer, seeing a quantity of turpentine administered to his cow, fancied soon afterwards that it would cure him; and not being particular in the quantity, took half-a-pint, which killed him. This was bad enough; but there was something ludicrous in the tragical catastrophe of the next case. Another farmer, of great experience, upon which he prided himself, and who, though not professional, was an amateur cow-doctor, was taken very ill with internal inflammation. Having suffered great agonies, his family insisted upon sending for medical aid; but, alas, the poor man tasked his own experience before the medical man arrived. When he entered the room, the farmer was out of pain, and said he never was better in his life, adding, "Now, sir, as I have a liking to you, and always had, I'll just tell ye how I cured myself. I ha' given it to many a cow; and I'll tell thee the remedy, as it may be of use to you in your practice." He then detailed such horrible items of inflammatory and combustible substances, as I will not venture to put down on paper. The fact was, that mortification had immediately resulted from the dose, and in a few hours he was no more. Had you been there, Eusebius, and prevailed upon the poor fellow, in that state, to have taken the most simple matter, all his family would have said how well he was till he took *your* medicine. "Throw physic to the dogs," Eusebius, for I am quite sure your's will never do for man, woman, nor child.

Nothing is more striking to a minister, and oftentimes nothing more disheartening, than the indifference with which his parishioners meet death.

It is rarely that one expresses a strong desire to live. The very persons whom you would expect to see most alarmed, or most desirous of life, are often the least so. I should generally conclude, that the presence of the clergyman is more advantageous to the relatives than the sick. Besides the great debility of sickness incapacitating the dying from any mental exertion, there is the gradual loss of senses, and the wretchedness of extreme old age, when the sight and hearing have long since failed. Deafness is so extremely common in rural parishes, that it is one of the greatest obstacles to making the impression we would wish. And, let me add, that there is something so ludicrous, and apparently irreligious in uttering solemn warnings, and truths, and texts of Scripture, in a voice at its utmost stretch, that you often shrink from the attempt. Poor people have universally one remark, when you point out to them how little good you can do, when the sick have from age or other infirmity, lost all sense of hearing and understanding—"The prayer of a righteous man availeth much," is the constant reply. Where there is this superstition, I should think it right to withhold prayer, certainly such as the sick may be supposed to hear, and direct a lecture and discourse to the attendants on the sick-bed; and I think it right, on such occasions, to call up as many of the family and friends as may be collected. I knew one instance of a man who prayed very fervently to live a little longer. He had been a laboring man—and for a laboring man, "pretty well to do." He had never had sickness; was strong, stout, and hale; of perhaps seventy-two or three years of age. He then had a paralytic attack, and sent for me. He continued in a doubtful state some time. At every visit I paid him, he earnestly prayed, and hoped to be allowed once more to sit in the sun before his cottage-door, and then he would be so thankful, and so good! How seldom are these self-formed resolutions of much avail! He was able to sit and sun himself at his cottage-door, and often did I sit there with him, and remind him how he had prayed for that as a blessing, and that it had been granted. But by degrees I found him pass from silence to sullenness. I was evidently not a welcome visitor. He was enabled to do more than sun himself at his door—he was able to walk about his little garden. At length I observed that, as I entered his cottage, he would make his escape at another door. On one occasion, his wife, nearly his own age, shut the door by which he would have escaped, purposely, so that he had no help for it, but to seat himself sullenly in his chimney-corner, and endure my presence. I saw him, as he thought unobserved, clench his aged fist at his wife, and put on an expression of imbecile malignity. This a little roused the old woman, who told him he was a bad man, and had bad friends—that he had better listen to the parson. This put me on the inquiry; but first I questioned him as to what could be the cause of his change,—did he not believe as he formerly did? He did not know that he did; all he knew was, that some people believed very differently, and he did not see what great harm he had ever done, and he was not afraid to die. Upon inquiry, I then found that a workman had come out from the neighboring town, and having work to do at a gentleman's house about a mile off, had taken lodgings within a few doors of this poor cottager. The old woman said he called himself a "Sinian;" and I verily believe she thought it meant an encourager of sin: "and a' reads a book here," said she, "that nobody can't understand; but that there's no wicked place for ever and ever; and a pack o' things that ha' turned his senses topsyturvy; and I knows it can't be good, for he ain't no longer kind like to me." This account gave me great pain; mischief was doing all around me, and how hard to combat! It is very unpardonable to shake the faith of the aged, and remove from them, in their last days of pain, sickness, bodily and mental infirmity, their only solace, a Christian hope. I wish that those who do so would first consider, if, in uprooting all from the heart, they find the soil really fit for the new seed they would throw in. Ten to one that they leave nothing but entire barrenness and desolation—and all for what? To make a worthless proselyte to philosophy, and to divinity, without mediation, when they, who would thus new-engraft the old tree, do not believe that it is essential to the safety of their convert, that they should believe otherwise than they have been wont to believe. Not very

long after this the man had another seizure. He then, himself, anxiously sent for me. He cried like a child—and was in all respects, perhaps, as weak as one. I was much struck with the contrast of the mental imbecility in his whole expression, and the yet remaining sturdiness of constitution in his appearance; he did not look very ill, and though at so advanced an age, he had not, I think, a white hair, but a strong, dark, curly head, as if he were not more than thirty. That was my last visit—he died.

There is not a human being who would more rejoice in the innocent mirth of others than you, my dear Eusebius, but when the sot, the profligate, the idle, meet for revel, "there is death in the pot." How lamentable and how awful is the following case:—A man of education, and of one of the learned professions, and of considerable talent, became, after various degress of misconduct, greatly embarrassed in circumstances, and entirely lost his rank in society, and his reputation. I believe he had no means but the annuity of a woman with whom he lived. They took a house in my parish. Cut off from better society, to which they were born, they still found many among the villagers willing to idle away unprofitable hours with them, especially when the temptation of drowning care was proposed. On one such occasion no very small party was assembled. I think there was dancing; there certainly was much intoxication. A common mason was among the number, and in the course of the night he was carried up into a room and laid on a bed. After an hour or two his wife went up to see him, and found him—dead. I know not what immediately passed, but the end of the night's revel was the death of three persons; at least I so concluded. The man above mentioned who gave the feast, did not long survive. I cannot state the precise time, but very ill he was. A fever came on,—in his last illness—the last day—he addressed a person thus:—"They think I'm an unbeliever, but I am not, and should like to see the clergyman." I went, but I was not allowed to see him. Very soon after this a middle-aged woman who attended him as a sort of nurse, was seized with the same fever, which took her off in a very short time. Not then, but I should think not a very long time after, one of that party died of "delirium tremens," brought on by habitual intoxication. But the poor woman who, as I mentioned, acted the part of nurse, took the matter very ill when apprised of her danger. She was almost the only one I knew that expressed much horror at dying. This woman has before come under my observation, immediately upon my first entering upon the curacy, and in a manner that had something of the ludicrous in it. I had been called to attend her mother, a very old woman, the widow of a small farmer. She was then in a dying state; but I should conclude she had been a gossipping, curious woman; and retained her ruling passion, curiosity, strong in death. The first time I visited her I was accompanied by my wife. I suppose the people in the house saw us coming, and announced it to her. I talked to her some time, and as my words became more serious, as suiting the solemn occasion of a death-bed, for such it was, the old dame appeared restless, and was rather trying to look than looking about her, till at length she interrupted me querulously thus—"I do want to see the parson's wife." My wife came forward, bent towards her, and said some soft or gentle thing, as women, and parson's wives particularly, know best how to say; when the old lady, looking with evident curiosity, said, "What! you the parson's wife! such a little bit of a thing as you!" Now, my wife is of a middle size; but in her second childhood the poor old creature, always thinking the parson and his wife to be the first, and in that sense the *biggest* people in the parish, concluded their bodily magnitude must be equivalent to that of prize oxen. The daughter followed us to the door, then into the road, repeating at every other step—"Oh sir, I'll never forget the Lord." I looked back after I had gone a little way, and there was she standing, and speaking. I thought she had something to say, and went back—she only made a drop, but not at all like Goldsmith's "mutilated curtsy," and repeated again—"Oh, no, sir, I never, never, will forget the Lord!" And this was the poor woman who was so rapidly taken off by that fever.

The effect of fever which I am about to mention, is probably very well known to medical men, but to me it was strange, and I shall not easily forget it, for the case had another inte-

rest. The wife of a tailor, a handsome young woman, about six or seven-and-twenty years of age, was considered dying when I entered the room; the fever was very high, and she somewhat rallied her strength. I was standing at the bed-side; she made a tremulous sort of noise, that in a few seconds had a termination and began again, and so on incessantly. It was most like the cooing of a dove; she was all the while very busy moving about her tongue, and rolling the saliva into little balls, like small shot, which she then passed over her lips in a very extraordinary manner. Her husband, poor man, was forced out of the room at the moment that she fell back exhausted; I caught her as she fell, and gently laid her head upon the pillow. She, however, recovered. When I left the room, I found the ejected husband lying along in the passage, and listening to the smallest sound that might come from under the door. When he saw me come out, he broke forth, in an agony, "Oh, she is dead, she is dead." When I told him it was not so, he rapidly again laid his ear to the bottom of the door, that he might hear her breathe or speak. They were both favorites with me and my family.

The inmates of the poor's-house always consider themselves more entitled than any others to the bounty and attention of the clergyman — and there is a familiarity established between the two parties, if the establishment be not very large, that is by no means disagreeable. At first, indeed, they would all complain sadly of being straightened by the parish; I am speaking of their state under the old poor-laws. But I think a little mirth, and a light easy way of treating their ill-founded complaints, half-reasoning, and half-bantering, greatly tends to put them in good humor with their condition. I so treated half-a-dozen old women in one of my early visits, by calculating for them their expenditure, and some of the items and their wants were whimsical enough; I then called in an old man before them, and calculated his expenditure to meet his means—but, alas! there was a penny a-week for shaving. I sent him out, and congratulated the old ladies (upon my word, a little against my conscience) that they had no beards, and consequently had the superabundance over their wants of a penny a-week for snuff as a luxury. Whether they were pleased at the discovery of their abundance, or at the flattery that they had no beards, I know not, but they laughed very heartily, and never complained afterwards. Now here, my dear Eusebius, I borrowed a leaf out of your book, for in some such manner you would have treated them. And yet I never found that these little familiarities in the least lessened respect, or prevented seriousness, when requisite from having its due effect. They were old stagers, and understood me very well, and always sent for me to settle their little disputes, and in all cases of emergency.

One mumping old man would lie in bed all day long, unless the weather was very fine; and then he would get up and go about the roads begging. He was a white-headed old man, and would put on such a look of simplicity and respectability too, that showed he was formed by long habits for a mumper. Long did he try, in vain, to excite a little more commiseration from the parish officers, trying hard for an additional sixpence per week at every parish meeting. The poor's-house people sent in to me early one morning to tell me that old William had cut his throat. Before I went in I made some strict enquiries into the case, which convinced me that it was all sham, and to effect his purpose; and, in fact, there was no harm done, as none was intended. When I entered the room, he was leaning back on his bed, one or two good women holding his hands and applying a cloth to his neck, which had bled—a little. He affected a fainting and miserable look. I pretended not much to notice him, and in rather an upbraiding voice, and very loud, asked the inmates how they could think of preventing him—did they not know how much the parish would have gained had he effected his purpose, at the same time giving them a look they well understood. The mumper suddenly turned round his head to look at me, and forgot his fainting doleful expression directly; and I shall never forget the look he gave me—it was one which told plainly that he directly knew he was detected, and it was succeeded by another which seemed to beg that I wouldn't betray him, and that he would do so no more. I often charged him with his real purpose, and he could not deny it. He never made another attempt.

A curious incident once occurred to me, of which I never was able to solve the mystery. I was sent for to a man supposed to be dying on the road. I went, and found a strong stout fellow, by the road-side, apparently in great pain. He was accompanied by another man and a boy, but the boy rather attended to some donkeys belonging to them than to the man; the donkeys carried saddle-bags. I thought it a case of cholic, and sent to the house for some spirits and water, and remained, as did others of my family, by the man until he was able to proceed. He told me he came from some distance, and should pass by again in about a month. I was interested to knowing how he journeyed, and begged him to call and I would give him something; but I never saw him till six months after, when I met him crossing the churchyard. He did not know me—declared he never saw me—never was in the parish before. "Why are you then," said I, 'going through the churchyard, for it is no high-road, and leads only to places known to and frequented by parishioners?" he gave me a surly answer, and went on. I found his donkeys on one side of the high-road at some distance from the churchyard, and the same boy watching them. I much regretted, and regret still, I did not contrive to find out what those bags contained. I have my suspicions that stolen goods, and plate particularly, are conveyed from place to place by such means. It was not long after this that there was a discovery of a communication between some gangs of thieves and of plate sent from one distant city to another. If some of these carriers were watched, I cannot but think that discoveries would be made. Certainly if I had been disposed to be active and scrutinizing on this occasion, I could have placed very little trust in the constables—for one, a stout one too, happened to be in my house at work—when three sturdy fellows in that disgraceful state of more than half nudity, which we sometimes see about the roads, and why so suffered, I know not, came across my garden boldly up to the window begging. I refused to give them any thing, when they insolently seated themselves on the grass plot before my window, folded their arms, and passed insolent jokes from one to the other. I told the constable to remove them, and if unable, to go for help. He refused and said the magistrate of the place would be very angry with him if he did, for it would put the parish to expense. Constables are not, however, always wanted; thieves sometimes catch themselves, as the following incident will show:—A gentleman living not very far from me had his orchard repeatedly robbed, and bidding defiance to prohibitory acts, had an old man-trap repaired, and set up in his orchard. The smith brought it home, and there was a consultation as to which tree it should be placed under; several were proposed, as being all favorite bearers, at last the smith's suggestion as to the *locus quo* was adopted, and the man-trap set. But the position somehow or other did not please the master, and as tastes occasionally vary, so did his, and he bethought him of another tree, the fruit of which he should like above all things to preserve. Accordingly, scarcely had he laid his head upon his pillow when the change was determined on, and erelong the man-trap was transferred. Very early in the morning the cries of a sufferer brought master and men into the orchard, and there they discovered—*The* Smith.

It being unlawful to set man-traps and spring-guns, a gentleman once hit upon a happy device. He was a scholar, and being often asked the meaning of the mysterious words compounded from the Greek, that flourish in every day's newspaper, and finding they always excited wonder by their length and terrible sound, he had painted on a board, and put up on his premises, in very large letters, the following—"Tondapamubomenos set up in these grounds;" it was perfectly a "Patent Safety." We had one great knave whom I often wished to catch somehow or other, but I never could, though many a time I caught his donkey. He kept a donkey and a cow, without any pretension to keep either. However, as they did his work, and found him milk, he sent them forth, as Lord John Russell does his commissioners, to shift for themselves, and find free or make free quarters everywhere. He taught them both to open gates with the greatest facility; but the cow was the more accomplished of the two; for where she found good provisions, she not only

opened the gates, but had learned to shut them after her, that no other might intrude: a neighbor of mine caught her a dozen times, and declared his field was of little use to him. The donkey had a taste for orcharding, and the rascal at last became so delicate that he liked the smell of my flower garden; and there, early in a morning, was he sure to be seen. He has been driven out repeatedly, and observed to open the gate as if it had been his own. The gate was tied, supposing that he must then be at a non plus—not a bit of it. I have no doubt he went back to his master, and complained of being shut out; and though he could not then have opened the gate, still when the blackbird and thrush called me early to look out of the window, there was donkey, his feet on the flower beds, smelling flowers, and listening to the blackbirds. He was worthy for Mahomet to have ridden. Do not, however, suppose that we have a greater number of rogues than we are entitled to. There is a pretty good scattering every where. A most provoking piece of roguery occurred at a great funeral. The road not being in a good state, the undertaker asked permission for the hearse to go through my gate, and so through my orchard, by my stable; it was readily granted. Yet, in that short, yet woful passage, they contrived to steal a saddle. It is no wonder that I never *heard* of it more, for I believe it was stolen by a *mute*. While on the subject of stealing, I will not omit to make mention of a poor girl who called upon me for advice and for my prayers. She was, she said, under a temptation to steal; she never had done so, she said, but she was always tempted by Satan so to do. She was a servant. Though I believed the poor girl to be laboring under a delusion, I did as she required: she attended the church on the following Sunday and I offered the prayer for her as a person in distress of mind; I saw her in great agitation during the service. She came to thank me some time afterwards, and said she thought Satan had left her. None knew the person for whom the prayer was offered but the clerk and myself. She had applied to him likewise, as demi-official. I desired him to say nothing about it; or the poor creature might have been bantered out of her senses. But I think, without any admonition, my clerk would not have troubled his head much about her. He had always a little of the nature of contempt for the sex, and was thoroughly possessed with the conceit of the vast superiority of his own. I wanted to establish a school and make him a teacher, and spoke to him about terms: I thought he required too much, and told him I thought I could employ a woman for much less. "A woman, sir!" said he, and drew slowly back three steps, as much as to bid me look at him; and, by the by, as a touch of nature, I must observe that such was the exact thing that Hecuba does in Euripides, when she would have herself surveyed as a picture, to see if any be so wretched. Now, my clerk, I venture to say, had never read and never will read a line of the tragic poet; so that it was pure nature in him, and a proud nature too, —for he repeated his words with an emphasis of astonishment. "A woman, sir!—I hope you do not compare *my* abilities with those of *any* woman!" The good man was not then married. I think he has since discovered that they have more abilities than he gave them credit for. And as this reminds me of no bad reply of one of the Society of Friends to a banterer, I will tell it to you, Eusebius; for it will, I am sure, from its gravity, set the muscles that move the corners of your mouth into play. Friend Grace, it seems, had a very good horse and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, he was asked the reason (it turned out that his better half had taken the good one). "What," said the bantering bachelor, "how comes it you let mistress ride the better horse?" The only reply was—"Friend, when thee beest married thee'll know." I am always pleased with the sedate, quiet manner of the "people called Quakers," as the act of Parliament styles them, and can forgive their little enmities to tithes and taxes. I know, Eusebius, you are inclined to laugh when you see them, and call their dress coxcombry; but they are changing that fashion. Yet there is nothing that I have been more amused with than the ingenuity of one, in transferring the scandal of his own temper upon the church: riding a restive horse, his equanimity was disturbed, he dealt the animal a blow and a word (which I must not write, but is usually written with a d and an

n and a stroke between them) "d &c. thee," but, recollecting himself, he added, "as the church folks say." Don't impatiently send me back upon my parish, Eusebius. Let me follow the current of my thoughts, and you shall hear one more anecdote, though I go to America for it, for it is characteristic, and then will I quietly settle for the rest of the chapter, as if Lord Brougham's strict Residence Bill were in full force. I heard the anecdote from a gentleman long resident in Philadelphia. Two Quakers in that place applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide in the following difficulty. A is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets B, an insurer, and states his wish to have the vessel insured—the matter is agreed upon—A returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should B hear of the matter soon it is all over with him—he therefore writes to B thus:—"Friend B, if thee hasn't filled up the policy thee needsn't for *I've heard of the ship.*"—"Oh, oh!" thinks B to himself—"cunning fellow—he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to A:—"Friend A, thee be'est too late by half an hour, the policy *is* filled." A rubs his hands with delight—yet B refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. Perhaps this is even handed justice, though unquestionably an odd decision. My dear Eusebius will extract the moral from a tale in which there is but little morality to be discovered. I am not surprised that the ancients had their words of omen. I wanted to go straight back to my parish, and the word moral takes me back there as straight as an arrow, far straighter indeed than the *Moral* I am going to speak of ever went when once out of it. And if the circumstance happened in your presence, Eusebius, and in the church, as it did in mine, you know well you would most sadly have exposed yourself. I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most *immoral*, for he was much given to intoxication. This of course brought on other careless habits; and as I wished to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. "Oh, Samuel, Samuel!" said I to him very frequently—"what will become of you?" On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily, "Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——." But the incident, which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity, was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church-door, ducking down his head that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery, and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to those words, "Samuel, Samuel." I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse.

I had another of these Trinculos, who put a whole house into a terrible fright, and the silly fellow might have met with a serious injury himself. One day his mistress sent him to a neighbor's, about two miles distant, with her compliments, to enquire for the lady of the house, who had very recently been confined. The sot, however, could not pass a hamlet that lay in his way without indulging his favorite propensity of paying his respects to the public-house. When a drunkard loses his senses he is sure to lose his time. The first he may recover, but never the last; so it was with our Trinculo. When he came to himself, he bethought him of his errand; but was perhaps totally unconscious of the time lost, and had not quite sufficient senses to make enquiry; and the stars he never contemplated; there were always so many more than he could count. But to my neighbor's gate he found his way. He knocked, he beat, he rang, and he halloed—for now he did not like to waste time—and it was two o'clock in the morning. The inmates were all in confusion. "Thieves! fire!" was the general cry. Some ran about half

clad—some looked out of window—dogs barked, and women howled. The master took his blunderbuss, opened the window, and called out stoutly, "Who's there! who's there!" Trinculo answered, but not very intelligibly. At last the master of the house dresses, unbolts and unbars his doors, and with one or two men-servants behind, boldly walks down the lawn-path to the gate. "What's the matter—who are you?" Trinculo stammers out, "My master and mistress's compliments, and be glad to know how Mrs. —— and her baby is." Yet, upon the whole, I have little reason to complain of my domestics. The very bad do not like to enter a clergyman's family. Indeed my female servants have had so good a name for all proprieties, that this circumstance alone led to the very comfortable settlement of one of them, and I think that event has been a recommendation to the house ever since.

One evening as tea was brought in, I heard a half-suppressed laugh in the passage, and observed a simpering strange look in the servant's face as the urn was put on the table. The cause was soon made known; it was a courtship, and a strange one. A very decent-looking respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on some small business in a neighboring town, a widower, and a Wesleyan, knocked at the door. He was then a perfect stranger. The man-servant opened it. "I want," said the stranger, "to speak with one of Mr. ——'s female servants."—"Which?"—"Oh, it doesn't signify which." The announcement was made in the kitchen. "I'm sure I won't go," says one; "Nor I," says another. "Then I will," said the nurse, and straight she went to the door. "Do you wish to speak to me, sir?"—"Yes, I do," said the stranger. I am a widower, and I hear a very good character of Mr. ——'s servants. I want a wife, and you will do very well."—"Please to walk in, sir," said nurse. In he walked, and it was this odd circumstance that caused a general titter. But the man was really in earnest—in due time he married the woman; and I often saw them very comfortable and happy in the little town of ——; and I verily believe they neither of them had any reason to repent the choice thus singularly made. She fell into his ways—had a good voice, and joined him in many a hymn—thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks, while he was busy about his work, and she rocked the cradle. I represent them as I saw them, and I doubt not their whole life was comformable to the scene.

There was another widower, whose cottage was within a few fields of us, that was not so very disinterested. He was a laboring man, and had his little income, a pension, and, for a laboring man, was pretty well off. I had attended his wife in her last illness, who, by the by, was the ugliest woman I ever beheld. This man cast his eyes, if not his affections, upon the rather simple daughter of an old man who was then hind to a gentleman, had kept a dairy, and was supposed to have saved a little money. The daughter was about thirty—upon her he cast his eye—and as her eye had a slight cast too—they met—and a courtship commenced—the whole progress of which she very simply told to her mother-in-law, and her mother-in-law brought it to the parsonage. The man, it seemed, wanted sadly to know if she would bring him any thing, and in a thousand ways, with all his ingenuity, did he twist it, but never could arrive at the point, and he dared not be too explicit for fear of offending the old father. "May be," said he, "we might keep a cow?" No answer. "May be, *with a little help somehow* we might rent a field?" No answer. "May be, with summut added to what I've got?" A pause—no answer. "May be your father might spare?" No answer. The man's patience could hold out no longer, he let go her arm, and looking at her angrily, said—"Domm it, have a got any money?" And what said she?—nothing. "If thee beest so stupid," added he, after a bit, "I must go to thee faather." The father, I suppose, gave something, for the *loving* couple married. O Love, Love! what is it, and what is it not, in this working, and this unworking world. The business of it—the pleasure of it—the pain of it—the universal epidemic, but how various in its operation in our different natures. It is a raging fever—a chill—an ague—the plague—some it makes sober—some it drives mad—some catch it—some breed it—in some it bears fruit naturally—in others

it is engrafted, and then we have sweet apples on sour stocks. There was no very hot fit in either of the instances just given. Some take it for all and all—for its own value—some in exchange for lands and tenements—and some with them for a make-weight—some will have it pure—some can only bear it mixed—some have it for ornament—some for use. Take an instance of the latter. An aged gentleman, who had been more than ordinarily successful in the world, and had well thriven in business, so connected in his mind love and trade together, by an indissoluble link, that he never could think of the one without the other;—no matter which came uppermost for the time, the other was sure to be tacked to it. He recounted his amours thus—for, be it observed, he had been married to no less than four wives. "Well," says he, "I began the world, as one may say, by marriage and by trade at one and the same time. For the first Mrs. Do-well had something decent, and I immediately put her money in the trade. It did very well, and we did very well; and then it pleased God to take Mrs. Do-well; and so I went on with my trade till I thought it time to look about me; and I didn't marry foolishly when I took the second Mrs. Do-well, and I put *her* money in the trade, and there it did very well and *we* did very well; and it pleased God to take her too; and so I looked about me again, and married the third Mrs. Do-well; she had a good purse of her own, and so I put *her* money in the trade, and all did very well; and it pleased God that she should die likewise: and then I got my friends to look out for me, and they did, and I married the fourth Mrs. Do-well, and I put *her* money in the trade, and the trade wasn't the worse for that; and now here am I out of trade, and they're all dead, and I'm very comfortable." It pleased God, or, if it pleased God, are most convenient expressions; they let down sorrow so gently, and with such an air of resignation; or express a satisfaction without exposing the sin of it; they cover a secret wish with such a sanctity, that I know of no form of words more comprehensive, or capable of more extensive and more varied application; but they solely have a reference to the human species and their affairs: a murrain may seize all the brute creation and carry them off, but such expressions never will be used unless in reference to the loss some human individual may sustain thereby. You will generally find that they mean what the tongue dare not utter. I was once in company with an elderly gentleman who had in his early days spent much of his time in America: he was questioning another, who had recently arrived from that country, respecting many of his old acquaintance there. Now, it was very well known that the elderly gentleman was not *blessed* with a wife, that is, he had one that was no blessing to him. They say he was once recommended a perpetual blister, when he sighed and confessed he had one in his wife, and without doubt the fact was so; but, as I remarked, making inquiries about his old acquaintance, he added,—"If it should please God to take Mrs.——, I will go and see my friends in America;" and the other, as if to show that his domestic calamity was well known across the Atlantic, replied, "And they will be particularly glad to see you." Now, though this was put but hypothetically, and even with an air of resignation, if such a thing should happen, the poor gentleman would have been particularly unfortunate had mistress overheard the expression. I believe she gave him very little peace; and the idea that he should ever enjoy any out of her jurisdiction, would have thrown her into a towering fury. It is very amusing to enter into the very marrow of expressions, to dissect them, and come at their real ingenuity. I knew a gentleman who, although he bore the name of his legal father, bore nothing else that could be at all referred to him, but was bequeathed a handsome property by his *illegal* father. Now, never to mention one who had left him such a bequest, would not have pleased the world (which always means fifteen miles round one,) and he would have been called, behind his back, an ungrateful fellow; and as he lived on the bequeathed estate, it would have been impossible. To mention him as an alien to him, would have been sure to have provoked the smile of satire and perpetuated scandal; yet by one happy expression, he admirably avoided the awkwardness and the odium—he invariably called him his "predecessor." An elderly gentleman of Ireland, and a bachelor, once in my presence managed this sort of thing very badly, but very ludicrously. I

was in the drawing-room conversing with the lady of the house when he was announced; he was himself rather a diminutive man. He came into the room, holding by the arm a big youth about eighteen years of age, robust enough to have brandished a shillelah with any in Tipperary. He pushed him a little forward towards the lady, and said, "Ma'am, give me leave to introduce to you my nephew," then merely putting his hand on one side of his mouth, in an Irish whisper which is somewhat louder than common speech, he added, "*He's my son.*" It is fortunate that Eusebius was not present. Every grade of life has its vocabulary—and it varies much in counties and in parishes. You will find it no easy task, Eusebius, to master the vocabularies that ought to be known, if you would understand every grade in the parish to which you may attach yourself; but it is hopeless to suppose they will ever understand yours. And here is a fair spring of much misunderstanding. The sacrifice must be on your part. Educated persons speak much more metaphorically than they are aware of. But that which is a conventional language in one society is not so in another. The simplest mode of expression, and at the same time the most forcible, must be studied; and in our intercourse with the poor, I believe it to be a good rule, as much as possible to discard words exceeding two syllables—and never trust your tongue with a parenthesis, under any hope that the sense will be taken up by any thread in the mind of your hearer, after you have once made him take the jump with you, and have left it behind you. You must speak the words your poor parishioners know, but not in their manner; they will see that it is an imitation, and think it a banter and insult, and they expect you to speak differently. They will look up to your education with respect, but do not ever lower it in their estimation by laying it aside; nor hurt them by supposing they cannot understand it. Be assured, the poor are sensible of the grace and beauty of clear and gentle (I use the word in opposition to their coarse) diction, in a greater degree than we commonly suppose; and they will be as ready to pull off their hats to your words as to your appearance. They believe that there are two sorts of English, and they expect you to have the best, and take great pride in understanding you, thinking they have acquired something, when all the merit may be in your plainness, and in your better manner of saying common words. I say, they think there are two sorts of English. This reminds me of an anecdote which a schoolmaster told me. A farmer wished his son to have some learning, and on a market-day brought him the lad; he was to be taught Latin. Now, I daresay the farmer had heard of dog Latin, and bethought him of it after he had left the school; for on the next market-day he came to the school with a sack, and said to the master, "I do understand there are two sorts of Latin; I should like my son to ha' the best, and so I ha' brought ye a pig." Now, Eusebius, it is to me very clear that if they wish their sons to have the best, they will expect us to have the best, whether it be Latin or English; and if they find we have the best of the latter, there is no fear they will not give us credit for the former. I have often thought it would be worth while to take the best sermons, and translate them, as it were, into short sentences, and words of two syllables. The story of the poor gardener, who, asked what felicity meant, said he did not know, but he believed it was a bulbous root, is well known. There cannot be a greater mistake than, as some do, to trouble and perplex a country congregation with technical divinity, nor with such words as "the Philosophy of the Stoa," "The responses of the Hierophant," which were yet uttered in a country church. Their only value will be in their unintelligibility, that they may be taken for a mystery, which made the Old Lady exclaimed "Oh, those comfortable words, Mesopotamia, Pamphylia, Thrace."

But we have a habit of lecturing, and so here do I find myself lecturing—whom? no other than my friend Eusebius, who has a more quick sense of what is right in these matters, and a somewhat unfortunately more keen perception of what is wrong in them than any man living—*Vive valeque.*

THE SECRETS OF HISTORY.

NO. I.

THE SPANISH CONSPIRACY AGAINST VENICE.

We must fairly confess we are rather fond of conspiracies:—not in action, be it understood, but in narration; for in our own person, as all the world knows, we have abundance of music in ourselves, and are by no means fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. But, there is something in the history of all conspiracies—from Catiline to Cato Street—which has a secret charm for the imagination. The wild, irregular character of mind of those agents by whom they are generally organized—the fierce passions they bring into play—the "matters deep and dangerous" in which they deal—the moving accidents to which they give rise—the mystery in which they are shrouded, and which in many cases remains to the last impenetrable—the suspense in which the mind is held between the planning of a dreadful thing and the first motion; all these form a combination of qualities which renders the delineation of such events peculiarly attractive to the romance writer and the novelist. Schiller, for instance, felt so deep an interest in such subjects, that he commenced a history of the most celebrated conspiracies, (which, however, went no farther than the first volume), containing the conspiracy of the Pazzi; that of Fiesco against Genoa; and that which forms the subject of the present observations—the Spanish conspiracy against Venice, which is simply a translation from the work on the same subject by the Abbé de St. Real. Two of his dramas are founded on conspiracies—Fiesco, and Wallenstein. His unfinished drama of Demetrius turns also on a similar event in the history of Russia. His Ghost Seer is another version of an analogous theme, suggested by the secret societies of the Illuminati and the impostures of Cagliostro. In short, it is evident that he had a strong sympathy with the delineation of convulsions of this nature; and of the characters by which they are originated, or to which they give birth.

The Spanish conspiracy of Ossuna, Bedamar, and Toledo against Venice in 1618, is among the most interesting of such events, first, as furnishing, through the elegant and very interesting work of St. Real, the materials for the best of Otway's dramas; and secondly, as presenting some historical problems on which the learning and ingenuity of modern writers have been abundantly exercised; and in regard to which the disputants have arrived at the most opposite conclusions. For, so far has the scepticism of modern writers gone, that, not content with doubting or denying the accuracy of the *details* given by the Venetian writers of the time as to the conspiracy, two learned and ingenious writers—the Prussian diplomatist, Chambrier, a member of the Academy of Berlin, in his essay Sur les Problemes Historiques—and Count Daru in his late history of Venice—have actually denied entirely the existence of any Spanish conspiracy against Venice; while the latter, as will be afterwards seen, *even represents Venice as truly the conspirator against Spain.*

A question upon which a writer of Daru's talent, extensive reading, and sagacity, could arrive at a conclusion so opposite to the received notions, and to the Venetian authorities of the time, is one not unworthy of the attention of the historical student. It is our intention in the present paper to present a short outline of the controversy, and to state the views we entertain as to the hypothesis hitherto propounded.

In the month of May, 1618, Venice was suddenly startled by the intelligence announced by the chronicles of the day, that a formidable conspiracy had just been detected, the object of which was to put to death the senate, to sack and pillage the city, to burn the fleet in the harbor, and to seize on the principal fortified places on the continent: that this conspiracy had been organized by Don Pedro Giron d'Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples; Don Pietro de Toledo, Governor of Milan; and Don Alfonso de Cueva, Marquis

of Bedamar, the Spanish ambassador at Venice; that French troops were to be the instruments employed, as least likely to excite suspicion; but that the designs of the conspirators had fortunately been discovered by the voluntary confession of one of their number, and that the guilty had been punished. This brief and meagre account received an apparent confirmation from the executions which took place in the city, and on board the fleet; the departure of Bedamar, who, after a protest that he was entirely innocent of any share in the alleged conspiracy, quitted Venice never to return; and the sudden disappearance from the town of a vast number of idle and unemployed adventurers, with whom the squares and town-houses had for some time before been observed to be filled.

Besides those chronicles or diaries, in which it was the custom of the Venetian government to enter from day to day all occurrences connected with the State, it was long their practice to intrust the preparation of their history from time to time to some senator of established ability and reputation, well acquainted with their archives, with a view to publication. The State historian, within the period of whose labors the conspiracy falls, is the well-known Battista Nani. His account, though more detailed, corresponds in substance with the report as given in the chronicle.*

Nani, though he equally implicates Bedamar and Ossuna in the conspiracy, ascribes the chief share in the original project to Ossuna.† He represents him as despatching to Venice one of his confidants, Jacques Pierre, a Corsair of Normandy, a man of great talent, but desperate character, who, on pretence of having left the Duke's service in consequence of some misunderstanding, obtained admission into the Venetian service. The first step he took was a singular one:—In order to render himself acceptable in Venice, he showed Ossuna's letters, proposed many specious things, pretended to reveal the secret designs of the Viceroy against Venice, and suggested the means by which they might be frustrated. He thus succeeded in obtaining their confidence, and was employed with Langlade (Langrand) in the arsenal. They held secret conferences with Cuevā (Bedamar);—couriers and messages were constantly despatched to Naples. They gained over to their evil purposes Nicolo Rinaldi (Regnault), Charles and John de Bolio (des Boulleau), Nolot Robert Revellido, Vincent Roberti, and Captain Tournon, who commanded a company in the Venetian service, as well as some others, partly French, partly Burgundians. The plan was, that Ossuna should send some brigantines and barks, under an Englishman named Haillot,‡ which were to make their way into the harbors and canals, the depth of which had been sounded with that view; these were to be followed by larger vessels, which were to cast anchor off Friuli, under cover of which, and during the confusion caused by these, Langlade was to set fire to the arsenal, and others (for the parts were already distributed) to different quarters of the city; the chief places of strength were to be seized on, and the most distinguished inhabitants, whose houses had already been marked out beforehand, to be assassinated; all the confederates expected to enrich themselves by the immense booty which this attempt would open to them. Some of these projects were indeed difficult of execution; but blinded by rapacity and malice, they looked on this extravagant enterprise as an easy task. In the mean time, Toledo had corrupted Jean Berard, captain of a French company in Crema, with some others, and had made arrangements for seizing on that place, for which purpose he had advanced his troops to Lodi. While the brigantines were doing their best to reach the town, and the conspirators were every day climbing the highest belfry in the city, impatiently looking for their arrival, some of the vessels were taken by corsairs, others dispersed by

* Vol. III. of the Chronica Veneta, extending from 1600 to 1635. The volume containing the first announcement of the conspiracy, is written by Geronymo Priuli.

† Historia della Republica Veneta, 1663, p. 163.

‡ The name is differently spelt in different accounts. He is the Elliot of Otway's play.

a storm. They could not be assembled by the appointed time, and the execution of the plan was necessarily deferred till autumn. Pierre and Langlade in the meantime received orders to join the fleet, and could not delay setting out with the Captain-General Barbango. The other confederates who remained behind in Venice continued to deliberate on the means of carrying the plan into effect, and impatiently awaited the time appointed. But as they frequently convened on the subject, and in order to increase their numbers, were obliged to communicate the secret to others of their nation, it so happened—for malice is seldom so blind as not to feel the sting of conscience—that Gabriel Moncassin, and Balthazar Juven, both of noble descent, the one from Normandy, the other from Dauphine, and nearly connected with Lesdeguieres,* full of horror at their evil designs, disclosed them to the Council of Ten. By the assistance of others, who secretly found means to overhear their conferences and conversations, their plans were still more exactly ascertained; the treason was proved by letters which were found, and by the confession of the guilty, who were punished either by private or public execution. Nani goes on to state, that many made their escape to Ossuna; that Pierre and Langlade were drowned, and Berard and his confederates executed in Crema, and that Bedamar, apprehensive for his life from the popular indignation directed against him, retired to Milan. He adds, that the Senate, from the fear of disturbing the peace which was about to be finally concluded with the Emperor, and with Spain and Savoy, determined to observe a strict silence in regard to the whole conspiracy.

Such were the accounts given to the world by the Venetian Government. They did not, however, pass unquestioned even at the time. Ossuna and Bedamar, without denying the existence of a conspiracy against Venice, positively maintained their own innocence: the French Envoy, M. de Leon Bruslart, went farther, and in his letters to his own Government, expressed doubts of the existence of any conspiracy at all. The grounds on which in his despatches he founds his doubts are the improbability that Pierre would be concerned in a design, of which he had himself in the first instance given information to the State; the impossibility of such a project, against a city well armed, and containing 200,000 inhabitants, being attempted by a few miserable adventurers; the unlikelihood that such a power as Spain would connect itself with such instruments in the execution of its plans; the absence of any trial or investigation in the case of Pierre, or of any weapons or proofs of preparation for such an enterprise being found in the possession of the alleged conspirators.

Still it may be said, that the public opinion decidedly was, that the conspiracy had existed, and that the account of it given by the Venetian Government, though it might not contain the whole truth, was, so far as it went, correct.

In 1674 appeared the well known history of the conspiracy, by the Abbé de St. Real. St. Real's character for historical accuracy, as every one knows, does not stand high. His works in this department are, at best, historical romances, nor does he seem anxious in general to remove the doubts which their character was calculated to suggest. On this occasion, however, he is at pains to intimate that he had composed his history from new and authentic documents existing in the Royal Library at Paris. The spirit and liveliness of the narrative, the minuteness and apparent probability of the incidents, so far at least as appears on the face of his story, have given to his work a popularity and authority to which it is by no means entitled, for the additional documents of which he has availed himself, are now, on all hands, admitted to be exposed to the greatest suspicion, and may be proved in many parts to be completely inconsistent with the truth. They professed to be copies of the actual examinations and revelations of the conspirators, to the Council of Ten;† but they were unsigned and unauthenticated in any way. No explanation has ever been given how

* Marshal Lesdeguieres.

† They were subsequently published by Villino Sire, in his Memorie Recondite.

such documents should be found in a public library in Paris, when it was admitted that no originals were to be found in the Venetian archives themselves. The names of the conspirators, as there represented, differed entirely (with one or two exceptions) from those given by Nani, or mentioned in the correspondence of the French Ambassador; while some of the circumstances stated in them were palpably impossible, and such as were entirely inconsistent with the idea of their authenticity as official documents, containing the actual confessions of the conspirators, or the transactions which took place in consequence of their disclosures. One or two instances may be given as decisive of the weight due to the authority of St. Real, and of the pretended confessions on which it is mainly founded. He ascribes the whole discovery of the plot to a feeling of remorse with which one of the conspirators, Jaffier, was seized, when present at the annual spectacle of the Doge's marriage of the Adriatic, which takes place upon Ascension day. Ascension day took place, in 1618, upon the 24th May, but the conspiracy had been detected, and most of those implicated, punished, on the 14th. Nothing, therefore, which took place upon the 24th, could have led to the revealing of a plot which had already been detected on the 14th.

In the pretended copy of the procedure, it is stated that in consequence of the disclosures of Jaffier, search was immediately made in the house of the Spanish ambassador; that a quantity of arms and gunpowder was found there. The French ambassador, on the contrary, states expressly that no arms had been found,* and Bedamar himself, in his address to the College, never alludes to any such step as a search of his house. Several arrests are said to have taken place in the house of the ambassador of France. We have the whole correspondence of the ambassador with his own court, treating the whole as a fiction, entering into the fullest details, giving the names of those arrested, and no hint is given of any of them having been arrested in his house. A communication is said to have been instantly made of all that had passed to the French ambassador, who was summoned for that purpose. The French ambassador was absent from Venice at the time, and did not return for some weeks. In the confessions a leading part is given to the state inquisitor, Marc Antonio Marcelli. The names of all the state inquisitors at the time are perfectly known, and no such person was to be found among the number. Many other contradictions between the confessions and the true facts of the case, as appearing from undoubted evidence, might be pointed out; but enough has been said to show that their claims to authenticity are of the most suspicious kind. The probability is, that the pretended confessions are a mere *ex post facto* fabrication, based partly upon the statement of Nani, and partly on the vague reports which, in addition to the official statement, had got into circulation.

In regard, therefore, to historical accuracy, the work of St. Real may be laid aside. So far as it differs from or pretends to add to the narrative of Nani, it is entitled to no credit; and, in truth, the two differ in every particular, except in assuming the existence of a conspiracy in which Ossuna and Bedamar were engaged against Venice.

Besides these writers, who, however much they may differ in the details, agree in assuming the existence of a conspiracy, in which Bedamar and Ossuna were the prime movers, we may mention, as supporting the same view, Giovanni Battista Vico, or rather the continuator of his work,† Giam Battista Birago, who, in his history of Venice, relates the story substantially as told by Nani;—Sandi et Martinioni, in his Continuation of Sansovino's Description of Venice,‡ who follows the narrative of St. Real; Teutori, in his Essays on the History of Venice; Gregorio Leti, in his Life of the Duke of Ossuna, and M. Dreux de Radier,§ who all adopt, in the main

* Lettre de Leon Bruslart, à M. de Puysieulx, 19th July, 1618.
† Historia Rerum Venetarum, 1684. Padua.
‡ Historia Civile de Venezia.
§ Journal de Verdun, Aug. 1756.

features, the version of St Real. On the other hand, the existence of the conspiracy is doubted or denied by Capriata,* by Naude, by Grosley, who has published a dissertation to prove the incorrectness of St Real's account, and more lately and decidedly by M. Chambrier, by D'Oleires, and Daru.

The two latter have not been content to question the truth of the received accounts, but have at the same time attempted to furnish a new solution of the supposed difficulties in which the matter is involved.

The hypothesis of Chambrier, however, though it has been popular enough, is yet so baseless that we shall deal with it very briefly. His explanation of the problem is this:—That a crusade had been secretly projected on the part of Spain, France, and Savoy, against Turkey, which had been stirred up by the Capuchin Joseph (afterwards so useful a tool in the hands of Richelieu): That Regnault, as the agent of Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, at Venice, had been charged to concert measures for that purpose with the ambassadors of France and Spain: That at the same time the Venetian government were extremely hostile to the Spanish ambassador Bedamar, and anxious to obtain any pretext for his removal from the city and from his office: That the Turks, having discovered the intended design, had commissioned the Chiaoux, who was sent from the Porte to announce the elevation of the Sultan Osman to the throne, to demand satisfaction, by the delivery or punishment of the agents at Venice: That the Venetians in order to avert suspicion from themselves, or to re-establish their good understanding with the Porte, abandoned to their fate those who were most instrumental in promoting the intended expedition to the Levant; that in order to cover the true cause of the executions, a pretended conspiracy was brought forward, and ascribed to Bedamar and the Spanish Court; and that thus the Venetians contrived at once to secure themselves and to banish the obnoxious ambassador.

It might be sufficient to observe as to this extraordinary theory, that with the exception of the fact which appears from the revelations of Pierre to the Venetian government, namely, that he had at one time suggested an expedition against Albania to the Duke of Nevers, there is not even the shadow of a foundation for that supposed crusade against Turkey, the discovery of which, he assumes, led to the executions at Venice. The letter exists in which this proposal was made by Pierre to the Duke of Nevers. It bears a marking on the back in the hand of the French ambassador De Leon, "Discours *impertinent* fait par le defunt Jacques Pierre." Would the ambassador have used such an expression, if the *project* had really been approved of by France? Besides, we have only to recollect the state in which France was after the minority of Louis XIII., to perceive that that power was in no state to undertake a crusade against the Ottoman. Again, all we know of the character of Philip III. and of his prime minister Lerma, is equally hostile to the supposition; while no possible advantage could accrue to Savoy from any such scheme. The intended crusade then had really no foundation. Still less were the executions at Venice connected with its discovery.

Chambrier, for instance, ascribes the executions to the demand for satisfaction made by the Chiaoux, who arrived in Venice with the intelligence of Osman's elevation to the throne. Now, a letter from the Venetian Government to the bailo, or envoy of that state at Constantinople,† proves that the Chiaoux only arrived in Venice on the 10th of June. Jacques Pierre had been condemned to death on the 12th of May preceding, and forthwith executed. His death then, and those of his companions, was in no shape connected with the arrival of the Chiaoux.

If it be argued that still the executions took place to gratify the Porte, and that probably it may have been the predecessor of this Chiaoux who had made the demand for this bloodthirsty satisfaction, this view of the case is equally untenable. It is true another Chiaoux arrived in Venice in March

* History of the Affairs of Italy, 1613 to 1650. Book vi.

† Lettere Ducale Bailo, 23 Giugno 1618. Giunse in questa Citta alli 10 del presente Mehemet Chiaus il quale due giorni dopo venne in Collegio nostro.

1618, announcing the elevation of Mustapha to the throne, and remained there till the beginning of May. But though we are in possession of his most confidential intercourse with his own court during the period of his residence, not a trace of any such interference appears. His negotiations are limited to the unimportant demand, that the Republic should make good the losses of certain Turkish merchants, whose goods had been captured by Ossuna on board of two of the vessels belonging to the Republic. If he had really succeeded in so humbling the pride of the Republic, as to compel from Venice so degrading a sacrifice to Turkey as the massacre of the unfortunate adventurers supposed to be engaged in the intended crusade, would not some traces of so important an affair appear in his communications to Constantinople? Objections might, in fact, be multiplied without end to the theory of Chambrier; but those we have already mentioned seem sufficient to satisfy the inquirer as to its baseless and improbable character.

The hypothesis of Daru, which may be considered the latest upon the subject, must be admitted to be in the highest degree bold and original, since it actually goes to reverse completely the relative positions of the parties, to exculpate Spain from any conspiracy against Venice, and to represent Venice as the true conspirator in aiding a supposed enterprise of its treacherous subject Ossuna, against the Spanish dominions in Italy. Daru denies entirely the existence of any actual conspiracy against Venice, and considers the numerous executions which took place as a barbarous measure of state policy on the part of Venice, to conceal the intrigues against Spain, in which they had engaged with Ossuna by the unsparing destruction of all who were, or were supposed to be, in possession of the truth. This, it must be admitted, is a grave accusation; for it converts the just punishment of abandoned criminals into a base and treacherous massacre of men, who were only following out the projects and designs of the Republic itself. It would require strong evidence to establish such a charge, which thus goes not merely to subvert the received notions on the subject, but to brand a nation with a stain, the foulest, perhaps, with which her annals, blotted, as they too often are, with treachery and bloodshed, are deformed.

It must be admitted that Daru has spared no pains to support the accusation which he makes. He has treated the subject of the Spanish conspiracy in two portions of his work, one historical,* the other critical,† with great care, great extent of historical reading, and infinite ingenuity. He began his investigations, as he says himself, with no wish to establish a system, but simply to examine, with more attention than had been previously given to the matter, the different authorities, published or unpublished, by which light might be thrown on this mysterious transaction, and he has told us, with great fairness, how the leading idea of his theory was suggested to him. "My researches," says he, "led me to the knowledge of two facts which I considered certain.

"In examining the correspondence of the Ambassador of France, I found the revelations by which the Venetian Government had been informed of the existence of a conspiracy formed against it by the Duke of Ossuna and the Marquis of Bedamar. These revelations bore a date *long preceding* the date when the conspiracy was said to be discovered; if, then, a conspiracy existed, it was not unknown to the government; they could not then be much alarmed at it, since they had been made aware of it so long before. There was, therefore, error or falsehood in the common accounts, when it was said they were made acquainted with it only in May 1618.

"The letters of the ambassadors informed me that these revelations were made by Captain Jacques Pierre. I had before my eyes the original minute of them in the handwriting of Captain Renault. It followed, that Jacques Pierre and Renault were not conspirators; yet both had been sacrificed as such.

"I found, in the accounts of the conspiracy, that among the French who were said to be implicated, there

* Daru, vol. iv. c. 31.
† Vol. viii. Dissertations sur la Conspiration de 1618. Pièces Justificatives, p. 21–172.

was a near relation of the Maréchal de Lesdeguieres. This suggested to me the idea of examining whether, in the life of that nobleman, any mention was made of this incident. I found, then, that at the same time the Duke of Ossuna had conceived his project of possessing himself of the crown of Naples. This was a beam of light to me. The Viceroy could not, at the same time, have conspired against Venice, to take possession of it in the name of Spain, and against Spain to deprive it of a kingdom. The biographer of Lesdeguieres, who was his secretary, relates all that took place in the cabinet of his master relative to the projects of the Duke to usurp the crown. He states positively, that the governments of France, of Holland, of Turin, and Venice, had been initiated into his projects. The Neapolitan, Venetian, and other historians, confirmed in part these different circumstances. The Venetians, then, could not have believed that the Duke of Ossuna was really conspiring against their Republic, since they were aware that he was engaged in totally different projects, in which their aid was indispensable to him.

"By this train of reasoning I was conducted to this consequence: The Duke of Ossuna, Jacques Pierre, and Renault, had *not* conspired against the Republic. The Venetians knew the real projects of the Duke of Ossuna, and had proof of the innocence of Jacques Pierre and Renault. It remained to find a motive sufficient to account for the accusation of the former, and their sacrifice of the latter.

"According to Daru, Ossuna had, almost immediately after his appointment to the Viceroyalty of Naples, begun to conceive the design of seizing on that kingdom, and rendering himself independent of Spain. This scheme had been secretly communicated to the different powers of Europe who were hostile to Spain, by all of whom his designs were furthered and approved. Venice, though she had not actually pledged herself to any assistance, was favorable like the rest. The main object was, gradually, and without exciting the suspicions of Spain, to assemble an army sufficient to carry the project into effect. Savoy and Holland secretly furnished assistance both by troops and arms. Four thousand Dutch troops, who were then in the service of Venice, were, with the consent of Holland, to pass into the service of the Duke. But to have allowed this to be done openly, and with the apparent consent of Venice, would have excited suspicions on the part of Spain, which the Venetian Government were anxious to avoid;—their approbation of Ossuna's schemes being, of course, conditional on their success. All that they were at present disposed to do was to wink at the secret plans by which these mercenaries were to be seduced from their service into that of the Duke.

"For this purpose Pierre and Renault were despatched by Ossuna to Venice. But the true object of their visit was concealed even from these agents against themselves. Of Ossuna's ulterior designs on the throne of Naples they were kept in ignorance; they knew not that what he had in view was to seduce the Dutch soldiers of Venice into his service; on the contrary, they believed, and were taught to believe by Ossuna himself, that his designs were directed against Venice, and that they were sent for the purpose of organizing and carrying into effect a real conspiracy against that city. Whether from terror or treachery, Pierre, soon after his arrival, communicated to the Venetian Governmen the existence of the conspiracy which he himself actually believed. The Venetian Government, better informed of the intentions of Ossuna, and his dependence on them, paid no attention to the supposed plot. Pierre and Renault continued to press Ossuna to furnish them with the assistance promised, and to give the signal for the decisive step. Ossuna, who had no such object in view, delayed from time to time, under all possible pretexts, in such a way as to excite the suspicions even of Pierre as to his sincerity. But his imprudence gradually led the Spanish Government to suspect his designs: the Neapolitan nobles despatched a Capuchin friar, Lorenzo, to Madrid, to communicate their suspicions. Ossuna attempted to arrest him on his way, but failed. He saw that his designs must now be discovered, and that his ruin was certain. Venice in the mean time, apprised, through its ambassadors in Paris and Madrid, of the suspicions excited against Ossuna, and of the probable failure of his designs, determined

to draw back, and even to extinguish all traces of their having been accessary to his treasonable schemes. The conspiracy which had been revealed to them a year before, and of the non-existence of which they were aware, appeared to afford a favorable pretext for removing all those who had been concerned in the scheme of Ossuna; on pretence that they had discovered a design against Venice itself, in which Spain was concerned, they put to death all who had in any way been connected with the designs of Ossuna; and by so doing, before Spain had even manifested any displeasure against the Duke, they were enabled, instead of being themselves accused, to take the initiative in the accusation. To this Machiavellian policy, Pierre, Renault, and his companions, though truly innocent of any conspiracy, were sacrificed."

This is in substance Daru's solution of this long agitated problem. We shall now endeavor to ascertain how far the grounds on which it rests are founded in truth, and how far, if true, they could rationally account for the supposed effect.

I. It is evident that the whole theory depends on the establishment of one proposition, namely, that previous to the supposed discovery of the conspiracy in May 1618, the Venetians were to some extent implicated in the designs of Ossuna on the kingdom of Naples. Except to conceal their participation in these, they had no motive, according to Daru, for the executions which took place, or for the invention of a pretended conspiracy.

But here a formidable difficulty meets Daru in the outset. The biographer of Lesdeguieres, Louis Videl, on whose authority he mainly relies as to the proof of Ossuna's treasonable project of the seizure of the Crown of Naples, places the date of that project only in 1619. Leti does the same. Of course, a project conceived only in 1619 could not account for the executions of 1618.

Daru's attempt to get quit of the difficulty seems wholly unsatisfactory. He endeavors to make out, that though placed by Leti and Videl under the date of 1619, the project against Venice was of an earlier date; because it is mentioned in connection with various other events which took place, some in 1617, some in 1618. But all doubt, at least as to the meaning of these writers, is put an end to by the decisive facts, that both of them expressly mention that the enterprise against Venice *preceded* the project against Naples; while Leti, Nani, and the Neapolitan historian Giannone actually ascribe the desperate scheme of seizing on the Neapolitan throne to the *failure* of the conspiracy against Venice, and the consequent disgrace of Ossuna at the Court of Madrid. The position, then, in which this point, which is the basis of the whole hypothesis, stands, is, that *not one single* historian places the design of Ossuna against Naples earlier than 1619; while every historian who has touched on the subject, including those who were themselves connected with the negotiation (for such was the position of Videl) expressly state that they took place in that year, and in consequence of the failure of his previous scheme against Venice.

But the statement, says Daru, that Ossuna was engaged in a conspiracy against Venice in 1618, and that he had engaged Venice in his schemes on Naples in 1619, involves an inconsistency. The historians who represent Ossuna as engaged in both schemes "have not perceived that the one *necessarily* excludes the other." If this necessity be really so palpable, it is singular that four such writers as Videl, Leti, Giannone, and Nani, should never have perceived it; nay, that they do not even allude to it as a difficulty in the case at all. And where is the necessary incompatibility? Daru asks, "Would Ossuna have dared to reckon on the assistance of the Republic, after having made an attempt on its existence; and how, immediately after the failure of one plot, should he have had time to frame another requiring so many negotiations and preparations?" To this objection there are several answers.

The resentments of nations are not like those of individuals. Ossuna might naturally enough believe, that if Venice felt that she could serve her own interests by injuring Spain, she would not be prevented from so doing, because she was at the same time promoting the cause of one who had firmly conspired against her. Besides, there can be no doubt that, though Bedamar and Ossuna were the agents, the

Court of Spain was the true party responsible; and it was against Spain, as the real conspirator, rather than the mere agents in the affair, that the resentments of Venice would be directed, supposing that with that politic government resentment of the past would ever be allowed to stand in the way of present or prospective advantage.

That Ossuna then might apply to Venice for aid in 1619, though engaged as a conspirator against her in 1618, is by no means difficult to conceive. That Venice might even have entered into his schemes would be, in our eyes, by no means improbable. Changes of policy as singular occur perpetually in the history of the time. But, after all, when Ossuna did open his negotiations with Venice in 1619, what was the result? Why, a positive declinature on the part of Venice to interfere in any such scheme. We have the secret despatches of Spinelli, the Venetian resident at Naples, in which he gives an account of the communication made to him by the agents of the Viceroy at Naples.* We have the answer of the Republic, declaring their determination to have nothing to do with any such movement in Italy, and directing Spinelli, in the event of any renewal of the proposal, to put a negative upon the matter at once (se egli pur iterasse, tu debbi troncare assolutamente tali propositi.) We have the whole correspondence of Spinelli before and subsequent to the date of the proposal to which we have alluded (15th May, 1619,) and not a trace appears of any sanction on the part of Venice to the designs of Ossuna.

This communication of Spinelli is extremely important, then, in two views. First, it confirms the other evidence, that Venice was *not* even applied to by Ossuna to aid his views against Naples till after the date of the alleged conspiracy; and, second, it goes far to negative the supposition that Venice *agreed*, at any time, to lend any countenance to his schemes.

But Daru is hardy enough to attempt to convert what appear to others formidable objections into actual arguments in support of his own view. Thus it seems to him to occasion no difficulty that during the very time when he supposes that Venice was secretly aiding his scheme of rebellion, Ossuna, notwithstanding that peace had been concluded, was still carrying on hostilities against Venice. This was merely done, he conceives, as a blind, and to enable him to keep on foot a naval force without suspicion. The battles, he alleged, were mere mock-fights, in which scarcely a man fell, or a ship was taken; and from this he concludes that neither party were in earnest in their pretended hostilities.

Now, to infer, in the case of any Italian campaign, that the parties were not in earnest because the actions were indecisive, would surely be rash enough We all know from Grucciardini that Italian hostilities were frequently as harmless as the encounter of Gymnast and Tripet, and that, notwithstanding the contending parties were very cordially at war with each other. But after all, the hostilities of 1617 and 1618 between Ossuna and the Venetian Republic, though indecisive, were by no means so very trifling as he assumes. We find him seizing and confiscating two of their most richly laden vessels: we find the Doge Giovanni Bembo writing to Vincenti, the confidental resident of the Republic at Milan, in March, 1618, that Ossuna is making preparations for war, *and that no peace is to be looked for while he is governor of Naples.*† We find him again reiterating his complaints to the same persons, in another letter of July, 1618;‡ immediately after the discovery of the conspiracy, we find the new Doge Antonio Priuli writing to the same person, in September,‖ also complaining of the continued hostilities of Ossuna; we have Ossuna exhibiting afterwards to Spinelli, in vindication of his own conduct in ravaging their coasts, a confidential communication from the Spanish Court, dated 20th June, 1617,§

* Despaccio di Gasp. Spinelli, 15 Maggio, 1619.
† Registro dei Ducali, 16th March, 1618.
‡ Registro, 28th July, 1618.
‖ September, 1618.
§ Despaccio di Spinelli, 22d October, 1619.

directing him to send all the ships he could into the Gulf of Naples, but in his own name, and to do the Republic all the injury in his power. To his friends Ossuna did not conceal the deep hatred he bore to the Venetians. Spinelli reports* one expression which is decisive as to this point, and most important as to his participation in the conspiracy :—"I will take Venice; I would willingly bathe myself in the blood of these noble Venetians!"

Is it possible, in the face of these and many such circumstances, seriously to question, as Daru does, whether the war was a war at all, or to suppose that, during all this time, a secret understanding prevailed between that state, whose vessels were thus captured, whose doges complain, in their confidential letters, that there is no chance of peace while Ossuna remains governor of Naples, and this same Ossuna, who hopes to take Venice within a year, and to bathe himself in the blood of its inhabitants?

It may appear, perhaps, that we have been needlessly minute on this point; but as it forms the cardinal point of Daru's theory, the weight due to his authority required that it should be investigated with some care. The conclusion to which we come is, that all the evidence goes to negative completely the supposition of any secret understanding between Venice and Ossuna prior to the supposed date of the conspiracy, and consequently to strike out from beneath it the foundation on which the hypothesis of Daru rests.

II. But we shall assume, for argument's sake, that Ossuna's schemes of royalty had been formed as early as Daru places them, in 1617; we shall assume that Venice was aware of these, and disposed tacitly to aid them; and then let us see how the rest of his theory coheres, and how far it is reconcilable with common sense.

The only extent to which Daru maintains that Venice was implicated in the schemes of Ossuna is, that that state had agreed to favor his scheme of seducing its Dutch auxiliaries into his service. To effect this very simple end, it must be admitted that the strangest and most complicated machinery ever devised was adopted.—The agents of Ossuna, Pierre, and Renault, it is admitted by Daru, are sent to Venice, *believing* that their mission is to conspire against Venice. Under this impression, it is admitted, they all along acted. The persons whom they seduce into their schemes had all the like *belief*. For this purpose, they prepared their arms, their ammunition; not one of them knew that Ossuna's only object is to recruit his army by the addition of the Dutch auxiliaries. Even Bedamar—the politic, subtile, and far-seeing ambassador—according to St. Real, is deceived; *he* believes the conspiracy real; he holds a nocturnal interview with the chief conspirator, Pierre, in which the attack on the city is discussed.† All the world, in short, believes the conspiracy real except Ossuna himself and the Venetian Government. Was there ever, then, a more violent demand upon our belief than is made by Daru in maintaining that the real object of all this apparatus of conspiracy was the comparatively harmless and unimportant project of seducing some thousand Dutchmen into the Duke's service, and that to promote that end, Venice was willing to submit to the fearful risk to which she was obviously every day exposed—namely, that, without waiting for the final authority from Ossuna, those troubled spirits, who fully believed his purposes against Venice to be real, might, of their own accord, proceed to carry the scheme into effect, and convert an imaginary conspiracy into an actual one? Surely any remote danger which might arise to the state from the discovery that

* Under the date of 25th July, 1617. Pigliero Venezia e voglio lordarmi tutto nel sangue de onbile Veneziani.

† The presence of Bedamar at this nocturnal meeting rests on the authority of Pierre's revelations, contained in the minutes written by Renault, and transmitted to the French Government by their ambassador. The authenticity of these documents, and the truth of the statements contained in them, are assumed by Daru, who is therefore constrained to admit Bedamar's knowledge and belief of the conspiracy. What weight, then, are we to give to Bedamar's denial of all knowledge or participation in it, in his interview with the Venetian College, after the discovery of the conspiracy?

they had allowed Ossuna to recruit his army from among their auxiliaries, was nothing compared with the immediate and awful risk which they ran by fostering in the very heart of Venice a band of ruffians who believed themselves employed to conspire against it, and might at any time be tempted to carry the design into execution.

Granting, then, that Venice was a party to the designs of Ossuna prior to the conspiracy, the way in which Daru supposes they were to aid their schemes is, in the last degree, cumbrous, dangerous, and improbable.

But, still more, where was the necessity, in any view, for the series of atrocious murders (extending as Daru assumes, though that is very doubtful,* to many hundreds) by which the Venetians are supposed to have endeavored to conceal their participation in Ossuna's designs? On Daru's own view, Pierre and Renault knew nothing of the real design of Ossuna. The conspirators with whom they dealt were all equally ignorant; from them the Venetian Senate had nothing to fear. Why, then, these wide-sweeping executions of parties not in the secret, and from whom no intelligence of the plot could ever be communicated to Spain? Could any state, however "secret, bold, and bloody," resort to such a barbarous mode of concealing their slender participation in Ossuna's designs, and that, too, where the parties executed had nothing in their power to reveal?

It would be easy to accumulate considerations of this nature; but surely those which we have already advanced are sufficient to show,—

1st, That the very groundwork of Daru's hypothesis, the privacy and participation of Venice in the treasonable schemes of Ossuna prior to the date of the conspiracy, is entirely wanting. And,

2d, That even if the fact was so, it would be altogether inadequate to account for the events which occurred.

One by one, then, the different theories which profess to account for this mysterious transaction are found to fail, and we are driven back again to the original account as given by the Venetian annalists themselves. And what are the great difficulties by which their account of the transaction is embarrassed, which should lead us now to deny the very existence of a conspiracy? We shall advert in a few words to these as stated by Daru, who has embodied the substance of all the previous objections in his own.

1. Nothing can be founded on the supposed improbability of Ossuna's being engaged in the supposed plot, from its atrocious character. The man who, in 1819, is assumed to have been plotting treason against his own king, was not likely to be scrupulous in his dealings with a foreign state, which he evidently detested. Besides, Bedamar, we see, did engage in the plot heart and hand, believing it to be real; and we have no reason to suppose the morality of Ossuna to have been more rigorous than that of the Spanish ambassador.

2. But had the design succeeded, it is argued, Spain could never hope to keep possession of Venice, or finally to destroy that power. Probably the other European states would have interfered; but, in the mean time, a blow would have been struck, from which the commerce and importance of Venice would, in all probability, never have recovered: and Spain and the chief conspirators, Bedamar and Ossuna, would have enriched themselves. Besides, the states of Europe might probably have been as passive, had the design of Spain succeeded, as they evidently were indifferent to the unprincipled nature of Ossuna's own attempt against Spain.

3. But then, the smallness of the means, and the miserable nature of the instruments employed! Why, such adventurers were the very instruments who would be selected for such a purpose; daring, unprincipled, destitute of character, men who might be avowed or disavowed as suited the purposes of the prime movers of the plot. Pierre and his friends, who were the best judges of their chances of success, and Bedamar, the cautious ambassador, appear never to have doubted of the practicability of their design;

* If the subject justified such minute enquiry, we think it could be shown that there is great reason to doubt whether the executions were very numerous.

and when it is considered how easily a metropolis may be thrown into confusion by a mob, and its inhabitants, however numerous, overawed, we find no difficulty in conceiving the project of a sudden and destructive attack on the town, when backed by Ossuna's galleys in the harbor, to have been perfectly possible.

4. But then comes Daru's stronghold—the confessions of Pierre to the Venetian Government, many months before the public announcement of the discovery of the conspiracy. If Pierre revealed the plot, it is argued, he could not well be concerned in its execution: if the plot was real, and revealed by him, the senate could never have rewarded him for his information by drowning him in the Lagune. This objection is doubtless forcible; but its apparent weight, it is thought, may be removed.

Two suppositions may be taken, either of which might account for what took place. The first, and we think the most probable is, that though Pierre unquestionably communicated to the Venetian Government a project of Ossuna's for an attack upon the town and burning the galleys in the harbor, this was truly done to obtain their confidence, so as to enable him to accomplish his schemes with the greater safety, and to lull them into security, when they found the attack was not made.

These revelations, let it be observed, began within *four* days of his arrival in Venice. We do not know what was the precise information given by Pierre. Very probably it was entirely different from the truth, and calculated to *mislead* the Venetian Government. He himself stated as much to his accomplice Moncassin, "Ch'egli aveva dato ad intender certa impresa che disegnava il Duca d'Ossuna, di fare per impatronirse di questa *citta ma che tutto era in contrario.*" If then the discovery was but a part of the plot; if the Venetian Government afterwards discovered that they had been deceived, and that this adventurer was still engaged in furthering the schemes of Bedamar and Ossuna, what difficulty is there in accounting for his punishment and that of his comrades?

But it is quite possible, that, after all, Pierre may either, through terror or treachery, have really intended at first to thwart the plot and to make known to Venice the designs of the Duke. Still, if he was guilty of one such act, we can hardly suppose him scrupulous about another. Having betrayed Ossuna to Venice, he might again be equally ready to betray Venice to Ossuna, and revive those intrigues which he had at first been led to abandon. His whole career, which, so far as it can be traced, is that of a scheming and perfidious adventurer, is in favor of the supposition that he might very easily be again involved in the schemes of Ossuna, to whom his assistance would now be so much the more valuable, that he possessed to some extent the confidence of the Venetian Government from his former revelations. In this case also, if the Venetian Government afterwards discovered that they had been deceived, is his punishment and that of his accomplices difficult to be accounted for?

We shall only add, in reference to this point, that Nani, who gives the account of the conspiracy quoted in the outset, sees no inconsistency between its reality and the fact of Pierre's previous revelations, which he expressly mentions. He doubtless had before him when he wrote the means of bridging over the difficulty, which we can only do by conjecture; but the important fact is, that he does not view these previous confessions as a difficulty even requiring explanation.

5. But then, it is said, the Council of Ten, in their communications to the Senate, suppress all mention of the previous communications of Pierre, and represent the first discovery of the conspiracy as made by Juven and Moncassin. And why this concealment, it is asked, if the conspiracy was real? The answer to this is, that the Ten did not conceal in their communications to the Senate the fact of Pierre's revelations. They are repeatedly alluded to. In particular, the Council of Ten expressly stated to the Senate,* that they had been made acquainted with the conspiracy since the month of March. And even if they had, there would have been nothing in the fact very difficult of explanation, because if they had not acted on Pierre's

* Communication of the 17th Oct.

communications, they might naturally enough wish to conceal their own negligence by passing over the circumstances of the previous communication.

6. The silence which the Venetian Government observed in regard to this affair, is sufficiently accounted for on the ground stated by themselves, viz. their anxiety not to disturb the peace which had with so much difficulty been concluded. But we have in its records the whole history of the affair as communicated by them in their confidential communications to their own ambassadors, or from the Council of Ten to the Senate, and we have the sentences of the conspirators. And here, without going farther into the subject, we may be allowed to express a doubt as to the numbers of the executions. No execution could take place in Venice without the sentence of the Council of Ten; we have its records, and in these no deaths are mentioned, except those of Jacques Pierre, Reynault, Bruillard, the two De Bouleaux, and Rossetti in Venice, and Berard and Furnier at Crema. Juven, who had been the means of discovering the conspiracy, was *acquitted*, and this circumstance in itself seems fatal to the theory of Daru, namely, that the object of the Venetians was to bury in oblivion their own participation in Ossuna's schemes, by the comprehensive destruction of the accusers as well as the accused. Moncassin was also spared, and even rewarded with a pension, though he received a hint to retire to Candia. Daru is again mistaken in saying that he was soon after assassinated there, with the connivance, he thinks, of the Venetian Government; on the contrary, we find him receiving an assurance in 1620 that his pension would be continued to his son.*

These embody the main points of objection to the old account as given by Nani, and we confess we see in them nothing formidable. If any difficulty should remain, this at least seems clear, that of all the accounts which have been given, this which supposes the existence of a real conspiracy against Venice, organized by Bedamar and Ossuna, and in which Pierre and Reynault were the leading instruments, is the most natural, the most satisfactory, and the one best vouched by historical evidence.

GRISELDA, THE CLERKE'S TALE.

RE-MADE FROM CHAUCER.

In fair Saluzzo, lovely to behold,
Down at the root of Vesulus the cold,
A Marquis whilom ruled that pleasant plain,
O'er towns and towers, and all the wide domain,
The lineal prince, through fortune's favor clear,
By lords and commons held in love and fear.
In bloom of youth, and in his person fair,
His noble features and his royal air,
And the dark flashes of his wilful eye
Beseemed the gentlest born of Lombardy.
Frank, courteous; oft on pleasant toys intent,
Yet wise withal in art of government,
But too much time he let in pleasure slide,
Eager to hawk and hunt on every side;
To pass the present day was all he sought,
And to the future never gave a thought,
Nor was inclined, for all his lieges said,
To entertain a wife at board and bed.
But his unwedded state disturbed them more
Than all the troubles they in marriage bore
Till on a day they all together went,
And by their leader told their discontent:—

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* Parti. 1619, 19 Aug. 4 Sept. 1820. 20 April.

"Most noble Marquis! we with grief express,
But without fear, our heartfelt heaviness,
For thy frank courtesy vouchsafes to hear
Remonstrance or complaint with patient ear.
Now of thyself we to thyself complain,
Hear us, Lord Walter, nor our prayer disdain.
We wish not, with thy sovran rule content,
Nor could devise, a better government:
But one thing likes us not; mature of life,
Thou to thy lonely bed hast ta'en no wife.
Under the blissful yoke thy neck let fall,
Easy to bear with, which men wedlock call;
And in thy wisdom let this thought have place,
How swiftly fleet our mortal days apace;
For though we sleep, or wake, or roam, or ride,
Time flies, and no man's leisure will abide.
And though thy green youth flower in all delight,
Age stealthy creeps, still as a stone to sight;
And with his dart death stands prepared to strike,
And threatens every age and rank alike:
We all are certain we shall be his prey,
Uncertain only of th' appointed day.
Then let us choose thee, as by thy command,
A wife, the best and gentlest of the land;
For if with thee should fail thy honored line,
And a new race of lords succeed to thine,
Then wo were us our true prince to survive—
Wherefore we pray thee speedily to wive."

Their humble prayer moved noble Walter's mind,
Who, smiling, thus replied with accent kind:—
"Ye, my good people, with good purpose too,
Force me to that I never thought to do;
To wedlock I consent, to please my folk;
Ye call it blissful, but 'tis still a yoke.
Freedom I loved, and freedom I resign,
For which, when bound, most married men repine.
But I'll not trouble you to choose for me,
Since mine the danger, mine the choice should be.
The former virtues of a noble line
Seldom in children by transmission shine;
Good sires have sons that not resemble them;
Grace comes from God, not from the lineal stem.
Therefore I leave to Him my marriage, rest,
And my estate, as it shall please Him best.
But ye my wife must honor evermore,
As she were child of crowned emperor.
I leave my liberty at your request,
But I will wed whome'er I love the best.
Whoe'er she be, your homage freely give;
Agree to this, or I will single live."

To his condition they with joy assent,
Beseeching him of grace before they went,
For still they feared he would not wed at all,
To name the day of marriage festival.
He named the day; then all knelt down to pay
Their lord due thanks, and gladly went their way.

Near this Lord Walter's palace might be seen
A pretty village, almost hid in green,
Where rustics dwelt, who made it all their care,

By daily toil to gain their daily fare.
Where most had just enough, and nothing more,
Janicola was poorest of the poor;
But highest God our mortal shows regards
With equal eye, and lowly worth rewards,
Looks on the tenants of the field and flood,
And feeds the feathered people of the wood.
From one fair child this poor man comfort drew,
Griselda called, and beautiful to view.
No mortal fair that ever eye beheld
In virtuous bloom this lowly maid excelled;
With graces rich, tho' Poverty's meek child,
No lickerish fancies her pure mind defiled;
And since true Virtue 'twas her aim to please,
Labor she knew, but never idle ease.
But wisdom ripe and saintly thoughts and high
Informed the breast of her virginity,
And gave her joy her daily tasks amid,
And lent a charm to every act she did.
In the first bloom of youth discreet and sage,
She nursed with fondest love her father's age;
Watched a few sheep, and while they fed she spun,
Ne'er unemployed until the day was done;
But for her father's comfort most she cared,
She spread the table and the meal prepared,
Her household duties did with modest grace,
And every thing was in its proper place;
Portioned her time from morn till even tide,
And every thing to proper use applied.
A better child no father e'er possest,
In blessing her the good old man was blest.

The Marquis oft had seen this maiden meek,
When he rode out his sylvan game to seek;
But never glanced from his admiring eye
The loose light of dishonest luxury.
But much he thought and wondered in his mind,
Such beauty in such low estate to find.
With charms and graces oft to rank denied
Her natural good looks goodness beautified.
Whence he resolved, if he should change his life,
None but Griselda should become his wife.

The day of wedding came; but none could tell
On whom the choice of noble Walter fell.
All wondered; some were also heard to cry,
"Will not our lord yet leave his vanity?
Will he not wed? alas! alas the while?
Why will he thus himself and us beguile?"
But choicest gems in gold and azure set,
Brooches and rings, and princely coronet,
For his espousal-day did he provide,
And fit apparel for a prince's bride.
And on the morning of the appointed day
The palace was set off in full array;
And far-spread Italy was ransacked o'er
For dainties rare to swell the costly store.

The royal Marquis, splendidly arrayed,
With lords and ladies in his cavalcade,
With knights and squires, the noble and the fair,
With music floating on the buxom air,

With purple streamers bright with flowers of gold,
To the small village paced of which I told.
To the next well, meanwhile, Griselda went,
Drew water, and sped home with this intent,
To do her household business out of hand,
And with her fellows at the door to stand,
To see the bridal pomp and courtly throng,
The noble bride and bridegroom pass along,
For it was said Lord Walter and his bride
Would through that village to the palace ride.

But as she reached the door, the Marquis came,
And softly spake, addressing her by name;
Her pitcher in the stall the village maid
Set down, and humbly knelt with visage staid:
"Where is your father?" "Here within, my Lord;"
She said and rose and called him with the word.
Her father came: the ruler of the land
Then took his poorest subject by the hand.
"I dare be sworn, Janicola," quoth he,
"Thou art a true and faithful liege to me;
My heart's long cherished purpose I reveal,
Which I no longer may nor can conceal.
Thy daughter will I take to be my wife,
To love and cherish till our end of life.
Now tell me, wilt thou to this purpose draw,
To take and have me for thy son-in-law?"
He reddened, and abashed and quaking all,
Could scarce reply: "My will to thine is thrall;
Just as thou wilt let all this matter be,
For with thy liking, Lord, must mine agree."
This, for they talked apart, none present heard,
But Walter said, our council needs a third,
And, calling both, into the cottage passed,
Next went the father, fair, Griselda last.
She saw with wonder and with pale-white face
So great a lord in such an humble place.
Nor he to tell his purpose long delayed,
But gently spake to that ingenuous maid:—

"I come, Griselda, with the full intent
To take thee for my wife, if thou consent;
And if thou wilt, thy father's leave is found,
But answer first the questions I propound.
Wilt thou be meek with an obedient heart,
Whether I make thee laugh or inly smart;
And wilt thou never murmur night nor day,
And never to my 'yea' return a 'nay;"
And never show, by word or any sign,
That thou hast any will opposed to mine?
Agree to this, and be to-day my bride."
Trembling 'twixt fear and wonder, she replied:—
"My lord, of this high honor I profess
To feel and know my unworthiness;
I swear to be a meek obedient wife;
Thy will shall be my only rule of life;
Nor word, nor look, nor frown, nor any sign
Shall ever show my mind opposed to thine;
And I will honor thee with all my heart,
And evermore obey, till death us part."

Then to the door he led Griselda fair,

And showed her to the throng with courteous air,
And bade them honor her, their prince's mate,
His joy of life, the partner of his state.
Then the court-ladies, though it hurt their pride,
Went to her chamber with the blushing bride;
They did his bidding, but were nothing glad
To touch the clothes wherein the maid was clad;
They disarrayed her of her homely gear,
And in her bridal robes arrayed her there.
They combed her glossy hair, and twined with pearls
The shining top-knot of her braided curls;
Fastened with precious clasps her broidered gown,
And on her head they set a sparkling crown;
And round her virgin waist they clasped a zone,
That with bright gems of every color shone;
And so much did these riches rare transmew her,
That when the people saw they scarcely knew her.
She like no peasant looked, but seemed to all
A princess born, sweetly majestical.

The ceremonial rite is duly done;
The jovial priest hath said the benison;
The Marquis leads the pomp, and by his side,
Set on a snow-white palfrey, rides the bride;
Amid the popular shouts, the glittering throng,
To Walter's palace slowly moves along.
The courtiers feast, and dance, and sing and play,
And the glad peasants have a holiday.

The happy months run fleetly; who could guess
That lady born in peasant ruggedness?
All who beheld her 'mid her court would swear
'Twas her right place, her graces native there.
And in her daily life such good was seen,
As is most rare in Marchioness or Queen.
Faithful, and kind of heart, of temper sweet,
Gracious in manners, eloquent, discreet,
Beloved of all that ever saw her face,
Her fame for goodness ran from place to place.
Through all her lord's domain her influence mild
Amended wrong and discords reconciled;
Rancor she turned to peace; her wisdom bland
Gave to her counsel air of just command;
Peacemaker best, and most persuasive friend,
No feud survived when once she bade it end:
And all the lowly folk in their distress
Found succor from the noble Marchioness.
Thus she bestowed heart's ease on rich and poor,
And ne'er was lady loved and honored more.
With her Lord Walter lived in best content,
His easy days in peace and honor spent:
And for he saw, which princes rarely did,
Great virtues in a mean condition hid,
With just and frank applause the public voice
Proclaimed his wisdom, and approved his choice.
To crown the marriage bed, the months complete,
An infant daughter, delicate and sweet,
Lay on the bosom of Griselda mild—
All would have welcomed more a mankind child;
But prince and people hailed her fruit with joy,
The mother of a girl may bear a boy.
How tyrannous is man!—how strangely bent
To try the ground-work of his own content!

How apt to doubt, or without doubt to prove
By cruel sleights a meek and patient love!
Some think such conduct shows a subtle wit,
But ill such tricks a husband's rule befit,
To try his consort when no need appears,
And make her heart-sick from incessant fears.
Thus Walter had assayed his wife before,
And now resolved to tempt her more and more.

With a stern trouble settled in his face
He came one night to tempt his lady's grace,
When with her lovely babe she lay in bed,
And thus with show of bitter grief he said:—
"Methinks, Griselda, thou dost not forget
The low estate in which thy life was set,
Nor the mean garb that on our wedding-day
Was by my order changed for rich array,
Nor in the splendor of thy husband's hall
Thy father's cottage with its neighboring stall.
Dear, sweet, and in thy wifely conduct wise,
Would that my gentles viewed thee with mine eyes!
They pay lip-honor, but they think it scorn
To be the subjects of one meanly born;
And since our daughter's birth they love thee less,
And their ill thoughts more freely they express.
Therefore, to please them, for I wish dear wife,
In peace and quietness to pass my life,
Thy little daughter, dear, must be dismist,
Not as I would, but as my gentles list.
God knows, to do this, I am very loath,
But show thy patience and maintain thine oath,
Whatever I should will or do or say,
Without demur to honor and obey."
All this she heard and patiently received,
In seeming not a whit disturbed nor grieved.
"My noble lord, I from my heart agree
My daughter and myself belong to thee;
Thine own 'tis in thy power to save or spill,
Then do with us according to thy will.
So help me God, as I shall not repine
At any wish, word, act, command of thine;
Thyself alone, for nothing else I choose,
Is all I wish to have or fear to lose.
From this fixt point my wishes never range;
My heart cannot revolt, nor my affection change."
Though secret pleasure in her words he took,
Sombre his visage seemed and stern his look,
And sullenly he left her, like one bent
To do his purpose, that would not relent.

There was a sergeant of his body guard,
Of stalwart frame, with features harsh and hard:
But like a dog was faithful to his lord,
And did his bidding to the very word;
He never stopt to ask if right or wrong,
Nor for what others thought he cared a song.
His lord's command his conscience was and law;
His faith was partly love and partly awe.
This trusty subject, by the Marquis sent,
To the most meek Griselda's chamber went,
And said, "Madame! what mighty lords decree,
Though it may pain, thy wisdom knows must be,

And servitors their masters must obey,
And so will I—there is no more to say—
This child must go with me." He roughly said,
And snatched the babe that from her bosom fed,
While, like a lamb, she bore the cruel sight,
Nor any outcry made, nor screamed outright
When the fierce sergeant clutched her baby dear,
And even made as he would slay it there.

Suspicious was the man in word, act, look,
The time suspicious; could the mother brook
To see it carried off, and not grow wild
From pity for her own and only child?
She screamed not, fainted not, nor blamed the groom,
For 'twas her lord enjoined the cruel doom;
But for a little time with meekness prayed
To have and kiss her little baby maid;
Then took, and laid, and lulled it on her knee,
And softly blessed, and kissed it tenderly.
And thus she spake: "Farewell, my darling child!
My pretty little babe, my undefiled!
Signed with the cross, of Him blest ever be,
Who died for us upon the cursed tree.
My baby dear! whose life this night shall end,
I to his tender love thy soul commend."
Had in a hireling's house this come to pass,
Well might a mother have cried out "alas!"
But poor Griselda hid her secret dread,
And to the cruel-seeming sergeant said,
In constancy and saintly patience staid,
"Now take again the little baby maid.
Whatever 'tis, obey my lord's behest,
But if his will permits, grant this request;
In some safe place this little body lay
Secure from rending beast and birds of prey."
The man replied not, but with sullen look
He went his way and her sweet baby took.

But notwithstanding this astounding blow
She did no sign of grief or passion show;
No change in her the Marquis e'er could find,
For she was steadfast evermore and kind,
As cheerful, humble, notable as ever,
And dutiful in purpose, act, endeavor,
The loving wife that she was wont to be,
And of her daughter not a word spake she.

Five years passed by before Griselda mild
Brought to her wilful lord another child;
But then she bore a lively bouncing boy,
His sire's delight and all the country's joy.
Two happy years she saw him grow and thrive,
And hoped her lord would let his man-child live;
But he the while was fully bent to try,
As he had tried before, her constancy;
For of such proofs no measure husbands know
When wives in harness patiently will go.
But he, what time his boy was two years' old,
Thus to the mother her new trial told:—
"Wife, ever since our little son was born,
My people's rage is more, and more their scorn,
Because I wedded one of low degree,

Whose brat, they say, is lineal heir to me:
'Twere shame to see, they 'mong themselves declare,
A peasant's grandson in a prince's chair:
And much I fear that breaking through restraint
Of custom they will bring me their complaint.
Wherefore, since quiet I have ever loved,
I'd have the boy, as was the girl, removed.
But be thou patient since it must be done,
And be content to lose thy little son."
Tho' inly shocked, astonished, terrified,
With meek composure his sweet wife replied:—
"I never have, and will not now repine
At thy decrees: the government is thine.
What tho' my daughter and my son they kill,
It is enough for me, it is thy will.
I murmur not altho' of children twain
I've had no part, but sickness and sharp pain.
Thou art my lord, thy pleasure do as fit;
Sway is thy province, mine is to submit.
I left behind what freedom e'er I knew,
When with thy clothes I took thy service too.
Firm to the proof whate'er my love shall try,
For thee I live, for thee would gladly die.
Thy love beyond compare is more than life
To me thy ever fond and faithful wife."
So spake the patient dame: but when he saw
Her clear and constant mood without a flaw,
Proof against all the trials he contrived,
He wondered much from whence it was derived,
And mused awhile: then looking stern he went,
But in his heart there was a sweet content.

That officer, who took her other joy,
Came by his lord's command to take the boy.
Whate'er she felt she showed not her distress,
But did her baby kiss and fondly bless;
And humbly prayed the man to dig a grave
From ravenous fowls and rending beasts to save
His tender limbs: with unrelenting eye
He took the child away, nor made reply.

No trace of grief was in Griselda seen,
Calm her demeanor and unchanged her mien.
The wilful Marquis wondered more and more
How she so well such cruel trials bore.
He knew it was not want of natural love,
For she was tender as the breeding dove;
And well he deemed that no finesse of art
Could quench the feeling of a mother's heart.
He mused and marvelled: but some folk there be
That in their worst resolves no wrong can see;
As though they were bound closely to a stake,
No purpose will they leave, which once they make.
So this lord's business was to tempt his mate,
In which ill course he was most obstinate.
He watched her much, but never could he find
Change in her temper or her steadfast mind.
She always was in heart and look the same,
As she grew older his more loving dame.
There was between them but one will exprest,
His will was hers; such concord men like best,

Since they suppose no woman ever should
Have any will, but as her husband would.

Mean while the rumors ran, and current grew,
That cruel Walter both his children slew,
Because a peasant bore them: such report,
Bruited abroad, was whispered at the court.
His subjects thence began to hate him more
Than they had loved and honored him before.
No prince can shut out his own evil fame;
To be a murderer is a hateful name.
But still he swerved not from his harsh intent,
To tempt his gentle wife, ungently bent.
The tenth year was already come about,
Since she beheld her little boy borne out,
When her proud lord produced a bull from Rome
(Brought by an envoy, but composed at home),
Which in full court he ordered to be read,
That gave him leave another wife to wed,
And quit the one he had, with this intention
To calm his people, and to heal dissension.
When poor Griselda heard this evil news,
Though she thereby in him her all should lose,
She was disposed in meekest humbleness,
To bear ill fortune, and endure distress.

After his wont the Lombard lord inclined
With extreme proof to try Griselda's mind,
And thus, in open day, before the rest
Of his proud court, the patient one addrest:—
"Certes, as wife, it cannot be denied,
Thou hast approved my choice of thee as bride,
And from the first bloom of thy modest youth,
Hast ever shown obedient love and truth;
Wherefore I have rejoiced in thee as such,
Nor thy rare worth can I commend too much;
But troubles oft on loftiest state intrude,
And in great lordship is great servitude.
I cannot do as every ploughman may,
Keep my true wife, but her must put away;
Reasons of state compel me to this act,
I've with another made a pre-contract,
And my new consort soon will take the road
E'en to this court, no longer thy abode.
Be strong of heart; bear up against thy wo,
Make room for her, and to thy father go.
But take thy dower (so much I freely give),
And in thy former state contented live."

Him with sweet patience meekly answered she:—
"I've ever known, my lord, what bounds there be
'Twixt one so meanly born and one so high,
Betwixt thy greatness and my poverty;
To be thy wife did too much honor her,
Who was not fit to be thy chamberer.
Nor e'er the haughty lady's part I played
In this thy house where I was lady made,
But ever strove how best I might express
My humble service to thy worthiness;
And far above all mortal creatures I
Have honored thee, and shall until I die.

For all thy goodness shown so long to me,
For many a day, I thank my God and thee;
And that All-seeing God I now implore
From day to day to bless thee more and more.
Thy palace, lord, I leave, and without shame
Go to my father's hut from whence I came.
There was I fostered from a little child,
There will I live a widow undefiled;
For since to thee in happy time gone by
I gave my heart and my virginity,
High God forbid who was your wife before
Should other husband take or paramour;
And on your wife, to whom I quit my place
May He that rules above bestow his grace!
As for my dower, 'twere hard for me to find
The mean attire I wore—Oh, God! how kind
In speech and visage didst thou seem to me
Upon the day of our solemnity.
But truly is it said, I find it true,
Old love is not the love it was when new.
But certes, noble lord, for any mock
Of fortune, or the most distressful shock,
I never shall in word or work repent
That I gave thee my heart in whole intent.
Thou know'st my humble weeds were stript away
By thy command on our espousal day,
And thy rich raiment put on me instead;
And more, that I brought nothing to thy bed,
But yielding love no words could e'er express,
And virgin faith and simple nakedness.
Here is thy ring, thy jewels ready be,
And thy rich raiment I restore to thee;
Nothing I brought, and nothing let me take,
Except one smock, e'en for thy honor's sake.
Expose not, like a worm upon the way,
The womb in which thy goodly children lay;
I was thy wife, and for that wifely name,
And for my faith, pure kept, prevent this shame;
One garment give, whereby may be concealed
What should not be to people's eyes revealed;
Grant my request, and thee I will not grieve
With longer stay, but humbly take my leave."—
"Have thy request, one garment only take,"
He said, and went away when this he spake.

Barehead, and barefoot from the palace turned
The patient one: for her the people yearned;
Praised her and blessed her, cursed lewd fortune, wept;
But still with eyes unwet her way she kept.
Words spake she none; but heedless of the throng
Towards her father's cottage passed along.
Poor man! he cursed the hour that Nature made him,
And the long life that to such ill betrayed him,
And, though he long had feared the event, was wild
To think upon his scorned and injured child.
But tottered forth, her ill news flew before her,
To meet her near the village, and threw o'er her
Her old shrunk coat, laid by for many years,
And with a wintry smile burst into tears.
Then with her father to his hut she went,
And soothed his grief for her to calm content.

There for a time this flower of patience dwelt,
And sense of wrong she never showed she felt,
But, judging from her countenance sedate,
She had no memory of her high estate.
No wonder, for she kept with modest grace
An humble spirit in a lofty place;
In her high station she was meek and wise,
And loved not pomp and royal vanities;
She had no fine-spun fancies no smart quips
Nor mouth-conceits came from her rubious lips;
Courteous to all, kind, without pride, discreet,
And to her husband she was ever sweet.
Men speak of patient Job, but seldom wits
Express much praise of women, as befits:
But women, as we find, the men excel
In bearing crosses, and in doing well;
In being patient, gentle, kind, and true
No men are like them, or such men are few.

Now on a day the Marquis sent to call
Griselda from her father's humble stall;
So to his palace came that Innocence,
And on her knees she did him reverence.
"Griselda," quoth her lord, "my fair young bride
To-morrow with her train will hither ride;
And I would have upon her coming wait
Royal reception as befits my state;
Therefore on thee this present charge I lay
To see the palace put in best array;
And though thine own attire is mean indeed,
Thy duty do, and with thy quickest speed."
"Whatever charge it pleases thee to lay
On me, my Lord, I'm ready to obey;
For my desire is never faint nor slow
To do thy will, whene'er thy will I know;
Nor weal nor wo, whatever may betide,
From loyal love shall turn my heart aside."
She said, and went, and called the servants round,
And put all right whatever wrong she found;
Urged them to work, herself worked most of all,
And every chamber decked and every hall,
Saw the beds made, the tables duly set—
Nothing that should be done did she forget.

The morrow came, and came the beauteous bride,
To see whom people thronged from every side.
It was a rare and goodly sight to view
The splendid train ride up the avenue.
With softest music, and with banners spread
To the sweet air, with vernal odors fed,
O'er flower-strewed path, with smiling skies above,
Came on that rich and royal pomp of love.
First came an Earl of venerable mien;
On his left hand a princely boy was seen;
And on his right a lovely vision shone,
A maiden bloom, and beauty's paragon;
The milk-white palfrey, which the lady rode,
Paced proudly under his delightful load;
She looked, so bright her fresh and unstained hue,
Like young Aurora from her path of dew;
Such graces did her form and face adorn,
She seemed a rose-lipt daughter of the morn,
On whose sweet charms the rude day's sultry eye
Had never dared with saucy glance to pry.

Ah fickle people! they who pitied late
The meek Griselda and her hapless fate,
Now praised Lord Walter that he changed his wife,
And said 'twas better for his future life;
For this was fairer, tenderer of age,
And, what was best, of noble parentage.
This was their thought, and this they loudly said,
And cried, fair fruit befall the marriage bed!
Oh, stormy people fickle and untrue,
Delighting evermore in rumor new,
Clapping and gabbling for the smallest gain,
And indiscreet, and changeful as the vane,
Or like the moon that now with crescive light
Expands, and now grows less and wanes from sight.
False is your judgment, faith: who trust to you,
And court your vain applause, will surely rue.
To greet the princely bride the palace throng
Stood at the gate, Griselda them among;
No whit ashamed of her unworthy dress,
She there did homage to the Marchioness,
Then to her task returned: with smiling face
Welcomed the guests and showed them each his place;
Much marvelled they that one in mean array
Could do such service on a festive day,
And praised her skill that could so well dispense
To every man his proper reverence.

But when the nobles and the gentles all
Were set, and she was busy in the hall,
The Marquis called, and asked her as in play,
"How lik'st my wife?" "Well, by this blessed day,"
She said, "a fairer never did I see,
I pray that God may prosper her and thee.
But one thing I advise, lord, and entreat,
Wound not, as thou didst me, this lady sweet,
For she was fostered up in gentleness,
And might not bear such torment and distress,
The wounding of her heart, as one could do,
Who, born in poverty, in hardship grew."
But when he saw her patient innocence,
Though he had often done her such offence,
Her cheerful face, no malice shown at all,
And her mind stable as the steadfast wall,
With soft compunctions ruth his heart was moved
For one so faithful found though rudely proved.
"This is enough," quoth he, "Griselda mine,
Thy loyalty and temper so benign
(If woman e'er was tried) have been assayed;
Be now no more of any ill afraid;
By this I know, dear wife, thy constant mind,"
Then to his words he added kisses kind.

Like one that wakes with sudden start from sleep,
While yet the mind can no distinction keep
'Twixt things that are and things that only seem,
She was amazed as though it were a dream,
Nor understood what fell upon her ear,
And doubtful look'd, nor had her senses clear.
Noting her wonder, thus continued he:—
"By Him, who died for us upon the tree,
Thou art my wife, none other wife I have,
So may our God my soul from ruin save!

This, whom you thought my bride, your daughter fair,
This boy, her brother, is our son, mine heir.
Both thy sweet body bare, thy bosom fed;
Both at Bologna privily were bred.
Here are thy children, take them back again,
Thou hast not lost, love, either of the twain.
I did this thing thy constancy to try,
And not from malice nor from cruelty."

Down in a swoon she fell upon the floor
For piteous joy, and when her swoon was o'er,
Her sweet young children in her arms she took,
And on their faces gazed with eager look,
Now held them off, in close embrace now kept,
And like a mother tenderly she wept;
And while she kiss'd them, the salt tears apace
Fell from her eyes on either lovely face.
O piteous sight to see her swooning there,
And piteous sound her humble voice to hear!
"God bless thee, lord, that thou hast saved for me
My children dear I thought no more to see.
Thanks! thanks! with thee, thy loved and loving wife,
How calmly could I now resign my life!
Oh, dear! oh, young! oh, tender children mine!
Your woful mother thought you dead long syne,
The prey of rending bird and cruel hound,
Or spoil of noisome vèrmin under ground.
But God preserved you, God that heareth prayer,
And your good father had you bred with care."
Sobs stopt her voice, and in that instant she
Down on the ground fell swooning suddenly.
E'en in her swoon they hardly could displace
Her new-found comforts from her tight embrace,
So fast she held them; many a cheek was wet,
And none who saw the sight could e'er forget;
And they, that in the circle stood around.
For very ruth could scarcely keep their ground.

Soon as she was recover'd from her trance,
She heard abash'd with glowing countenance,
The gratulations of the courtly ring,
But Walter cheer'd her, soothed her passioning,
With bridegroom's fondness, in a lover's style,
Until she smiled in answer to his smile;
'Twas happy sight to see how well he woo'd,
And the glad smiles of her contented mood.
But soon the ladies with her went away,
And in her chamber stript her rude array,
And clad her in a cloth of golden thread;
And set a precious crown upon her head,
And brought her back into the princely hall,
Where she was honor'd, as was due, of all.
Then to the feast they all rejoicing went,
And all the day in happy revel spent,
Until the welkin shone with cressets bright,
The starry gems upon the brow of night.
Thrice blissful day, and festival increast
With much more joy than was her marriage feast!
Thenceforward happy was Griselda's life,
Her lord's sweet solace, and undoubted wife,
And towards Paradise did calmly glide,
No more mistrusted, and no longer tried.

CINDERELLA; A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY CHRISTIAN GRABBE.

GRABBE is a dramatic writer, of more genius than taste or judgment. His imagination is fertile enough; he often throws out striking and original thoughts; he sometimes sketches a character well, or brings out in single scenes, with considerable liveliness and truth, the expression of passion. But he wants the power of forming a whole; he wastes his strength in detail, and is unable to fuse together into any form of symmetry and beauty the scattered masses which lie in heaps about him. Hence, although there are none of his numerous tragedies from which passages indicating decided poetical talent could not be selected, there is at the same time not one in which the grossest defects of character and the most strange aberrations in point of judgment and good sense could not be pointed out; gold, silver, and base lead are blended in them in most admired disorder, and each exhibits traces of a chaotic mind, the elements of which are still unreduced into order, harmony, or fair proportion. He has written tragedies on all subjects:—a cyclus of three plays on the Hohenstauffen (these eternal Hohenstauffen! will the line stretch to the crack of doom?) a Don Juan, a Faust, a Duke of Gothland, a Nero, a Hannibal, a Napoleon, the last a sort of dramatic epos, and all have been characterised by much the same merits and defects—the same power and the same extravagance. In the little piece which forms the subject of this article, he has deserted the more elevated ground of tragedy for that of comedy, or rather of farce; and wisely, we think, for the sock seems to us to fit him more naturally than the buskin; and the purely fantastic character of the subject, by emancipating him from the restraints of probability, and allowing him free scope for the sallies and outbreakings of a lively imagination, and wild reckless humor, suits peculiarly well with his irregular and eccentric habits of thought.

For the idea of applying a nursery tale as the vehicle of contemporary satire, he is indebted to Tieck, not in his Bluebeard, which was intended as a serious adaptation of a fairy tale to modern times; but in his Puss in Boots, a strange aristophanic caprice, in which, under the grotesque mask of the original story, he pours out a flood of ridicule upon the state of literature—the state of the stage—authors and actors—and critics after their kind; and, as a friend of ours has said, "without mingling his satire with personalities or any other false ingredient, had rained it like a quiet shower of volcanic ashes—on the cant of illumination—the cant of sensibility—the cant of criticism, and many other cants of that shallow time, till the gumflower products of the poetic garden hung draggled and black under their unkindly coating." Here let us observe, by the by, that our friend runs a little too fast in acquitting Tieck of all personalities. The truth is, personality is the soul of such a performance, and provided it be directed against the weak points of a man's literary or professional, and not his moral character, and deal with him in his public, and not his domestic capacity, is perfectly in its right place,—and so Tieck thought, for we observe he pleads guilty* to having seasoned his Puss in Boots, when it made its second appearance in the Phantasus, with sundry allusions to Iffland's personal peculiarities on the stage, as well as to his false taste in composition. But let the account of personality stand as it may, Tieck has certainly made a very amusing satire; and though to us, comparatively unacquainted with the opinions or individuals against which it is aimed, a good deal of the satire is probably lost—and not a little of the drift, of which we have some idea, comes to us at the present day with enfeebled influences—yet even to a foreigner there is a flood of broad joyous humor in this strange phan-

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* Aschenbrödel. Dramatisches Mährchen von Grabbe. 1835.
† Ludwig Tieck's Schriften. 1 Band. Vorbericht xix.

tasmagoria, in which, imitating Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Holberg, he makes the pit take part in the extravaganza which is going on on the stage; where man, and animal, and earth, and air, the wonders of a fairy world, and the broadest realities of actual life, are jumbled in confusion, and the copious and kindly light of true humor overshines and warms the whole.

This *capriccio* of Tieck has undoubtedly suggested to Grabbe the idea of his Cinderella; but the latter, while he contrives to make his comic scenes the vehicle of a good many sly hits at the humors, literary tastes, and political relations of the day, has not pitched the tone of his dramatic tale entirely in the comic key; for he has mingled with the farcical part of the piece some serious scenes of no inconsiderable beauty and imagination between the Prince and Olympia (the Cinderella of the play), as well as those in which the supernatural agents of the plot make their appearance, and announce to Olympia, as she sits moping over the fire in her lonely apartment, the happy tidings that she is to make her appearance, with all appliances and means to boot, at the ball. Many of the allusions to existing individuals, or current topics of ridicule, we have no doubt have escaped us; but even as it is, we are indebted to Grabbe for not a few bursts of hearty laughter in the perusal of his whimsical performance.

Where the scene of the tale is placed by our dramatist it would be hard to say. "As near as we can guess, we cannot tell." The names are Italian, but the smoking scene with which it opens speaks volumes in favor of a German locality. The poor old Baron Fineterra, who has just received his meerschaum from the hands of his servant, has the misfortune to be married to a brimstone of a wife, who, having wasted his whole fortune, has left him a genuine Lackland, with nothing but his sixteen quarterings to depend upon. A few faint struggles on the part of the Baron, to prove that he had a will of his own, had proved as abortive as a Piedmontese or Neapolitan rising; his lady having probably adopted the plan of her gigantic relative in the song — the Baroness Thunder-ten-tronk, who, when her little husband became troublesome over night, stuck him like a mandarin upon the chimney-piece, and left him to air himself on that bad eminence, till, with the morning, cool reflection came. Under such a dispensation as this some men take to drinking and general literature; the Baron Fineterra consoles himself with smoking and philosophical reflection, questioning Fate, who never takes the trouble to answer, and sinking from thought to thought a vast profound, till he begins to fear that he shall never again reach the surface of things. But though his head is rather scantily furnished, the Baron is not altogether without heart; he has been so often drubbed himself, so thoroughly kept, as the Germans say, "unter dem pantoffel," that he is not without a touch of feeling for his daughter by his first marriage, poor Olympia, over whom the Baroness and her two daughters, Clorinda and Louison, have tyrannized from her infancy, and whom, on account of her faithful services to them in all menial offices, they have rewarded with the complimentary appellation of Cinderella. He would willingly have interfered on her behalf, but he knows the consequences, and so he contents himself with good wishes, and hopes for better times.

Matters are in this position when the Baroness entering, with her daughters, a consultation takes place as to the marriages which the scheming mother has projected for them. The Baron, though the nominal president of the council, has really no more to say in the matter than Lord Lansdowne himself, for a hint which he throws out in favor of the Gerichts-Syndicus Hackunack as a fit match for Mademoiselle Louison, is scouted at once with indignation by the other parties to this quadruple treaty. The Syndic has not a patent of nobility, and is whistled off and let down the wind at once, to the astonishment of the Baron, who cannot comprehend how in the days of the Citizen King the aristocracy of wealth should be at such a discount. "O Solomon!" he exclaims, "there *is* something new under the sun."

The train of reflection, however, of which this observation is ominous, is cut short by the unwelcome appear-

ance in the background of that "horrible monster, hated by gods and men," a dun, who, though turned out ten minutes ago by the front door (the Baron having, as it is technically termed, sported oak in his face), by means of a ladder without, "to his aerial citadel ascends," and opening the window, to the consternation of the conclave, insists on payment of his bill. It is the Jew Isaac, who holds a bond over the Baron's estates for a round sum of 80,000 dollars, and who having been kept at bay for some months by the call-again-to-morrow-system, is determined to be trifled with no longer.

"*Isaac.* Will you think better of it, I say? Will you come down with the dollars—principal and interest?

Baron. Not a kreutzer, dragon.

(*He pushes* Isaac *from the window down into the court.*)

Isaac (*Without*). Oh! wo's me. He has tumbled me from the second floor, and I have neither broken head nor limb!—Oh! had he but soused a wash-hand basin on my head, how I should have soused him in damages! Oh! Ah!

Baroness. Husband, we expect visitors.

Baron. I understand, love; I'll not be in the way. (*Musing as he retires.*) How comes it that we have a habit of hemming to ourselves when we meet a stranger? Why do people hem in church when the Lord's prayer is over? Why are man and maiden words that cannot rhyme? Why is there such a thing as why? Why——

Isaac (*Who has again climbed up to the window*). Why! because you must pay your debt. I have clambered up again—and, by Moses——

Baron. Dog of a Jew! I'll let loose the dogs on him. Ho! Buff—Siebenpfeiffer—Fayette!

Isaac (*Shuffling down*). Cursed brutes—no making them liable for damages. (*Exit the Baron*).

Baroness. Daughters, I am pleased with you. Louisa, the bloom of your cheek has caught the eye of the Prince of Serramoglia: and as for you, Clorinda, you have but to turn your neck towards the Duke Lothaire, and he follows you as if enchanted.

(*Both daughters smile and look confused*).

Baroness. Now listen to my advice. Show pride occasionally, but be not unfeminine, for after all it is a woman man seeks in a wife; coquet not with many, choose the best soon, and give him the preference. It flatters and distinguishes him, and flattery is the true way to win hearts; nay, you will not lose even one of your disappointed suitors by so doing; they will but envy him the more, and involuntarily think you handsomer than you are. Make use of the glance of the eye, the tones of the voice, but prudently, moderately, cautiously, not often, but in the right place. Speak little, but that little to the purpose. Do not sing or play the harp, else you subject yourselves to criticism; rather look on with an air of cold pococurante indifference, and you gain more by it than these crazed dilettanti. A well-rounded arm, a fine hand, may be shown at times when an opportunity offers of putting them in a favorable light; but beware affectation. Let your dress be brilliant, costly. It works wonders. It is the mystic cloud, the riddle that invests the woman; it inspires awe, and yet, at the same time, the wish to dispel the cloud, and solve the riddle.

Clorinda. Why, mamma, we have heard all this two years ago.

Louison. I have sent for Cinderella. She must arrange my hair for me.

Clorinda. And place the garland round my gown.

Baroness. Cinderella!—My aversion!

Louison. I can't endure her neither. She always looks as if behind those dark eyes of hers she cherished strange thoughts, secret reflections. And yet the girl has a wondrous taste in dressing one.

Clorinda. True, she should have been a lady's maid.

Baroness. Shortsighted creatures, ye jest at this. Ye do not perceive that she has made an impression even on you. Listen to the truth. She is not as handsome as you, but she is *interesting!* Beauty soon vanishes or becomes common, but the power of what is interesting becomes greater with every hour, and gains over precisely those hearts which were at first the least disposed to notice it. Were she once to come fairly in competition with you, in half a year she would drive you from the field.

Clorinda and Louison (*Together,*

looking at one another, then contemptuously.) Oh! mother, no occasion for all these terrors.

Baroness. Here she comes.

(OLYMPIA *enters modestly, but not bashfully.*)

Clorinda. There, girl, adjust this garland round my dress (OLYMPIA *obeys.*)
Louison. Not done yet; come, be quick, arrange my hair.
Place me the gold comb with the crystal in it.

(OLYMPIA, *having finished her task with* CLORINDA, *goes to* LOUISON.)

Baroness. What do you gaze on through the open window?
Olympia. How lovely yonder buds the opening rose.
Baroness. What is the rose to you?
Olympia (*Still arranging* LOUISON'S *hair.*) Ah! every where
Is spring and beauty—only none for me,
O mother, let me forth for once—but once.
It is a melancholy lot, believe me,
To pine alone in gloomy rooms as I do,
Peopling discolor'd walls with empty fancies.

(*To* LOUISON.)

Sister, 'tis done; and now the comb sits well.
Clorin. What say you of my new hat, Cinderella?
Olymp. 'Tis pretty, but——
Clorin. But what?
Olymp. I do not like
Its azure tint: blue makes complexions pale.
A hat of red or pink would have improved yours.
Clorin. (*Sneeringly.*) A nice observer.
Louis. Then, perhaps, the color
Of my white dress meets not with your approval?
Olymp. Clorinda's a brunette, and you a blonde.
You should have worn the dark and she the fair.
Baroness. The fool's enamor'd of her own dull gray.
Olymp. Not so, in truth; gladly would I adorn
Myself like others, but what other garb
Have I to wear?

(*Baroness rings—a Servant enters.*)

Take Cinderella quickly
Back to her chamber—to her wonted task.
Olymp. O, mother, have you nothing better for me
But that?
Baroness. You hesitate!
Olymp. O, mother! sisters!
Hark to the nightingale, with soft-voiced tones,
Luring the heart to distant scenes away,
And think what I must suffer, pining here
In this my lonely prison!
Baroness. Lead her out.

(*Exeunt* OLYMPIA *and Servant.*")

Scene Second takes place at the royal palace, where the young king enters, surrounded by his former preceptor, Mahan, his court poet, court fool, Rüpel, and his courtiers. He is melancholy, for he is in the unhappy predicament of possessing every thing he can wish for. He has returned victorious from his campaign, and is sick of war; hunting appears commonplace to him, after the stirring pastime of the battle-field; politics he very properly detests; and though willing to promote the happiness of his people, he naturally inquires what is the use of even happiness itself when there is none to share it with? The ex-preceptor perceives the state of the case. The King is in the same state of mind as Mr. Cazey. He wants a wife to make him uneasy—to set the stagnant current of his spirits in motion. He accordingly suggests this obvious remedy for a state of listlessness, and advises the King to set out forthwith in the character of Cœlebs. The Prince objects that he is too well known, so as to render it impossible to preserve an

incognito, and that as he is determined that the object of his choice shall be attached to the man and not to the monarch, it is useless for him to make the attempt, since he has no means of putting the sincerity of her feelings to the test. The governor, however, recommends to him to try a provincial tour, in some part of his dominions where his person is unknown, and to make Rüpel, the hunchbacked jester, play the part of the king, while the King himself takes the humble appellation of chamberlain. This suggestion is approved of, and the prince intimates to Rüpel the honor which awaits him, at the same time informing him that his reign will be of extremely short duration. This does not discompose Rüpel: he knows that a good deal may be done in a snug way during a short possession of office; the only remark he hazards, is, that the sooner he begins to write out his Cortes bonds, the better. A tailor is immediately sent for, as the first and most necessary agent in the preparation of the mock monarch for his new office; for, as Rüpel argues, using the same sort of reasoning as the schoolmaster employed to prove that he governed the parish—the clothes make the man—the tailor the clothes, therefore, the tailor is our truly begotten father, and our first suit is the new birth.

The tailor comes, and is subjected to a series of the most gratuitous insults on the part of the hunchbacked monarch. It is a curious fact in the economy of nature, that tailors really appear to have been created for the express purpose of being jested upon. They are a richer mine than even Bardolph's nose. What would Quevedo's Visions be without his endless jokes on tailors? Has not some of the best of Charles Lamb's mirth flowed from the same source? To what tragedies for warm weather, and farces for cold, have they not given birth? "Heaven sure sent tailors to some wretch's aid"—to some poor devil wit, who having exhausted his microcosm of merriment, was vainly endeavoring to imagine a new world. With what delight must he have entered on the new continent thus opened up to him! this Eldorado of jest directed against victims, who are on all hands regarded as beyond the pale of the law! The chief satisfaction in fact attending this amusement is, that it is free from cruelty. It is a total mistake to suppose, that the feelings of tailors are materially hurt by any such infliction. We have seen a tailor more than once fooled to the top of his bent, yet he never lost his temper. We expected at first that he would himself his quietus make with a bare bodkin—but no. He knew that he deserved his fate, that sufferance was the badge of all his tribe; visions of horrible remnants, and broad cloth from coats untimely ript, came across him; his only reply was, as he presented his bill,

"Give me my principal, and let me go!"

The tailor, in fact, understands his position perfectly. There is enmity between him and the human race: war to the needle! "Debitum studentist est," say the statuta of the Bürschen at Göttingen, "debita sartoria *non* solvere." On the other hand, is it to be wondered at if this Ishmaelite, against whom every man's hand is raised, regards the race in general as his prey, and when he catches a customer once upon the hip, "cuts me a huge and monstrous cantle out," and commits it with an approving conscience to that inferno, from which for broad cloth there is no return?

We have been led into these general remarks on the relative position of tailors to the human race, from thinking that Grabbe has fallen into an error in representing his tailor as far too much irritated by the personalities of the mock monarch. Flint as he probably is, there was no occasion to fire, in the way he does, at what he should have known to be the ordinary form of speech in addressing tailors—the more so as his remedy was so obvious. He should have pocketed the abuse quietly, and put it down to the bill. Even the allusion to that place which is never mentioned to ears polite, although to tailors it has a deeper meaning than to ordinary mortals—(seeing that they have a sort of double hell or infernum in inferno constantly beneath them)—even this, we say is not sufficient to render his extraordinary shortness of temper under this infliction intelligible to us. His anxiety seems to be throughout to sink the tailor; and in fact we are led every moment to anticipate, that he is suddenly to appear as the Knight Templar.

"*Rüpel* (*To the Taylor, who enters*). Snip!

Taylor (*In a passion, his face crimson*). Sir!!

Rüpel. Peace! Take my measure. I have a——protuberance. Be a Christian. Cover it with thy cloak.

Taylor. Of what color?

Rüpel. Yellow, with blue spots. I have a genius as well as yourself Mr. Court Poet, and so I am determined to be original.

Court Poet. Friend Shadow-of-a-king! leave these jests alone. From fools I seek for no praise—their censure is the only boon I ask for.

Rüpel. What! A good-for-nothing! A scoundrel like you——

Court Poet. At this I laugh with contempt.

Rüpel. A wretched scribbler—whose verses no human being ever reads.

Court Poet. You lie, miserable wretch. The approbation of hundreds, thousands of first-rate reviews, proves the reverse. (*Addressing the King*). Punish this calumniator, who fills your place so unworthily.

King. Why are you more enraged at being called a fool, than being called a scoundrel?

Court Poet. The reason's plain enough. So long as I keep up a respectable exterior, you may call me scoundrel to the end of time. I may suffer in the eyes of God, but not of man; but call me silly—depreciate my verses—I am ruined in society for ever.

Rüpel. And now, Mr . . . Ah! I forget. Cabbage, I believe. Now for the matter of breeches. My lower limbs are none of the best. I shall have a pair of trunk-hose—large and ominous—trunk-hose have been the making of many a man! By the by, how go on matters in hell?

Taylor. (*Starting*). In hell!

Rüpel. I—mean the—aperture—the pit—under the shopboard. You tailors are clever people. Sinners as ye are, it is the sins ye send into hell instead of yourselves—you understand me—I mean the cabbaged silk, cloth, dowlas lining, and so forth, for caps, sleeves, coats, petticoats, for your wives and the little red-nosed urchins in the attics. Eh!

Taylor (*Trembling with passion*). He who could endure this . . .

Rüpel (*Interrupting him*). . . . Is a tailor. If you were not as timorous now as you are short tempered, you might, with your needle alone, put a whole troop of Saracens to flight. At eight o'clock to morrow evening, let the clothes be ready, or you swing as high as Haman.

[*Exit the Tailor, making a low bow, but with an envenomed grin upon his countenance.*]

For the ratsbane, arsenic, and gunpowder, however, which lurk under the parting glances of the tailor Rüpel has no anxiety. He views them only as the whisper of a fraction, and treats them with corresponding respect. After dismissing the tailor, he has an interview with the Jew Isaac, who, learning the arrival of the new monarch, has come to solicit his assistance in recovering his 80,000 dollars, secured over the estates of the unlucky Baron Fineterra. It occurs to Rüpel, while listening to his complaints, that this is a good opportunity for raising a little money on his own account, or that of his successor, if his tenure of office should not be of sufficient duration to enable him to reap the benefit of his financial schemes on his own account. Accordingly, though he does not go the length of appointing a commission, for which there was no time, he directs the Jew to take the matter into consideration, so as to be prepared to submit for his approval some project relative to the ways and means, at their next meeting. We have not time to pause on the details of Isaac's project; suffice it to say, that in his view he has evidently anticipated some of the schemes of our modern reformers for his main reliance is on "an action on the currency," or the application of the sponge to wipe out the existing debt.

In act second, the King has arrived at the town, in the neighborhood of which lie the estates belonging to the Baron Fineterra, or more properly speaking to that respectable individual Isaac—who would be styled in Scotland, his heritable creditor. Ignorant, however, or careless as to the incumbrances on the property, the

Baroness, Clorinda, and Louison, are discovered all anxiously busied in preparations for the royal drawing-room and the ball which have been announced, and at which it is understood the young monarch is to be present. On this occasion, of course, the services of poor Olympia are called into the most active requisition. If ever she exerted herself before, her abilities must now be brought still more anxiously into play. Every knot, every ribbon, every tress, the position of every ornament must be studied. The poor Prince of Serrumoglia, and the Duke of Lothaire—the former objects of the young ladies' ambition—are now thrown entirely into the shade. The King is the object at which they aim; and princes and dukes, and such small deer, are for the moment sent to Coventry. No sooner have they received the last finishing touch at the hands of Olympia, than they hurry off to the ball, leaving their poor solitary sister behind them to the gloom and tedium of her apartment. Olympia, gazing after them as she sees them driven off for the ball, exclaims—

"So—they are gone!—Not one farewell
For me! Hark! See—they mount—the carriage flies,
The portal gate flies up and shuts again,
Shutting me in from them and from the world.
O! were I free at will to oversweep
The meadows green—gaze on the harvests waving,
Or drink the freshening forest breezes in,
Or stand upon the azure mountain peaks
And let the calm of heaven, the charms of nature,
Sink deep into this weary, wo-worn bosom!
And then again—that royal banquet hall,
A sea of light and splendor, through whose waves
Glide knights and dames, and he the youthful ruler,
Foremost of all!—O, were I there! Yet why,
Why should I wish for this? who see too well
My father's house is hastening fast to ruin—
Besieg'd by gaping creditors—unless
A sister's marriage can retrieve our fortunes.

A Servant (*enters*). Mademoiselle, my mistress directs me to conduct you to your chamber to your usual employment.

Olympia. I thought myself forgotten. I was wrong:
She *did* remember me—but *how?*—but *how?*

(OLYMPIA *and the Servant exeunt*).

SCENE SECOND.

A Grass Plot surrounded by Woods and Hills.
(*The Fairies appear.*)

The Fairies. Nestled in the rose we lie,
And scatter perfume through the sky.
First Fairy. The snow-drop bells are ringing.
Second Fairy. Hark how the brooks are singing.
Fairies. They ring, they sing
For the coming spring!
From a far off zone does the stranger seem,
And his robe is wove of the sunny beam.
First Fairy. The golden sun is the crown he wears.
Second Fairy. His carpet the dew besprinkled green.
First Fairy. The flowers, the prints where his foot hath been.
Second Fairy. And winter flies when his voice he hears.
First Fairy. The green-wood longs for his warm embrace.
Second Fairy. The lake looks up with a smiling face.
First Fairy. And the bee and fly
In ambush lie,
To catch but a glance of his gentle eye;
Hear'st thou the tale
Of the nightingale?

Second Fairy. Clear as the day sounds her silver note,
Through the thickets dark,
Breaks the glowing spark
That fires my bosom and tunes my throat,
To sing love's joys and woes.
First Fairy. What means the perfume of the rose?
Second Fairy. 'Tis the rose's voice,
That with trembling noise,
Thus to the sun-god whispers low:
'In my bed of green,
Did I sleep unseen,
Till thou didst wake me to blush and blow!'
A Gnome (rising out of the earth.) So! So!
Why here's a taking spectacle,
A miracle! a miracle!
Not much amiss in truth are they,
And I am not quite frightful in my way.
Here then I may succeed, at least I'll try,
I see no use of being over shy.
Ah! what a foot and ancle now was there;
She dances on the air
Unharmed, as I declare,
O were I but as light and debonnair!
The Fairies (without perceiving the Gnome.) Greet well the gentle spring!
As in the swimming eye
Of love in ecstasy,
Sparkles the evening star with softer light;
So, fiercer and more bright
Shine out the new-born world!
Their hair with leafy garlands curled,
The horn of plenty heavy in their hand,
The hours, a smiling band,
In flying dance shall greet the race of men.
No evil eye
From subterranean deeps be there to spy,
But golden morns be near,
And evenings swathed in gold,
And noons all crystal clear,
To light him on his way.
Away! dull clouds—away!
Let nought but fleecy flakes,
Like solitary sheep,
Across the blue of heaven
At times come driving by,
Losing themselves in its immensity.
Gnome. I must confess I like these fairies now;
All of them pretty fair I must avow.
But yet I can't make up my mind
To which of all the group I am inclined.
That nearest one would never do. . . .
The Fairies (suddenly perceiving him.) See! See! a Gnome!
Gnome. A Gnome—and what of that?
The Fairies. How short and squat,
His hair how tangled, and how black like soot.
Gnome. Upon my honor 'tis the latest cut.
Fairies. Has he an eye? or has he not?
Gnome. They're quizzing me, I see, by Jove,
And quizzing is a step to love;
But what is this?—Oh! Lord! I faint for fear:
Fairies. Our Queen, our Queen draws near.
(The Queen of the Fairies appears.)
Gnome. O! all ye lightnings,

No meteor flashes brighter
Than she, from pole to pole.
She is, indeed, the fairest of them all.
See how, submissive, at her feet they fall.
The sun himself loses his countenance
Before her blooming cheek, her garment's glance.
I feel—I know not how—I really quake,
O yes! this *must* be love—and no mistake.
First Fairy. The Queen is angry, see she pouts her lip.
Gnome. Would that I were a bee from thence to sip."

The Queen then communicates to her assembled train the indignation she feels at the treatment of Olympia by her stepmother and sisters. Olympia, we are given to understand, is the grand-daughter of the sister of the Queen of the Fairies, though, as no genealogical tree is given, we have it not in our power satisfactorily to deduce the propinquity. She announces to them her determination of rescuing her poor grand-niece from her imprisonment—a scheme in which her subjects readily embark, and to which she secures the assistance of the enamored Gnome, by the promise of a kiss, in the event of his active non-intervention.

The scene then changes to the apartment of Olympia, who is sitting poring over the fire, and endeavoring to kill time in the occupation of building castles in the embers, during the absence of her sisters at the ball. The rain is falling heavily without, the winds singing mournfully in the trees; and Olympia's tears are falling fast, as she eyes the flame, and almost persuades herself that it possesses life and flickers and moves, and throws out its grateful warmth to comfort her loneliness. From this her thoughts revert on a sudden to the contrast presented by the different occupation of her sisters at the same moment.

"Even now begins
The royal fete. O happy sisters! You
The winning music of the dance invites.
The bosom swells beneath its touching tones,
Glance seeks for glance, and arm is wreathed in arm;
Hearts beat, unheard but not unfelt, and rather
To the heart's pulses does the foot keep time
Than to the motion of the flute and cymbal.
O that I too might dance—my very shoe
Pinches me when I think of it.
O evil creature,
To think of balls when ruin hangs above us.
Look down, ye spirits of our race, and guard
My father, mother, sisters, from—this Isaac.
(*Looking again towards the window.*)
It rains still heavier! Cloud lies thick on cloud.
(*The Queen of the Fairies, the Fairies and the Gnome appear.*)
Queen. There sits the gentle one,
Her heart so kind, her life so comfortless.
Gnome. I see no mighty miracle about her!
Olymp. (*Turning towards the Fairies.*)
What gleam of fire surroundeth me?
Queen. The Fairies come to set thee free.
Olymp. Think they of me, in realms like theirs?
Queen. We glide like lightning from the sky,
To guard and comfort the forsaken.
Olymp. I see the flowrets
Of light eternal,
Like jewels glancing
Amidst their hair;
But fairer blossoms,
Of smiles undying,
Their brows surrounding,
Shine brighter there.

Gnome. Look on these garments, child, these purple robes,
Wove in no earthly loom,
Nor by a mortal hand.
Olymp. Wo's me that all should be a dream! O never
Can I forget this visi n. When I wake
I'll sigh for ever that it should have flown.
Queen, Olympia, let this warm embrace convince thee
No dream deludes thee. 'Tis reality.
Olymp. I feel as if old times came back for me,
I hear once more the magic-cradled strain,
I lie once more upon my mother's knee,
And taste all childhood's ectasies again!
Queen. Olympia, from my race thou art descended.
Olymp. Ah me! And yet I deemed myself forsaken.
Queen. And now I'll lead thee to the King.
Olymp. But not—
Not in the garb I wear.
Queen. Fear not for that. The Fairies will attire thee.
(*Addressing the Fairies.*) See ye where India yonder lies,
Basking beneath the suns of southern skies?
The Fairies. From the deep it rises
As rise the fishes,
Sunning their backs
In the noonday beam.
Like pearls half azure,
All pure and cloudless,
The days are clustered
Around its year;
In dusky forests
Sit Brahmins musing,
While palms o'erarching
With leaves wide spreading,
Their heads o'ershadow
Like hands in prayer."

Our readers, however, have probably had enough of the graver style of these fairy gambols. We shall now make some extracts from the more comic part of the performance. After converting a passing cloud into a state carriage, and furnishing it with the usual allowance of six horses, by arresting so many thunderbolts in midvolley, and changing them into that form, the Queen of the Fairies looks around for a coachman and waiting-woman. An unhappy rat, who happens to cross the stage is stepped in *transitu*, and converted by her wand into the coachman; and a cat, who had been watching his movements, and hushed in grim repose, was expecting her evening prey, is, in like manner, turned into the waiting-maid. The consternation of the rat, at finding himself in his new shape, so close to his old enemy, is inexpressible.

"*The Rat-Coachman enters, dressed in grey, with a tail descending to his heels, and a large whip.*

Coach. O god of the rats!—What a crowd—Let me be off—Here's a chink (*tries to creep through a hole.*) Oh! wo's me, I am to big for it.

(*The Cat converted into a Waiting-Maid, enters in a smooth white dress, with her hair sleekly arranged. She looks at the Rat and murmurs to herself—*

Ah! the rat—I'll spring upon him—But soft ye—where are my claws?

Coach. How uncomfortable I feel! I was so happy in my own home—so handsome. How shockingly am I changed. I had whiskers on my cheek, such as no barber would have dared to touch, instead of these miserable wisps of straw. What a sleek skin I had, what a celestial tail! How different from these wretched coat-tails that hang behind me. But strive as I would,

they have made me the thing I am. Should my sweetheart see me thus I should expire with shame.

Wait.-Wom. Fair and softly—I shall catch him—but—

Coach. (*Perceiving the Waiting-Woman.*) Hu! what cursed scent is that?

Queen. Coachman, don't be childish.

Coach. What! when my life's in danger?

Queen. Your life!—How so?

Coach. That creature's on the watch to eat me. But let her come on—I'll not die unrevenged—"I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked."

Queen. What, afraid of that pretty girl!—One of these days she will be your wife.

Coach. Ay,—That I may be found eaten up next morning. 'Tis a cat, I say. The Devil take her beauty. 'Tis well that she deceives the mice; but we rats know better; we see at a glance the destructive tendencies of such a St. Simonian as that!

Queen. She looks at you so mildly—so melancholy.

Coach. Mild, forsooth! To entice me close to her. Melancholy—Ay, truly, that I won't come. She murdered my father, the brave old veteran; yet not satisfied with that, she would have the life of the son.

Queen. You rave, Coachman.

Coach. If I did, I have cause to do so. 'Twas but the other day she bit off my beloved's fourth leg! 'Twas but yesterday I had to fight with her for life and death in the granary! Myself, my beloved, and a few friends had dropt in to eat a grain or two of corn and talk a little; we finished the evening with a social dance which made a little noise; that creature heard us, came sneaking in, sprang upon my neck, fixed her claws in my head. I in my agony fastened upon her ear—look, you will see the mark on her still; and nothing but her first fright at my determined resistance saved our lives.

Wait.-Maid. (*To the Coach.*) You are deceived, my dear, in the person,—come let me embrace you—far from the envious world let us sport and play on the green meadows.

(*Coach. draws back in consternation.*)

Queen. My son!

Coach. (*Contemptuously.*) Not so bad as that neither!

Queen. Coachman, be calm; and whatsoe'er it be,
Like a good Christian meet thy destiny.

Coach I'd rather live and die upon a dung-hill.

Queen. Monster, has Paradise no charms for thee?

Coach. I'll never enter Paradise of yours,
Let the rats' heaven be mine; that paradise
Where men, and traps, and cats, and dogs, are not,
Nor ratcatchers; where I may see again
My murdered father, and my children twelve,
Whom I through love devoured, and hope to eat
Once more in these blest realms; where every rat—
The more that he has robbed, the more rewarded,—
On bacon, lard, or paper, feeds for ever—
Where the Rat-king with sixty thousand tails,
As long and bald as Platen's trimeters,
Sits on his throne. . . .

Queen. (*To the Coachman.*) Break off! go, mount the box,
Conduct Olympia and her attendant
Unto the royal court. (*Addressing* OLYMPIA.)
Olympia, the world is now before you,
Adieu to sorrow—hail your coming hopes.

Olymp. Farewell, ye walls, and chairs, and portraits of
My ancestors, my sorrow's confidents.
(*She throws herself into the chair, and presses her lips upon the arm.*)
How many hours of sorrow spent beside ye,
Have bound me to you—and endear you now."

The sensation produced at the ball by the arrival of the new beauty, accompanied by the Fairy Queen, is immense. The Baron, however, who has been amusing himself at a side table in the refreshment-room, with a few glasses of wine, is much more struck by the appearance of the rat coachman, on whom he continues gazing with a look of profound curiosity and astonishment.

"*Baron.* By the element, what a physiognomy! No doubt that strange lady's coachman; such a coachman saw I never.

Coach. (*Springing about.*). Light—every where light. They will see me—I am lost.

Baron. What a livery! Is it Christian? Black behind, and ash-gray before—ash-gray boots, too! Where in the name of wonder does he buy his blacking?

Coach. Will that man seize me! how he glares on me! The devil, 'tis the Baron in whose house I committed my last robbery! I'm a gone rat if he recognise me.

Baron. (*Still gazing*). His tie, too, longer than the man himself; and thick as a lion's tail: and, by Heaven, if my eyes deceive me not, he makes it wag too! That enormous whip in his hand looks as if it grew out of it; and how does he manage to point his eyes in that way always at me?

Coach. I could creep up the wall for fear.

Baron. What is the creature doing clambering up the wall? Not a vestige of chin has he, but to make amends for that, a snout like a stork's bill. His mouth must be cool and airy under the shadow of such mustachios. The face ash-gray too, like the boots. What tusks—like Damascus blades—I must make his acquaintance. So ho! good fellow.

Coach. The hour is come. Courage—to the field—

(*Springs upon the Baron, and is about to bite him.*)

Baron. Back, monster.

Coach. Animal only, not monster.

Baron. Come, sir, this is carrying originality too far. Will you drink with me.

Coach. Drink! I am horribly athirst.

Baron. Red or white wine.

Coach. Wretched trash!—No! water or paper.

Baron. Paper?

Coach. Yes, paper—that volume of Kenilworth would do. Paper allays our thirst.

Baron. (*Aside*). 'Tis he himself—the Great Unknown!—'tis he who has assumed this masquerade to hear what was going forward in the coach.

(*To the Servant.*

A glass of water!

Coach. A bason full!

(*A bason of water is brought to him, which he swallows. An old Gentleman and a young Dandy enter.*)

Old Gent. These ladies who have just arrived are wonderfully beautiful.

Young Dand. Ah! if I were not so deeply engaged with Elize, I should pay my court to them. As it is, I'll have one turn of a waltz with them. There, be good enough to adjust my shirt-pin. Thank you.

Baron. (*Addressing them*). Allow me to introduce to you Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter Scott, Count Dürish, and Herr Von Axten.

(*They take their seats. Coachman also sits down, but with evident uneasiness.*)

Young Dand. You are then the Great——

Coach. (*Looking towards a hole in the flooring*). Would I were less.

Baron. Modesty is always the characteristic of genius.

Old Gent. Let us not wound it then by asking after matters which he is disposed to conceal. We may derive the most interesting instruction from him, without annoying him on the subject of his own works. Do you take any interest, Sir Walter, in our meagre German literature?

Coach. Meagre! It is the thickest I am acquainted with.

Old G. Ah! you occupy yourself with it?

Coach. I devour it.

Old G. The claims of German literature begin to be at last recognised. We shall by and by become of some value among ourselves—Our gold ingots will be duly stamped, and returned to us from other countries as current coin: Schiller, by Benjamin Constant, and Goëthe, by Carlyle. What are your particular favorites?

Coach. Folios on the Peace of Wesphalia, Zepernickü Repertorium Juris Feudalis, Muller's Promptuarium Juris, and works of that class. Trash like this in octavo or duodecimo I swallow thus—(*Swallows the volume of Kenilworth*)—from necessity merely. They are too small—there is no substance in them.

Young D. Mort de ma vie! That biscuit looked very like a book.

Baron. By the by, now I think on't, 'tis odd Zepernick, and the Peace of Westphalia, have just disappeared from my shelves.

Coach. Have you observed it? (*Attempting to make off*).

Baron. Don't go. Don't let my vexation at the loss of these old lumber drive you away. They stood there not to be read, but to be looked at.

Coach. (*Remaining*). So.

Baron. Gentlemen, I propose the health of the author of Kenilworth and Walladmor!"

The conversation is interrupted, however, by the entry of the other guests mean time into the ball-room. The King and Olympia have met, and realizing the picture of Celia's passion for Oliver, "no sooner met but they looked—no sooner looked but they loved—no sooner loved but they sighed—no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason—no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy." The King has found what he sought, a beautiful and amiable being, who loves him for his own sake, for he still appears under the humble garb of chamberlain, while Rüpel, in that yellow suit with blue spots, which he had wrung from the hard hands of the indignant tailor, has been flirting alternately with Clorinda and Louison, and leading each in turn to believe herself the favored woman. The King now thinks it time that the farce should end, and addressing Olympia suddenly, intimates to her that the King proposes for her hand, and asks her consent. He forgets, however, that as Olympia is ignorant of his true rank, and sees nothing in the supposed King but a hunchbacked buffoon, who had evidently been trifling with both her sisters, this proposed match is likely to be any thing but an agreeable surprise. To poor Olympia it comes like a thunderbolt. She thinks herself deceived, and in her confusion flies out without waiting for explanation, leaving her heart and shoe behind her, and, under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott and Muscipula, is borne off in the enchanted car as if on the wings of the wind.

The King, of course, is in despair at his own rashness. Only one way of recovering the unknown fair one to whom his vows are plighted occurs to him, namely, to advertise that the king is to marry the lady whom the lost shoe is found to fit. We must say we think this was rather a hazardous speculation. *Ex pede Herculem* may be a very safe maxim for any thing we know; but *ex pede* Venerem we greatly doubt. Why the result might have been, that the King might have met with a wife with a foot like the Venus de Medici, but with a nose like the stranger's of Strasburg, and a mouth like Garagantua's! Or again, on the side of the *morale*, was there not too much likelihood that he might have hit upon a lady the length of whose tongue was in the inverse ratio to that of her foot, or whose virtue sat as loose upon her as her slipper? The only instance in which we recollect a similar experiment being tried was not likely to encourage favorable hopes as to the success of the project. Old Ælian, if he has writ his annals true, relates, we think, that Psammiticus, King of Egypt, a decided admirer of the *pied bien chaussé*, was so captivated with the sight of a slipper which an eagle one day accidentally dropt at his feet, that in an unguarded moment he proclaimed that he would wed the fair proprietor of the slipper. And who, think you, was the claimant of the slipper, the fortunate holder of the capital prize? Why, Rhodope, a

young lady of easy virtue, pretty well known in Memphis and the parts adjacent. Still there was no escape for Psammiticus: nothing had been said about virtue in the royal proclamation. "She could not find it—'twas not in the bond:" and so, as the laws of Egypt are as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, the monarch submitted with the best grace he could to his fate.

Indeed the hazardous nature of the experiment is shown by the narrow escape which the king makes after all, even in the present case. For a dog of a Jew, a relation of cunning little Isaac, after endeavoring in vain to squeeze the slipper successively upon his five eldest daughters, without the least regard to corns, consoling them all the time with the last line of Schiller's Maid of Orleans, "Short is the pain, eternal is the joy," brings forward his youngest, a child in the nurse's arms, and insists on having the slipper tried on the child's foot—the proclamation as he maintains, being general, and extending to the whole female sex. Rüpel, who is acting as master of the ceremonies, is at first very much taken aback by this quirk of the Jew; but fortunately he had studied civil law under old Hugo at Göttingen, and remembers enough of the code to be able to meet the Jew's plea, by showing that the proclamation spoke only of *ladies* while little Rebecca being under seven years of age, was accounted a *child* and not a *lady*, according to the law of Rome. The Jew and family being thus disposed of, the trial proceeds. Clorinda, Louison, and the Baroness—though already provided with a husband (an objection which the Baron declares he is quite ready to waive), make the attempt and successively fail. At last comes Olympia, conducted by her fairy protectress, slips her foot with ease into the slipper, and falls into the arms of the King which are outstretched to receive her. We pass over the explanations between father, stepmother and sisters—suffice it to say, that on the part of Olympia, all their unkindness is forgotten. She promises them her love and her protection, pays off—(with her husband's money)—the incumbrances on the Baron's estate, and is cordially disposed to lend a helping hand to the matrimonial projects of Duke Lothaire and the Prince of Serramoglia. The Queen of the Fairies now begins to see, from obvious symptoms on the part of the King and Olympia, that her presence and that of her train is no longer required. So, advancing to the happy pair, she addresses to them this parting blessing.

"Take now our last farewell!
Bright shall be your crown for ever,
And your race shall vanish never!
King! should war and strife betide thee,
Victory be still beside thee.
Queen! from out thy bed shall rise
Heroes, whose high enterprise
Shall to late posterity,
Prove that they thine offspring be!
Be your kingdom's bounds, though vast,
By your glories overpast;—
Every river, every sea
Laden with your vessels be;
Every highway, mart, and street
Echoing with your horses' feet;
Many a golden harvest meet ye,
Bending its full ears to greet ye;
Let your forests still be seen,
Even in winter, ever green;
Far from sorrow and from strife,
Like twin-stars shine on through life,
That through storm or sunny weather
Still do rise and set together.
As in life your troth was plighted,
Be in death your fates united;
So depart—and when you die,
Soar like meeting flames on high."

THE ENGLISH CHURCH-RATES, AND THE SCOTCH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Church-Rate question has already been treated with so much talent and learning, both in and out of Parliament, that we might well despair of success in attempting to resume the consideration of it, with reference to any of its various relations to the *English* Church Establishment. The speeches of Sir William Follett, of Lord Stanley, of Sir James Graham, and of Sir Robert Peel, and the discussions of the Conservative Press, leave nothing to be desired with respect to these its leading and most important features; and if the measure introduced by the Government, and sanctioned by a Popish majority of the House of Commons, must be perpetrated, it can never at least be said that this has happened from the want of able and honest counsellors.

We have no intention, therefore, of renewing this thrice told tale of fraud, folly, and weakness. We feel that no language of ours could place in a stronger view the unparallelled effrontery of those who ask us to believe that we are not undermining, but actually *strengthening* the English Church, in robbing her of a part of her revenues at the bidding of men who have ever been, and must ever be, her deadly and implacable enemies. We think, however, that there are some circumstances with regard to our *Scotch* Church Establishment, and the conduct of our Scotch Dissenters with reference to this question, which have not yet been brought into notice, and which may serve to throw light on the nature and tendency of the principles maintained by the *abolitionists*, and on the views and motives in which this measure has originated; and it is to these that we propose at present to direct our attention. With a view to these subjects, it is hoped, however, that it may not be thought superfluous to offer one or two preliminary observations of rather a more general character.

The abolitionists are, for obvious reasons, anxious to disconnect this question from the question as to the maintenance of a National Church.* It appears to us, however, to be self-evident, that the two parties in this discussion are directly at issue on this latter question; and that there is no other ground on which the subject can be argued so as to be even *intelligible*. We think, moreover, that the answer which is to be given to this question must, on the plainest principles of reasoning, be considered as decisive of the whole controversy; and it is just because our opponents feel that it must be so that they studiously avoid putting their case on this ground. They know full well that from none, save the most ignorant, the most interested, the most reckless, or the most depraved, have they any hope of success in announcing their argument in the only form in which it is in the least degree consistent even with their own views; and they thus, in the very outset of every exposition of their opinions, are involved in the difficulty of objections to the Church-rates as one of the means by which the Church is supported, without avowing their hostility to the Church itself.

This being the course of argument which prudence imposes on *them*, it is manifest that they at once relieve us from the task (no doubt a light and easy one) of demonstrating the vital importance of a Church Establishment to the well-being of this country; while they take upon themselves the burden of proving that there is a distinction between the Church-rates and the other branches of Church revenue—as, for instance, the TITHES—from which it can be made to appear that the latter rest on a founda-

* We are aware that some of the *Petitions* on this subject are avowedly founded on the "Voluntary principle." The Ministry, however (if we understand them rightly), profess to be influenced by a class of petitioners *professing* different views; and it is therefore with reference to these *professions* that we consider the question.

tion which the former do not possess, or that there are objections of one sort or other to the former from which the latter are free. We repeat, that we are well aware that, in the way in which they thus plead their cause, all is insincere and hollow; and that, in their view, there is no distinction between Church-rates and tithes, except that in objecting to the one, they make a less violent, and therefore perhaps, to some minds, a less alarming attack on the Establishment than if they were to strike at once at the other. We have no manner of doubt that, in this Church-rate question, their contest is merely for the vantage-ground from which they are to proclaim the gross injustice of tithes—or, in other words, of a National religion; but we take their argument as they themselves present it to us, and are willing to meet it in that form.

Assuming, therefore—as *ex concessis* of our opponents we are entitled to assume—the unquestionable propriety of a Church Establishment, and the consequent propriety of tithes, we would beg to inquire what are the grounds on which they would distinguish between tithes and Church-rates, so as to authorize their demand for the abolition of the latter? There are only two imaginable grounds on which any such distinction can be pleaded; it must either be maintained that while the Church has a legal right to tithes, it has no such right to Church-rates; or that there is some hardship in the payment of Church-rates, which is unknown in the payment of tithes, and which, therefore, renders the former a proper subject for the interposition of the legislature. On one or other of these positions must the case of the abolitionists of necessity be founded; the wit of man cannot devise any *third* reason which has the slightest bearing on this argument. Let us, then, with all possible brevity, examine these positions, and try whether they will submit to any test which can reasonably be applied to them.

With regard to the *first*, it seems to us that it will hardly bear to be even stated; for it is manifest that the law of the land is the foundation both of Church-rates and tithes, and that neither of them can be said to rest on any other foundation whatever. The one is the national provision for the maintenance of the clergyman; the other is, in like manner, the national provision for the maintenance of the edifice wherein his ministrations are performed. Both of these are objects essentially necessary to the existence of a national religion, and both are thus secured by means, of which it is enough to say at present, that in either case they are unquestionably *legal*. We are not aware of any circumstance either in the nature of these rights or their history, which, in the present question, forms the slightest ground for a distinction between them. We are satisfied that no such distinction is involved in describing tithes as a right of property in the Church, and Church-rates as a *tax* for the support of it; for it seems to us that the more nearly this subject is examined, the more plainly will it appear that any such difference is merely verbal, and that either of the terms thus used may be applied in both instances, according to the views which may be entertained of the grounds on which a Church Establishment rests.

The distinction which is here pointed at, if it has any meaning at all, must go to this, that the Church-rates are a branch of ecclesiastical revenue, which the legislature may deal with at pleasure; while, with regard to tithes, although there may be, and confessedly *is*, a power of regulation in the legislature, there is no absolute power of appropriation or disposal. We humbly think that little advantage can result to any party in this discussion, from an inquiry as to the *power* of Parliament with regard to either of these rights. If, with a view to any argument which may be urged against us on this point, we were called on to maintain that they are held by the same or by an equal tenure, it would, we think, be easy to do so, and to show that any difference between them, as being the one more fixed and certain, and the other more variable and contingent, is not, in either case, a difference affecting the right itself, but an extrinsic quality, arising from the purpose for which it was originally conferred. But in the present controversy, it is enough to say that whatever, in strictness of forensic language, may be the tenure of them, they are both admitted to be legal rights; for it must not be forgotten, that the question at issue is not a question as to the authority of the legislature to abolish one of them, as contra-distinguished from

the other, but as to the claim of certain parties to demand the abolition of it.*

There may, however, undoubtedly, be rights possessed by one class of the community, which, though strictly legal, yet impose such a degree of hardship on another class, as to call for the interposition of the legislature for the abrogation of them: and this brings us to our second inquiry—whether the Church-rates are of that description? On this point, likewise, must our opponents consent—as indeed they *have* virtually consented—that the question should be considered with reference to the tithe-law, and in connection with that subject. They find it convenient in the present state of the Church question, to admit that there is no hardship in the payment of tithes to the English Church; or at any rate, they do not yet venture to announce this as a grievance. A grievance! Is there any one who is not aware that in paying his tithe the proprietor pays nothing more than he undertook to pay in acquiring his property? There surely can be nothing more evident than this, that if we shall estimate the tithe at a fifth part of the rent of an estate, the purchaser of that estate has paid for no more than four-fifths of it: and why he should become the unburdened proprietor of the remaining fifth, is a question to which we have never yet been so fortunate as to meet with an answer. But what is the distinction with reference to this point, between tithes and Church-rates? Is there any one, who has bought a property liable to the payment of Church-rates, who has not in like manner bought it in the full knowledge of its being subject to this burden, and who has not computed this and all its other burdens as a deduction from the price? And if so, what possible right can he have to possess the property at that increased value (however small) which would of course arise from the extinction of this tax on it? In what respect does this case differ from that of a proprietor who should complain of a ground-rent payable for his house, in the knowledge of which it was purchased or built by him? We say "*built* by him," because in these words will be found a complete answer to the argument, that while tithe is levied on the produce of the ground, which must always have had its value, Church-rates are payable from property which may be of recent creation. If any farther answer on this point were needed, it would be found in the circumstance that tithe may likewise, in the progress of improvement, be "of recent creation," and paid out of produce the immediate sources of which were never acquired by the proprietor: but it is too evident to require farther remark, that in no circumstance of *this* description is there any solid ground for distinction between these two cases.

It seems clear, therefore, that the alleged difference between Church-rates and tithes, on which the whole of this question is thus made to depend, is a

* It is no part of our present purpose to consider the nature of the right to Church-rates vested in the English Church Establishment; and it is only incidentally, and as subordinate to our main object, that we thus refer to this subject. In this view, it is enough for us to assert their *legality*, as a point which admits of no difference of opinion. Every lawyer, of every shade of political sentiment, from Sir W. Follett to Dr. Lushington, seems to agree on this part of the question: and it appears that, very recently, a professional opinion was given by the last-mentioned jurisconsult and Mr. Cutler Fergusson, *recommending* that the payment of Church-rates should be enforced by the same means with that of *poor*-rates. It would indeed be strange, considering the sharp-sightedness of money-lenders in such matters, if there were any doubt as to the legality of Church-rates, when we find that a debt of near a million (for which, according to the Ministerial plan, they are to continue liable,) is at this moment owing on the security of them. In truth, we look in vain, even in the speech of His Majesty's Attorney-General (of his *Pamphlet* we shall speak presently,) for any argument as to their illegality, except that which, according to the fashion of the day, is founded on the circumstance, that in some of the larger towns there has lately been a *resistance* to them. We are fully aware, however, that in thus resting our argument on the mere legality of the Church-rates, we are greatly *under-stating* it; for it is evident, from all competent testimonies, that there is no revenue whatever, public or private, ecclesiastical or lay, which stands on a higher title.

mere pretext, in order to mask the real views of those with whom this measure has originated; and it follows as the necessary inference, that these views can be no other than the ultimate abolition of tithes, or in other words, the destruction of the Church Establishment. It is manifest that this is just the narrow end of the *wedge*, the political properties of which have been so profoundly studied of late, and so amply illustrated. Whether the Government, or any section of it, are the dupes of this artifice, or whether they are the willing instruments in the hands of the enemies of the Church, matters little; the alternative of folly or knavery is entirely at their service. It is difficult to imagine, however, that any set of men who are not willing to be blinded, should not perceive, in the whole aspect of this measure; the quarter from which it has originated—the character of its most zealous supporters—the tone and temper of their language—and the inconsistencies which ever attend deceit and falsehood—that it is but a means towards that purpose which is so anxiously disclaimed by its authors. To our minds, this is proved by nothing more conclusively than by the unimportance of the immediate interest involved in the present question. No one pretends that the payment of Church-rates is a heavy tax: on the contrary, its amount in any individual case is so small that we scarcely ever hear it mentioned. This, indeed, is the *boast* of the abolitionists—theirs (they tell us) is a contest of *principle*. And of what principle? The principle, of course, that no man should pay for the support of another man's religion. In this avowal of the motives from which the question is agitated, is there not the surest proof of the true objects of the agitators? Can dulness itself imagine that if this principle were once recognised in this instance, there would be no attempt to extend it farther; or that such an attempt would not be aided by the "concession"—that is to say, the abandonment of duty which is now sought to be wrung from us?

These, we think (however briefly and inadequately expressed), are the views which must have occurred to every one in contemplating this ominous measure. We have said that they have already been made so apparent by the learning and ability which have recently been engaged in defence of our national religion, that it is not our purpose to dwell on them, but that it has appeared to us that a useful commentary on them might be furnished from our own country of Scotland. It can scarcely have escaped the attention of our readers that a considerable number of the petitions for the abolition of the English Church-rates have proceeded from this part of the island; and as our countrymen have never been accused of inattention to their own interests, it is surely not unreasonable to suppose that our petitioners have in view the application of the principle involved in this measure to our own Church Establishment; indeed, there is no conceivable reason why, if adopted in England, it should *not* be applied here. It may, therefore, not be unimportant to enquire, in the first place, what would be the effect of its application in this country? And, in the second place, what is the precise nature of the interest possessed by our Scotch petitioners in such an application of it?

To the first of these enquiries the answer must be, that any such measure would not merely *tend* to the destruction of the Scotch Church, but at once accomplish it. It is, perhaps, not universally known in England that we have in this country a provision for the maintenance of our parish churches of precisely the same nature with the Church-rates, and quite as distinct from tithes. Without encumbering these pages with any historical detail on this subject, or any reference to the statutes, acts of Council, or judicial determinations, on which the law with regard to it is founded, we may merely observe that it is a fixed and settled rule with us that the proprietors of every parish, in addition to the payment of the clergyman's *stipend* (which is viewed as a burden on the tithes of the parish), are bound to contribute to the maintenance of the place of worship; and, moreover, of the residence of the clergyman. The contribution for these purposes is imposed by the proprietors themselves, by way of assessment made for each occasion on which such a contribution may be needed,—in some instances according to the real rent, but in the most cases according to a certain fixed standard which is termed "the valued rent" of their estates. Here, then, it will be observed, there is a most striking simi-

larity between this legal provision and the Church-rates of England. It has been argued with regard to the latter, that they are not, like the tithes, a property of the Church, but merely a tax imposed by the rate-payers themselves for the purposes of the Church; if, however, there is any ground for such a distinction, it is one which exists equally in both these cases. But it is manifest that there is *no* ground for such a distinction; the obligation in both cases is inherent in the property; and although our Scotch assessment, having once been imposed and become due, is a burden not on the property, but only on the proprietor and his representatives, and therefore does not pass with the property, it is known to every lawyer that this is the case with tithe likewise. This assessment is further made, as in England, by the *votes* of the contributors; and it may be noticed, as a striking circumstance of coincidence between the two systems, that the majority is determined, not by reference to the amount of property (which might afford some countenance to the argument that the two imposts are founded on different principles), but solely by reference to *numbers*.

We are sometimes told that in England the tax in question is *voluntary*—a singular enough kind of tax surely; and a most comfortable and convenient one. It turns out, however, on examination, that, like other taxes, it is voluntary only until the payment of it is refused. For it seems to be agreed by all English lawyers, that if the rate-payers should refuse a rate, it may be fixed and authorized otherwise, and levied by legal execution; nor is it denied that cases of this description have occurred in practice. And just so it is with our Scotch assessment. If the proprietors of a parish shall voluntarily assess themselves for the purpose for which a contribution may be required, the law will not interpose in the matter; but if they shall fail to do so, then the presbytery, either *ex proprio motu*, or on the application of any one interested, may call on them to do so, and on their refusal, our Supreme Court will compel the requisite contribution.

In truth, the more closely we approach this subject, the more we shall be convinced that the two cases run parallel with each other throughout nearly their whole course. It would appear, no doubt, that in England it is sometimes sought to evade the rate, either by voting an inadequate or elusory contribution, or by an adjournment of the vestry when convened for the purpose of assessment. This, however, is plainly nothing else than a fraud on the law; and we believe it is the prevalent opinion that, as such, it is not beyond the reach of the courts competent to such questions. But, at all events, it is not beyond the reach of the Legislature; and it really seems monstrous to say, that because a tax may be fraudulently evaded, it is therefore, in any legislative discussion of the subject, to be spoken of as illegal.*

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* We have already said that we abstain from entering on any of the legal discussions involved in this question, as hardly suited to our pages; but we cannot omit merely to notice here the pamphlet recently published by the Attorney-General, in the form of a letter to Lord Stanley, in vindication of that unfortunate speech which, as our readers may remember, was dealt with by his Lordship "in his best manner." With all respect for so eminent a lawyer, we must say that this performance seems to us to be one of the most unsuccessful pleadings we ever met with,—just such a pleading, we think, as the author might desire to meet with from a legal adversary. Sir John here admits the legality of Church-rates when imposed by the vestry, and the power of enforcing payment of them; and he further admits that, if the vestry shall be called on to assemble for the purpose of making a rate, and shall refuse to do so, it may be fixed by the churchwardens. But then he maintains that, if the vestry shall meet and refuse a rate, there is no remedy. He allows that (in conformity with what we have ventured to state on this point), if the refusal of a rate were incompetent, the attempt to evade it by adjournment would be regarded by the law as "a shallow device," to which no countenance could be given; but he asserts, that when refused by the parishioners, there are no means of obtaining it. And how does he support a position so suspiciously inconsistent with the second of the admissions to which we have just referred? Why, by stating a variety of methods, such as application to a court of law, application to a court of equity, and *immediate* application to the ecclesiastical courts,—which, he assures us, are *not* effectual in order to make a rate in such circumstances! After thus most needlessly disposing, with a great parade of learning, of the *negative* side of the

It thus appears that the burden of building and repairing a Scotch church and parsonage, as distinguished from the payment of stipend, is, at least in its general nature and principles, in all respects similar to the burden of Church-rates as distinguished from tithe. If, therefore, the Church-rates are to be pronounced a grievance which ought to be abolished, how are we to escape the same conclusion with regard to what are virtually nothing else than the Church-rates of our own country? Surely they will not be said to be less a grievance because, as we believe, they are comparatively greater in amount, and of more extensive application in the maintenance of our National Church? If they are an evil, this of course is only an aggravation of it; and the hardship which they impose on every proprietor in Scotland should, on the principles of the abolitionists, be redressed without delay. Yet every Scotchman knows—and none know better than most of the petitioners to whom we have referred—that any measure for the redress of this "grievance" would be the death-blow of the Church of Scotland: and for this simple and unanswerable reason, that there is no other fund from which, directly or indirectly, the purposes of which we have spoken could be supplied. Our parish churches, and the houses of our clergy, are at present constructed and maintained on the lowest scale which is consistent with the respectability, or perhaps the *existence*, of even our simple Establishment; but if the legal provision for their support were thus withdrawn, they must speedily fall into such a state of dilapidation and ruin as to reduce our national religion to a mere name; and, probably, to render it better, that our people should be abandoned at once to the irregular and perilous elements of "the voluntary system."

In this observation as to the meanness of our parish churches and parsonages, we would not be thought to overlook the manifest improvement in this matter which, to the credit of our landed proprietors, has taken place, even within our own memory. But to what is that improvement to be ascribed? Evidently to the system whereby the maintenance of these edifices is made to depend on local contribution. It has often been observed that, even supposing we had a national fund appropriated to this purpose, its application would be in many ways more difficult, more expensive, and more *unthrifty*, than that of a local fund, and that in these points, therefore, there are manifest advantages in the latter. But, above all, the local support of our ecclesiastical edifices seems to us to be recom-

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question, he comes at length, however, to the only point at issue—whether, if the Vestry thus refuse a rate, the churchwardens can make it of their own authority, and have it enforced by application to the competent courts. Sir John maintains that they cannot do this: but how does he support his opinion? Not by citation of legal authorities to that effect: for he admits that these are all the other way, and he expressly mentions the opinions of three legal writers of high name, and two reported cases, in which the right of the churchwardens thus to fix and enforce a rate is recognised in the most express terms. He tells us, to be sure, that these opinions and judgments are erroneous; but for this he gives us no *authority* but his own: and as for his *argument* on this point, it seems to have no bearing whatever on the subject. If we understand it rightly, it amounts to this, that the churchwardens cannot impose a rate in such circumstances, because it has been held that, not being liable for church repairs, unless in so far as they have funds in their hands for that purpose, they cannot impose a *retrospective* rate—that is to say, a rate for the payment of repairs which have already been made by them: than which it has never been our fortune, in speech or pamphlet, to meet with a more perfect *non sequitur*. We have always understood that, in legal questions, arguments or analogies, even if well-founded, were of but small value when opposed to authorities: but here there is neither argument nor analogy—nay, not even mystification.

Sir John's pamphlet, therefore, seems only to afford additional evidence of the soundness of those legal opinions on this subject to which we have more than once referred in the course of these observations. We may add, that it will be found strongly to confirm the views which we have stated as to the bearings of this question on our Scotch Church Establishment: for there is not a single sentence of it as to the distinction between Church-rates and tithes, and the history of the former as compared with the latter, which does not strike at the legal provision for the maintenance of our Scotch Churches.

mended by the interest and the pride in them which it gives to our landed proprietors, and the opportunity which it affords of consulting their liberal views, their refined tastes, and their pious feelings in the form of them. It is clearly from this cause that, in the more wealthy parts of Scotland, our parishes now begin to vie with each other in the architectural character of our churches, and in some instances of our parsonages also; and that the meagre, rectangular, barn-like structures in which the glory of God was evidently the last thing in the builders' thoughts—are gradually giving way to edifices in which we are presented as with the fairest feature of an English landscape. This is a view of the subject which seems to us to extend in many ways far beyond the regions of mere taste and refinement: Nor do we think that there is any subject connected with this question on which, in its various aspects, the eye of true devotion will dwell with higher interest.

Neither must we omit to mention that, as a necessary consequence of the abolition principle, the system which has so long been the peculiar pride and boast of Scotland—we mean our system of parochial education—must fall likewise; for we are not aware of a single circumstance with regard to the mode in which a parish school-house is supported, which should exempt it from any objection which can be urged with respect to the maintenance of the Church and parsonage. Our school-houses may, in truth, be regarded—to a certain extent at least—as a part of our ecclesiastical establishment; and if it be a grievance that a Dissenter should be bound to contribute to the support of a Presbyterian Church, we should like to know the grounds on which it can be argued that the obligation to maintain a Presbyterian school-house can be imposed on him without injustice.

It may possibly be thought by some that these views as to the operation of the Church-rate abolition-principle in Scotland are rather speculative and overstrained; but we confess that they appear to us to be not only the *natural*, but the *necessary* result of that "equal justice" to both countries, which is the favorite theme of our opponents. If it be just that the Church-rates should be abolished in England, we cannot comprehend how it can be just that burdens which thus correspond so nearly with them should be suffered to remain *here*. We do not say that the English Church-rates, and the legal provisions of the same description of which we have spoken with reference to our own country, are, in all respects, *identical*. There are, no doubt, some matters of mere form, or of mere detail, in which they differ; but we affirm, without the smallest fear of contradiction, that they are not distinguishable in any circumstance which would afford even a pretext for refusing to apply the same principle of reform—if such it must be called—to both of them. If, then, we are to be told that there is no reason to apprehend that this principle of reform will, in the present instance, extend beyond England, we can only answer that we have not been able to discover, either in the nature of the case, or in our recent political history, or in the temper of the present times, any good ground of assurance on this point; and that, for our own part, we should just as soon believe that any other pestilence, moral, political, or physical, would be bounded by the ideal line which separates the two kingdoms.

But this is not all; for it can hardly fail to be observed by any one who has attended to this subject, that if there is really a grievance in the payment of Church-rates, or any burthen which may correspond to them, it is a grievance which presses with far greater weight, or, at least, which exists to a far greater extent in this country than in England. We have no accurate information as to the number of English rate-payers who dissent from the Established Church; but we believe it bears but a small proportion to the number of those who belong to it. But how is it in Scotland? We are sure that we are within bounds when we say that *one-half* of the property which contributes to the maintenance of our parish churches is in the hands of *Episcopalians*. It may no doubt be said with perfect truth, and it surely never can be said but to their honor, that this class of proprietors have not yet discovered that they are subjected to any hardship in thus supporting the established religion of the country; and though no doubt *Dis-*

senters, they will be admitted on all hands to have ever been the most strenuous opponents of that voluntary principle which lies at the root of the present question. But if the Dissenters of England are really aggrieved in this matter, here is obviously a grievance of far greater magnitude; and it is for our adversaries to explain why it has not hitherto been brought into view, and—if their arguments have any foundation—on what principle it can continue unredressed.

From this plain statement of this question, as it bears on our own Church Establishment, two considerations seem to arise, which, in our humble judgment, cannot be pressed too strongly, the first of them, on the notice of our legislators, and the second on the attention of certain *would-be* legislators for the English Church, in this part of the kingdom.

In the first place, then, we would ask our legislators whether, in sanctioning this measure for the relief of the English Dissenters, they have duly weighed its effect on the Church Establishment of Scotland? We cannot, in the face of all experience on this point, flatter ourselves that our Scottish interests occupy a very large space in the august mind of Parliament: We have not yet, like our Irish friends, learned the secret of our own importance; but still we persuade ourselves that the maintenance or subversion of our National Church is not a matter of absolute indifference to any branch of the legislature. If, therefore, it can be proved—and we think the proof on this subject is complete—that the measure for the abolition of the English Church-rates involves, *in principle* at least, the ruin of our Church Establishment, are we not entitled to ask the authors and the supporters of that measure how they reconcile this with their professions of friendship—or at any rate, their disclamations of hostility—to the national religion? Have they ever considered whether the blow which is thus aimed at the Church of England would reach *us* at all? And if not, is it unworthy of them to inquire what, in that event, might be its consequences, and whether, from its destruction of the humbler fabric of Presbyterianism, it might not recoil with tenfold force on the more stately and imposing structure at which it was originally directed? There may be those who will treat the apprehensions indicated in such questions as idle and chimerical: and we would hope that they are right in doing so. But if they *are*, it can only be from the forbearance of those who, on this side of the Border, possess an interest in the present question; and we have no scruple in saying that, if the demand of the English Dissenters shall be conceded, on this forbearance *the legislature* at least has no right to calculate. Neither, we think, *ought* they to calculate on it; for assuredly no man ever did or can calculate the consequences of legislating, not with a view to the removal of specific evils, but in furtherance of an attempt to extort the acknowledgment of abstract political principles.

In the second place, we would put it to such of our countrymen as may have joined, whether by petition or otherwise, in the present clamor against the English Church-rates, in the honest conviction that the law on this subject imposes a hardship on the English Dissenters, which is unknown in our part of the island, whether this view of the close similarity between the Church-rates, and our own legal provisions for the maintenance of parish-churches, ought not powerfully to influence their judgment with respect to this measure? We believe there are many of these persons who have never considered the burdens, which we have shown to correspond to the Church-rates of England, as the subject of the slightest complaint or objection; indeed, we are certain that the justice and propriety of them are fully acquiesced in by all who do not openly advocate the voluntary system, or, in other words, the total abolition of our National Church. By no other class of persons has the abolition of these burdens, for the relief of our Scotch Dissenters, ever been contemplated as within the range of possibility; for every Scotchman knows and feels that the existence of the Church Establishment depends as essentially on them as on the stipends of the clergy; and that, if they should be removed, there is no source from which the want could be supplied. This is so manifest—the destruction of the Establishment is *here* so plainly involved, that we are not aware that even the voluntaries themselves have ever hinted at the abolition of these provisions as a mea-

sure distinct and separate from that ulterior design to which the abolition of the Church-rates has been artfully chosen as the preparative. This, then, brings the present question, so far as this country is concerned, within a narrow compass. Those among us who have advocated the abolition of the Church-rates as a peculiar grievance of the English Dissenters, have done so in error as to the true nature of the question, and its bearing on our own Church; and with respect to all others who have taken part in this matter, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that they have made common cause with the English abolitionists for the destruction of all Church Establishments.

This last view of the matter is perhaps even more conclusively established by that other circumstance with regard to our Scottish agitators on this question, to which we alluded as a separate subject of consideration in the commencement of these remarks —we mean the total absence, on their part, of any other interest in this measure. We have said that one-half of the property liable to the burden of maintaining our parish churches belongs to persons who are not members of our Church Establishment, but of the Church of England; but that no complaint on this subject has ever yet been heard from them. We may truly add, that, with exceptions too trivial to be even named, these are the only class of Dissenters who possess such property. Is it, then, for their sake that our Scotch petitioners have busied themselves with this question? Credulous indeed must he be, within the precincts of whose belief such a notion has ever found a dwelling. Is it in sympathy with their Dissenting brethren of England that they have done so:—This is their own account of the matter; and in one sense it is unquestionably the true one. But their sympathy (except perhaps in those few cases of error to which we lately referred) is not with the pretended grievance of their English brethren, but with their real grievance—the intolerable grievance of a Church Establishment. We believe that of the English abolitionists themselves, there are but an inconsiderable proportion who are rate-payers; and it is difficult enough to believe that such persons, having no immediate interest in the matter, should yet take part in it, without that more remote interest in it which seems to us to be the key to all the difficulties of this question. But it is absolutely incredible that any considerable number of persons in this country, without such immediate interest, should concern themselves with such a subject on any other view—unless, indeed, they should do so merely in order to bolster up a Ministry, who, in introducing this measure in order to propitiate the enemies of the Church, have added another to their many claims to that contempt which is the sure portion of folly and meanness.

We have sometimes heard it asked, what advantage that class of our Scotch Dissenters, who, without contributing in any form to the maintenance of our Establishment, thus concern themselves in this question, can contemplate as likely to accrue to them from the downfal of the English Church, and the consequent downfal of our own? They can scarcely hope in that event (it is said) for any new distribution of ecclesiastical revenues, in which they should be included: nay, they can scarcely hope to retain those gratuities which at present they are in some instances content to receive, not perhaps in the most perfect consistency with their own professed tenets. Those who argue thus, manifest a strange ignorance of the true sources of the voluntary principle. Our dissenting clergy who maintain this principle, have evidently just the same interest in the demolition of the Church Establishment which actuates any other description of levellers in the furtherance of their work of destruction. They imagine (whether justly or not is of little import) that the field of their ambition, and the sources of their profit, would be thus enlarged, so as to be bounded only by their own talents and enterprise: their views are in fact precisely the views of free trade, and they contend as against the obstructions of a great monopoly. We are afraid, likewise, that there are not wanting among them various unequivocal symptoms of feelings of even a more questionable character: —feelings of enmity, which, deep-rooted as they would seem to be, have yet apparently no better cause than

the mere inferiority of wealth and station. This is a subject on which it would be painful for us to dwell; but we may at least say, that if such feelings are not more prevalent among this class of persons than charity would wish to believe, they have in most instances been singularly unfortunate in the *expression* of their opinions. We would by no means affirm that all our Scotch voluntaries are guided by such views or sentiments; on the contrary, we are persuaded that there are some of them who act solely and exclusively on the conscientious conviction, that the cause of true religion is injured, and not promoted by a Church Establishment; but we are equally persuaded, that with the great majority, this conviction is at least powerfully aided by these more secular influences. If we are wrong in this opinion, we can only say that the fault is not ours: for, *with one single exception*, we have never yet met with a speech or a treatise in the voluntary cause, which was not marked throughout with the most common and repulsive features of Radicalism.

But we are not called on here to trace the origin of the voluntary principle; it is enough to say, that in every view which can be taken of our present subject, that principle, prevailing as it now unfortunately does among by far the greater number of our Scotch Dissenters—excepting always the Episcopalians, among whom it is absolutely unknown—must be regarded as the chief ground on which any portion of our countrymen have taken part in a question so foreign to their usual thoughts, so indifferent to their immediate interests, and so far removed from their ordinary sources of information. We are convinced that there is scarcely a man of them who knows at this moment what the English Church-rates really are, or who *cares* what they are, unless in so far as they may be supposed to form an assailable point of our Church Establishment.*

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* This is an observation which,—so far, at least, as *ignorance* is concerned,—might obviously be extended a good deal farther. We conceive it to be self-evident, that those alone who are habitually resident in England, can be sufficiently familiar with the working of the Church-rate system, to form a sound opinion on it; and certainly we should not have presumed to say a word on this subject, except on the testimony of such persons. This is a circumstance of the utmost weight in every view of this question; and assuredly it ought not to be lost sight of in considering the recent result of it in the House of Commons. The Ministerial majority was certainly by no means large; but if we shall throw out of view those Scotch and Irish Members, who (not to express ourselves more strongly on this point) cannot possibly be thought *of competent authority* on such a question, we shall find that Ministers must have been in a most decided *minority*. We are glad to see, from the Edinburgh Courant of this day (Thursday, 20th April,) that this rational view of the matter is strongly founded on, in a protest by several of the more intelligent members of the Edinburgh Town Council against the interference of that worshipful body in this question:—

"Dr. Neill," we are there told, "handed in the following reasons of dissent and protest against the resolution of the Council on Tuesday last, to petition both Houses of Parliament in favor of the Irish Corporations Bill, and the English Church-rates Bill:—

"1. Because the Town Council does not represent the public of Edinburgh in political matters, and is not therefore justified in thus thrusting such petitions on the Houses of Parliament, virtually in name of the community; particularly when it is evident that the sole object is to render aid to an Administration, the very existence of which notoriously depends on conciliatng the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and the enemies of the Established Churches in Great Britain, and in thwarting and depressing the friends of Protestantism and Protestant Establishments in the two countries.

"2. Because the present Irish Corporations Bill ought to be considered by Scottish Presbyterians as peculiarly objectionable, inasmuch as the necessary effect of passing it would be to place the entire management of many of the towns of Ireland, and the funds of the incorporations, in the hands of persons under the immediate and absolute influence of Popish priests, and thus not only to arrest the progress of Protestantism in that country, but perhaps to pave the way for its overthrow.

"3. Because the nature and bearing of the proposed Church-rates Bill on the true interests of England, must be better understood and judged of by the English members of the House of Commons than by Town Councillors of Edinburgh; yet it is well

In the close of these few remarks, we would once more observe, that we have approached this question in order merely to point out some of its bearings on our own National Church, and to indicate the views of those among us who have engaged in the recent agitation of it; and that, as we have therefore abstained from entering into *any* of its details, we have refrained altogether from noticing the juggling and fraudulent scheme by which the Church-rates are proposed to be supplied. That scheme, both with respect to the English Church itself, and the lessees of its property, we regard as a scheme of confiscation in its worst and most corrupt form: And even if it were otherwise unobjectionable, we should strenuously protest against it, on the plain and obvious ground, that by throwing the maintenance of "the fabric of the Church" on Church property, it directly aids the views of the enemies of the Establishment, by depriving it in so far of its proper *national* character. On this subject, however, we deem it unnecessary to enter; the more especially as it must be evident to all who are in the least degree conversant with the subject, that if the abolition principle were to be recognised, confiscation itself could not supply any similar fund for the support of our Scotch Churches.

Without therefore, detaining our readers by adverting either to this or any of the various other views of the subject, which have elsewhere been so ably illustrated, we would merely ask in conclusion, and with reference to those points to which we have endeavored to direct attention, whether it is possible for any rational being honestly to maintain, that the national religion would not be endangered by a measure which is so obviously demanded with a view to its destruction, and the extension of which, to this part of the kingdom, must in a few years render *ours* an Establishment without churches, and without residences for our clergy? We are convinced, that nothing save the most inveterate political prejudice, could induce any conscientious person in his right mind to hesitate for an instant in answering this question. We believe, moreover, that it is a question as to which even political prejudice is already fast giving way; and that the Ministry find to their cost, that in this portentous measure they have mistaken their influence with many of their own adherents. What course they may pursue in attempting to retrieve their error, we cannot presume to conjecture: We pretend not to calculate the resources of their dishonesty, or to fathom the depths of their degradation. We feel assured, however, that in *this* direction at least, their revolutionary progress must be arrested; and that neither force nor fraud will yet prevail in a contest where we have every thing to protect which a nation can value, and every thing to avert which it can fear. The security of our National Church is indeed "the question of questions;" and it is felt to be so, by that portion of our people which forms the true strength of the country. Assailed by the vulgar hatred of the obscene and grovelling herd of infidels, and the deeper enmity of Papists and "Voluntaries"—betrayed by a weak, sordid, self-seeking Government, and their obsequious and *un-British* majority of the House of Commons,—who shall yet doubt, that—"a fortress at once, and a temple"—built on the sure foundation of a people's love—our Protestant Establishment will bid defiance to them all? In the humblest edifice which rears its modest form among the graves of their fathers, there is a charm in the sight of our simplest villagers—in "the sound of the church-going bell" there is a music to their inmost hearts, of which the motley and party-colored tribe of church-reformers evidently know nothing; nor perhaps has this ignorance of feelings, the oldest and the most changeless which bind us to our native land, ever been more clearly evinced than in the present measure.

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known that a majority of the English members entirely disapprove of the measure in question.

We think our readers will acknowledge, that though the Irish Corporations Bill does not belong to our present subject—except, indeed as it forms a part of the same system of attack on our National Church—yet this protest is well worthy of being thus given entire, and does high honor to its authors.

SIERRA LEONE.

No spot of the earth labors under a worse reputation than our little anti-slave colony on the western side of the mighty African continent. Misery and mortality, swamps and savages, hot winds, miasmata, tombstones, fogs in which pestilence covers the soil like a perpetual shroud, and the yellow fever slaying at every season of the year, form the picture in the brains of Europe. Yet Sierra Leone may still say something for itself. Not that we have the slightest desire to palliate the slightest of its actual evils, nor the least imaginable wish to try whether its climate might act with greater effect on the cuticle of the King of Ashantee, or our own. As to other points, we look with as much disrepect as the matter can deserve, upon all efforts, if such have been made, to raise a mercantile profit out of a religious illusion. But let justice be done even to Sierra Leone. Black as it may be, it may have here and there a tinge of white. Providence has done few things on this earth in which the evil is not relieved by some evidence of good; and now forgetting all that has been said by those who have seen Africa only in a map, and known its qualities only in a newspaper, we shall give a few sketches of it from one who has trod the soil, looked about him with common sense eyes, and after eating, drinking, and sojourning there, has actually returned to tell the tale—a tale that he has told truly, pleasantly, and picturesquely.

It must be owned that the author's introduction to this settlement was inauspicious. In the first pages of his volumes he acknowledges that the whole crew, with but a single exception, and that one not himself, felt singularly depressed at their near approach to the African shore; that the atmosphere, which had been clear, seemed suddenly to thicken into mist; that the sea had grown sluggish, the dolphins and tropic birds had fled; that the passengers moped, the sailors grew silent, and the captain often forsook his chart for reading books of grave meditation. In fact, the stories of the "White Man's Grave" had laid their heavy hand upon the ship; and while no man suffered himself to think that his own fate was to be decided, every man looked with a sinister eye upon the fate of his friend. The first sight of the shore was in keeping. It was a "low, shelvy land, extending beyond all view in an uniformly dead level." Upon that shore the captain of the British surveying ship had been destroyed the year before by savages. At length the scene improved. Blue mountains shot up in the distance; when the sun set, which it did with rapidity new to the European eye, the mountains became visible again by the multitude of their fires, the flames of burning forests! At length, dashes of phosphoric light along the waters announced the coming of a boat, and in a few minutes more the pilot sprang up the side; a black, with the freedom of an Englishman, the tone of a Yankee, and the cunning of a negro. The dialogue was characteristic.

"How far is it to the town?" asked the Captain.

"A few, I guess," was the answer.

"Shall we not soon drop anchor?"

"When we get there, I judge."

The Captain now made a different tack.

"Pray, is the colony considered healthy at present?"

"More or less, I expect."

"Have there been many deaths among the white residents lately?"

"Can't ye clew up the mainsail?" was the sole reply.

The Captain, thus foiled, and superseded in his command, quietly descended into the cabin, opened his book, and appeared no more upon the deck.

On reaching the shore in the pilot-boat, all Sierra Leone seemed to have gone to bed. Not a light was to be seen from the windows. All was still, the forest-fires were hidden by

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The White Man's Grave. A Visit to Sierra Leone, by F. H. Rankin. 2 vols.

an intervening hill. All was silent, dark, and stifling. The heat, even at sea, had for some days been most relaxing. The sailors had walked the deck nearly naked; the passengers longed to follow their example, and the chief comfort was derived from a hope that it might be cooler on land. This, however, was a grand mistake. "I had no sooner landed," says the narrative, "than a *furnace* seemed to have opened its parching breath on me. The first feeling was that of suffocation, succeeded by a sudden faintness which had nearly caused a fall; a volume of heat rushed from the ground, and some moments elapsed before I could proceed, leaning on the muscular arm of my guide." But even night in Africa is all alive. The air above and the earth beneath teemed with sound. The buz of innumerable insects filled the ear. All was the whiz and hum of these swarming and creeping things. On reaching the house of the chief justice, bells and knockers being unknown, the krooman, his guide, gave notice of his coming by a loud cry. A crowd of servants with lanterns and torches instantly rushed out. But they made a totally different display from "the negroes, with flat noses and *rouleau* lips, whom we see begging through the streets in London. As well might we attempt to study the Arabian horse from the jade that moans in the shafts of a sand cart." The slaves who find their way from the West Indies are wholly unlike the majority of the free natives of Africa, and are chiefly the offspring of despised tribes. While among the free natives, "as noble features, as lofty an expression, and as fine countenances may be discovered, as Europe could offer." The group which thus poured forth were chiefly youths, all dressed alike, in the simplest of liveries. Loose white trowsers, and a white shirt, very full and open, contrasting strongly with the jet of head and chest, arms and feet. "I never saw a body of servants picturesque before. Those certainly were so."

Morning came, and the African landscape burst on his eye in all the richness of its unrivalled vegetation. "Immediately in front rose the Barrack hill, Leicester mountain, and the Sugar Loaf beyond; a peak of nearly three thousand feet in height, clothed to the summit with forests of palm, locust, and wild-cotton-trees, whose lofty and rich foliage brought the view apparently close to the eye. Wide streets presented an assemblage of houses and huts of every shape, material, and style of architecture; each generally surrounded by gardens, crowded with the dark orange and lime-trees, the soft green banana and plantain with their broad leaf, and the gorgeous papan, whose slender shaft, graced by a handful of leaves and a cluster of green and orange fruit, creates the idea of a vegetable beau of refined lankness sumptuously equipped with thick ringlets and luscious whiskers."

The population was equally new to the European eye. Groups of girls came down the mountain's side, carrying on their heads calabashes filled with red and black opines, bananas, water-melons, and the other southern fruits; with them came matrons carrying their black piccaninies. Men followed, bringing bundles of coarse grass, fresh cut, for the Freetown horses. Strings of convicts, fettered together by clanking chains, dragged themselves to their compulsory labors. All was bustle and activity. The market-place, the general focus of all, was naturally an extraordinary spectacle, at least so far as variety of clothing and color could make it such. It presented a moving mass of screaming, quarrelling, and bartering personages. Blacks, browns, siennas, bistres, sepias, umbers, jet, ebony, and carbonated; such as might have arisen from the ashes of Pompeii or Herculaneum after being charred.

A large portion of the western coast of Africa always wears a repulsive look. It is almost a flat from Senegal in 16 deg. north, to Cape Palmas in 4 deg. south, the noble promontory of Sierra Leone rising to break this monotony, like the Pyramids in the desert. The peninsula is nearly triangular, extending from Cape Sierra Leone on the west, in latitude 8 deg. and 30 min north and longitude 13 deg 40 min. west. The river Bunse forms its eastern boundary; the ocean washes it from the Cape to Kote's river. Two sides and the centre on mountains and valleys, filled with evergreen forest. It was discovered in 1442 by the Portuguese, and in 1793, an English trading company purchased a few acres

from the natives; the settlement has been since increased by treaty. The unhealthiness of the peninsula to Europeans has often been brought before the public; but the knowledge of this painful fact has produced a beneficial change in the general residence. Instead of crowding the settlement with European troops and functionaries, the whole number of whites, carrying on the various clerkships, does not exceed eighty, in a population upwards of 30,000 blacks.

It is an old European custom to deride the negro understanding, and undoubtedly there are tribes which exhibit but little intellectual vigor. But there are others which show in a remarkable degree the qualities of steadiness, determination, and industry. Among these are the Kroomen of Sierre Leone. Their nation lies about 400 miles to the south of the peninsula. The Krooman, in Africa, is what the Gallego is in Spain; the man who travels for work does the hardest work with the most indefatigable perseverance, and does it all simply to obtain a sum of money sufficient finally to establish him in his own country. Paddling his shallow canoe, the solitary Krooman commits himself to the long voyage on his stormy ocean. The canoe is peculiarly liable to upset. He swims like a porpoise by its side, rights it, bales out the water, paddles through the waves again; and if he can but escape the pirates of his own color, who seize all whom they can, passing along shore, he arrives at the colony where he is to begin the labors of fortune-making. On his arrival, he generally enters as a sort of apprentice under a master of his own tribe, and after two or three years sets up for himself. He takes apprentices in his turn, and receives their wages. Of twenty shillings a month earned by himself, he probably does not spend one. He is sparing in his expenses, frugal in his diet, and pays no tailor's bills. At the age of forty, he has generally come within sight of the grand object. He has amassed about thirty pounds sterling; but he does not carry the coin away with him. Its use is nearly unknown in Kroo-land. He lays it out in marketable articles, and returns to dwell with his people as a gentleman.

Another remarkable circumstance is, their dwelling without females while they continue in the state of laborers. "There are no Kroo-women," says Mr Rankin, "in Sierra Leone. It would answer no good purpose to bring them. The Kroos are practical political economists of the modern school, and do not wed until mature age and adequate income justify matrimony. Kroo-town, therefore, presents the unrivalled instance of a *bachelor village*. I have strolled through the clusters of the square, loosely wattled sheds, ranged without order, unfurnished and comfortless, which constitute this most strange suburb of Freetown, and thought of monasteries. Groups of naked men were seen, busy in low-voiced gossip palaver, or lying drowsily on the bare ground, courting sleep, before huts without windows, and scarcely of sufficient size to permit a tall man to extend his limbs. But *no* woman could be espied! Hut after hut presents the same dull scene; the earth, the hovel, and the inhabitant, alike motionless, and of similar tint. About a thousand males are congregatad in this community of bachelors. The silence which broods over this quarter of the unmarried suggests gloomy reflections."

The Kroos even venture to try their strength in logic. "Kas argued cleverly on the existence of Satan, *which he disbelieved*. His arguments hinged on want of personal evidence, the balance of probabilities, and the opposition of experience. Now, faith in Satan is the keystone of African theology. So that Kas's hardihood in denying it was not so marvellous as his daring to allow himself at first to speculate on such mysteries." European knowledge, especially in the shape of reading, is not popular among the Kroo nation, and the learned in books, on their return, are put into Coventry. But with some the passion is so strong, that it has actually induced them to forsake their countrymen and return to Freetown. "I have seen such, busily employed with slate and pencil, working multiplication sums of gigantic dimensions for sheer amusement." More than this, he is a musician, and plays a little native lyre, with grass for strings, and a calabash for a sounding board, not in the usual eternal twang of the African, but to pretty melodies. More than this, he is an athlete of the first quality, and the only one of his color who ever

takes *exercise* for amusement. He delights in wrestling matches; makes a preliminary pantomime for the sport; wrestles in a regular ring, and after exhibiting the most extraordinary agility in bounding round this ring, and displaying his fine proportions, rushes on his antagonist, and finishes the game by throwing him over his head. Yet this rough treatment produces no ill-blood. If the neck of the vanquished is not broken, he takes his defeat as a matter of fortune; cherishes hopes of future victory; returns to the lists on the first opportunity, and, as a chance happens to all men, sometimes transfers the laurel to his own black brow. The Kroomen are philosophers too; and Diogenes himself might envy the composure with which they bear the scorn of the idle Negroes and Maroons, while they are daily gathering the circulating medium of the colony into their pouches. In another point, too, they show a sense which ought to be an example to many an European. Sierre Leone has its politics, and as intricate ones as the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The Krooman alone sees all the affairs of state pass without giving himself a moment's trouble on the subject. *His* business is to make money and begone. He leaves the idlers to make themselves busy, if they will, in matters of Government. On one point still more trying he displays the most perfect calmness. As their determined bachelorship is known, the Kroos are, of course, remarkably unpopular with the ladies. The name of Krooman is never pronounced from female lips but with the utmost contempt.—"Were a sable Juliet to forget herself so far as to look with equanimity upon a Kroo Romeo, she would lose grade at once." Happily for the Kroomen, they are not ordered by their masters to love. "Hard work, wrestling, and sleep, fill up their time; they are ungallant, without doubt; but they please themselves." On the whole, we cannot but regard them as very sensible fellows.

Africa has abundant luxuries, but the European appetite is disqualified by the heat from enjoying them. There are other and worse drawbacks. The insects are innumerable: they would be enough, in our apprehension, to turn any banquet into the banquet of Tantalus. The profusion of viands, fruits, and wines, at the European tables, and the most hospitable reception, are not enough for happiness, where they have such accompaniments as these—"The variegated locust, painted purple, red, and green, leaping into the soup plate, the large black cricket plunging into the wine glass, the fat-bodied mantis plumping into the hot-spiced pepper pot." As to temperature, "every contrivance to create a cool sensation fails. In vain the refreshing orange and lime flower float in the finger glass; in vain the water in its porous redware jar evaporates, and sprinkles the globular surface with dew; in vain the claret, Madeira, and Sauterne, have been for hours exposed to the sea breeze, the bottles encased in wet cotton, and standing in a cooler. Heat reigns triumphant, favored by the cloth clothing ceremoniously worn at such times."

The Governor set out on a tour of inspection, and Mr. Rankin was invited to accompany him. They embarked in one of the vessels appointed for hunting the slave ships into the creeks, a Kusée, mounting two carronades and a long eighteen gun. The view, as the vessel moved out from the shore under the influence of a scarcely perceptible breeze, had all the lustre of tropical scenery. The coast was a succession of amphitheatres of mountains sheeted with forest. The sea was instinct with life; fleets of the purple and golden nautilus floated by; and troops of the flying fish darted through the air, like troops of swallows, till they dropped into the side of a wave, or, with the fin refreshed by merely touching the crest of the surge, swept onwards again in a new course. The power of the sun was excessive. One of the officers who threw a hook into the water, and thus exposed his hand for half an hour, had it blistered and swollen. The night was passed on deck, under an awning. The magnificence of the tropical night is proverbial. The darkness of the heaven seems solid. The stars imbedded in it have the lustre of gems, they burn by reflection in the smooth waters; those waters themselves often burning with the blue phosphoric light of the medusæ. As the vessel slowly floated on, the mountains showed their successive fires. This is the mode of clearing the wilderness for cultivation. The forest is set on flames, the jungle

blazes, the whole fearful population of both are put to the instant rout, or consumed, the leopards and snakes are exiled, and man settles in their room.

York, the present boundary of the voyage, was reached, and preparations were made to receive the high functionary. A company of negro militia came down to the beach, suffering under the accumulated evils of discipline, dust, and heat. The negroes abhor our broad cloths, our caps, belts, and all the parapharnalia of regular soldiership. But, whether in India, Africa, or the West Indies, we button up, tie down, brace and belt men, to whom nakedness is second nature, and this too in climates where the human skin seems almost too much to carry. But this is all according to the law of the Horse Guards; and the etiquette of the temperate zone establishes the absurdity at the line. But the happier race beyond the law of the Horse Guards were in all their original delight. Millions of huge crimson ants were gathering on the sand, apparently to join in the review. Wild parrots were screaming. Shoals of fish were leaping out of the waters, as if for joy. The naked population of York were full of gratulation at the coming of "de Gobbernan man." All was glee, but the unlucky company of negro warriors, "who stood stiff and erect in their uniform, wearing the look of a devoted band, standing in the furnace-flame of the sun."

But the subject assumes a more important aspect when the colony is regarded as an outlet for that vast swelling of population which is yearly propelled from Britain to the ends of the earth. The general objection is, the unhealthiness of the soil. But this, Mr. Rankin observes, "has been idly magnified by the love of the terrific, and the report has been maintained by policy on the one hand and ignorance on the other." There can be no doubt, that a good deal of mystification on this head has been long sustained. There can be as little doubt, that the insalubrity of any land is to be but imperfectly calculated from the deaths of European captains of ships, military officers, and high salaried civilians. Those classes invariably live under the tropic as they would live in the London Tavern; practise no restraint in eating, drinking, or any indulgence of home; are destitute of all exercise; and thus, feasting and fattening, suddenly drop into the grave, to the surprise of nobody who sees their habits on the spot, and to the terror of all who hear nothing but that they have been killed by Sierra Leone. Temperance, regimen, attention to the changes of climate, and moderate but regular exertion, would disarm the evil, and the triumph would be repaid by the possession of the richest territory perhaps on the surface of the globe. The *spontaneous* produce of the ground, the very weeds of this region, are among the most important articles of cultivation and commerce in all other parts of the earth; palm-oil, vanilla, coffee, indigo, gums of various kinds, Indian rubber, jesuits' bark, jalap, and a whole host of drugs and dye woods, covering the ground in the wild luxuriance of nature. Sugar, cinnamon, spices, and tobacco, are easily the result of culture. And in this land, where large farms may be purchased for scarcely more than the expence of registering, the wages of the laborer are eightpence or tenpence or day. "I could not help," says this animated and intelligent writer, "indulging in the vision of a white settlement at York. The mind's eye beheld the comfortable home of an industrious farmer speedily raised by the willing exertions of black laborers; sheltered by the orange and lime trees of this evergreen land; the farmyard well stocked with the diminutive poultry and the stately Muscovy duck; the small Foulah cattle, exactly similar to the best Alderney breed; and those glossy piebald sheep which seem to partake of the nature of the antelope, as well in flavor as in form; with the granary filled with maize, millet, and corn. Beyond, the homestead fields of sugar-cane and indigo, and plantations of cotton; while the hill-sides bristled with the stiff but generous coffee tree." Even the present limits of the settlement by no means include its capabilities. Large tracts of neighboring territory have been offered to the English Government for purchase, which, though refused for the time, would be available for any increase of population.

But the extension of a British colony in this quarter of the world would have more important results than commercial opulence. Slavery seems to have been the original impulse of

Africa. It has certainly existed there beyond all record; and while it has been extinguished in almost every other land, even in the most barbarism, it has continued in its ancient vigor in the most populous and powerful realms of this mighty continent." "A servant of servants" have the sons of Ham indeed been to all his brethren. Multitudes are still poured from the interior into the slave markets of India, Egypt, and Asia Minor. The trade to the Western World was merely a new drain to this vast population of hewers of wood and drawers of water. But it is this *Christian* slave trade that exhibits the traffic in human flesh in its horrors. The Oriental trade is comparatively mild. The Mahometan and the Pagan are our masters in mercy.

Of the deep necessity for some expedient, on the largest and most vigorous scale, to subdue the *Christian* slave trade (well may Europe blush at the name,) this volume, and it is equally clever and candid, furnishes the most stringent proofs. England, to her infinite honor, and perhaps not less to her providential security, has long abandoned this atrocious crime. But the trade is carried on by France, Portugal, and Spain, only with the more eager avarice, and even with more remorseless cruelty. Treaties have been made by England with those nations, and large sums of money given by her actually to buy off the trade. By the treaty with the Brazils it has been made piracy since 1826, and with the Dutch since 1829. But the only result seems to be, that their slavers take another flag, and traffic as before. It is computed that not less than from 80,000 to 100,000 slaves a-year cross the Atlantic to the possessions of those powers! The treaties with Spain and Portugal are so habitually eluded, that they increase the miseries of the wretched captives. Of this his first step in Sierra Leone furnished the writer with a sufficient example. On the morning after his arrival, he was indulging in a view of the fine estuary on which the colony lies, and looking for the vessel which had brought him from England. Close in shore lay a large schooner, so remarkable from the low sharp cut of her hull, and, the excessive rake of her masts, that she seemed, among the other craft, as a swallow among birds. Her deck was crowded with naked blacks, whose woolly heads studded the rail. She was a slaver with a large cargo. In the autumn of 1833 this schooner, apparently a Brazilian, and named the "Donna Maria da Gloria," had left Loando, on the slave coast, with some merchandise, to keep up appearances. But she was no sooner out of port than she received on board a cargo of 420 negroes, and set sail for Rio Janeiro. Off the mouth of the Brazilian harbor she was captured by a British vessel, as a slaver. This case was brought before the Court of Mixed Commission in Brazil. It is easy to conceive with what difficulties a Court so obnoxious to the native avarice must be met at every step. The completeness of her Brazilian ownership not being sufficiently proved, it became necessary to send her back for adjudication to Sierra Leone. Thus this "dungeon ship" had to recross the Atlantic with her miserable cargo, for a two months' voyage! On her arrival, in February, 1834, the 420 had been reduced, by death and suffering, to 335,—a fourth of the whole perishing in wretchedness unspeakable; for the continuance of so many months' confinement in so cramped a position had produced all kinds of hideous diseases, dropsy, eruptions, abscesses, and dysentery. Ophthalmia, too, was becoming general. But until formally adjudicated by the Court, they could not even be landed. They thus remained in harbor two months more. But this was not all. The slaver was proved to have been sailing *not* under Brazilian colors, but Portuguese. The Portuguese are prohibited, by treaty, from trading only to the north of a certain line. The slaver had been captured a few degrees to the south! The Court was compelled to pronounce the capture illegal. She was suffered to return to the Brazils, not merely safe, but with a passport guaranteeing her from all British ships. "I saw," says Mr. Rankin, forcibly, "the evil ship weigh anchor, and leave Sierra Leone, with her ensign floating as if in contempt and triumph. Thus a third time were the dying wretches carried across the Atlantic, after seven months' confinement: few probably lived through the passage." A remarkable circumstance on this occasion was, that the slaver

gave three loud cheers at the moment of the schooner's starting—whether this rose from the monotony of misery on board, the prospect of a Brazilian market, or even of a grave in the waters.

The process of liberation has some interest, as an imperfect attempt to show national mercy, where every individual subtlety, villany, and vice is leagued against its whole action. The chief places of capture are off the mouth of some river in the Bight of Benin, or of Biafra, the Calabar, Bonny, &c. A search is made. If the equipments and cargo permit detention, an officer and prize crew are put on board, who take her to Sierra Leone for adjudication. A scene in one of those vessels is described. It is horrible. "I had an opportunity," says Mr. Rankin, "of observing the process of liberation as an eyewitness. One fine day in May, the signal gun told of the approach of a vessel. A sharp-built schooner, with crowded canvass, darted up the estuary like lightning; her nature was obvious; she was a prize. A painful interest prompted me to visit, as speedily as possible, this prison-ship. The Timmanee crew of the official boat swiftly shot us alongside. The craft showed Spanish colors, and was named 'La Pantica.' We easily leaped on board, as she lay low in the water; the first hasty glance around caused a sudden sickness and faintness, followed by an indignation more intense than discreet. Before us, lying in a heap, huddled together at the foot of the foremast, on the bare and filthy deck, lay several human beings in the last stage of emaciation, dying. The ship, fore and aft, was thronged with men, women, and children, all entirely naked, and disgusting with various disease. I stepped to the hatchway; it was secured by iron bars and cross bars, and pressed against them were the heads of the slaves below. It appeared that the crowd on deck formed one third only of the cargo, two-thirds being stowed in a sitting posture below, between decks: the men forward, the women aft. Two hundred and seventy-four were at this moment in the little schooner! When captured, 315 had been found on board; forty had died during the voyage from the old Calabar, and one had drowned himself."

This was the first view; and wretched as it was, it showed but half the evil. The next day's visit was even more startling. "The rainy season had commenced, and during the night rain had poured heavily down; nearly a hundred slaves had been exposed to the weather on deck, and among them the heap of dying skeletons at the foremast. The captives were now counted, and their numbers, age, and sex, written down for the information of the Court of Mixed Commission. As the hold had been divided for the separation of the men and women, those on deck were first counted; they were then driven forward, crowded as much as possible, and the women below were drawn up through the small hatchway from their hot, dark confinement. A black boatswain seized them one by one, dragging them before us for a moment, when they were noted down, and were instantly swung again by the arm into their loathsome cell, where another negro boatswain sat, with a whip or stick, and forced them to resume the bent and painful attitude necessary for the stowage of so large a number. The unfortunate women and girls, in general, submitted with quiet resignation. A month had made their condition familiar to them. One or two were less philosophical, or suffered more acutely than the rest. Their shrieks arose faintly from their hidden prison, as violent compulsion alone squeezed them into their nook against the curve of the ship's side. I attempted to descend, in order to see the accommodation. The height between the floor and ceiling was about twenty-two inches! The agony of the position of the crouching slaves may be imagined, especially that of the men, whose heads and necks were bent down by the boarding above them. Once so fixed, relief by motion or change of posture is unattainable. The body frequently stiffens into a permanent curve. In the streets of Freetown I have seen liberated slaves in every conceivable state of distortion. One, I remember, who trailed along his body, with his back to the ground, by means of his hands and ankles. Many can never resume the upright posture."

In this description are obviously omitted all the sources of sickness, disgust, and misery, which *must* arise from the mere fact of so many human beings thus crushed together, if it

were even but for a day, much less for weeks and months, independently of all the pain of the stooping posture. That position was one of the tortures of the old French dungeons, and borrowed in our own, where a man could neither stand, sit straight, nor lie down—a torture which soon became so intolerable that it either forced the sufferer to declare himself guilty of any thing that was desired, or drove him mad. Our only wonder is, that even the apathy of the negro endured it, without throwing the whole cargo into frenzy. "La Pantica," fortunately for the unhappy slaves, was condemned, and the negroes were brought on shore. The writer, who took an honorable interest in their fate, paid frequent visits to the King's yard, where they were first received. The young children first recovered from their sufferings, and their elastic spirits seemed little injured. The men next rallied, but several died in the shed devoted to the sickly. Of the women, many were despatched to the hospital, victims to raging fever. Others had become insane. He was informed, that insanity was the frequent state of the female captives, and that it came chiefly on those who at first exhibit most intellectual development, and greatest liveliness of disposition. The women sustain their bodily sufferings with more silent fortitude than the men, and seldom destroy themselves; but they brood more over their misfortunes, until the sense of them is lost in madness.

But the British provision to diminish these horrors remains ineffectual. Of the slavers, the chief part escape. Our squadron off the coast have been more successful of late; and the rigid resolve of England to make her compacts with foreigners practically binding, will render it more effective still. But a different description of vessels should be employed. Our ships are still too slow, too heavy, and too few. The low, sharp, rakish schooner of the pirates can often walk round the dignified square ships of the service, and in light winds invariably distance them. The Pantica was captured by chance. The Fair Rosamond, the captor, had entered the Calabar river, and dropped anchor in a dark, foggy night. When day broke, the slave ship was discovered close by. They had unconsciously lain as neighbors side by side. The "Pantica" had just been loaded with slaves, and was ready to weigh anchor at sunrise for America. A rocket was fired over her, and she had no alternative but to strike her colors. The chief actors in those abominations are the French, the Portuguese, and the Spaniards. The governments of those three countries have been importuned in every shape of importunity to act with openness, and extinguish the detestable and dreadful trade, which they have so often and so openly bound themselves to destroy. Looking to the distracted condition of those three countries at this moment, when every other is at peace, can it be called superstitious to combine their sufferings with this hideous and national crime? Must not the outcries of a hundred thousand human beings yearly torn from their home, and tortured for the gains of this atrocious trade, be heard in higher councils than those of man? Is it to be forgotten, in proof of this national punishment, that these three nations have been stripped of the colonial possessions for whose express use the slave trade had been sustained?—Portugal wholly stripped of the boundless empire of the Brazils—Spain wholly stripped of the boundless empire of Mexico and the southern provinces—France wholly stripped of the noblest island of the Western world, the chief of all her colonies; while, as if to make the moral clear, England, the champion of truth and religion in the cause of the unhappy slave, has not merely been sustained in possession of all the colonial power of older times, but has extended her empire through seas and regions almost unknown to the last age—an empire embracing the largest dominion ever placed under a single sceptre.

We recommend this work to all who can enjoy an eloquent and tasteful narrative. We have found some difficulty in breaking off from its perusal. It is a new and a brilliant view of the glories of nature in the long-libelled world of Africa.

ECHOES OF ANTIQUITY.

BY DELTA.

SERIES SECOND.

From the hoar remoteness of time, in which David lamented for Saul and Jonathan—Ossian poured forth his songs of Selma—and Hippocrates scorned the proffered honors of Artaxerxes—glide we now, in fancy, down the dim avenues of the eleventh century; and glance, for a few moments, on the Sea-Kings and their Scalds.

In an old Icelandic Chronicle, called Knytlinga Saga, preserved in Bartholin's curious and excellent treatise, "Causæ de contemptu a Danis Mortis" (4to, 1689, p. 54), will be found in the following fragment, which, unlike the barbarous and bloody Odes and incantations of the extreme north, breathes a chivalry worthy of France, Spain, or "Olde Englonde."

Harald, surnamed the Valiant, was a Norwegian Prince, who greatly distinguished himself by his bold adventures. In pursuit of glory and riches, *viâ* piracy, he had not only scoured all the northern seas, but had penetrated into the Mediterranean, and made descents on the African and Sicilian coasts. He was at length captured, and detained for some time at Constantinople. The obdurate fair one, whom the glory of so many exploits could not soften, is said to have been Elissif, the daughter of Jarislaus, King of Russia. The Chevalier Mallet gives a French translation in his "*L'Edda.*" (4to, 1755.)

THE COMPLAINT OF HARALD THE VALIANT.

I.

The pride and splendor of the sea,
My ships have circled Sicily,—
My stout brown vessels taught to brave
The howling wind and trampling wave,—
My banded warriors o'er the flood
Looked eager for the feast of blood;
So far our stretch, so long our way,
I thought our sails would never stay!—
And yet, to recompense my pains,—
A Russian maiden me disdains!

II.

While yet a youth—half man half boy—
Say, saw ye then my face with joy,
Ye men of Dronthiem—though your towers
Held troops so far outnumbering ours?
Dread was the conflict; fierce and far
Ran through your streets the din of war;
Until with shrieks, beneath my sword,
Ye saw your young king's life-blood poured:
And yet, to recompense my pains,—
A Russian maiden me disdains!

III.

Once—sixteen souls alone were we,
On shipboard, 'mid a shoreless sea,—
When rose a tempest fierce and fell,
And Ocean, with resistless swell,
Rush'd wild across our loaded deck,
As if triumphant o'er our wreck;
But strenuous hearts and hands were there;
Hope smiled, and overcame Despair;
And yet, to recompense my pains,—
A Russian maiden me disdains!

IV.

Eight manly feats I know aright—
I fear no foeman in the fight;
I curb with skill the fiery horse;
Swimming, I stem the torrent's force;
As if self-poised in air, I wheel
Along the ice, on skates of steel;
I dart the whirling lance; with oar
I urge the boat from shore to shore:
And yet, to recompense my pains,—
A Russian maiden me disdains!

V.

What maid, what matron can deny,
When posted, in the dawning, by
The city of the South, we gave
Our banners on the breeze to wave,
That forward were my feet to rush
Amid the battle's bloodiest crush,—
That Harald's sword left none to say,
Who fell beneath its sweep that day!—
And yet, to recompense my pains,—
A Russian maiden me disdains!

VI.

On Norway's upland wastes of snow,
Where rustics bend with skill the bow,
My peaceful days began, afar
From warlike thoughts, from Ocean's jar:
Now, 'mid the rocks my vessels glide,
The peasant's dread, in banner'd pride,—
Ships which have made wild shores their own,
Where man's abode was never known:
And yet, to recompense my pains,—
A Russian maiden me disdains!

If so sings the half-pagan Norseman of the sorrows with which the scorn of an earthly fair one darkened his triumphs, let us listen to the love-notes which the enthusiastic temperament of the Oriental Mahometan could suppose breathed from heaven over his dying hour, in commiseration of his sufferings and fidelity in the cause of "the true faith."

In that most picturesque of all chronicles of human action, Professor Ockley's History of the Saracens, we are told that words to the following effect were repeated by a warlike chief, named I'Krimah, before rushing into a battle, where he was slain after performing prodigies of valor.

THE DEATH-SONG OF I'KRIMAH.

I.

Methinks from Paradise I see
A black-eyed maiden beckon me!
And such a form, and such a face,
That, oh could mortal gaze behold,—
So soul-subduing in their grace,—
'Twould fire the soft, 'twould melt the bold,
Till each, his heart-deep flame to prove,
Would peak, would pine, would die for love!

II.

She waves her snowy arm, half seen,
Through floating folds of silken green;
And in her left hand I descry
A cup of gems with rare device;
She bends on me a loving eye,
She beckons on to Paradise,
And calls, "O come in Heaven to dwell,
Come quickly, for I love thee well!"

In his notes to the Giaour, that most impassioned of all modern poems, Lord Byron, mentions a war-song of the Greeks almost exactly of the same import. He has himself given it partly an immortality in the lines ending,

"They come, their kerchiefs green they wave,
And welcome with a kiss the brave."

From the brokenheartedness of Harald, and the dying ecstasies of I'Krimah let us now revert to affection in a different, but scarcely less tender phasis, that of parental love. It is related of a Hungarian Jew, we think by old erudite Burton, that, feeling the approaches of death, he summoned from Bristol to his bedside at Gloucester the only child of his old age, and addressed her in a strain, to which the following may be supposed to bear some remote analogy.

BEN EPHRAIM'S DEATHBED.

I.

Depart! illusions of this world—
Vile dreams of traffic — from my sleep—
In visioned trance I see unfurled,
Outspread in silence deep,
A melancholy flat—
Where spectral forms are flitting o'er
From Earth to Jordan's heavenly shore;
Know I not thee, sepulchral, hoar,
Dreary Jehosophat!
Thou valley of dry bones, where keep
Our fathers' fathers their last sleep!

II.

Life's ebbing sands are almost run;
Child, draw that saffron curtain by,
That I may see yon setting sun
Once more before I die.
Soon shall his radiance gild
Thy temple, earth's most glorious gem,
Oh distant, dear Jerusalem!
Bear thou, bright orb, my love to them,
With me, in youth, who tilled
Our Syrian fields; and tell them, I,
Far from them, lay me down to die.

III.

Tell them I grieve not for my death—
Grieve!—Ours hath been a race of steel;
Steadfast and stern—yea, fixed in faith
Though doomed Power's scourge to feel.
Tell them alone I grieve
That I am called to peace, before
Joy's banners float our country o'er;
That, friendless, on a foreign shore,
My only born I leave:
Oh! be her young life's voyage calm,
With waves of oil, and winds of balm!

IV.

Sarah! lone seraph! where wilt thou,
When I have left thee, refuge find!
Ne'er felt I—ne'er so much as now—
The scorn that haunts our kind!
For thou hast known not grief:
Gems, gold, I've garnered for thy dower,
I've nursed thee as a priceless flower
Within this almost Hebrew bower;
The illuminated leaf
Of my life's volume; day and night,
My silent, secret, sole delight.

V.

But now I leave thee, purest child,
Forsaken in a foreign land,
For us where but to be reviled
Is pointed Mockery's hand.
Ah! wert thou but at home,
Where, kneeling at our fountain's brink,
Beneath green palms, the camels drink,
Then should it solace me to think
Thy feet no more might roam;
But heave the hills, and foams the brine,
Betwixt thee and blest Palestine,

VI.

Our race—Heaven's wrath hath scattered them!
The chosen see no more thy spires,
God's dwelling place, Jerusalem,
Great city of our sires!
Methinks I see thee still—
Thy temple, blest in elder time;
Thy terraced roofs, and towers sublime;
Thy ruined walls, where fig-trees climb;
Thy consecrated hill,
Mount Olivet; and Siloa's stream,
Bright mirroring red morning's beam.

VII.

Farewell! thou hast thy mother's eyes,
Bright, black, as when, by Danube's flow,
Beneath the blue Hungarian skies,
I wooed her long ago.
We thought no more to roam;
And ours was sure a hearth of love,
Till fiend-led Persecution drove
The meekest forth, and made us rove
Once more without a home.
I would thy mother's dust had lain
Within our cave, on Judah's plain!

VIII.

But no! it was not thus to be!—
She sleeps within an English field;
And where they buried her, lay me,—
Nay, why to anguish yield,
Sarah, my lone and lovely child?
But when thou art an orphan, dry
In faith thy filial tears; the sky
Of Palestine shall glad thine eye,
Dear wanderer of earth's wild;
There hast thou kindred, who will make
Thee welcome, even for my name's sake.

IX.

Farewell! though I must see it not,
Thine eyes, *mine* Eden-bird, may see
Our tribes, heaven-gathered, reach the spot
Whence vengeance made them flee.—
The Arab charger's neigh,
The shouting people thou may'st hark,
Life-favored child! yea, see God's Ark
Once more unveiled to sight, and mark
Judah's triumphant day;
Fulfilled the promise of the Lord,
The stranger fled, the lost restored!

X.

Farewell! I see thee, feel thee not;
There is a burden on my breath;
Within my veins, once thrilling hot,
I feel the ice of death.
One kiss before I die;—
There kneel beside my couch, and pray:
So like yon parting gleam of day,
In peace my soul shall pass away
Into the cloudless sky;
And God, when I am gone, will be
Friend, father, every thing to thee.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BERANGER,

BY ALFRED DOMETT.

No. I.

THE PRISONER.

"Come, leave your work, the daylight flies,
And see, the shepherd's star is risen!"
"A youth, who was our neighbour, lies,
My mother, in a foreign prison,
They took him prisoner on the sea,
He was the last to yield they say.
Poor Mary, spin! Oh, spin to free
The wretched captive far away!
Spin, my Mary, my poor Mary,
For the captive far away!"

"And must the lamp be lighted?—there!
Alas, my child, again in tears!"
"He pines away with weary care;
The Briton at his misery sneers.
From childhood, Adrian loved but me,
He made our fireside always gay.
Poor Mary, spin! Oh, spin to free
The wretched captive far away!"

"For Adrian, I myself would spin,
My child; but I am weak and old."
"To him I love send all I win,
My mother—all my scanty gold.
In vain that music beckons me,
Although 'tis Rose's wedding day.
Poor Mary, spin! Oh, spin to free
The wretched captive far away!"

"Come near the fire, my child, and spin;
'Tis wearing late—the night is cold."
"My mother, Adrian groans within
A floating prison's gloomy hold!
They spurn the shrunken hand which he
Holds out, for bitter bread, to pray.
Poor Mary, spin! Oh, spin to free
The wretched captive far away!"

"Nay, lately I have dreamt again
That you, my child, were Adrian's bride;
Before a month is gone, 'tis plain,
My dreams will all be verified!"
"And shall I then my soldier see,
Before the fields their flowers display!
Poor Mary, spin! Oh! spin to free
The wretched captive far away.
Spin, my Mary—my poor Mary,
For the captive far away."

II.

MY VOCATION.

Upon the wide world tost,
Poor—suffering—weak, and small;
Amid the stir and bustle lost,
And overlooked by all;
The tear is standing in my eye,
My lips are murmuring—
Sing, whispers my good angel nigh,
Poor little fellow, sing!

The rich in chariots ride,
And splash me as they go;
I pant beneath their cursed pride.
Their insults undergo!
They scowl on hapless poverty
With looks how withering!
Sing, whispers my good angel nigh,
Poor little fellow, sing.

I shrink from want and pain;
A life unsettled fly;
And though it chafes, endure the chain
Of humble industry.
Oh, freedom's sweet—but I must eat;
Hunger's a savage thing;
Sing, whispers my good angel nigh,
Poor little fellow, sing!

Love shone in my distress—
A sweet and blessed light!
But youth is gone, and he, I guess,
Prepares to take his flight.
In vain I pant when I descry
Soft beauty blossoming;
Sing, whispers my good angel nigh,
Poor little fellow, sing.

To sing, or I mistake,
Is all my task below;
And will not they for whom I wake
The strain, their love bestow?
When wine exalts the spirits high,
Amid the jovial ring,
Then, whispers my good angel nigh,
Sing,—little fellow, sing.

III.

GOOD WINE AND PRETTY LASSES.

Friendship, love, and wine to-day.
Make our simple banquet gay!
Etiquette we all resign;
What surpasses pretty lasses
And full glasses of good wine!

Love, the god who fashion spurns,
Huckaback to damask turns;
Teach us, Love! that art of thine;
What surpasses pretty lasses
And full glasses of good wine!

Let grandees off silver feed;—
Cup or plate—two lovers need
Only one for both to dine:
What surpasses pretty lasses
And full glasses of good wine!

Who is happy on a throne!
Thereon one must sit *alone*!
Social meal and couch be mine;
What surpasses pretty lasses
And full glasses of good wine!

Poverty, who dogs us still,
May go ragged if he will;
Flowerets o'er the rents we'll twine;
What surpasses pretty lasses
And full glasses of good wine!

Ah! no, no! for were it so,
We would robe us like the low!
Then Lisette would look divine!
What surpasses pretty lasses
And full glasses of good wine.

IV.

"'TIS TO THE MOB THAT I BELONG."

And so, forsooth, they sneer to see
A luckless "de" my name precede!
Had you a noble ancestry?
Oh no, my masters—no indeed!
No musty scrolls prove me allied
To ancient houses, proud and strong;
To love my country all my pride,
'Tis to the mob that I belong,
The mob—the mob,
The very mob!

Ah no! I had no "de" at first,
For in my blood, and in my soul,
I read that I had sires who curst
A master's absolute control!
Long, long did that control remain
A millstone o'er the ignoble throng;
My sires were those it crush'd—for grain;
'Tis to the mob that I belong,
The mob—the mob,
The very mob!

My fathers held no servile hordes—
No half-starv'd vassals e'er oppress;
Nor ever drew their valiant swords
Good folk in forests to molest;
And none of them, from warriors plain,
Were turn'd by Merlin's magic strong
To chamberlains of Charlemagne.
'Tis to the mob that I belong,
The mob—the mob—
The very mob!

No sires of mine have ever riven
With civil war their native land;
Nor to the English Lion given
The towns consign'd to their command;
When churchmen overwhelmed the state,
Combined for rapine and for wrong,
They never joined the League of hate.
'Tis to the mob that I belong,
The mob—the mob,
The very mob!

My name with yours then ne'er enrol,
Conceited gentles! ye who run,
Ennobled by a button-hole,
To worship every rising sun!
I honor all mankind as one;
In satire quick, in feelings strong;
Pay court to misery alone!
'Tis to the mob that I belong,
The mob—the mob,
The very mob!

DESPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No. IV.

Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in England in September, 1805. Previous to the expedition to Egypt, India was the only school for the acquisition of the higher branches of professional knowledge open to a British officer. It was there only that the operations of war were conducted on a great scale, or experience had yet taught a British army to contend with confidence of victory. It must be regarded, therefore, as a fortunate event in the career of Wellington, that, before contending with the best troops and most skilful generals of Europe, he had been enabled, by a service in India, to receive the full benefit of a preparatory initiation in all the duties of command. That the high functions which there devolved on him exercised a powerful and most beneficial influence, in strengthening the faculties and enlarging the resources of his mind, there can be no doubt. His experience was happily not limited to the comparatively narrow circle of duties purely military. Had it been so, he might probably have become the most skilful strategist, the most expert tactician of the age, and nothing more. But the case was very different. The qualities of the soldier, the diplomatist, and the civil administrator were called into action by the danger which then threatened the very existence of our Indian empire; and the effect, as regarded Wellington, was the acquisition of an amount of practical accomplishment, a widely extended range of knowledge, and a confidence in his own great powers, which subsequently led to the most splendid results

The period of Sir Arthur Wellesley's residence in India, therefore, though comparatively short, effected a great change both in his character and circumstances. He quitted England, a young and inexperienced officer, enthusiastically devoted to his profession, and with little worldly possession save his "own good sword." In eight years he returned with a high reputation, a mind enlarged by experience, and facultics improved by the exercise of the most difficult and important functions, both military and political. He had commanded armies, subdued provinces, negotiated treaties, and extended the blessing of mild and impartial government, where it had been before unknown. In short, it is scarcely possible to conceive a combination of circumstances better calculated to produce the complete expansion of a mind like that of Wellington, than those in which the course of events fortunately placed him.

There is one disadvantage, however, inseparable, we fear, from service in the East, namely, the apathy with which the most brilliant achievements in that quarter are regarded at home. No man ever attained any considerable popularity from his services in the East. The scene of action is too remote, and the character of the struggle too different from any thing within the scope of European experience, to excite much sympathy or interest in the people of England. In our various contests in India, the moral feeling of Englishmen has rarely been ranged on the same side with the banners of their country; and under any circumstances, few, even among the educated classes, possess sufficient knowledge to enable them to form a just estimate either of the amount of difficulties overcome, or the importance of the advantages acquired. It is besides a common error to regard the native armies as mere masses of undisciplined barbarians, and to anticipate victory as a consequence necessarily resulting from the superiority of European tactics and British valor. Towards those, therefore, who fight our battles in the East, the thermometer of public feeling uniformly indicates a low temperature; while inferior men have succeeded in rising to distinction by success in less difficult but more popular objects.

We have no doubt Sir Arthur Wellesley felt this on his return to England in 1805. His brilliant services in the East had met with due appreciation from the Government and those conversant with Indian affairs; but to the public in general they were an unknown quantity, and we believe have remained so to the present hour. In truth, great indifference existed

with regard to all military merit which had not been established by successful contest with the generals of Napoleon.

The army then enjoyed little of the national confidence, and the assertion that the British troops were unable to contend in the field against those of France, had acquired something of the character and authority of an admitted truth. The year 1805, was one of deep national despondency.

The power of Napoleon had reached its zenith, and the public mind was in the lowest state of depression from the apprehension of invasion. Communities, like individuals, have their weak moments, when the spirits flag and the nerves are unstrung, and men tremble "even at the sounds themselves have made." Thus was it at the period in question. An armament had been assembled at Boulogne, and prodigious was the consternation diffused by the flotilla of flat-bottomed boats destined to convey it to the shores of Britain. If a few fishing boats were seen off Dover or Ramsgate, the cry of "They come, they come," spread like wild fire, and the whole kingdom of Kent was in an uproar. On the Exchange, where merchants most do congregate, were daily seen dismal faces, and heard rumors of change-perplexing capitalists. The funds were at the lowest ebb, and even without invasion, national bankruptcy was declared to impend over the devoted country. So deep and general was the panic, that the principle of *sauve qui peut* was already entered on, not only by many of the middling classes, but of the noblest and wealthiest of the land; men peculiarly called on, by every tie of loyalty and gratitude, to occupy the foremost place of danger, and share the fortunes of their country whatever they might be. We learn from the very interesting memoirs of Sir John Sinclair, lately published, that Lord Beauchamp and many other great proprietors and capitalists, privately purchased land in the United States, with the view of ultimately retiring there. Even men of the most powerful understanding and coolest judgment were disposed to regard the situation of their country with despair. As a proof of this, we shall lay before our readers a few passages from the letters of Bishop Watson, addressed to Sir John Sinclair:—

"December 22, 1804.

"I am overwhelmed with fears for our existence as a nation. France will domineer over the world; we cannot attack her, and she need not attack us. Her menaces will destroy our finances, and excess of taxation will breed discontent.—Adieu."

"7th August, 1805.

"You cannot well imagine how much I am alarmed at our present situation; not indeed ultimately and individually alarmed, because my mind is made up to every thing. I can submit to every thing but dishonor, and it must be my own fault if I ever submit to that. Yet I have a sad presage that this country must succumb under the power of France; all other nations are asleep, and they will not awaken till they are stunned by the hammers of despotism fastening Gallic chains around the neck of every people in Europe."

"June 12, 1805.

"I trouble not myself about politics; the trade of Manchester is, I am told, at a stand; a general stoppage of our commerce will be followed by a general bankruptcy, and bankruptcy by our degradation as a state in Europe."

"1st February, 1806.

"I am very well pleased with the new arrangements, but I fear our fate is fixed."

"11th Oct. 1806.

"You know more of political occurrences than I do, but my opinion respecting the expediency of peace is fixed. We *may* be ruined by it, but we *shall* be ruined without it."

While fear, almost amounting to insanity, thus pervaded all ranks of the community, it was a fortunate circumstance for England that the hands to which the reins of government were confided were neither feeble nor irre-

solute. Mr. Pitt, instead of following the pusillanimous counsels of those who advocated submission, presented a bold front to the danger, and prepared to meet it. He roused his countrymen to action, and placed arms in their hands. He assured them that, however great might be the peril of resistance, it was infinitely less than that which must necessarily accompany a dishonorable peace. Towards the enemy he neither lowered his tone, nor tarnished the honor of England by any proposal of concession. Perhaps no statesman ever exercised so powerful an ascendency over the public mind as Mr. Pitt at the period in question. To his wisdom and intrepidity was the country, under Providence, indebted for safety at this memorable crisis. The courage which he roused to meet the danger averted it. There was no invasion, and the remains of the dreaded boat-flotilla were found rotting at Boulogne at the peace of 1814.

At a time of such peril an accession of military talent in the person of Sir Arthur Wellesley could not be unwelcome to the Ministry. Almost immediately after his arrival he was appointed to command a brigade in the expedition fitted out for Hanover, under Lord Cathcart. The battle of Austerlitz defeated the object of this armament, and it was recalled before engaging in any operation. On its return to England the troops were distributed along the coast as a security against invasion. Sir Arthur Wellesley was then appointed to a command in the Sussex district, and shortly afterwards was elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Rye. In the same year he married the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, sister to the Earl of Longford.

In April, 1807, a change of Ministry took place. The Duke of Richmond was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, Chief Secretary. In the month of August, however, he again embarked for foreign service, and sailed with the expedition to Copenhagen under Lord Gambier and Lord Cathcart. The command allotted to him was that of the division of reserve, with which, on the 29th of August, he had an affair with a considerable body of Danish troops. The latter fled after a brief engagement, leaving the British in possession of their guns, and above a thousand prisoners. He was subsequently appointed one of the Commissioners for drawing up the articles of capitulation for the town and citadel of Copenhagen. On his return to England he received the thanks of Parliament for his services during these operations.

Of Sir Arthur Wellesley as a member of the House of Commons, little need be said. He certainly was not gifted with the qualities of an orator, and that command of felicitous expression which distinguishes his writings was not equally remarkable in his *viva voce* addresses. There is something, perhaps, in the military profession, and the habits of mind which it engenders, unfavorable to the attainment of oratorical excellence. Accustomed only to command or to obey, the art of persuasion is one which a soldier has no temptation to acquire, and few opportunities of exercising. It would be a violation of military propriety for a general to communicate to his inferiors in rank the grounds of a decision, and endeavor to lead them to the same conclusion. It is his object to attain conviction as best he may, with the knowledge that, when attained, it must necessarily become the rule of action to others.

He may be supposed, therefore, to be less practically skilled than most men in the art of conciliating opinion, or of guiding the minds of others, through a maze of entangled reasoning, to some distant and descried conclusion.

Whatever might be the amount of his qualifications as a parliamentary debater, Sir Arthur Wellesley, whenever he addressed the House, was listened to with attention and respect. On many occasions his sound judgment, and extensive practical knowledge, were of eminent service to his country. In particular, he so thoroughly exposed the folly of a project then contemplated by Ministers of employing negro troops in the East Indies, and sepoys in the West, that it was given up. Never, perhaps, was a more dangerous scheme conceived by ignorance and imbecility. In execution, it would have been found impracticable, or practicable only through breach of faith with the sepoy troops, and by placing in peril our whole Indian possessions. He also successfully vindicated the Administration of

Lord Wellesley from the virulent attacks made on it in the House of Commons by Mr Paul and others.

We now approach the most memorable period of the life of Wellington, when his highest ambition was about to be gratified by an appointment to command a force destined to contribute to the liberation of the peninsula. The Spanish people had long remained blind to the designs of Napoleon. Their means of intelligence were few and precarious, for it was the policy both of the monarch and the priesthood to discourage the dissemination of political intelligence. The deep-laid plans of Napoleon, therefore, for the subversion of their liberties, were far advanced to completion before the nation at large became aware of their nature and extent. Troops, under various pretences, had been poured into the country; their sovereign had been seduced into the French territory and made prisoner, and still no symptom of general and energetic resistance had been exhibited. The French soldiers had been welcomed as friends and allies by a generous and confiding people. This evidence of weakness, for such it seemed to Napoleon, emboldened him to cast aside the thin veil which had hitherto covered his designs. By threats and violence, Ferdinand and the other male branches of the Bourbon family were forced to abdicate their rights, and Joseph Bonaparte was declared sovereign.

In the mean time, the burden of maintaining the French armies was found to press heavily on the people of the provinces. The invaders, encouraged by impunity, became haughty and overbearing, and the harmony, which at first existed between the military and the populace, was broken by acts of violence on both sides. These evils continued to increase. Not a day passed in which Castilian pride was not wounded by the arrogance of the intruders. Hostile encounters took place, and the seeds of animosity were sown, which subsequently ripened into an abundant harvest of atrocity and bloodshed.

At length came the massacre of Madrid. The train had been laid, and a spark was only wanted to ignite it. Intelligence of the catastrophe spread, trumpet-tongued, through the country. From this time *Spain was in arms;* there was no province in the kingdom where the invader did not encounter resistance, and the result was, that in less than three months, by their own unaided efforts, the French forces, amounting to 150,000 men, were driven beyond the Ebro.

In Portugal the course of events had been somewhat similar, before the commencement of hostilities in Spain. A treaty for dividing the kingdom had been concluded at Fontainebleau, stipulating that Portugal should be invaded and taken possession of by the united armies of France and Spain. An army of 28,000 men, under Junot, assisted by a Spanish force of similar amount, was destined for this service. An edict was issued by Napoleon, declaring that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign." The Royal family of Portugal, unable to offer effective resistance to an invading force of such magnitude, sought refuge in the Brazils.

Junot's march on the capital was unresisted. A slight tumult took place in Lisbon, when the arms of Portugal were taken down, and those of the French Emperor elevated in their stead, but this was easily suppressed. At first no general resistance was offered by the people to French authority, and there can be little doubt that, had the government been moderated in its action by the dictates of humanity and prudence, the aversion of the Portuguese to foreign usurpation would have progressively diminished. But the abuses and oppression of the intrusive government rendered such a consummation impossible. The people beheld the plate torn by sacrilegious hands from the churches; the palaces of their nobles plundered, and even the humble dwellings of the poor robbed of their little property.

Thus resistance, vehement though ill organized, arose in many quarters of the kingdom. Junot divided his forces, and sent divisions to suppress disturbance wherever it appeared, and reduce the people to obedience. But it was impossible. The presence of a French force produced temporary submission, and nothing more. Severity of punishment was tried in vain. The national animosity to the invaders continued to be exhibited in acts of isolated rebellion, and Junot was practically taught the useful and important truth, that men cannot be *trampled* into good subjects.

in Spain, therefore, in the month of July 1808, the resistance of the people had so far been crowned with success. The French had been driven beyond the Ebro, and thus only a small portion of the kingdom was occupied by their forces. In Portugal it was different. There the invading army was in possession of all the fortresses of the country, and the unaided efforts of the people were manifestly unequal to the expulsion of the usurping government.

The events passing in the Peninsula gave an entirely new aspect to the affairs of Europe, and roused a spirit of sympathy in its remotest corners. The British people, in particular, were animated by the strongest enthusiasm in the cause of Spanish independence. By the government every practicable assistance was afforded to the patriotic cause. Vessels freighted with arms, clothing, and military stores were speedily despatched to the north of Spain. Supplies of money were sent to assist the insurrection in Gallicia. The British army in Sicily was ordered to co-operate with the insurgent Catalans, and a force under General Spencer was sent from Gibraltar to afford assistance to the patriots of Andalusia.

At this period it was determined that England should assume a more prominent share in a struggle in which her interests and safety were so vitally at stake. In the spring of 1808, a corps had been assembled at Cork with the destination of South America, in hope of wresting a colony from the very nation in whose cause it was now destined to fight. It consisted of about nine thousand men, and the command was allotted to Sir Arthur Wellesley. The despatch of the Commander-in-chief, announcing his appointment, is dated 14th June, 1808. It enumerates in detail the regiments of which the expedition was to consist, and the general officers attached to the staff. The latter were as follows:—

Major General Spencer,
Major General Hill,
Major General Ferguson,
Brig. General Nightingale,
Brig. General Fane,
Brig. General Catlin Crawford.

On the 21st of June, Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary for the Colonies, writes as follows:—

Viscount Castlereagh, Secretary of State, to Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K. B.

"Dear Sir, Downing Street, 21st June, 1808.

"Our accounts from Cadiz are bad; no disposition there or in the neighborhood of Gibraltar to move; General Spencer returning to Gibraltar; the proceedings, however, in the northern provinces were not then known. It is material to know the effect produced by that effort which may be hourly expected.

"The Cabinet are desirous of postponing, till they hear again, their final decision on your instructions, being unwilling you should get too far to the southward, whilst the spirit of exertion appears to reside more to the northward.

"Hitherto no time, in fact, has been lost, as your equipment cannot be assembled at Cork for some days. The arms and cavalry transports are not yet got to Portsmouth, and it is better to bring the whole together, than to trust to junctions on the coast of Spain.

"You will have the goodness to order the transports to be kept fully victualled whilst in port, that you may carry with you a full supply.—I am," &c.

On being apprized of his appointment, Sir Arthur Wellesley vigorously commenced the business of preparation. One great advantage he possessed over most of his contemporaries; he fully understood not only the general principles of command, but the whole of the minute and multiplied details by which only these principles could be brought into effective action. From the duties of the lowest non-commissioned officer to those of the Commander in-chief, there was no single office in any department connected with the administration of an army with which he was not intimately conversant. The advantages arising from this extent and precision of information were very great; it insured activity and competence to their duties in the sub-

ordinate officers of every class. Under his command no man could hope that ignorance or negligence would pass unobserved, and all felt sure that zeal and talent would meet with due appreciation and reward. The following letters to Major-General (now Lord) Hill, and the Honorable Charles Stuart (now Lord Londonderry), will afford some illustration of the knowledge and activity of which we speak, and will, on other accounts, be found interesting.

Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K. B. to Major-General Hill.

" My Dear Hill, Dublin Castle, 23d June, 1808.

" I rejoice extremely at the prospect I have before me of serving again with you, and I hope that we shall have more to do than we had on the last occasion on which we were together.

" I propose to leave town for Cork as soon as I shall receive my instructions from London. I understand that every thing has sailed from England which is to go with us: and the horses belonging to the Irish commissariat will be embarked. Let me hear from you if you learn anything respecting them. The dragoons are to come direct from England to the rendezvous, and will not detain us at Cork.

" I enclose a list of the names of the officers appointed to be Deputy-Assistant Adjutants, and Quartermasters General. Major Arburthnot will probably be in Dublin this day; and I shall send him to Cork immediately, and you will put him in charge of the Adjutant-General's department. You will put the senior of the list of Assistant Deputy Quartermasters-General in charge of that department, and give him the enclosed return of camp equipage and stores embarked in the Grinfield transport. I had understood that I was to have had stores of this description for 8000 men; and I shall be obliged to you, if you will desire the head of the Quartermaster-General's department to inquire whether there are in the transport any more camp equipage stores besides these contained in the enclosed return.

" I beg you to arrange for the embarkation of the Deputy Assistant Adjutants-General, and the Deputy-Assistant Quartermasters-General; probably they and the Commissaries had best go in the horse ships.

" I understand there is a vessel at Cork to carry thirty-six horses for the Officers, besides those intended for the Commissariat horses; and I shall be obliged to you if you will desire that spare room may be kept for my horses, and those of my Aides-de-Camp, which will arrive at Cork in a day or two.

" There remains nothing now but to brigade the troops, which may be a convenience for the present, and give us the assistance of the General Officers in the different arrangements which may be necessary on board the transports. But what we shall do now can be only temporary, as the whole corps must necessarily be new modelled when we join General Spencer. The veteran battalion must be put out of the question, as that corps must go into the garrison of Gibraltar.

" The corps might be brigaded as follows:—The 95th, and the 5th battalion of the 60th; the 5th, 9th, and 38th; the 40th, 71st, and 91st. You will alter this arrangement if the corps belonging to your brigade are not put together, and you will put such (if all the corps of your brigade are not embarked for this service) corps as you please with the 9th. Let General Fane then command the Light Brigade, General Crawford the Highlanders, and General Ferguson, who belongs to Spencer's corps that brigade which has been and will hereafter be yours. The Veteran battalion to report to General Fane, until it shall be otherwise disposed of.

" Pray, let me hear from you, and acquaint me with all your wants, and whether I can do any thing for you here. You will readily believe that I have plenty to do in closing a government in such a manner as that I may give it up, and taking the command of a corps for service; but I shall not fail to attend to whatever you may write to me.

" Believe me, my dear Hill, &c.

Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K. B. to Major-General Hill.

"My Dear Hill, Dublin Castle, 25th June, 1808.

"I desired Torrens to write to you yesterday, to tell you it was probable that we should be detained till the cavalry should come round from Portsmouth; and I have now to request that you will make arrangements with the agent of transports that the soldiers embarked may have fresh provisions and vegetables every day, and that the stock of provisions in the transports may be kept up to the original quantity which each is capable of containing.

"I also think it very desirable that the soldiers should have permission to go ashore as they may wish, under such regulations as you may think proper, and that the regiments should be sent ashore and exercised in their turns.

"I request you to arrange those matters with the agents of the transports, which can easily be done by a good management of the ships' boats.

"I shall let you know as soon as there is any thing certain of the cavalry.

"Believe me," &c.

Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K. B. to Brigadier-General the Hon. C. Stuart.

"My Dear Charles, Dublin Castle, 25th June, 1808.

"I enclose some papers which I have received respecting the state of the transports at Cork. The troops are certainly too much crowded, and I recommend those which can be quartered within one day's march of Cork may be landed, unless it be certain that we shall go immediately. The troops would be on board before I should get to Cork, if they should be landed, and marched only one day's march into the country; and they would certainly benefit by this arrangement.

"Believe me, &c.

Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K. B., to Major-General Hill.

"My Dear Hill, Dublin Castle, 29th June, 1808.

"I received your letter of the 27th this morning, and I am glad to find that you make arrangements for landing the corps so frequently. It will tend much to the health of the men, and will make them feel less unpleasantly the heat and confinement of the transports.

"There is camp equipage complete, including haversack and canteens, for 4000 men on board the Grinfield, which sailed from Portsmouth on the 21st of June; and for the same number on board the Tuscan, which sailed from Portsmouth on the 23d.

"As soon as these vessels shall arrive, you will direct the regiments to make returns for the number of canteens and haversacks that they may require, which are to be issued upon these returns, from the Quartermaster-General's stores. But they are to be kept in their packages in the regimental store of each regiment, and are not to be issued to the soldiers until further orders shall be given.

"Believe me," &c.

By the instructions of Lord Castlereagh, dated 30th of June, Sir Arthur Wellesley was directed to sail in the first instance with the armament, but on arriving off Cape Finisterre he was to proceed in a fast sailing frigate to Corunna, in order to confer with the authorities in Gallicia, and acquire authentic intelligence of the state of affairs in the Northern provinces of Spain; Having gained this information, he was then—in case he judged the enterprise could be undertaken with a fair prospect of success—to proceed to Portugal, and land the force under his command at some favorable point to the North of Lisbon, with the view of expelling the enemy from that capital. He was also empowered to send orders to General Spencer to join him as soon as possible with the force under his command.

Lieut-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K. B., to Viscount Castlereagh, Secretary of State.

"My Dear Lord, Cork, 7th July, 1808.

"I arrived here last night, and I find that the 20th light dragoons and the 3600 tons of shipping for the infantry are not arrived. The Irish commissariat horses, for the draught of the artillery, are not yet all arrived, and will not be on board until Saturday. I propose to wait till that day for the dragoons and the additional tonnage, and if they should not have arrived, I shall sail with what is ready, and let the rest follow.

"By some accident which, from not having seen the agent of transports, I cannot yet account for, we have four transports, as stated underneath, which have not been returned to me in any statement from the Transport Board or from your brother. These vessels have enabled General Floyd to embark the 95th, and to make some provision for the embarkation of the 36th. But it appears to me, that the whole are too much crowded, and if the additional tonnage does not arrive to-morrow, I shall settle to leave behind the veteran battalion or the 36th, to follow with the additional tonnage and the 20th dragoons, to give more space to all the troops in the transports. If the additional tonnage should arrive, and I should find that I do not want these four ships, I shall leave them behind.

"Upon a review of your instructions, and a consideration of the state of affairs in Spain, according to the best accounts, I rather think that, as soon as I have got every thing away from Cork, I shall best serve the cause, by going myself to Corunna, and joining the fleet off Cape Finisterre or the Tagus. I propose accordingly to go on board one of the craft, and I expect to be at the rendezvous before the troops.—Believe me," &c.

On the 10th of July all was ready for sailing. The enthusiasm of the people in the cause of Spanish liberty had led to censures on the apparently unnecessary delay which occurred in the departure of the expedition. The following letter is the last addressed to Lord Castlereagh before quitting Ireland:—

Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K. B., to Viscount Castlereagh, Secretary of State.

"My Dear Lord, Cove, 10th July, 1808.

"The wind is still contrary, but we hope it will change so as to sail this evening. We are unmoored, and shall not wait one moment after the wind may be fair.

"I see that people in England complain of the delay which has taken place in the sailing of the expedition; but, in fact, none has taken place; and even if all had been on board, we could not have sailed before this day. With all the expedition which we could use, we could not get the horses of the artillery to Cork till yesterday, and they were immediately embarked; and it was only yesterday that the 20th dragoons arrived, and the ships to contain the 36th regiment, and a detachment of the 45th, which arrived yesterday evening, and embarked.

"Your instructions to me left London on the Friday evening, and I was at Cork on the following Wednesday, which is as much expedition as if the instructions had come by the post.

"I leave here at the disposal of Government 1668 tons of shipping. The resident agent will report the names of the ships to the Transport Board.

"Believe me," &c.

On the 12th of July the expedition sailed, and scarcely had it done so ere the Ministry determined to supersede Sir Arthur Wellesley in the command. It was also decided that the army should be joined by a force under Brigadier-General Acland, amounting to 5000 men, and by that acting in Sweden under Sir John Moore. The command of the army, thus powerfully augmented, was assigned to Sir Hew Dalrymple, then Governor of Gibraltar. The mortifying intelligence of his being thus summarily superseded was transmitted to Sir Arthur in the following laconic despatch:

Viscount Castlereagh, Secretary of State, to Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K. B.

"Sir, Downing Street, 15th July, 1808.

"I am to acquaint you that his Majesty has been pleased to intrust the command of his troops serving in the coasts of Spain and Portugal to Lieutenant-General Sir Hew Dalrymple, with Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burrard, second in command.

"The Lieutenant-General has been furnished with copies of your instructions up to the present date exclusive. These instructions you will be pleased to carry into execution with every expedition that circumstances will permit, without awaiting the arrival of the Lieutenant-General, reporting to him your proceedings. And should you be previously joined by a senior officer, you will in that case communicate to him your orders, and afford him every assistance in carrying them into execution.

"I have the honor to be," &c.

Sir Arthur Wellesley received the intimation that his appointment had been rescinded while on board H. M. S. Donegal, off the coast of Portugal. That it must have been the occasion of deep mortification cannot be doubted. He must have felt that he had been hardly, if not unjustly, treated. His sphere of command had been suddenly and unexpectedly diminished from an army to a brigade, while in the very act of preparing to meet the enemy. A more painful situation to an officer of high spirit can scarcely be imagined.

How then does he act under such trying circumstances? Does he transmit angry remonstrances, or decline acting in the inferior situation assigned to him by his sovereign? The answer to these questions will be found in the following extract from a letter to Lord Castlereagh:—

"Pole and Burghersh have apprized me of the arrangements for the future command of this army; and the former has informed me of your kindness towards me, of which I have received so many instances that I can never doubt it in any case. All that I can say on the subject is, that whether I am to command the army or not, or am to quit it, I shall do my best to ensure its success; and you may depend on it, that I shall not hurry the operations, or commence them one moment sooner than they ought to be commenced, in order that I may acquire the credit of the success.

"The Government will determine for me in what way they will employ me hereafter, either here or elsewhere," &c.

The preceding passage affords a fine illustration of the high principles which influence the true soldier; and we find in Colonel Gurwood's work an anecdote, which displays no less prominently the same qualities. Sir Arthur Wellesley, when employed in the Sussex district after his return from India, was asked by a familiar friend, how he who had commanded armies of forty thousand men; who had received the thanks of Parliament for his victories, and been elected Knight of the Bath, could submit to be reduced to the command of a brigade of infantry? "For this reason," was the reply. "I am nimukwallah, as we say in the East; I have ate of the King's salt, and therefore I consider it to be my duty to serve with zeal and promptitude, when or wherever the King or his Government may think proper to employ me."

It must be attended with great advantage to find Wellington thus enforcing a great military principle, not only by precept, but example. Unfortunately it is one by no means so generally recognised as it ought to be. Many instances might be adduced of officers declining to serve their country in a capacity which they were pleased to consider inferior to their merits. But Wellington acted differently, and we regard it as most important that this should be known. The precedent will not be without influence either now or in succeeding times.

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No. I.

MADAME DE STAEL AND CHATEAUBRIAND.

Amidst the deluge of new and ephemeral publications under which the press both in France and England is groaning, and the woful depravity of public taste, in all branches of literature, which in the former country has followed the Revolution of the Three Glorious Days, it is not the least important part of the duty of all those who have any share, however inconsiderable, in the direction of the objects to which public thought is to be applied, to recur from time to time to the great and standard works of a a former age; and from amidst the dazzling light of passing meteors in the lower regions of the atmosphere, to endeavor to direct the public gaze to those fixed luminaries whose radiance in the higher heavens shines, and ever will shine, in imperishable lustre. From our sense of the importance and utility of this attempt, we are not to be deterred by the common remark, that these authors are in every body's hands; that their works are read at school, and their names become as household sounds. We know that many things are read at school which are forgotten at college; and many things learned at college which are unhappily and permanently discarded in later years; and that there are many authors whose names are as household sounds, whose works for that very reason are as a strange and unknown tongue. Every one has heard of Racine and Molière, of Bossuet and Fénélon, of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, of Pascal and Rabelais. We would beg to ask even our best informed and most learned readers, with how many of their works they are really familiar; how many of their felicitous expressions have sunk into their recollections; how many of their ideas are engraven on their memory? Others may possess more retentive memories, or more extensive reading than we do; but we confess, when we apply such a question, even to the constant study of thirty years, we feel not a little mortified at the time which has been misapplied, and the brilliant ideas once obtained from others which have now faded from the recollection, and should rejoice much to obtain from others that retrospect of past greatness which we propose ourselves to lay before our readers.

Every one now is so constantly in the habit of reading the new publications, of devouring the fresh productions of the press, as we would fresh eggs or rolls to breakfast that we for-

get the extraordinary superiority of standard works; and are obliged to go back to the studies of our youth for that superlative enjoyment which arises from the perusal of authors, where every sentence is thought and often every word conception; where new trains of contemplation or emotion are awakened in every page, and the volume is closed almost ever minute to meditate on the novelty or justice of the reflections which arise from its study. And it is not on the first perusal of these authors that this exquisite pleasure is obtained. In the heyday of youth and strength, when imagination is ardent, and the world unknown, it is the romance of the story, or the general strain of the argument which carries the reader on, and many of the finest and most spiritual reflections are overlooked or unappreciated; but in later years, when life has been experienced, and joy and sorrow felt, when the memory is stored with recollections, and the imagination with images, it is reflection and observation which constitute the chief attraction in composition. And judging of the changes wrought by Time in others from what we have experienced ourselves, we anticipate a high gratification, even in the best informed readers, by a direction of their attention to many passages in the great French writers of the age of Louis XIV. and the Revolution, a comparison of their excellences, a criticism on their defects, and an exposition of the mighty influence which the progress of political events has had upon the ideas reflected, even to the greatest authors, from the age in which they lived, and the external events passing around them.

The two great eras of French prose literature are those of Louis XIV. and the Revolution. If the former can boast of Bossuet, the latter can appeal to Chateaubriand: if the former still shine in the purest lustre in Fénélon, the latter may boast the more fervent pages, and varied genius of De Staël; if the former is supreme in the tragic and comic muse, and can array Racine, Corneille and Molière, against the transient Lilliputians of the romantic school, the latter can show in the poetry and even the prose of Lamartine a condensation of feeling, a depth of pathos and energy of thought which can never be reached but in an age which has undergone the animating episodes, the heart-stirring feelings consequent on social convulsion. In the branches of literature which depend on the relations of men to each other, history—politics—historical philosophy and historical romance, the superiority of the modern school is so prodigious, that it is impossible to find a parallel to it in former days; and even the dignified language and eagle glance of the Bishop of Meaux sinks into insignificance, compared to the vast ability which, in inferior minds, experience and actual suffering have brought to bear on the investigation of public affairs. Modern writers were for long at a loss to understand the cause which had given such superior pathos, energy, and practical wisdom to the historians of antiquity; but the French Revolution alone explained the mystery. When modern times were brought into collision with the passions and the suffering consequent on democratic ascendency and social convulsion, they were not long of feeling the truths which experience had taught to ancient times, and acquiring the power of vivid description and condensed yet fervent narrative by which the great historians of antiquity are characterised.

At the head of the modern prose writers of France, we place Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, and Guizot; and to their discussion we propose to devote this and some succeeding papers, in contrast with the great olden writers of the Augustan age of Louis XIV. The general style of the two first and the most imaginative of these writers—De Staël and Chateaubriand—is essentially different from that of Bossuet, Fénélon, and Massillon. We have no longer either the thoughts, the language, or the images of those great and dignified writers! With the pompous grandeur of the Grande Monarque; with the awful splendor of the palace, and the irresistible power of the throne; with the superb magnificence of Versailles, its marbles, halls, and forests of statues, have passed away the train of thought by which the vices and corruption then chiefly prevalent in society were combated by these worthy soldiers of the militia of Christ. Strange to say, the ideas of that despotic age are more condemnatory of princes; more eulogistic of the people, more confirmatory of the

principles which, if pushed to their legitimate consequences, lead to democracy, than those of the age when the sovereignty of the people was actually established. In their eloquent declamations the wisdom, justice, and purity of the masses are the constant subject of eulogy; almost all social and political evils are traced to the corruptions of courts and the vices of kings. The applause of the people, the condemnation of rulers, in Telemachus, often resembles rather the frothy declamations of the Tribune in favor of the sovereign multitude, than the severe lessons addressed by a courtly prelate to the heir of a despotic throne. With a fearless courage worthy of the highest commendation, and very different from the base adulation of modern times to the Baal of popular power, Bossuet, Massillon, and Bourdaloue, incessantly rung in the ears of their courtly auditory the equality of mankind in the sight of heaven, and the awful words of judgment to come. Those imaginary and Utopian effusions now excite a smile, even in the most youthful student; and a suffering age, taught by the experienced evils of democratic ascendancy, has now learned to appreciate, as they deserve, the profound and caustic sayings in which Aristotle, Sallust, and Tacitus have delivered to future ages the condensed wisdom on the instability and tyranny of the popular rule, which ages of calamity had brought home to the sages of antiquity.

In Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand we have incomparably more originality and variety of thought; far more just and experienced views of human affairs; far more condensed wisdom, which the statesman and the philosopher may treasure in their memories, than in the great writers of the age of Louis XIV. We see at once in their productions that we are dealing with those who speak from experience of human affairs; to whom years of suffering have brought centuries of wisdom; and whom the stern school of adversity has learned to abjure both much of the fanciful El Dorado speculations of preceding philosophy, and the perilous effusions of succeeding republicanism. Though the one was by birth and habit an aristocrat of the ancient and now decaying school, and the other, a liberal, nursed at the feet of the great Gamaliel of the Revolution, yet there is no material difference in their political conclusions; so completely does a close observation of the progress of a revolution induce the same conclusions in minds of the highest stamp, with whatever early prepossessions the survey may have been originally commenced. The Dix Années d'Exil, and the observations on the French revolution, might have been written by Chateaubriand. and Madame de Staël would have little wherefrom to dissent in the Monarchie selon la Charte, or later political writings of her illustrious rival.

It is by their works of imagination, taste, and criticism, however, that these immortal writers are principally celebrated, and it is with them that we propose to commence this critical survey. Their names are universally known: Corinne, Delphine, De l'Allemagne, the Dix Années d'Exil, and De la Litterature, are as familiar in sound, at least, to our ears, as the Genie de Christianisme, the Itineraire, the Martyrs, Atala et Réné of the far travelled pilgrim of expiring feudalism are to our memories. Each has beauties of the very highest cast in this department, and yet their excellences are so various, that we know not to which to award the palm. If driven to discriminate between them, we should say that De Staël has more sentiment, Chateaubriand more imagination; that the former has deeper knowledge of human feelings, and the latter more varied and animated pictures of human manners; that the charm of the former consists chiefly in the just and profound views of life, its changes and emotions, with which her works abound, and the fascination of the latter in the brilliant phantasmagoria of actual scenes, impressions, and events which his writings exhibit. No one can exceed Madame de Staël in the expression of the sentiment or poetry of nature, or the developement of the varied and storied associations which historical scenes or monuments never fail to awaken in the cultivated mind; but in the delineation of the actual features she exhibits, or the painting of the various and gorgeous scenery or objects she presents, she is greatly inferior to the author of the Genius of Christianity. She speaks emotion to the heart, not pictures to the eye. Chateaubriand, on the other hand, has

dipped his pencil in the finest and most radiant hues of nature: with a skill surpassing even that of the Great Magician of the North, he depicts all the most splendid scenes of both hemispheres; and seizing with the inspiration of genius on the really characteristic features of the boundless variety of objects he has visited, brings them before us with a force and fidelity which it is impossible to surpass. After all, however, on rising from a perusal of the great works of these two authors, it is hard to say which has left the most indelible impression on the mind; for if the one has accumulated a store of brilliant pictures which have never yet been rivalled, the other has drawn from the objects on which she has touched all the most profound emotions which they could awaken; and if the first leaves a gorgeous scene painted on the mind, the latter has engraved a durable impression on the heart.

Corinne is not to be regarded as a novel. Boarding-school girls, and youths just fledged from college, may admire it as such, and dwell with admiration on the sorrows of the heroine and the faithlessness of Lord Nelvil; but considered in that view it has glaring faults, both in respect of fancy, probability, and story, and will bear no comparison either with the great novels of Sir Walter Scott, or the secondary productions of his numerous imitators. The real view in which to regard it is as a picture of Italy; its inhabitants, feelings, and recollections; its cloudless skies and glassy seas; its forrest-clad hills and sunny vales; its umbrageous groves and mouldering forms; its heart-inspiring ruins and deathless scenes. As such it is superior to any work on that subject which has appeared in any European language. Nowhere else shall we find so rich and glowing an intermixture of sentiment with description; of deep feeling for the beauty of art, with a correct perception of its leading principles; of historical lore with poetical fancy; of ardor in the cause of social amelioration, with charity to the individuals who, under unfortunate institutions, are chained to a life of indolence and pleasure. Beneath the glowing sun and azure skies of Italy she has imbibed the real modern Italian spirit: she exhibits in the mouth of her heroine all that devotion to art, that rapturous regard to antiquity, that *insouciance* in ordinary life, and constant *besoin* of fresh excitement by which that remarkable people are distinguished from any other at present in Europe. She paints them as they really are; living on the recollection of the past, feeding on the glories of their double set of illustrious ancestors; at times exulting in the recollection of the legions which subdued the world, at others recurring with pride to the glorious though brief days of modern art; mingling the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, and Virgil with those of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Buonarotti, and Correggio; repeating with admiration the stanzas of Tasso as they glide through the deserted palaces of Venice, and storing their minds with the rich creations of Ariosto's fancy as they gaze on the stately monuments of Rome.

Not less vividly has she portrayed, in the language, feelings, and character of her heroine, the singular intermixture with these animating recollections of all the frivolity which has rendered impossible, without a fresh impregnation of northern vigor, the regeneration of Italian society. We see in her pages, as we witness in real life, talents the most commanding, beauty the most fascinating, graces the most captivating, devoted to no other object but the excitement of a transient passion; infidelity itself subjected to certain restraints, and boasting of its fidelity to one attachment; whole classes of society incessantly occupied with no other object but the gratification of vanity, the thraldom of attachment, or the imperious demands of beauty, and the strongest propensity of cultivated life, the *besoin d'aimer*, influencing, for the best part of their lives, the higher classes of both sexes. In such representation there would probably be nothing in the hands of an ordinary writer but frivolous or possibly pernicious details; but by Madame de Staël it is touched on so gently, so strongly intermingled with sentiment, and traced so naturally to its ultimate and disastrous effects, that the picture becomes not merely characteristic of manners, but purifying in its tendency.

The Dix Années d'Exil, though abounding with fewer splendid and enchanting passages, is written in a higher strain, and devoted to more elevated objects than the Italian novel. It exhibits the Imperial Government of

Napoleon in the high and palmy days of his greatness; when all the Continent had bowed the neck to his power, and from the rock of Gibraltar to the Frozen Ocean, not a voice dared to be lifted against his commands. It shows the internal tyranny and vexations of his formidable power; its despicable jealousies and contemptible vanity; its odious restrictions and tyrannizing tendency. We see the censorship chaining the human mind to the night of the tenth in the opening of the nineteenth century! the commands of the police fettering every effort of independent thought and free discussion; forty millions of men slavishly following the car of a victor, who, in exchange for all the advantages of freedom, hoped but never obtained from the Revolution, dazzled them with the glitter only of gilded chains. In her subsequent migrations through Tyrol, Poland, Russia and Sweden, to avoid his persecution during the years which preceded the Russian war, we have the noblest picture of the elevated feelings which, during this period of general oppression, were rising up in the nations which yet preserved a shadow of independence, as well as of the heroic stand made by Alexander and his brave subjects against the memorable invasion which ultimately proved their oppressor's ruin. These are animating themes; and though not in general inclined to dwell on the description, or enrich her work with picturesque narrative, the scenery of the north had awakened profound emotions in her heart which appear in many touches and reflections of no ordinary sublimity.

Chateaubriand addresses himself much more habitually and systematically to the eye. He paints what he has seen, whether in nature, society, manners, or art, with the graphic skill of a consummate draughtsman; and produces the emotion he is desirous of awakening not by direct words calculated to arouse it, but by enabling the imagination to depict to itself the objects which in nature, by their felicitous combination, produced the impression. Madame de Staël does not paint the features of the scene, but in a few words she portrays the emotion which she experienced on beholding it, and contrives by these few words to awaken it in her readers; Chateaubriand enumerates with a painter's power all the features of the scene, and by the vividness of description succeeds not merely in painting it on the retina of the mind, but in awakening there the precise emotion which he himself felt on beholding it. The one speaks to the heart through the eye, the other to the eye through the heart. As we travel with the illustrious pilgrim of the Revolution, we see rising before us in successive clearness the lonely temples, and glittering valleys, and storied capes of Greece; the desert plains and rocky ridges and sepulchral hollows of Judea; the solitary palms and stately monuments of Egypt; the isolated remains of Carthage, the deep solitudes of America, the sounding cataracts, and still lakes, and boundless forests, of the New World. Not less vivid is his description of human scenes and actions, of which, during his eventful career, he has seen such an extraordinary variety; the Janissary, the Tartar, the Turk, the Bedouins of the desert places, the Numidians of the torrid zone; the cruel revolutionists of France; the independent savages of America; the ardent mind of Napoleon, the dauntless intrepidity of Pitt. Nothing can exceed the variety and brilliancy of the pictures which he leaves engraven on the imagination of his reader; but he has neither touched the heart nor convinced the judgment like the profound hand of his female rival.

To illustrate these observations we have selected two of the most brilliant descriptions from Chateaubriand's Genie de Christianisme, and placed beside these, two of the most inspired of Madame de Staël's Passages on Roman Scenery. We shall subjoin two of the most admirable descriptions by Sir Walter Scott, that the reader may at once have presented to his view the masterpieces, in the descriptive line, of the three greatest authors of the age. All the passages are translated by ourselves; we have neither translations at hand, nor inclination to mar so much eloquence by the slovenly dress in which it usually appears in an English version. The same plan shall be adopted in all the following numbers of this series.

"There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the hea-

vens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, 'There is no God!'

"Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

Human eloquence probably cannot, in description, go beyond this inimitable passage; but it is equalled in the pictures left us by the same author of two scenes in the New World.

"One evening, when it was a profound calm, we were sailing through those lovely seas which bathe the coast of Virginia,—all the sails were furled—I was occupied below when I heard the bell which called the mariners upon deck to prayers—I hastened to join my orisons to those of the rest of the crew. The officers were on the forecastle, with the passengers; the priest, with his prayer-book in his hand, stood a little in advance; the sailors were scattered here and there on the deck; we were all above, with our faces turned towards the prow of the vessel, which looked to the west.

"The globe of the sun, ready to plunge into the waves, appeared between the ropes of the vessel in the midst of boundless space. You would have imagined, from the balancing of the poop, that the glorious luminary changed at every instant its horizon. A few light clouds were scattered without order in the east, where the moon was slowly ascending; all the rest of the sky was unclouded. Towards the north, forming a glorious triangle with the star of day and that of night, a glittering cloud arose from the sea, resplendent with the colors of the prism, like a crystal pile supporting the vault of heaven.

"He is much to be pitied who could have witnessed this scene, without feeling the beauty of God. Tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes, when my companions, taking off their hats, began to sing, in their hoarse strains, the simple hymn of Our Lady of Succor. How touching was that prayer of men, who, on a fragile plank, in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun setting in the midst of the waves! How that simple invocation of the mariners to the mother of woes, went to the heart! The consciousness of our littleness in the sight of Infinity—our chants prolonged afar over the waves—night approaching with its sable wings—a whole crew of a vessel filled with admiration and a holy fear—God bending over the abyss, with one hand retaining the sun at the gates of the west, and with the other raising the moon in the east, and yet lending an attentive ear to the voice of prayer ascending from a speck in the immensity—all combined to form an assemblage which cannot be described, and of which the human heart could hardly bear the weight.

"The scene at land was not less ravishing. One evening I had lost my way in a forest at a short distance from the Falls of Niagara, Soon the day expired around me, and I tasted, in all its solitude, the lovely spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.

"An hour after sunset the moon showed itself above the branches, on the opposite side of the horizon. An embalmed breeze, which the Queen of Night seemed to bring with her from the East, preceded her with its freshening gales. The solitary star ascended by degrees in the heavens; sometimes she followed peaceably her azure course, sometimes she reposed on the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing their sails, now spread themselves out in transparent zones of white satin, now dispersed into light bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens bars of white so dazzling and sweet, that you could almost believe you felt their snowy surface.

"The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light

of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet, alternately lost itself in the woods, and reappeared brilliant with the constellations of the night which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf. A few birches, agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the fall of a few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the moaning of the owl; while in the distance, at intervals the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which, prolonged from desert to desert in the calm of the night, expired at length in the endless solitude of the forest.

"The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can be expressed by no human tongue—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of men; but in those savage regions the soul loves to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to hang over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself alone as it were with God.

'Præsentierem conspicimus Deum,
Fera per juga, clivosque præruptos,
Sonantes inter aquas nemorumque noctem."

We doubt if any passages ever were written of more thrilling descriptive eloquence than these; hereafter we shall contrast them with some of the finest of Lamartine, which have equalled but not exceeded them. But now mark the different style with which Madame de Staël treats the heart-stirring monuments of Roman greatness.

"At this moment St. Peter arose to their view; the greatest edifice which man has ever raised, for the pyramids themselves are of less considerable elevation. I would perhaps have done better, said Corinne, to have taken you to the most beautiful of our edifices last; but that is not my system. I am convinced that, to render one alive to the charm of the fine arts, we should commence with those objects which awaken a lively and profound admiration. When once that sentiment has been experienced, a new sphere of ideas is awakened, which renders us susceptible of the impression produced by beauties of an inferior order; they revive, though in a lesser degree, the first impression which has been received. All these gradations in producing emotion are contrary to my opinion; you do not arrive at the sublime by successive steps; infinite degrees separate it from the beautiful.

"Oswald experienced an extraordinary emotion on arriving in front of the façade of St. Peter's. It was the first occasion on which a work of human hands produced on him the effects of one of the marvels of nature. It is the only effort of human industry which has the grandeur which characterizes the immediate works of the Creator. Corinne rejoiced in the astonishment of Oswald. 'I have chosen,' said she, 'a day when the sun was shining in all its eclat to behold this monument. I reserve for you a more secret, religious enjoyment, to contemplate it by the light of the moon; but at this moment it was necessary to obtain your presence at the most brilliant of our fetês, the genius of man decorated by the magnificence of nature.'

"The Place of St. Peter is surrounded by columns, which appear light at a distance, but massy when seen near. The earth, which rises gently to the gate of the church, adds to the effect it produces. An obelisk eighty feet in height, which appears as nothing in presence of the cupola of St. Peter's, is in the middle of the place. The form of obelisks has something in it which is singularly pleasing to the imagination; their summit loses itself in the clouds, and seems even to elevate to the Heavens a great thought of man. That monument, which was brought from Egypt to adorn the baths of Caracalla, and which Sextus V. subsequently transported to the foot of the Temple of St. Peter; that contemporary of so many ages which have sought in vain to decay its solid frame, inspires respect; man feels himself so fleeting, that he always experiences emotion in presence of that which has passed unchanged through many ages. At a little distance, on each side of the obelisk, are two fountains, the waters of which perpetually are projected up and fall down in cascades through the air. That murmur of waters, which is usually heard only in the field, produces in such a situation a new sensation; but one in harmony with that which arises from the aspect of so majestic a temple.

"Painting or sculpture, imitating in general the human figure, or some object in external nature, awakens in our minds distinct and positive ideas; but a beautiful monument of architecture has not any determinate expression, and the spectator is seized in contemplating it, with that reverie, without any definite object, which

leads the thoughts so far off. The sound of the waters adds to these vague and profound impressions; it is uniform, as the edifice is regular.

'Eternal movement and eternal repose'

are thus brought to combine with each other. It is here, in an especial manner, that Time is without power; it never dries up those sparkling streams; it never shakes those immovable pillars. The waters, which spring up in fan-like luxuriance from these fountains, are so light and so vapory, that, in a fine day, the rays of the sun produce little rainbows of the most beautiful color.

"Stop a moment here, said Corinne to Lord Nelvil, as he stood under the portico of the church; pause before drawing aside the curtain which covers the entrance of the Temple. Does not your heart beat at the threshold of that sanctuary? Do you not feel, on entering it, the emotion consequent on a solemn event? At these words Corinne herself drew aside the curtain, and held it so as to let Lord Nelvil enter. Her attitude *was so beautiful in doing so, that for a moment it withdrew the eyes of her lover even from the majestic interior of the Temple.* But as he advanced its greatness burst upon his mind and the impression which he received under its lofty arches was so profound, that the sentiment of love was for a time effaced. He walked slowly beside Corinne; both were silent. Every thing enjoined contemplation; the slightest sound resounded so far, that no word appeared worthy of being repeated in those eternal mansions. Prayer alone, the voice of misfortune was heard at intervals in their vast vaults. And, when under those stupendous domes, you hear from afar the voice of an old man, whose trembling steps totter along these beautiful marbles, watered with so many tears, you feel that man is rendered more dignified by that very infirmity of his nature which exposes his divine spirit to so many kinds of suffering, and that Christianity, the worship of grief, contains the true secret of man's sojourn upon earth.

"Corinne interrupted the reverie of Oswald, and said to him, 'You have seen the Gothic churches of England and Germany, and must have observed that they are distinguished by a much more sombre character than this cathedral. There is something mystical in the Catholicism of these Northern people; ours speaks to the imagination by exterior objects. Michael Angelo said, on beholding the cupola of the Pantheon, "I will place it in the air; and, in truth, St. Peter's is a temple raised on the basement of a church. There is a certain alliance of the ancient worship with Christianity in the effect which the interior of that church produces: I often go to walk here alone, in order to restore to my mind the tranquillity it may have lost. The sight of such a monument is like a continual and fixed music, awaiting you to pour its balm into your mind, whenever you approach it; and certainly, among the many titles of this nation to glory, we must number the patience, courage, and disinterestedness of the chiefs of the church, who consecrated, during an hundred and fifty years, such vast treasures and boundless labor to the prosecution of a work, of which none of them could hope to enjoy the fruits."—*Corinne* vol. i. c. 3.

In this magnificent passage, the words underlined are an obvious blemish. The idea of Oswald turning aside at the entrance of St. Peter's from the gaze of the matchless interior of the temple, a spectacle unique in the world, to feast his eye by admiration of his *inamorata*, is more than we, in the frigid latitudes of the north, can altogether understand. But Madame de Staël was a woman, and a Frenchwoman; and apparently she could not resist the opportunity of signalizing the triumph of her sex, by portraying the superiority of female beauty to the grandest and most imposing object that the hands of man have ever reared. Abstracting from this feminine weakness, the passage is one of almost uniform beauty, and well illustrates the peculiar descriptive style of the author; not painting objects, but touching the chords which cause emotions to vibrate. She has unconsciously characterized her own style, as compared with that of Chateaubriand, in describing the different characters of the cathedrals of the North and South.—"There is something mystical in the Catholicism of the Northern people; ours speaks to the imagination by exterior objects."

As another specimen of Madame de Staël's descriptive powers, take her Picture of the Appian Way, with its long lines of tombs on either side, on the southern quarter of Rome.

"She conducted Lord Nelvil beyond the gates of the city, on the ancient traces of the Appian Way. These traces are marked in the middle of the Campagna of Rome by tombs, on the right and left

of which the ruins extend as far as the ye can reach for several miles beyond he walls. Cicero says that, on leaving he gate, the first tombs you meet are hose of Metellus, the Scipios, and Servilius. The tomb of the Scipios has een discovered in the very place which e describes, and transported to the Vatican, Yet it was, in some sort, a sacrilege to displace these illustrious ashes; imagination is more nearly allied than is enerally imagined, to morality; we must eware of shocking it. Some of these ombs are so large, that the houses of easants have been worked out in them, or the Romans consecrated a large space o the last remains of their friends and heir relatives. They were strangers to hat arid principle of utility which fertizes a few corners of earth, the more by levastating the vast domain of sentiment and thought.

"You see at a little distance from the Appian Way a temple raised by the Republic to Honor and Virtue; another to he God which compelled Hannibal to reneasure his steps; the temple of Egeria, where Numa went to consult his tutelar leity, is at a little distance on the left and. Around these tombs the traces of irtue alone are to be found. No monument of the long ages of crime which disgraced the empire are to be found beside he places where these illustrious dead repose; they rest amongst the reliques of he Republic.

"The aspect of the Campagna around Rome has something in it singularly remarkable. Doubtless it is a desert; there are neither trees nor habitations; but the earth is covered with a profusion of natural flowers, which the energy of vegetation renews incessantly. These creeping plants insinuate themselves among the tombs, decorate the ruins, and seem placed there solely to do honor to the dead. You would suppose that nature was too proud there to suffer the labors of man, since Cincinnatus no longer holds he plough which furrows its bosom; it produces flowers in wild profusion, which are of no sort of use to the existing generation. These vast uncultivated plains will doubtless have few attractions for the agriculturist, administrators, and all those who speculate on the earth, with a view to extract from it the riches it is capable of affording; but the thoughtful minds, whom death occupies as much as life, are singularly attracted by the aspect of that Campagna, where the present times have left no trace; that earth which cherishes only the dead, and covers them in its love with useless flowers—plants which creep along the surface, and never acquire sufficient strength to separate themselves from the ashes which they have the appearance of caressing."—*Corinne*, l. v. c. 1.

How many travellers have traversed the Appian Way, but how few have felt the deep impressions which these words are fitted to produce!

"The churches of modern Rome," continues the same author, "are decorated with the magnificence of antiquity, but there is something sombre and striking in the intermingling of these beautiful marbles with the ornaments stripped from the Pagan temples. The columns of porphyry and granite were so numerous at Rome that they ceased to have any value. At St. John Lateran, that church, so famous from the councils of which it was the theatre, there were such a quantity of marble columns that many of them were covered with plaster to be converted into pilasters—so completely had the multitude of riches rendered them indifferent. Some of these columns came from the tomb of Adrian, and bear yet upon their capitals the mark of the geese which saved the Roman people. These columns support the ornaments of Gothic churches, and some rich sculptures in the arabesque order. The urn of Agrippa has received the ashes of a pope, for the dead themselves have yielded their place to other dead, and the tombs have changed tenants nearly as often as the mansions of the living.

"Near to St. John Lateran is the holy stair, transported from Jerusalem. No one is permitted to ascend it but on his knees. In like manner Cæsar and Claudius ascended on their knees the stair which led to the temple of Jupiter Capitolenus. Beside St. John Lateran is the Baptistery, where Constantine was baptized—in the middle of the place before the church is an obelisk, perhaps the most ancient monument which exists in the world—an obelisk contemporary of the War of Troy—an obelisk which the barbarian Cambyses respected so much as to stop for its beauty the conflagration of a city—an obelisk for which a king put in pledge the life of his only son. The Romans in a surprising manner got it conveyed from the depths of Egypt to Italy—they turned aside the course of the Nile to bring its waters so as to convey it to the sea. Even then that obelisk was covered with hieroglyphics whose secrets have been kept for so many ages, and which still withstand the researches of our most learned scholars. Possibly the Indians, the Egyptians, the antiquity of antiquity might be revealed to us in these myste-

rious signs. The wonderful charm of Rome consists, not merely in the beauty of its monuments, but in the interest which they all awaken, and that species of charm increases daily with every fresh study."—*Ibid.* c. 3.

We add only a feeble prosaic translation of the splendid *improvisatore* effusion of Corinne on the Cape of Mesinum, surrounded by the marvels of the shore of Baiæ and the Phlegrian fields.

"Poetry, nature, history, here rival each other in grandeur—here you can embrace in a single glance all the revolutions of time and all its prodigies.

"I see the Lake of Avernus, the extinguished crater of a volcano, whose waters formerly inspired so much terror—Acheron, Phlegethon, which asubterraneous flame caused to boil, are the rivers of the infernals visited by Æneas.

"Fire, that devouring element which created the world, and is destined to consume it, was formerly an object of the greater terror that its laws were unknown. Nature, in the olden times, revealed its secrets to poetry alone.

"The city of Curnæ, the Cave of the Sibylle, the Temple of Apollo, were placed on that height. There grew the wood whence was gathered the golden branch. The country of Æneas is around you, and the fictions consecrated by genius have become recollections of which we still seek the traces.

"A Triton plunged into these waves the presumptive Trojan who dared to defy the divinities of the deep by his songs—these water-worn and sonorous rocks have still the character which Virgil gave them. Imagination was faithful even in the midst of its omnipotence. The genius of man is creative when he feels Nature—imitative when he fancies he is creating.

"In the midst of these terrible masses, grey witnesses of the creation, we see a new mountain which the volcano has produced. Here the earth is stormy as the ocean, and does not, like it, re-enter peaceably into its limits. The heavy element, elevated by subterraneous fire, fills up valleys, 'rains mountains,' and its petrified waves attest the tempests which once tore its entrails.

"If you strike on this hill the subterraneous vault resounds—you would say that the inhabited earth is nothing but a crust ready to open and swallow us up. The Campagna of Naples is the image of human passion—sulphurous, but fruitful, its dangers and its pleasures appear to grow out of those glowing volcanoes which give to the air so many charms, and cause the thunder to roll beneath our feet.

"Pliny boasted that his country was the most beautiful in existence—he studied nature to be able to appreciate its charms. Seeking the inspiration of science as a warrior does conquest, he set forth from this promontory to observe Vesuvius athwart the flames, and those flames consumed him.

"Cicero lost his life near the promontory of Gaeta, which is seen in the distance. The Triumvirs, regardless of posterity, bereaved it of the thoughts which that great man had conceived—it was on us that his murder was committed.

"Cicero sunk beneath the poniards of tyrants—Scipio, more unfortunate, was banished by his fellow-citizens while still in the enjoyment of freedom. He terminated his days near that shore, and the ruins of his tomb are still called the 'Tower of our Country.' What a touching allusion to the last thought of that great spirit!

"Marius fled into those marshes not far from the last home of Scipio. Thus in all ages the people have persecuted the really great; but they are avenged by their apotheosis, and the Roman who conceived their power extended even unto Heaven, placed Romulus, Numa, and Cæsar in the firmament—new stars which confound in our eyes the rays of glory and the celestial radiance.

"Oh, memory! noble power! thy empire is in these scenes! From age to age, strange destiny! man is incessantly bewailing what he has lost! These remote ages are the depositaries in their turn of a greatness which is no more, and while the pride of thought, glorying in its progress, darts into futurity, our soul seems still to regret an ancient country to which the past in some degree brings it back."—Lib. xii. c. 4.

Enough has now been given to give the unlettered reader a conception of the descriptive character of these two great continental writers—to recall to the learned one some of the most delightful moments of his life. To complete the parallel, we shall now present three of the finest passages of a similar character from Sir Walter Scott, that our readers may be able to appreciate at a single sitting the varied excellencies of the greatest masters of poetic prose who have appeared in modern times.

The first is the well-known opening scene of Ivanhoe.

"The sun was setting upon one of the

ich grassy glades of the forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of he chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately narch of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to ntercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, n the intricacy of which the eye delights o lose itself, while imagination considers hem as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discolored light, hat partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and here they illuminated in brilliant patches he portions of turf to which they made heir way. A considerable open space, n the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near heir former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet."

The next is the equally celebrated description of the churchyard in the introductory chapter of Old Mortality.

"Farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favorite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the hair-bell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of Heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection, that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation."

The third is a passage equally well-known, but hardly less beautiful, from the Antiquary.

"The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire, and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendor gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapors, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom, the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid coloring of the clouds amidst which he was sitting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

"With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound

coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured, by their dizzy height, from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietudes and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder."

Few objects are less beautiful than a bare sheet of water in heathy hills, but see what it becomes under the inspiration of genius.

"It was a mild summer day; the beams of the sun, as is not uncommon in Zetland, were moderated and shaded by a silvery haze which filled the atmosphere, and, destroying the strong contrast of light and shade, gave even to noon the sober livery of the evening twilight. The little lake, not three quarters of a mile in circuit, lay in profound quiet; its surface undimpled, save when one of the numerous water-fowl, which glided on its surface, dived for an instant under it. The depth of the water gave the whole that cerulean tint of bluish green, which occasioned its being called the Green Loch; and at present, it formed so perfect a mirror to the bleak hills by which it was surrounded, and which lay reflected on its bosom, that it was difficult to distinguish the water from the land; nay, in the shadowy uncertainty occasioned by the thin haze, a stranger could scarce have been sensible that a sheet of water lay before him. A scene of more complete solitude, having all its peculiarities heightened by the extreme serenity of the weather, the quiet grey composed tone of the atmosphere, and the perfect silence of the elements, could hardly be imagined. The very aquatic birds, who frequented the spot in great numbers, forbore their usual flight and screams, and floated in profound tranquillity upon the silent water."

It is hard to say to which of these mighty masters of description the palm should be awarded. Scott is more simple in his language, more graphic in his details, more thoroughly imbued with the character of the place he is desirous of portraying; Chateaubriand is more resplendent in the images which he selects, more fastidious in the features he draws, more gorgeous from the magnificence with which he is surrounded: Madame de Staël, inferior to both in the powers of delineating nature, is superior to either in rousing the varied emotions dependent on historical recollections or melancholy impressions. It is remarkable that, though she is a southern writer, and has thrown into Corinne all her own rapture at the sun and the recollections of Italy, yet it is with a northern eye that she views the scenes it presents—it is not with the living, but the mighty dead, that she holds communion—the chords she loves to strike are those melancholy ones which vibrate more strongly in a northern than a southern heart. Chateaubriand is imbued more largely with the genuine spirit of the south: albeit a Frank by origin, he is filled with the spirit of Oriental poetry. His soul is steeped in the cloudless skies, and desultory life, and boundless recollections of the East. Scott has no decided locality. He has struck his roots into the human heart—he has described Nature with a master's hand under whatever aspects she is to be seen; but his associations are of Gothic origin; his spirit is of a chivalrous descent; the nature which he has in general drawn is the sweet gleam of sunshine in a northern climate.

In our next we shall consider Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand as political writers and historical philosophers, and contrast their ideas with those of Fénélon and Bossuet at the close of the seventeenth century.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. NO. VIII.

Among the arrivals which are to nliven the great metropolis during he summer (when the summer shall ondescend to come), are two rhinoeroses. They are announced as havng already rounded the Cape, being n capital health and spirits, and eatng half their own bulks of rice and ıay per diem. The naturalists, and ıll that race, who, as they conceive it, ıultivate natural science, are delighted ıt the prospect; and unless the bargain has been made already, we shall ee fine bidding for the brutes by the ourses of the Zoological and Surrey Gardens.

We altogether dislike the spirit, ystem, and fooleries which are couched inder a great deal of what is called natural science; and this affair of the exhibitions of unfortunate animals is not the part most to our taste.

We admit, as fully as the most resolute impaler of butterflies on pins, hat a great many beautiful and a great nany curious discoveries are to be nade by minds really intelligent, in every province of nature. So be it. But we do not believe that Providence ever said, let science be followed at all risks of cruelty. A large portion of the researches into comparative anatomy are extremely cruel, and every surgeon's apprentice thinks himself entitled to find his way into the arcana of nature, by scalping cats and rabbits to see where their brains lie. The transactions of the college of the medical craft, in this sense, would convict them before a convocation of Ashantees. But in this there is, at least, comparative use, and comparative mercy; if the wretched animals are suffocated, scalped, scraped alive into skeletons, stewed, and minced, they are at least speedily put to death. The air-pump, the knife, and the cauldron, are torturing affairs enough; in common justice they ought to be experimented on the experimenters, but at least they do not keep the wretched animals in torture for months together. And when the French professor, a year or two since, fastened a dog to his surgical table by driving nails through his feet; and this piece of ingenuity brought down upon the man of science the reprobation of the English newspapers (for in France science is a charm for all things), the exonerating answer was, that the same hammer which had fastened his feet, knocked him on the head.

A return has been published, stating the number of deaths in one of those zoological exhibitions. Within three years it was 36 of the larger animals, including seven lions, four tigers, &c. Now, we ask for what ostensible purpose was the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park formed? It was, for so said its prospectus, for the twofold purpose of increasing the knowledge of natural history, and of domesticating animals of other countries. We more than doubt that the former object has been attained, or is attainable in any important degree by the existence of animals under circumstances so totally different from all their natural haunts and habits. How are we to know any thing of the life of an animal whose whole life is spent in the utmost activity, in flight or pursuit, in climbing hills, bounding over the tops of forests, or plunging from rocks, by seeing it in a cage, or at best, a paddock of half a dozen square feet, in the Regent's Park? Of the lions, tigers, panthers, and other lords of the forest and the desert, we can see nothing in the menageries, but heavy masses of flesh in striped and dun-coloured hides, sleeping all day. The fact is, that a single page of description by any traveller who has seen any of those fine, however formidable, productions of the wilderness, sweeping across the landscape, would give a better idea of all that is worth knowing on the subject, than all the promenading and parading about the cages where the unfortunate brutes lie imprisoned, to make naturalists of our generation of five-years-old and upwards.

The domestication we entirely allow to be a rational purpose. But after the vast sums of money which the public have lavished on these institutions, we have every right to ask, what advances have been made towards this purpose? Has a single domestic animal been added to the servants of man in this country, in the last half dozen years? Are we the better for

the camel, the lama, the varieties of the goat kind, the Indian cattle, the buffalo, the zebra, the kangaroo, the giraffe? We feel the ludicrousness of even asking the question, so far are we from expecting any satisfactory answer. But if something is to be allowed for the work of time, in the instances of tribes already domesticated in other countries, what is the advantage of our cagefuls of lions and tigers? We, it is to be presumed, have no expectation of ever bringing *them* to drag our carriages, play in our parks, or watch our cattle.

The family of the birds seem equally out of the question. What hope, or even what desire have we, to domesticate eagles, vultures, condors, or the "great horned owl" himself, or how many of the gentler races have we added to our farm yard? Yet our objection to the whole affair is neither its costliness, nor its inefficiency; but its cruelty. Whatever those who call themselves philosophers may think, man has no wanton right over the life or the enjoyments of the wildest creature that heaven has endowed with either. If they obviously threaten our existence, or are necessary for our food, we have the right. It is given to us in the great original charter. But those cases alone excepted, every act of aggression on either their being or their liberty is a crime. We say this too in the full consciousness that it will be a matter of astonishment to those "honest country gentlemen," from the farmer of a hundred, to the duke of a hundred thousand, that there should be any thing in this round world more innocent than a day's sport among partridges and pheasants. But we say it notwithstanding. We say further that the pigeon-shooting, in which half a hundred or half a thousand of those creatures are killed, merely to show the dexterity of some "crack shot," and make money by wagers on the number knocked dead, or mutilated, is at once scandalous to a civilized country, and totally repulsive to humanity. We are not romantic enough to suppose that many converts to this doctrine will be produced in the present "March of Intellect;" but the time will come when the folly and vice of these "sports," as they are called, will be understood, and men will be as much startled at the idea of making amusement out of the agonies and death of a poor animal, whether bird, beast, or fish, whether torn with shot, hunted to death, hooked, or speared, as with shedding the blood of a fellow-creature,

As for the Zoological Gardens, they are a mere holiday show, to which thousands go to look at wild beasts in cages, and not one in thousands goes for any thing else. The shillings of those thousands, make a handsome revenue, and the show is kept up by the importation of more lions, more tigers, more leopards, and so forth, in place of those which die, and they die remarkably fast, from the miserable inaction in which they are necessarily kept, the total change of their habits, and the difference of climate. It is even injurious to the effect of the exhibition, as a mere show, to keep those animals, dying by inches, languid and miserable as they are. Half a dozen stuffed figures would answer the mere indulgence of the eye much better; for they could be placed in all the attitudes of life in its greatest energy; the lion making battle against the hunter, the tiger springing on its prey, the leopard bounding in the chase, all in the full force, grandeur, or beauty of their nature in its highest state of excitement. They might easily, too, be represented in the midst of the peculiar landscape of their haunts. The lion amid the wild crags and dells of some African region, the panthers and leopards in the splendid luxuriance of their Indian valleys. In their present condition, neither their forms nor their fires, the vigor of their frames, nor the flashing of their eyes are to be even conceived. Nothing is seen but a dozen or more of living logs, pent up in cages, in which they sleep and waste away, gorged and nerveless until they die. We are aware that to talk of compassion to wild beasts may be deemed by some a rather overstrained sentimentality. But we are satisfied that the feeling is just, that in gratifying a giddy and commonplace curiosity at the expense of any creature which has been formed by the hand of supreme benevolence, we are committing an act of culpability; and as a conclusion naturally resulting, that the wisest thing which the Zoological Society could do, would be to forbid the importation of any more of these animals; and if they must keep

hose which they have till they die, get their skins stuffed, their dens prepared by some skilful artist, and let them be the last representatives of their line.

It is remarkable that man is the only *cruel* animal. The brutes of the forest are fierce, but their ferocity is for food. They never kill but to feed. The tiger, the wolf, and the wild dog, frequently kill more than they can devour at the time, but this slaughter is only because their instinct loves the blood in preference to the flesh; still it is appetite; wild beasts scarcely ever tear their own kind. Man, in fact, is the only being who enjoys the terrors, wounds, and death of others; the only animal who kills in sport and for sport.

There are two of those zoological exhibitions in the neighborhood of London. One is altogether a private speculation, and is of course beyond public remonstrance. But the collection in the Regent's Park assumes another shape; belongs to the public body of its subscribers, and ought to be guided by rules consistent with public character.

In one of the fine days of the last autumn, we happened to stroll into this menagerie. The weather, though serene, was hot, and the air, filled with the vapors from the stables and cages, was heavy. All their wilder tenants seemed to feel the closeness of the atmosphere stiflingly. The lions, and all the African and Indian beasts, native as they were to the fires of the sun, were lying hid in the darkest corners of their cages panting for breath. And it was impossible to forget the contrast between their present state of suffocation, and the coolness of the rocks and shades which they would have found even in Africa, and into which they would have plunged. The whole monkey race had lost their vivacity—they sat on their perches, noiseless and roasting. But perhaps the most vexatious display of all was the shed in which the hawks and eagles are chained. Every plume was hanging down, every head drooping; the eagles slowly lifted up their wings as if to catch the least breath of air, and then sullenly and heavily dropped them again. One noble eagle, roused from a half sleep as a party passed him, suddenly shook his plumage, struggled with the chain which bound his foot, and fixing his eye upward, looked as if he longed to break away and enjoy the free air and glorious expanse of the blue above. If he could have spoken, he would palpably have uttered a bold remonstrance against the foolish cruelty which kept him from his kingdom of the sun, to be gazed on for the amusement of a mob of holiday idlers. As it was, if animated figure, eye, and beak, ever spoke indignation, the feeling was there.

In these observations, we desire distinctly to be understood as having no hostility whatever to the Society. But we submit it to their common sense, whether any actual good to science has been done, or is ever likely to be done, by their institution; to their humanity, whether a great deal of cruelty, and that wholly unnecessary, is not connected with their present system; and to their financial sensibilities, whether an exhibition, much less expensive to their funds, and not at all less productive to their receipts, might not be sustained by the substitution of cleverly prepared figures of at least the carnivorous and dangerous animals, for living ones? We certainly never shall domesticate lions and tigers. They can be kept merely for show, and besides their total uselessness, they are a very hazardous show. Hitherto we have not heard of any escapes from the cages; but it will be an extraordinary instance of good luck, if, at no distant time, either negligence in the attendants, or the casual decay of a cage, will not send some of the inmates ranging through the suburbs, and the first intelligence of its liberty be given in some horrid account of mutilation and death by the savage in his hunger. We contend that a collection, quietly lodged in its presses and cases, as in the British Museum, is actually a better instrument for the study of the animal, then a living menagerie under the circumstances of the Zoological Gardens, where the whole has necessarily degenerated into an exhibition for the mere indulgence of the most vulgar curiosity. We say, remove the cruelty, the uselessness, and the heavy expense—introduce the gentler races of animals, if you will, because to them you can give comparative liberty; make every experiment of domestication, but leave the rhinoceroses, the elephants, the lions, and tigers,

eagles and condors, to their own forests and mountains, to the use of the noble powers which nature gave them, and the enjoyments of those free, wild, and magnificent scenes of nature in which alone they can be said to live.

Sydney Smith, after lying fallow for these twenty years, is now *cropping* again. His absence in the duties of his country living, and what a learned divine once called, "the vexatious bustle of a new bishop," operated as a formidable impediment to his career of pleasantry; and, while he lay unknown, a young generation started up, and the Luttrels, Alvanleys, Hamiltons, Sharpes, *cum multis aliis*, carried off the honors. But he is now reviving, and in these days of dullness and reform, he is well worth making the most of, as a relic of the older and better times. His *rationale* of the flight of Evans and his Isle of Dogs heroes is excellent. "You ask the reason why three thousand Englishmen ran away before the Carlists?" said he.—"Nothing can be plainer.—Recollect that the Carlists wore blue jackets. When they appeared, coming from behind Hernani, the Legion took them for the Metropolitan Police, and instantly thought of getting out of the way. A Carlist, who had been in London, at that moment cried out, 'Stop thief!' The well-known sound set them to their heels; and they never stopped until they had the gates of St. Sebastian shut behind them."

The next rapartee is doubtful as to its paternity. Its fame, however, is generally given to Lord Alvanley.

"I have just come from calling on De Roos," said Lord Sefton; "he was not at home, and I left my card."

"Did you *mark* it?' was the question.

"Mark it? No," said Lord Sefton.

"Well, then, you may be assured, De Roos will not take it for an *honor*."

Talleyrand is the only man alive who has the art of *doing* witty things. On the death of Charles the Tenth, he drove through Paris for a couple of days wearing a white hat. He carried a crape in his pocket. When he passed through the Fauxbourg of the Carlists, the crape was instantly twisted round his hat; when he came into the quarter of the Tuilleries, the crape was instantly slipt off and put into his pocket again.

Sydney Smith, preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion, that, of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said, that he had evidently made a great mistake, and that his expression should have been, that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

The late Lord Mulgrave was a Whig in his youth, but when he arrived at the use of his understanding he became, as all men under similar circumstances do, a Tory. But his conversion was not to be forgiven by the Whigs. On his son (the present Lord Mulgrave) making a speech of some promise in the House of Commons, Sydney Smith observed, that Lord Mulgrave must have looked on such an ebullition with the same feeling as a hen which has hatched a brood of ducklings, sees them run down to the water's edge and swim.

Dr. Parr lived in a perpetual struggle for celebrity. Whatever any man did, wrote, or talked, in the way of renown, Parr instantly struck off in the same course, and clumsily figured for fame. Junius and Johnson were two thorns in his side. He was for ever distanced by both, yet for ever struggling himself out of breath to make up the distance. To efface the fame of Junius he tried political writing. He had the bitterness and the pomp, but, as he had neither the wit nor the vigor of his original, he was flung back into the herd of imitators. Johnson's conversational powers next stung his ambition, but then he could get no farther than the pedantry, and his only reward was the appropriate title, by Porson, of the "Brummagem Doctor." His next desire was professional distinction. A prodigious Whig, and of course a scorner of political trickery, yet he secretly longed to be a bishop; and in consequence of the longing, exhibited such a sudden admiration for Mr. Pitt, that when the Whigs came in at last, they left him where they found him. Still, to the last, the Episcopal dream had not quite vanished from his pillow. He actually compiled a series of rules which he determined to make the law of his bishopric, when he should

get it. He put on the Episcopal wig and apron, and indulged himself in the thought that he had thus, at least, made a step in Episcopacy. But it was not to be;—his obscurity was fixed. He smoked life away, amused his old age with the notion that when he died, the light of the empire would be snuffed out; and finally departed without the right to have the mitre on the plating of his coffin.

A great many of the best things said by the celebrated Burke were uttered in the course of those debates, when the foolish fashion of the time emptied the benches at his rising. His being an Irishman, his being of the middle order, and his being totally above the calibre of the fashionable triflers who would listen to nothing but an epigram, could understand nothing but a *double entendre*, often left him nearly alone with the few necessary attendants of Ministers on the Treasury bench. On one of these nights he animadverted, in strong terms, on some acts of the Cabinet. George Onslow, who probably thought that he had now some chance of distinction by grappling with Burke, and showing, if not his wisdom, at least his zeal, started up and said, haughtily, that he must call the honorable member to a sense of his duty, and that no man should be suffered in his presence to insult the Sovereign. Burke listened, and when Onslow had disburthened himself of his loyalty, gravely addressed the speaker. "Sir, the honorable member has exhibited much ardor but little discrimination. He should know that, however I may reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined to extend that reverence to his Ministers. I may honor his Majesty, but, Sir, I can see no possible reason for honoring," and he glanced round the Treasury bench, "'his Majesty's man-servant and maid-servant, his ox and his *ass!*'"

Personal identity is a grave subject for the hands of Locke. But it has made some amusement in its time. A fellow some time since exhibited a scull at a fair near London as the scull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman observed that it was too small for Cromwell, who had a large head, and died almost an old man. "I know all that," said the exhibitor, undisturbed, "but you see, Sir, this was his scull when he was a boy."

A scarcely less curious instance happened at one of our museums. A lady, a *blue* of course, asked the cicerone whether "he had not got a scull of Cromwell?" He answered in the negative. "Very extraordinary," said the lady, "I thought you had every thing, and they have one of his at Oxford."

Theodore Hook's code of card-table signals, in his remarkably pleasant novel of Gilbert Gurney, is clever, and might be very effectually reduced to practice. "Never," says he, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always family telegraphs, and if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I never could win of Smigsmag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and was answered, 'No, you never can win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me,' said I, 'signals by looks?' 'No,' said he, 'by words. If Mrs. Smigsmag is to lead, Smigsmag says, Dear, begin; Dear begins with D, so does diamond, and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says, S., my love, she wants a spade. Smigsmag and spade begin with the same letter, and sure enough down comes a spade. Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards—Mrs. Smigsmag stumps down a heart; and a gentle, come, my love, on either side, produces a club.'"

The Westminster election, the popular election, the display of the "free, independent, and enlightened," is always the most riotous, unprincipled, and corrupt of all the elections of England. So much for the supremacy of the rabble. It is scarcely less remarkable that Westminster has been generally the worst served in Parliament by its representatives. For instance, during the last two years the gallant General Evans, the hero of Hernani, has been absent from his loving constituents, and Sir Francis Burdett has been laid on his back with the gout. Fox's long representation was a long course of negligence; but some pleasantries occur at the hustings. The late George Lamb, the brother of Lord Melbourne, had been returned member, and was remarked for his prodigality

of smiles on the occasion. At the next election, when matters were going against him, he was all gloom. "What is the matter with Lamb this time?" asked some one, "he makes no fight of it, like the last election." "Recollect half a dozen years are past," was the answer, "and a lamb is always more *shespish* the older he grows."

A constable was stationed at the door of the hustings to prevent the crowd from forcing their way among the candidates. A gentleman came up to him, and putting a shilling into his hand, said, with an attempt to put off the smallness of the donation, "I take it for granted there is a little corruption here?" "Yes, Sir," said the constable, looking at the shilling, "but this is *too little*."

Some of the Americanisms are amusing from their quaintness. A fellow coming from the top of the Alleghanies to New York in winter, was asked whether it was as cold there as in the city. He had probably been at some march of intellect school, for he glanced at a thermometer. "Horribly cold," said he, "for they have no thermometers there, and, of course, it gets just as cold as it pleases."

The commercial difficulties of America are so frequent, that the only thing wonderful in them is, how commerce contrives to work its way through them all. A New York paper observes on this, "There is more elasticity in the New York merchants than in any other body with which we are acquainted. Nothing else will stand a *pressure* so long without *breaking*. If Jackson should ruin them for every thing besides, they will do for *coach-springs*."

A man of remarkable epicurism was dining at the Albion, where the banquets are the most *récherchés* of any in London, perhaps the Clarendon alone excepted. The conversation turned on the difficulty of resisting favorite dishes. To the general surprise, the epicure asserted that there was no difficulty at all in the matter; that to a man of true taste simplicity was every thing, and to a man of sound appetite all dishes were equal. A ham exquisitely stewed, his favorite dish, was placed near him. "Now," said one of the party, "before I send you a slice of the very finest ham I have ever tasted, what would you say to it if you were a Jew!" He answered, bowing low to the dish, "Why, I should say, like King Agrippa, almost *thou* persuadest me to be a Christian."

It has been said of the late celebrated Rothschild, that though no man was less lavish of his money, no one was more ready to detect a love for it in others. At a City feast a gentleman observed, that for his part, though he thought venison good, he loved mutton better. "I knowsh why," said Rothschild to his neighbor, "is is becaush he does not like to pay the prishe—it is becaush mutton's *sheep*, and venshon's *deer*."

The House of Commons have lately had under their consideration a singular system of fraud practised in filling up the subscription lists of the Railway Companies. The Parliamentary conditions on which acts are passed for the formation of those companies demand that at least half the estimated expense of the railway shall be *bona fide* first subscribed. Complaints, however, were lately made, that some of the Railway Companies which had occasion for more names to their lists, made them up in the very summary mode of getting any body, with or without money, to sign. Thus paupers put down their names handsomely for thousands of pounds, and received in return from half-a-crown to five shillings for their liberal encouragement of the arts and sciences. This has been brought out largely in evidence in one of the most popular of the railways; probably has been pursued to a great extent in the majority of those existing. The company, however, at present before the House, deny having had any thing to do with this curious traffic as a company, and say, that the whole was the work of private individuals for private purposes. Let this be as it will, the public effect would be, to hoodwink the public and the legislature, and to represent establishments as flourishing and popular when they were cramped and pauperized. The rage for the railways has happily subsided. Three-fourths of them were absolute bubbles, never capable of being finished, and never intended to lead to any thing but the discharge of the subscriber's money into the pockets of the rabble of solicitors, agents, clerks, engineers, and directors, who have started up in

such mushroom abundance all over the kingdom. Some will be completed, which are called for by the necessities of the country, but we shall be saved from the infinite cuttings-up and disfigurings of the land by a succession of huge piles of brick and mortar which could never pay for their own repairs, and which must, in a few years, break down and load the soil with their ruin.

The public disappointment has been such, that a reaction has taken place, and the unpopularity of railways is likely to be as irrational as their past favor. If this shall be so, a large portion of the blame must fall on the heads of the men of pretended science, who have been guilty of either intentional falsehood in their estimates, or what is scarcely less culpable, of giving in estimates of whose inaccuracy they suffered themselves to remain ignorant. If this is to be all the dependence that the public are to place upon the formal reports of professional engineers, then who can wonder that the public should shrink from having any thing to do with them? A letter which lately appeared in the Times states the estimate in the case of the Liverpool Railway to be actually but *one-third* of the real expense. The letter, which goes minutely into the transaction, says, that the original capital proposed to be raised being L.510,000 in 1825, they have since found themselves committed to add to the capital in successive years until it amounted to L.1,224,875. And by the Bill now before the House, in which it is stated that this million and upwards has been expended in the undertaking, the company come for leave to raise L.400,000 more! since additional works are required for the completion of the railway. But the estimates present a not less singular result.

The entire length of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, including the two tunnels, each a mile long, is about thirty-two miles. The original estimate of the engineers was L.16,000 a-mile. It has already cost L.38,260 a-mile; and by the present estimate will cost L.12,000 more, or L.50,000 a-mile.

Whatever may be the fault here, nothing can be plainer than that a very extraordinary degree of rashness must have pervaded the whole undertaking. No fraud is alleged, nor is there any suspicion of fraud; but if science is so slack in its calculations, there must be very little use in science.

The London and Birmingham Railway is now the prominent object. It has already cost three millions of money, of which not a shilling has been returned, the line being only in progress. The original calculation was, that it could be completed at L.22,000 a mile, or L.2,500,000 in the whole. But the company are now before Parliament, asking to raise their capital to L.4,500,000, or L.40,000 a mile. And this, as the letter observes, when the undertaking is only about half finished. In the course of a year or two this estimate will doubtless be raised to the Liverpool standard of L.50,000 a mile.

All this should not produce despair; but it should produce caution. What can have become of the slates and pencils of the engineers? They have seen railways in action these twenty years: it is scarcely possible that every detail of their expenses should not have been familiar to them. Yet when they come to the guidance of a company they seem to have lost their memories. If they tell us, that unexpected obstacles have arisen, we say that the case must be indeed an extreme one in which the true engineer is not prepared to encounter and account for obstacles such as have occurred in the railways in question. A morass here and there, a sudden inclination of the ground, a change of the soil, a tunnel, a river, what more? Or what is there in those which any man with his eyes open could not anticipate? The charge of working the Liverpool Railway seems to have been equally heavy. The charge of working is now found to be L.1400 a day. The charge of working the London and Birmingham Railway will be L.1600 a day. Yet these two railways are two great national instruments, of such obvious national importance, that if they were to be abandoned by the proprietors tomorrow, they ought to be adopted by the Government the day after. But those who are eager for embarking in the fifty other speculations of railways which lead to nothing, and from nothing, running their lines through the moss where scarcely a solitary stage-coach can find a passenger, and where there is

neither commerce nor manufactures, should learn from the lesson which those powerful companies have given, how to look on prospectuses fabricated by mere adventurers, projects which promise work at a third of its actual cost, and calculations of its profits that can never be realized. The only way in which those precipitate follies can be avoided would be, by taking the whole subject into the hands of Parliament, appointing a body of the leading engineers, whose character is above all personal objects, and who should be pledged to have no part in the actual direction of the railways, and from them to obtain a general system of inland communication. For the railways will go on rashly, if not prudently. They will continue to be driven through lines of country totally unfitting for them, if they are not put under guidance, and the result will be a constant succession of bankrupt companies, with all the misery that accrues from individual failure, and all the disturbance that belongs to ruinous public speculations.

We say that the railways will go on. Their power over time and space is a temptation that cannot be resisted by a people so active, commercial, and busied as the people of England. To to the man of commerce their saving of time in the transmission of goods and the general transaction of business is invaluable. To the public the consequence of this rapidity and ease of transmission must greatly prevent monopolies, the necessity of keeping up goods in warehouses, and the general and numerous difficulties arising from the obstructions to forwarding goods, now occasioned by distance, bad roads, and weather. At present a vast quantity of goods too heavy or too delicate for land carriage, is sent by canals, or by coasting vessels. The one conveyance is slow, the other uncertain. The canal passage from Birmingham to London takes four days. By the railway it would probably be little more than six hours. A vast quantity of the Birmingham and Sheffield goods go to the Baltic; from the sudden freezing of the northern ports, four days might make the difference of six months in the northern market.

To the farmer the use of the railways would be of remarkable value. The produce of his land might be conveyed from a distance of a hundred miles to London in about the same time as it now takes to carry it to his next village. It takes a day and a night to send his hay from a distance of little more than twenty miles in Essex, besides the expense of his horses, the feed of his servants, the drunkenness, waste, and the cheating and loitering of these servants. He loads the railway, and his hay and himself are in London within an hour. The cattle driven to Smithfield, after fifty, or often a hundred miles of travel, come in fevered, wasted, and half famished by their bad and irregular provender on the road. The time and the expense of his travel must be paid for, first by the farmer, and next by the public. The expense for a journey of a hundred miles has been calculated at a guinea a head! All this delay, fever, and waste might be avoided by a railway. The expense would be comparatively nothing. It would even be paid by the superior condition of the animal in the market. The produce of rich lands, which the distance now prevents the farmer from sending to the greater markets, would be conveyed from any distance. The conveyance of manure, lime, gravel, bones, and all other heavy matters necessary for the poorer lands, would rapidly fertilize the remotest portions of the kingdom.

They would have other and not less important values in domestic points of view. By their rapidity of transmission they would greatly facilitate the police of the country, the apprehension of criminals, and the conveyance of troops for the suppression of more serious disturbances. In war they would be of great service in conveying troops with instant expedition, either to points of embarkation or of defence. Thus the public force might be multiplied, and a larger proportion of the military available for foreign operations.

All kinds of public works would be highly benefited by the easy transmission of materials from the remoter parts of the kingdom, of slates, stone, and timber from the best quarries and forests. Even private architecture would derive its share of the benefit, and cheap stone from the finest quarries of the kingdom might be the permanent and beautiful material of our houses, instead of mouldering, imperfect, and expensive brick. The

personal comforts of the inhabitants of London and all the great towns would be enhanced in a remarkable degree by the increased facility of an escape from the close air and crowded habitancy of the streets. This the public conveyances of England at present facilitate considerably, and the consequence is, that London is the healthiest city of Europe, and even the hot and smoky atmosphere of the manufacturing towns becomes less deleterious to the general health of their people. The Gravesend steam-boats carry thousands and tens of thousands every summer holiday, twenty miles down the Thames, and thus, for a shilling, a day of pure air and innocent pleasure is purchased. The Greenwich Railway, running but three miles, beginning in a vulgar suburb and ending in a ditch, has carried 20,000 people to Deptford in a day, even of our bitter spring, and will probably carry ten times the number when we shall see summer at last. But, how much all this would be improved, if, instead of making a holiday excursion a few miles beyond the smoke, the great body, at least of the better order of the population, could make the country a permanent residence, sleep every night out of town, in cottages scattered at all distances round it, in every picturesque and pleasant spot within twenty or thirty miles of the great cities. The more opulent, or the less directly compelled to a daily return to the cities, might go farther off still, and thus fill the country districts with elegant mansions, encourage the peasantry by their expenditure, intelligence, and example, and in every sense improve the face of England, lovely as it is already. On such accounts we desire the prosperity of the railways, regarding them as one of the most promising means of national prosperity and individual enjoyment. But as we value this noblest of all modern inventions, an invention which seems to us scarcely less than a providential gift, we are anxious that it should not fall into the hands of chicane, and be perverted into the means of great public calamity.

The collection of the O'Connell-rent was fixed for the 2d of last month. Here we have a specimen of his talents as financier. There is not a landlord, solicitor, or a Chancellor of the Exchequer in the globe who can accomplish any contrivance like this—his receipt of all his monies in a day—yet here it is done. No fees for collection, no trouble in agency, no bills of costs, no loss by the way, no fear of fraud. Such is the wonder-working power of the priestly screw applied to the pockets of the Irish paupers, and at the rate of L.20,000 a-year too. The actual sum, by a public printed return, for 1835, was L.20,189. For 1836 it was probably more, as we shall see when the returns are made out. But besides this, there is a justice-rent, an English-rent, which last year amounted to L.9000; and this L.29,000 a-year is the small "compensation fund" given over to the handling of Mr. O'Connell for the trouble of being the "representative of all Ireland," which means amusing himself in London, dining wherever he can force himself, making a rabble speech now and then at a tavern-dinner, or tea-garden, ranting once a-week in the House, when Sir Robert Peel is not present, and distributing the whole patronage of Ireland.

A new poet, in our day, is a discovery worth recording, but a new poet, who is at once a musician, a painter, a novelist, and a poet, is quadruply worth wondering at. This is the case of Mr. Lover, a young Irishman, who has lately made his appearance on this side of the Irish Channel. He is an artist, and of such skill, as to have produced the very best small portrait, that of the Ambassador of the King of Oude, at the last year's exhibition at Somerset House. He has written some short dramas, but witty, and some volumes of Irish romance, which we understand are very clever, and illustrated by some very clever sketches from his own pencil. But his poems are now the topic. We must confess that we have never been much captivated with what has passed for Irish song-writing in England. Those songs which profess to be humorous, the playhouse species, are absolutely barbarian—the essence of vulgarity, unrelieved by any thing that bears the slightest resemblance to humor in Ireland, or in any other country under the sun; their wit is worthy of their authors, and their authors are worthy of the gin-shop. Even the amatory songs, which have had their day among

us, have not altogether stolen into our hearts; they have treated of love alternately like a schoolmaster and like a schoolboy; there was too much about gods and goddesses, and too much more about pouting lips and glossy curls. We doubt whether passion ever spoke the language of any one of them; they were pretty, and were even poetical; but they wholly wanted truth, they had none of the intense feeling, the flush of fever, the mixture of sadness and playfulness, the delight and agony of the true inspiration. In the songs of the present writer we find much of the rich caprice, and not a little of the force of passion. But the specimen which comes in our way at this moment does not meddle with those fiery topics: it is merely distinguished by the pretty novelty of the thought, and the easy graces of the language—no common qualities in this style of composition.

"THE WIND AND THE WEATHERCOCK.

From the Romance of Rory O'More.

"The summer wind lightly was playing
Round the battlement high of the tower,
Where a vane, like a lady, was staying,
A lady vane perched in her bow'r.
To peep round the corner the sly wind would try;
But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye,
And so she kept turning slyly away,
Thus they kept turning all through the day.

"The summer's wind said, 'she's coquetting,
But each belle has her points to be found;
Before evening, I'll venture on betting,
She will not then *go*, but come round.'
So he tried from the east, and he tried from the west,
And the north and the south, to try which was best,
But still she kept turning slyly away,
Thus they kept playing all through the day.

"At evening, her hard heart to soften,
He said, 'You're of flint I am sure;
But if vainly you're changing so often,
Mo favor you'll ever secure.'
'Sweet Sir,' said the vane, 'it is you who begin,
When you change so often, in me 'tis no sin;
If you'll cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,
And will only be constant, I'm sure so will I.'"

Mrs. and Miss Newman, the shoplifters, who were lately sent to the Penitentiary, are becoming again the topic of the newspapers. Why those women were not both sent off to the South Seas, where they might have improved by picking oakum, or amusing themselves with the pastoral employment of skinning kangaroos, we cannot comprehend. We understand that but a short interval is to elapse before *Miss* Newman is to emerge from her present obscurity, as one of the stars of fashionable life; it being obviously an infinite pity to immure such a pair of brown eyes, such a set of white teeth, and so much knowledge of the ways of mankind, in a prison. We have not yet heard that Sarah Gale, the survivor of Greenacre, has yet received any intimation of a change in her sentence; but haggard cheeks and grey eyes will do remarkably well for New South Wales. Greenacre is now past patriotism, yet he was a loss to the cause. The speeches of the Humeites at the Westminster election were mere plagiarism from his Treatise on Government. He was a Radical cut off in his prime; he was a republican to the spinal marrow; all for purity of all kinds; for abolishing corruption in all quarters; for justice to the world's end. In short, he was a Joseph in principle; but he had the merit of being sincere enough, bold enough, and steady enough, to carry out his principle. He not merely recommended insurrection—he embarked in it. Greenacre was one of the heroes of the Cato Street affair; a capital conception, which took the most effectual plan of silencing ministerial wickedness, by cutting ministerial throats. On that occasion it is understood that he was one of the half dozen who jumped out of the window. But he was an orator, too, and foremost in the ranks of reform. His public virtues recommended him so strongly to the patriotism of Southwark, that he was made chairman of the committee of the Reform candidate; and, after having done his duty there by denouncing public vice, went home and probably finished his evening by strangling one of his wives. He was a theologian, too, on the new model—abhorred priestcraft, superstition, and all other infractions of the natural rights of the mind, insisted on the native purity of the heart,

nd spent the remainder of the night, hen he happened to grow tired of nstructing mankind in morals, in heating the excise. It is unfortunate at he was carried off before the Vestminster election; he would have ade a capital figure on the hustings. le had the genuine look of a patriot. common place physiognomist would ave pronounced him a scoundrel at rst sight. His sullen and bailiff-hunning look, his downward eye, the itter mixture of malignity and meaness that dyed every feature of his ountenance, might seem to have arked him for the scaffold; but they qually marked him for the hustings. he gentleman in Marylebone who oasts of having invented a new gin nd a new religion, the gentleman in ryanstone Square who acts as common conduit to all the vilenesses of action, the chieftain of the nation of t. Giles's, all might have envied reenacre his intrepidity, and all nay require it before they leave this cene of their labors. Lovely in their ives, who can or ought to divide them n their deaths? Devoted as they ave been, during their turbid existnce, to public wrongs, who can but rish to see them give an example of ublic rights;—living only for their ountry's cause, who but recommend hat they should die for the good of heir country?

The debates on the Spanish expedition, the Legion, and the generalhip of its very extraordinary geneal, might form a chapter in the histoy of Laputa. Evans is beaten in ll kinds of ways, yet the Ministry ote him an officer fit to command ritish troops! The expedition fails n every point, and after disgracing s in its formation, disgraces us in the ield. Lord Melbourne protests with ndignant oratory against the docrine that an expedition which has one nothing, is good for nothing. The question is asked, Do Ministers mean to persevere, or to give up the attempt? Lord Palmerston puts his hand on his heart, and pledges himself, on the honor of a foreign secretary, that they mean to do neither. The demand is again made,—"When Ministers see that they cannot give any assistance to the Christino cause, by sending a few hundred marines to be shot at, is it not natural to expect that they should either send a larger force, or withdraw the smaller one?" The whole body of Ministers rise and declare, "That, to the best of their belief, they cannot tell." The Duke of Wellington asserts, that the idea of sending a military force to Spain never entered into the head of any of the original parties to the quadruple alliance, and pledges himself to prove it by the despatch. Lord Melbourne "knows nothing about the idea of the original parties, and pledges himself to nothing but to proceed with the war." The question is carried in the Commons—and what is the interior of the affair at the moment? That the question is carried under a compromise with the Radicals that the Legion shall be withdrawn, and of course that we shall have no more to do with the feuds of the Spaniards. Thus Ministers play their cups and balls. They gain their point for the purpose of throwing it away, and barter for the power to make war by a bargain which compels them to make peace. This might form a capital chapter in a burlesque of history.

The walls were placarded with a variety of squibs during the short convulsion of the Westminster election. One of them was,—"Electors, Burdett calls you pismires—sting him well." Another—"Burdett calls you jackasses in a lion's hide. Well, wives of those jackasses, you *she asses* of Westminster, send your husbands to the poll to thank him." But one of the best was from the Times:

"A SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

AIR.—'*The fine Old Country Gentleman.*'

"I'll sing you a new song to a tune well known of late,
Of a fine true-hearted Englishman, whom alien rebels hate,
Who, like our valiant fathers, feeling courage guideth fate,
Stands proudly forth, with veteran arm, to fight for Church and State,—
Like a fine true-hearted Englishman, all of the olden time.

"In bygone time, in manhood's prime, he braved the frowns of power,
To the people true, when friends were few, he shrank not from the Tower,—
"Hold to the Laws," his motto was in that remembered hour;
His, then as now, a dauntless brow, a crest not formed to cower,
This fine true-hearted Englishman, all of the olden time.

"When millions prayed for alien aid, who stronglier strove than he
From slavery's brand, throughout the land, to set the Papist free?
His noble spirit would not then the distant danger see,
For he thought with high-souled England, that *an oath must sacred be*,
Like a fine true-hearted Englishman, all of the olden time.

"Throughout the storm, before Reform meant *treason to the throne*,
Whose service showed more gallantly for freedom than his own?
Nor is it that in freedom's cause less ardent he has grown,
That he will not by faction see old England overthrown,
This fine true-hearted Englishman, all of the olden time.

"When Whiggery, and Popery, and beggary combin'd
To whistle English loyalty a by-word down the wind,
When coward hearts and servile souls have treachery designed,
In scorn he left the Whigs to grace the rope themselves had twined;
Like a fine true-hearted Englishman, all of the olden time.

"Then the (vow in heaven) bully, back'd by demagogue and priest,
Spit forth his foul-mouthed venom at many a rebel feast,
Against too-trustful England, who had Popish slaves released,
Her princes, peers, her daughters too, and last but not the least,
Against this true-hearted Englishman, one of the olden time.

"And now the pismires are at work, with all their might and main;
Poor wretches! it is sport to see them sweat, and puff, and strain,
Well knowing all the bustle of the *rump* will be in vain,
For Westminster's resolved to have her own again,
Her fine true-hearted Englishman, all of the olden time.

"So cackle, Joseph, cackle; and grumble, grumble Grote!
Spout, Harvey, spout! and Roebuck vex thy little whining throat!
Roar, Wakley, roar! and Molesworth wade through faction's muddy moat,
To puff your leaden Leader, but Westminster will vote
For the fine true-hearted Englishman, all of the olden time.

"Strike up, my boys, in chorus, till we make the welkin ring,
For Church and State the Papists hate; and may each rebel swing;
Whate'er betide, we'll side by side to the Constitution cling,
And vote for merry England, for the Commons, Lords, and King;
Like fine true-hearted Englishmen, all of the olden time."

Some of the Baronets of England have lately made an application for leave to wear a star, or badge of their order. The application seems to have been coldly met by the King hitherto, and though it will probably be persevered in, we hope that the royal chill will be persevered in too. We have more than enough of those trifling badges among us already. It was once the pride of Englishmen to despise the foreign frivolity of orders for every thing and every body. But our foreign intercourse since the war has spread this folly; and there are as many strings and stars at a British levee as at a French one. On the Continent their value is known, and in nine instances out of ten, that value is nothing. Their multiplicity has extinguished their worth, and in general they are looked on merely as an ornament to the coat, a mere showy button, or an affectation of being somebody. That they would be stimulants to dashing exploits among the military, or to profound researches among the philosophic part of the world there can be no doubt; but this must depend upon their being given only for dashing exploits in the one, or profound researches in the

other. Let the star and ribbon be strictly limited to actual superiority, and it must produce gallant emulation. Let one kind of badge, for instance, be given exclusively for some peculiar class of dangerous exploits; for heading a forlorn hope, or a storming party; for the capture of an enemy's colors, or for leading an escade, we should find men rejoiced to make the attempt, and, proud of the recognised emblems of their hazardous heroism. But on the present system of giving the Orders of the Bath, the Guelphic, and the new Hanoverian Order of William the Fourth—for now that we have no wars, we are hanging trophies round every man's neck—they are mere matters of vanity, actual mimicries of honors. An application has lately been strongly urged, to give every officer who has served twenty years, a star. He may be the laziest eater of his Majesty's bread alive; he may never have seen a shot fired; his campaigns may have been "from Ealing to Acton, and from Acton to Ealing;" but if he has had the good fortune to survive his tremendous wear and tear of himself, he demands to figure among the knighthood of England.

Even in the instance of the higher classes of these insignia, the Grand Crosses of the Bath and the Garter, can there be a doubt, that the abuse of the honor tends strongly to degrade it into being no honor at all? It is the merit of the man that makes the honor of the badge. When an admiral who has fought a gallant action, or a general who has decisively beaten the enemy, receives the Grand Cross of the Bath, we respect the wearer, and the emblem of his intrepidity. But when we see it on the breasts of men whose names have never been heard of beyond the Army-List, we see in it nothing but ten shillings' worth of tinsel. When Wellington wears the Grand Cross, we regard it as the due reward of a hero; but when it figures on the drapery of certain others whom every man can designate for himself, we necessarily ask—What right have such men to any thing that implies distinction?

An anecdotical history of the orders of knighthood might make an antiquarian treasure. There have been successive attempts to fill up the chasm; but their style was so little superior to that of an index, their narratives were so dull, and their learning was so dry, that they were successively dropped out of existence. The book of a dunce is the surest of all soporifics, yet the most disagreeable one. It is a curious instance of the uncertainty of history, that the origin even of the Order of the Garter, though established so late as Edward III., and, from its celebrity, the topic of all the heraldic writers, is still controverted. The story of its having arisen from the King's picking up the Countess of Salisbury's garter in a ball-room has certainly the strongest array of authorship on its side. But one of the historians of Edward III. (Barnes), disdaining so humble and so recent a pedigree, pursues the emblem up to the Phœnicians, with whom it was a purple fillet tied round the limb, blessed from all magic, and acting as a protective spell. By another, it is derived from the Crusades—unquestionably the origin of the chief part of our heraldic bearings and principal knighthoods of Europe. Bastell regards it as the result of a contrivance of Richard I., if not to guard the legs of his cavalry by leather bands in defect of their armor, at least as a distinction in the field. But the Garter, like the Rose, was an old emblem of confidence, and the knighthood established under such an emblem, was to be considered as pledged to the most intimate and unchangeable fidelity. "As close to you as your garter," is an old phrase expressive of this sentiment. And the "honi soit qui mal y pense," was a motto not unsuitably corrective of the suspicions that in such times might have been produced by such intercourse. The order, as established by Edward III., consisted only of the King and twenty-five of his most distinguished fellow-warriors. It was first installed on St. George's day, 1342, with the well-known William of Wykeham for its prelate, in whose right the bishops of Winchester possess the same honor. It is still sustained in its rank, by being reserved exclusively for persons of the highest rank, statesmen, nobles, and foreign kings.

Presentiments of approaching evil are remarkably common, and yet remarkably curious phenomena of the

human mind; they are often wholly unconnected with fear, for they have existed in the most daring hearts. Nelson is said to have expected that Trafalgar was to be his last battle, and he dressed himself in all his orders accordingly. Fox almost dated the day of his death, while he was in at least as good health as he had been for some years. "Pitt," said he, "has gone in January, I may go in June." And in June the disease commenced which shortly carried him to the grave. In Sir Walter Scott's Memoirs there is an odd instance of a similar anticipation. "Lord Melville and Lord President Blair had died about the same time," he remarks; "there was a very curious coincidence between the deaths of those eminent characters and that of a person of very inferior grade, a dentist in Edinburgh, named Dubisson. He had met the President the day before his death, who used a particular expression in speaking to him. The day before Lord Melville died, he also met Dubisson nearly on the same spot, and to the man's surprise used nearly the same words in saluting him. On this second death, he expressed, jocularly, however, an opinion that he would be the third; he was taken ill and died in about the space of an hour.—Was not this remarkable?"

On the first night of the present Session of Parliament, January 31, 1837, the following notices of motions were given:

A bill to introduce the Ballot, by Mr. Grote.

A bill to repeal the Septennial Act, by Mr. Williams.

A bill to amend the Marriage Act, by Mr. Wilks.

A bill to repeal the Corn Laws, by Mr. Clay.

A bill to reform the House of Lords, by Sir W. Molesworth.

A bill to make the Franchise *Household*, by Mr. Hume.

A bill to abolish the law of Primogeniture, by Mr. Ewart.

A bill to exclude the Bishops from the House of Lords, by Mr. Lushington.

A bill to abolish the plural voting at vestries, by Mr. Wakley.

A bill to repeal the Payment of Rates and Taxes before Voting at Elections.

A bill to reform the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, by Mr. Pryme.

Subsequently in the Session were added, motions for extinguishing the Standing Army, and the qualifications for members of Parliament.

This was the radical proclamation, and every motion of those would have been made and carried, but for the knowledge that there was still a "protecting power in the Constitution." If all these motions had been carried; nay, if one half; nay, if any one of them had been carried, we should have been already within sight of a revolution. Was there a Whig of the school of 1688 who would not have exclaimed against every one of those motions as treason? Was there a Whig even of the callous school of Fox who would not have been startled by such strides to national subversion? But our Whigs of the present day are not startled at all; they chime in with the toll of the tocsin; they shout with the shouters on their way to St. James's with the "ultimatum of the people's will" in their hands. They see the agitator loading the mine, and they stand blowing the match; look on the beams of the scaffold shaped and clumped hour by hour, and they dress for the ceremony; they see the last ruffianism of the land waving the torch against its loftiest institutions, they beg to have the honor of carrying it in front, and call conflagration Reform.

SOURCES OF MEDIÆVAL LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

In recommending an inquiry into he origin of popular fiction, and the ransmission of similar tales from age o age, and from country to country, Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to the Lady of the Lake, employs an obser-ration which might, *mutatis mutandis*, be advantageously applied to the wild egends and romantic tales of the castle and monastery, and to the su-perstitious customs which prevailed over the whole of Europe before its darkness was dispelled by the Refor-nation. "The mythology of one period," he says, "would then appear o pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the succeeding ages. Such an in-vestigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show hat these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace as enable them to penetrate nto countries unconnected by man-ners and language, and having no ap-parent intercourse to afford the means of transmission." The hint thus thrown out appears to have given birth to the new science of ethnology, which has been successfully cultivated n Great Britain, France, and Ger-many, by men distinguished by their philological attainments, who have discovered ample materials for the exercise of philosophy in the gossip of he cottager's fireside and the rhymes of the nursery.

It frequently happens, that, when a popular fiction or belief is detected o be common to several countries, a considerable difficulty arises with re-gard to fixing the place of his birth; or though Mr. Keightley's rule, that "when, in a tale of some length, a number of the circumstances are the same, and follow in the same order, it may be considered as transmitted," may be generally received, there are numerous cases in which fabulous oc-currences cannot be assigned to their real origin. Some fictions are so very simple, that, though varied in many of their features, they seem to be in-dependent inventions. Of the latter class Mr. Keightley appears to regard Whittington and his Cat, which Mo-ier heard in Persia, which Maglotti told in Italy of Anselmo Degli Or-manni, and of which two churches erected by the possessors of lucky facts, testify the existence in Den-mark. But these stories, though sim-ple, seem to be too remarkable in the leading circumstance to be deemed independent. The strange legend of the *Septem Dormientes*, or Seven Sleepers, related in the Aurea Legenda, repeated by William of Malmesbury, and not disdained by the more philosophical Gibbon, has been traced to a very early Greek story, and found revived in its principal fact in the adventure of Peter Klaus, the goatherd of Sittendorf, on the Kyff-hauser mountain, which, after delight-ing the German peasants for centuries unknown, has been reproduced in the whimsical tale of Rip Van Winkle. This is a case of unquestionable trans-mission from Greece, and its prototype may perhaps be discovered in Asia, yet it is not more complex than the story of Whittington. "Other cir-cumstances," says Mr. Keightley, "may be referred to what we may call the poverty of human invention; such are the swords of sharpness and the shoes of swiftness everywhere to be met with. Who knows not how Jack the Giant-Killer outwitted the giant who sought to slay him in the night with his club? The god Thor was, on his journey to Utgard, illuded in the same way; and that sly rogue, Ahmed of Ispahan, played the very same trick on the stupid Goole. Must we suppose this device to have been a part of the stock our forefathers brought from the back of Caucasus?"

Tales of this kind have a parentage similar to that of innumerable obser-vances and superstitions which are found coexisting in the present day among the populace of every country in Europe. The greater part are of Gothic introduction, others are Druidi-cal or Celtic, and both resemble those of the East. The reason is obvious. Both Celts and Goths were originally Asiatics; hence Whiter, in in his Ety-mologicon Universale, speaking of their dialects remarks, that "where-ever we turn our eyes among the na-tions of the earth, we find all around us to be Celtic. Thus we see that the

dispute about a Gothic or Celtic origin is idle and almost unmeaning, as they are ultimately to be considered as belonging to each other." This observation may be extended beyond simple etymologies and applied to more complicated memorials than words. The Celts, emigrating at a much earlier period than the Goths, have left us fewer traces of their existence, yet they are sufficiently distinguishable to be correctly assigned to their first Asiatic importers. The arrival of Odin in Scandinavia blended the splendid mythology of the East with the simple religion of the Nomadic Goths; and hence it is that the fictions and superstitions of Asia, slightly differing in circumstances, but greatly changed in denomination and application, have been received through the Goths and commingled with the earlier importations of their predecessors. A Greek or Roman source has supplied us with other customs, superstitions, and legends, which also bear evidence of an Oriental origin, as convincing as that of the mythology from which they immediately issued.

The misconceived allegories of a system of religion existing in times of which their remoteness defies the attempts of chronology to determine the date, and transmitted at different epochs through these different channels, supplied the middle ages with materials for the formation of fables, whether intended to amuse the populace, to exalt the merits of local saints, to magnify the valor of a favorite hero, or to cast a ray of splendor over the obscure origin of an illustrious family. Among the allegories of natural phenomena, invented at first by the Cabirian successors of the Sabæan idolaters, those which veiled the operation of the sun on the earth, and his apparent course through the heavenly bodies, have been the most productive of coarse imitations. The astronomical labors and conquests of Hercules and Orion, the vanquisher of serpents, and the adventure of Perseus, the liberator of Andromeda, from the jaws of a ravenous sea-monster, suggested by the motions of the heavenly bodies, and darkly describing the course of the seasons and the triumph of the sun over winter, are traceable in the numerous forms of narration, which they received long after their purport was unknown and their origin forgotten. The story of Perseus, and the very scene of his exploit, represented upon the pictured celestial sphere, have furnished the chief event in the lives of the innumerable saints who are said to have triumphed over dragons and serpents in the first age of Christianity, and in the period comprised between the end of the fourth and commencement of the eighth century. On this theme M. Lenoir satisfactorily explains, in the Memoirs de l'Academie Celtique, the legend of the Graouille or Dragon of Metz.

Coincidences in narrations of this kind, exact in every particular, are not to be expected because the very adaptation of a story already formed occasions the suppression of some circumstances, or gives rise to the creation of others, which are necessary to the successful appropriation of the original to the place and person, of whose history it is intended to become the future embellishment; still, however, sufficient of the general resemblance will be found remaining to identify the after-thought with its prototype. When several similar narrations correspond with one, which, from its antiquity, is entitled to preference, in the principal action and circumstances, they may safely be referred to that class in which the originality of human invention is not displayed. The legendary and romantic victories obtained by men, pretending to the possession of supernatural or other extraordinary powers, over dragons, serpents, and monsters, some with several heads, and all either amphibious or living wholly in water, which are said to have destroyed vast multitudes of people, or to have devastated whole regions in parts of the world where these reptiles never attain to formidable dimensions, are certainly copies. Research for the original, carried upwards, step by step, conducts the enquirer to the triumphs of Hercules over the Lernæan Hydra. That dragon, or, using ordinary language, water-snake, the issue of the commerce between the half human and half serpent Echidna and Typhon, the Egyptian emblem of the inundations of the Nile, was itself an emblem of the overflowings of the lake from which it receives its distinctive appellation. But this is merely another version, or copy, of the still more ancient achievement of Perseus.

The notion of representing the ir-

uptions of water under the form of a reptile, once started, was not forgotten; and, as the powers required to compel rivers to retreat into their channels were not less miraculous than those which were necessary to destroy a dragon, both feats are sometimes attributed to the same person. The sanctity of Romanus, a saint of the seventh century, was sought to be exalted by this means. He is said, on one occasion, to have delivered Rouen from a monstrous dragon, of which the popular name *Gargouille*, a derivative from *gurges*, proves its intimate connection with another of his miracles in causing the Seine to re-enter its bed when about to overwhelm that city. The first is but the emblem of the second miracle, which is described in the strophe of a hymn to the saint, quoted by Salverte from Santeuil:—

"Tangit exundans aqua civitatem;
Voce Romanus jubet efficaci;
Audiant fluctus, docilisque cedit
Unda jubenti."

In examining the legend of St George and the Dragon, Gibbon, for whom the voluminous Acta Sanctorum of the Bollandists, and the Byzantine historians, seem to have possessed equal charms, slightly alludes to the fable of Perseus, but attempts to explain the symbolical dragon in a mystical sense, which its early narrators would scarcely have comprehended. He says, in a dissertation among his Miscellaneous Works, that "The genius of chivalry and romance mistook the symbolical representations, which were common to St. George of Cappadocia, and to several other saints; the dragon painted under their feet was designed for the devil, whom the martyr transpierced with the spiritual lance of faith, and thus delivered the church, described under the figure of a woman. But in the time of the crusades, the dragon, so common in Eastern romance, was considered as a real monster slain near the city of Siena in Lybia, by the Christian hero, who (like another Perseus) delivered from his fury a beautiful and real damsel, St. Margaret." This mystical sense, however, is not to be traced in any of the legends of the numerous saints who triumphed in a similar manner over dragons and serpents. It was too refined to be understood by any but men of more cultivated minds than the writers, who evidently intended their legends to be considered as accounts of real occurrences, though they did not always pretend to rest them upon the authority of history. Thus the writer of the life of St. Marcellus, Bishop of Paris, in the fifth century, confesses that he owes to no other record than popular tradition, the facts and circumstances of the holy champion's miraculous conquest of a serpent, which committed great havoc in the suburbs of that city. The fortunate islands of Great Britain have been particularly free from these destructive beings; and owing to this immunity, it is probable, that these legendary victories might receive a rational, though erroneous, interpretation. It is certain that our forefathers looked upon the dragons, borne by them at no distant period in the processions of the Rogations, about the middle of spring, in much the same light as that in which Gibbon regards the dragon of St. George. "Among us," says Mr. Fosbrooke, "a figure of Christ was hung up to represent the Ascension. In some churches, a dragon with a tail filled with chaff was exhibited and emptied on the third day, to show that the devil, after prevailing on the first or second day before, or under the law, was on the 'thyrde daye of grace, by the passion of Jhesu Criste, put out of his reame.'"

The principal narrations of miraculous encounters with monsters by men whose sanctity acquired them celebrity, seem to have been founded on the curiously united achievements of St. Romanus. A horrible dragon, which had its retreat in a temple of Jupiter, at the village of Artois near Montoire, and which represents the irruptions of the Loire in the vicinity, is related to have been slain by St. Julian, bishop of Mans, in the year 95. The ravages of the same river are emblematized by a dragon fifty or sixty feet in length, which was vanquished by St. Bie, near Vendome, in the fifth century. The irruptions of the Clain were represented by the dragon of Poitiers, which concealed itself in a cavern on the banks of the river, and which was destroyed by St. Radegund in the sixth century. The destructive inundations of the Garonne have for their emblem the dragon of Bourdeaux, yielding to

the potency of St. Martin's rod in the eleventh century, and that of Comminges, subdued by the Bishop St. Bertrand in 1076. M. Champollion explains the hieroglyphics of two enormous serpents, with human heads, in the church of St. Laurent at Grenoble, by the proverb, "Serpens et draco devorabunt urbem," which is popularly expressed in the distich,—

"Lo serpein et lo Dragon
Mettront Grenoble en savon."

This alludes to the site of Grenoble, at the entrance of the Drac into the Isere, represented by the serpent whose winding motion this river seems to imitate in its tortuous course. The history of the dragon of Tarascon, which St. Martha killed with her garter, and of which the representation, called the *Tarasque*, is still borne there on Whit-Monday, is explained by the irruptions of the Rhone. Another ideal monster, also called the *Tarasque*, is exhibited in the procession on the day of St. Francis d'Assise, at Lima, which lies at no great distance from the sea, and is watered by a river that supplies every house. The time of this procession, October 4, being the entrance of spring in that country, agrees with the period of the procession at Tarascon; and thus, whether by accident or design, those who transported the dragon of the north into the southern hemisphere, have caused it nearly to coincide with its original intention and signification.

Every church had its symbolical dragon in the processions of the Rogations, which, derived from the Roman *ambarvalia*, always occurred about the middle of spring, when the victory of the sun over winter is complete, and when rivers, the most swollen by the melting of the snow or the rains of that season, have entirely receded into their channels. As the inundations and ravages, typified by dragons, could not have happened every where at the same time, it would be difficult to conceive how in places so different, the inhabitants should concur in representing like events by the same emblems, if we had not the agreement of the time universally adopted for the commemoration of their delivery from disasters, and if we did not possess the astronomical theme, which is the basis of the whole. As to the dragon of St. George, the learned Pettingal shows that this symbol is merely a relic of the ancient amulets, invented by Oriental nations to express the virtues of Mithras, the sun, and the confidence which they reposed in that great luminary. "From the Pagans," he says, "the use of these charms passed to the Basilidians, and, in their Abraxas, the traces of the ancient Mithras and the more modern St. George are equally visible. In the dark ages, the Christians borrowed their superstitions from the heretics, but they disguised the origin of them, and transformed into the saint the sun of the Persians and the archangel of the Gnostics." Thus we arrive at the same conclusion, though by a less direct route.

About the ninth century, the glory of the miraculous exploits attributed to human beings, whose superior piety had secured them a reputation for the possession of greater powers than fell to the lot of their fellow-creatures, began to be coveted by warriors, and the honors of similar achievements were awarded by gratitude or flattery to men, exalted by their rank, or already sufficiently distinguished by their prowess. The genius of chivalry and romance ransacked the lore of mythology for adventures which might be adapted to real or fabulous heroes. The cultivators of romance decorated the saints to whom remarkable triumphs over the monsters of Oriental fiction had been ascribed with the honors of knighthood, and even borrowed their adventures for men of no pretensions to their sanctity. Of this description was St. Bernard, one of the last miraculous victors of serpentine monsters. From Moreri, it appears, that he was the grandson of a Count of Toulouse, and consequently belonged to the illustrious class. Ariosto, who freely employed the traditions and romancing chronicles of the eleventh century in his poetical narratives, has not scrupled in this manner to transfer to Rolando the exploit of St. Pol, a young nobleman at the Isle de Batz. Even the brave Arnold de Winkelried, who nobly sacrificed himself at the battle of Sempach in 1386, for the preservation of his fellow patriots, has his history embellished, or rather defaced, by a victory over a dragon, whose den near Stanz, the capital of the Nieder Unter Walden, is still shown to the traveller.

An equivocal term of architecture

among the northern nations gave rise to a number of adventures in romance, similar to those of saints and knights-errant, whose names and existence were neither known to them nor suspected, and covered the events of real history with the dark veil of romance. "The fortresses of the Goths," says Mallet, "were only rude castles seated on the summits of rocks, and rendered inaccessible by thick misshapen walls. As these walls ran winding round the castles, they were often called by a name which signified serpents or dragons; and in these buildings they usually secured the women and young virgins of distinction. It was this custom which originated so many fables concerning princesses of great beauty guarded by dragons and afterwards delivered by invincible champions." Mallet might have added that both in history and romance, the owners of these serpentine fortresses were themselves frequently denominated dragons. The Romance of the Horny Siegfried contains several adventures with dragons, who are no other than powerful castellans; one instance will suffice. Chrymhild, the beautiful daughter of King Gybich at Worms on the Rhine, was carried off by a monstrous dragon, who conveyed her to his Dragon-stone, a stone about a quarter of a mile long, on the top of a high mountain, where she was confined three months until Easter Day, when the dragon was transformed into a man. Siegfried having learned from a knight the place of her concealment by a frightful dragon, of whose dragon-stone the giant Kuperan kept the key, overcame the giant by means of a cap of darkness (the invisible coat of Jack the Giant Killer). The hero, sparing his life, was conducted by him to the dragon-stone, to which he obtained entrance through a door, concealed eight fathoms under ground, and delivered the prisoner. A case from real history will show the propriety of the addition to Mallet. A Swedish prince in the ninth century, according to Olaus Magnus, had brought up with his daughter Theora two serpents, who were to be the guardians of her maiden years. These monsters, arriving at an immeasurable bulk, spread death around them by their pestiferous breath. The King, in despair, promised his daughter's hand to the hero who should destroy the serpents. The perilous adventure was achieved by the Scald and warrior, Prince Regner Lodbrog, who, in consequence, became the husband of the beautiful Theora. Reverting to the romance of the Horny Siegfried, we find that, when that hero and his mistress Chrymhild were regaling themselves at a banquet in the Dragon-stone, they were violently disturbed by the dragon, attended by sixty young dragons, all of whom were clearly the castellan and the remnant of his garrison. The two serpent guardians of Theora, with their immense size and pestiferous breath, were, in like manner, two powerful and treacherous vassals of her royal parent. This construction appears from the account of the same matter in the Saga of Regner Lodborg himself, where one guardian only is mentioned, who was the owner of a strong castle, and to whose custody the princess was committed. The vassal, falling in love with his ward, refused to restore her to her father, who, after several attempts to force the castle, promised, as stated by Olaus Magnus, that the liberator of Theora should become her husband, and that liberator was Regner Lodbrog.

Johnson, an alchymist in the seventeenth century, devotes an article of his Lexicon Chymicum to "Melusinæ" and "Meloræ," as if the superstitions respecting those fabulous beings were once current in this country. They were, he says, princesses abandoned to sinful pleasures, who were transformed by Satan into spectres, malignant spirits, and horrible monsters. The Melusinæ and Meloræ are believed to live without a rational soul, and to be supported by the elements, with which they will pass to the Day of Judgment, unless, by chance, they marry men with whom they live in virtuous union until they die by the course of nature. They are commonly believed to infest deserts, woods, monuments, and lonely sea coasts. But to this description he has appropriated a name which belongs to Melusina, the celebrated ancestress of the noble family De Lusignan. Her story is briefly told. She was the daughter of the King of Albania and the fay Pressina ("Persina," *Johnson*), by whom she was condemned to become a serpent from the waist downwards every Saturday, until she

should marry a man, who would never see her on that day. She married Count Raymond, who concealed himself one Saturday, and saw her transformation. Their Son was called Geoffrey with the Tooth, because a boar's tusk projected from his mouth. A figure of him, cut in stone, stood, according to Brantome, at the portal of the Melusine Tower, which was destroyed in 1574. Melusina, on the discovery, disappeared from the Castle of Lusignan, and has ever since existed as a spectre of the night, visible only when one of her race was to die at Lusignan. Towards the end of the 14th century, Jean d'Arras collected the traditions relating to her, and composed what he called her Chronicle. Stephen, a Dominican, of the house of Lusignan, took up the history written by Jean d'Arras, and cast such splendor about his heroine, that several noble houses were ambitious of showing a descent from her, as if it were a greater honor to be derived from a serpent than from a woman. Those of Luxembourg and Rohan even falsified their genealogies for that purpose; and the house of Sassenage, though it might claim a descent from a monarch, preferred Melusina; and, to gratify them, it was feigned that, when she quitted Lusignan, she retired to the grot of Sassenage in Dauphiny.*

A figure of Melusina was carved on the outer gate of the Castle of Sassenage, and a medal, apparently of the 15th century, which was seen by M. Millin, exhibits on one side the head of Geoffrey à la Grand Dent, or Geoffrey with the Tooth, and on the reverse, the head of a fantastic monster. It appears also that, in ancient deeds, the name of Geoffrey's mother is written Melicendis or Milesendis, which, by the way, was not an uncommon name in England; and that the orthography of the family name appears on the legends of the medal, *Godefridus de Lusinem*. It would, therefore, seem that Melicendis had been confounded with Melusina, a name celebrated long before; and M. Salverte remarks, that it is only necessary to place the word *mater*, or *mère*, before the family name on the medal, in order to reproduce *Merlusina*, which is the vulgar pronunciation of *Melusina*; and, to prove that it is no other than the simple title of *Mère des Lusignans*, the mother of the Lusignans. Such is the convincing developement of an error on a subject which was sufficiently improbable and absurd, without becoming matter for the contest of rival houses. The fabulous Melusina, who has lent her celebrity to Melicendis, *mère des Lusignans*, and so called Merlusina, is herself recognised in the creations of the Greek mythologists; and, remembering the astronomical hydra, dragon, and sea-monster, we are at once conducted to Echidna, the viperous mother of a series of monsters, whose names sufficiently attest their genealogy. With regard to the name Melusina, we may also remark, even through the disguise of the Teutonic diminutive termination, its resemblance to Melissa, the ordinary appellation of the priestess of the infernal Ceres, and of the priestess of Mithras, who is sometimes emblematized as an Archimagus, with a woman near him, entwined in the folds of a serpent, to designate the principle of life attributed to the sun.†

Melusina does not seem to be the only formation in the middle ages of a monster, partly human and partly savage, from the fictitious beings of Greek mythology:—

"Ces montagnes, ces bois qui bordent l'horison,
Sont couverts des métamorphoses:
Ce cerf aux pieds légers est le jeune Actéon,
L'ennemi des troupeaux est le roi Lycaon."

It is no extraordinary demand upon the mind to believe, that the fabled transformation of Lycaon into the wolf, which gives him that name, has been the foundation of those terrible monsters, who from men had the power of becoming wolves, and reappearing at pleasure in their natural shape. The existence of the name in the languages of countries which have lost the memory of their ra-

* Keightley's Fairy Mythol. vol. ii. p. 299—309.

† These figures occur on a basso relievo, discovered under ground at York, and described by Dr. Stukeley, in 1749; Phil. Trans. No. 493, Art. 5.

ages, though some are still infested with the wolf, shows that there popular superstition formerly credited the possibility and reality of the metamorphosis. The *Were-wolf* of England seems to have been derived from the Saxon *werd*, a man, and *wulf*, a wolf. The Germans have *Wärwolff*, sometimes written *Wher-wolf*, a man-wolf, which the French express by *Loup-garou*. The notion proceeds immediately from the Goths, and their historian, Olaus Magnus, who understood, in a literal sense, that the Princess Theora was guarded by serpents, furnishes, in his own person, satisfactory evidence of the existence of this particular aberration of the mind. He describes the manner of effecting the transformation, and relates that, at Christmas, great multitudes of were-wolves assemble at a place previously appointed among themselves, and inflict more evils upon the country, by outrages upon man and beast, than are ever suffered from natural wolves. So far Olaus mentions little more than sometimes happens in the present day during the severity of winter, when packs of half-famished wolves venture into villages; but the were-wolves attack houses, break open doors in order to destroy the inmates, and even descend into the cellars, where they drink whole tuns of mead. That it was the common belief in his time appears from several expressions in the anecdotes which he has collected, and of which the last, having the merit of brevity, may serve for proof. The Duke of Prussia having heard numerous accounts, to which he paid little attention, of the conversion of men into wolves, was at length induced to make inquiry. A man was found, who had the reputation of possessing this faculty. He gave convincing evidence of the reality of the transformation, by changing himself into a wolf before the Duke, who was perfectly satisfied, but ordered the man to be burned for sorcery. This happened so near the time of his writing, that Olaus says it was still fresh in memory.

The Gothic equivoque of the serpent-stone, before noticed, is found, where it might be least expected, ingrafted upon the British legend of Merlin, the enchanter, and the wonderful grotto which he artfully constructed upon the summit of a mountain for his mistress, the Lady of the Lake, whom he was accustomed to call the White Serpent, and who treacherously converted it into his tomb. According to Spenser, it was formed at the ancient Maridunum:

——"that is by change of name
Cayr-Merdin called."

"There the wise Merlin whylome wont, they say,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
By a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counsell'd with his sprights encompast round."

After a very poetical description, confirmed by Camden in its essential features, of the horrid sounds which appear to issue from the cave, the author of the Faerie Queene relates the fate of the magical architect:—

"In the meantime, through that false lady's train,
He was surprised and buried under beare."

But M. le Grand, in his notes to the "Manteau mal taille," states a variation in the manuscripts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as to the nature of the place of his sepulchre, some describing it, like Spenser, as a tomb, and others as a dungeon, where Merlin still remains, and where his voice is still heard. The latter agrees with the account in the old version of "La Morte d' Arthur," by Sir Thomas Maleor:—"And so, upon a time it happened, that Merlin shewed to her in a rocke, where was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, which went under a stone, so by her craft and working, she made Merlin go under that stone, to let him wit of the marvailes there. But she wrought so for him, that he never came out, for all the craft that he could doe." Ariosto states the entrance to have been through a gate at a considerable depth under ground:—

"Ecco nel sasso trova una caverna,
Che si profonda più di trenta braccia;
Tagliato a picchi, ed a scarpelli il sasso
Scende giù al dritto, ed ha una porta al basso.'

In these descriptions of Merlin's wonderful structure, there is percep-

tible an agreement with the Dragon Stone in the romance of the Horny Siegfried, sufficient to account for the appellation of the White Serpent, given by Merlin to the mistress of the place. The further account of the cavern by the Italian poet coincides in many respects with the Nymphæa, or Mithratic grottoes, described by Porphyry and others; and the name by which Ariosto distinguishes the lady who shows the "generosa Bradamante" the wonders of the cavern, is that of the priestess of Mithras, which so strikingly resembles Melusina, the counterpart of the viperous monster, Echidna.

Passing from the creations of mythology, legend, and romance, we may pursue the hint furnished by Merlin's enchanted cave, and consider, under the same point of view, the celebrated purgatory of St. Patrick. This is a small artificial cavern, built upon an island in Lough Derg, in the southern part of Donegal, and is formed by two parallel walls covered with large stones, on a floor of natural rock. A winding passage, part of which is yet visible, led to the interior. This purgatory, for there is another hole bearing the same name, was once called *Uamh Tveibh Oin*, which General Vallancey explains to be the "Cave of the Tribe of Oin, or Owen," a person who is said to have entered it by a miracle, and there to have witnessed the joys of the blessed and the torments of the damned. Henry of Huntingdon, embellishing the narrative of Matthew Paris, relates that Christ appeared to St. Patrick, and, showing him a deep hole, informed him that whoever remained in that pit a day and a night, if he had previously repented, should be purged from his sins, and behold the same scenes as are said to have been shown to Owen. But the account of this place, in a quotation by Mr. Thoms from a manuscript preserved at Paris, is different, and is far from promising much comfort to him that shall venture into it, even with the precaution of confession and repentance:—

"En Irlande si est un leus
Ke jur et nuit art cum feus,
K'om apele le Purgatore
Sainz Patrice, et est tens encore
Ke s'il vunt aucunes genz,
Ke ne soient bien repentanz,
Tantost est ravis è perdus.
Qu'om ne set k'il est devenuz.
S'il est cunfes et repentanz,
Si va et passe mainz turmenz.
Et s'epurge de ses pechiez,
Kant plus en a, plu li est griez.
Ki de cel lui revenuz est,
Nule riens jamès ne li plest
En ce siècle ne jamès jur,
Ne rira, mes adès en plur:
Et gemissent les mains qui sunt
Et les pechiez ke les genz funt."

Part of these verses seems to apply to the other purgatory, attributed to St. Patrick, in the mountain Cruach an Aigle:—"Referunt etiam nonnulli," says Colgan in Vallancey, "qui pernoctaverunt ibi, se tormenta gravissima fuisse passos, quibus se purgatos a peccatis putant. Unde et quidam illorum locum illum Purgatorium S. Patricii vocant."

Which of them is, therefore, the real purgatory, is not very evident; but the number of chapels erected round the hole in Lough Derg, shows that public opinion gave it the preference. While Mr. Ledwich exerts himself to prove that neither Owen nor Patrick ever existed out of monkish romance, Mr. Faber makes the tutelary saint of Ireland a Pataric or Arkite deity, the same as the Mithras Petreus of Persia, and the Nus Patricius of the Chaldean oracles: and he observes that when this branch of the old Cabiric worship was ingrafted upon Christianity, Oannes Patricus, or the Pataric Noah, was divided into two persons, Owen and Patrick. Be this as it may, the use of the cave as a place of purification resembles that of the Druidical deity, Tolmen, or hole of stone, in Cornwall and Scilly, amply described by Dr. Borlase; and that of the perforated stones in India, through which devout people squeeze themselves in order to be regenerated.

Considering that we almost live, as Sir James Mackintosh observes, in the houses, employ the utensils, and speak the language of the Saxons, it is remarkable that we have derived from them so few superstitions that can be directly traced to the religion of Scandinavia. The destruction of the monastic libraries, during the Reformation, under the sanction of the act of 3 Edward VI., for "the accomplishing and putting awaie diverse books

ınd images, was fatal to the bulk of he relics of Saxon literature,* and ıence no doubt, is to be dated, the loss of nany popular legends and traditions, uch as are still to be found in other ıarts of Europe. Memorials of this ind are valuable as records of former anguages, manners, and customs, and ıs affording evidences of national enealogy in the intimate connection which they show to have existed beween distant nations now strikingly lifferent in all those respects. Here nd there, however, a legend of supertition may be correctly assigned to ts Saxon authors or importers; such s the tradition connected with the rest of the eagle and child borne by he noble house of Stanley. It is said hat Sir Thomas de Lathom had an nly daughter Isabella, but desiring a on to inherit his name and fortune, ne formed an intrigue, of which the produce was a boy. He contrived to have the infant conveyed by a confidential servant to the foot of a tree in the park which was frequented by an eagle. Here Sir Thomas and his lady, on taking their usual walk, found the infant as if by accident. The old lady considering it as a gift from Heaven brought thither by the eagle, and miraculously preserved, consented to adopt the foundling as their heir. In the metrical "History of the House of Stanley," written about the time of Henry VIII. by a bishop of Man, and transcribed by Cole into the 29th vol. of his MSS. (in the British Museum), the "Seconde Fitte" represents "Lord Lathome" as eighty years of age at the time of the discovery of the child, and his lady as "ould and past worldly courage," and relates the following circumstances of the discovery:—

"This name of Lathome was long before the Conqueste,
And in Terlestowe wodd an eagle had her neste,
With theyim three faire birdes that were ready to fligge,
She brought to them a goodlie boy yonge and bigge,
Swaddled and clad in a mantle of ridde.
Lord Lathome this hearing for noe age did let,
But to his wood of Tarlstoo he roade apace,
And found the babe preserved by God's great grace,
Notwithstanding uncover'd was his face,
Yet not devour'd, ne hurt in any place,
This lord made the faire babe down to be fetch'd
From danger of the egles; it despatch'd
And brought it to his ladie at Lathome Halle,
Tooke yt as their owne, and thanked God of all.
They chrisned it, and named it Oskell,
And made it theire heire after them there to dwell."

Neither popular tradition nor auhentic records ascend so high into ıntiquity. Sir Thomas Lathom died ıbout the reign of Edward III. The child was named Osatill, from he family name of his mother, Mary Osatill; and, from the time of the discovery, it is said the crest of the eagle and child was assumed. But as the old knight approached near the grave, he repented, and, on his deathbed, bequeathed he principal part of his estates to his laughter Isabella, who had now become the lady of Sir John Stanley, eaving to Osatill two manors, and some possessions in Cheshire, where he settled, and became the founder of the family of Lathom of Astbury.

When this story undergoes the scrutiny of the heraldic antiquary, it becomes divested of all probability. The eagle's claw, we are told, was the badge of the Lathoms from the earliest period; and the crest of an eagle standing over a cradle, with an inscription for prayers for the soul of Philip Lathom of Astbury, who was the uncle of Oskatill's patron, once decorated the windows of Astbury Church. The crest was therefore borne by the family before the cir-

* "'Tis incredible to think," says Hearne despondingly, "what a vast number of curious books and monuments perished by virtue of it."—*Gloss to Robt. of Brunne*, p. 548.

cumstance, in which it is said to have originated.

The Bishop of Man places the incident before the Conquest, and he may have had in mind an anecdote related by one of his predecessors in that see, the contemporary biographer of King Alfred. Asser says, that one day as Alfred was hunting in a wood, he heard the cry of an infant in a tree, and ordered his attendants to examine the place. They ascended the branches, and found at the top, in an eagle's nest, a beautiful child, dressed in purple, with golden bracelets, the marks of nobility, on his arms. The King had him brought down, baptized, and well educated. From this accident he called the foundling Nesting. The daughter of Nesting's grandson is said to have been one of the ladies for whom Edgar indulged an improper passion.*

The fairies have been supposed to be a direct importation of the silvan deities of Greece and Rome—

"Nos beati Fauni proles;"

but Sherringham traces them to the Alfes, or Elves, of the Edda.† Gervase of Tilbury, in the beginning of the 13th century, describes a diminutive kind of spirits, who performed, in the night, much the same kind of services in the farm, barn, and mill, as were supposed to be done by the fairies. He denominates them *Portuni*, which seems to be *Barton*, a granary or out-house, softened into Latin. This being, however, is certainly the same as the Húdekin of Germany, the Nis of Denmark, the Brownie of Scotland, the *Bar-gaist* of Yorkshire, the Red-cap of Lancashire, and the Puck of other parts of England, all of whom proceed from the Roman Lares, which are unquestionably no other than the household idols of the remotely ancient Cabirian superstition.

The cup of magical powers, which forms a prominent part in innumerable romances common to several nations, seems to have been generated from the cup in which Hercules, the sun, is said to have crossed immense seas,‡ and which, placed in the heavens as a constellation near the vessel Argo, became like that an object of early idolatry. One of our old historians, William of Newbury, has a strange tale of a rustic, who obtained from some persons, carousing at midnight, in an illuminated tumulus, or barrow, a cup of unusual color and form, and of unknown material, which, after being presented to Henry I., was finally consigned to David, King of Scotland, in whose treasury it was preserved many years.

That horrific creation of uninstructed imagination, the Wild Huntsman, who still rides in the midst of nocturnal storms in some parts of Germany, is shown, by the author of a learned dissertation on popular fictions in the Quarterly Review, said to be Sir Francis Palgrave, to have existed in Normandy. It exercised its influence in England in the Normanno-Saxon era, and was not unfelt in Lancashire in the last century. Whether this Scandinavian superstition were introduced into Britain by the Saxons or Normans, it will be difficult to decide. The instances mentioned by the reviewer are purely traditionary; but in this country the Wild Huntsman with his train occurs in tradition and history; and, as in France, has given his name to the scene of his perambulations. In the Saxon Chronicle, under the year 1127, when the abbey of Medeshamstede was surrendered to the rapacity of Henry of Angeli, we are told that "several persons saw many huntsmen hunting. The huntsmen were swarthy, huge and ugly; and their hounds were all swarthy, and broad-eyed and ugly. And they rode on swarthy horses, and [pursued] swarthy bucks. This was seen in the very deer-fold in the town of Peterborough, and in all the woods from that town to Stamford. And the monks heard the horns that they blew in the night. Credible men, who watched them in the night, said they thought there might be twenty or thirty horn-blowers. This was seen and heard from the time he (Henry) came thither all

* Assev. Menevens. in Vita Allured. edente Camd. p. 4.
† Apud Schilter. Thesaur. Antiquit. Teutonic. T. iii. p. 27.
‡ Macrob. Sat. L. V. cap. 21.
‖ Hist. Lib. I. cap. 28.

he Lent-tide onward to Easter. This vas his entry; of his exit we can as 'et say nought."

The same supernatural appearance ccurs in the reign of Henry IV., but n a form more resembling that of Rodenstein and his military followers. These the reviewer has satisfactorily onnected with Sir Hellequin, and the Hela-kion, or infernal race of Hela, vhen, "according to the popular belief f the Cimbric peasants, she spreads plague and pestilence, and diffuses all vil while she rides by night the Helnest, or three-footed horse of Hell." The rebellion of the Percies was preeded by spectral conflicts in the sumner time, between Bedford and Bickleande, as recorded in the Ypodigma Neustriæ of Walsingham, and reeated by Speed:—"Sundry monsters f divers colors, in the shapes of armd men, were often seen to issue out of he woods at morning and at noone; which to such as stood farre off seemed o encounter one another in a most errible manner, but where they drew neare nothing was to be found." Though these sights are to be explained by natural phenomena, the belief n the stories of the Wild Huntsman, n one or other of his forms, appears o have directed the spectator to the irst formed conclusion of the nature of the apparition.

The tradition prevalent in the south of Lancashire previous to the invention of the steam-engine, which has dispelled so many visionary terrors by causing the diffusion of education, was, that a dark gigantic rider, upon a steed of vast dimensions, was wont to traverse in stormy nights the hills of Horwich Moor, and the usual spot of his disappearance near relics of the same kind as the reviewer's tomb of the sinful Hackelberg, "one of those monuments which we call Druidical for want of a better name," lends its testimony to the correctness of his observations on that superstition.

As the Lancashire tradition has hitherto been unnoticed, except to form the groundwork of a terrific tale of the act of demoniacal possession, by Mr. Roby, it will be necessary, in order to show its intimate connection with those which are decidedly of Scandinavian origin, to quote a part of the reviewer's explanation. The "peasants of Scandinavia," he says, "still tremble when the murky air resounds with the baying of the hounds, and when the steeds hold their course between earth and heaven, are heard to rush amongst the clouds announcing the course of the Wild Huntsman."* After this description of a thunderstorm, he says, that the name of Wodin or Odin is found in a root existing in the Anglo-Saxon (*vod*), which signifies the wild or furious one; that this etymology would alone indicate the connection between the Wütend Heer, or wild army, as the Wild Huntsman and his train are popularly called, and the god; that the Wütend Heer are also called Groden's Heer; that Wodin is known in Brunswick as the Hunter of Hackelberg, whose sepulchre, a vast unhewn stone, is of importance in confirming the connection between the popular mythology and the ancient religion of the country, and that he still retains his power in the neighborhood of the Oden Wald, or Forest of Odin, and amidst the ruins of Rodenstein Castle.

Mr. Rasbotham, a Lancashire magistrate in the last century, describes the ancient monuments, called the Wilder Lads, as they existed in 1776: "Upon the summit of Horwich Moor," he says, "lie the Wilder Lads, two rude piles of stone, so called from the popular tradition of the country, that they were erected in memory of two boys who were wildered (that is, bewildered,) and lost in the snow at this place. They may be seen at a considerable distance. They are undoubtedly of very high antiquity, and were originally united by a circular mound, above three quarters of which as yet remains visible. Their circumference is about twenty-six and a half feet, and the passage betwixt them six and a half feet." "About three miles from the Wilder Lads, upon a piece of rock, is a huge, hard, gray moor stone, fourteen feet long, five feet thick, and nine feet broad at the top, which is five feet eight inches from the ground. A rude mark of a cross, of about seven inches by six, has, at a remote period of time, been cut upon the top. This is called by

* Vol. xxii. p. 368.

some the Hanging Stone, and by others the Giant's Stone, from a tradition of the common people, that it was thrown by a giant from Winter hill, on the opposite range of mountains. Antiquaries consider it to be a Druidical remain. One part of this range is distinguished by the name of Egbert Den; and there are the remains of a very remarkable trench, called Danes' Dike, extending more than three miles in a straight line from north west to south east." In addition to this description, which is itself almost sufficient to account for the gigantic rider of the storms, the name of the two monuments, called the Wilder Lads, is literally the Wild People, from *wild* and *leod;* and a wood in the immediate vicinity, which is called the Wilder Wood, instantly recals to memory the expression *wilde wuda* in the Saxon Chronicles. This obvious etymology, in conjunction with the other monuments in the neighborhood, clearly unites the Lancashire demon-rider in the same link of affinity to the Wild Rider of the Cimbric peasantry, as is found to connect the Sir Hellequin, or the Grand Veneur of France, and the Rodenstein and Wütend Heer of Germany, with the ancient religion of Odin, the Asiatic conqueror of the north of Europe.

Analogous to the perpetuation of Oriental fictions, that derived their first form of allegory from the mystical descriptions, in which the motions of the heavenly bodies were veiled, and which, misconceived by the vulgar, were altered and adapted by successive transmitters, until they degenerated into inane gossip and childish tales of fairies, dragons, and enchantments, is the continuation of the popular customs and observances of various nations. A wide and open field, which has scarcely been entered by philosophical investigation, is here displayed. In tracing nations to their particular sources, the main dependence for assistance has usually been rested upon etymology, but evidence of their common origin, more directly conclusive, may be deduced from the positive identity of customs, existing among the uninstructed in different parts of the earth, and scarcely changed from the rites of the universal idolatry which originally diffused them. Etymology, though not to be made the chief reliance, is of great importance in historical investigations of facts like these, which, when pursued to their source, afford convincing testimony of the affinity of distant nations, and, out of Holy Writ, are the best refutation of the wild, but sometimes plausible speculations of infidelity.

THIS TIME TWO YEARS.

"But mortal pleasure! what art thou in sooth?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below."

"So then—this is the last evening we shall ever spend in this poor old room!" said Mr. Faulkner, with a half sorrowful glance round the wainscotted walls of the old-fashioned parlor in which he was sitting with his family at the close of a fine March day, the bracing air of which was still cold enough to make the bright blazing hearth a pleasant and a cheering sight, as they drew round it, when the shutters were closed, and the curtains dropt for the night.

"Well, girls! you will be content at last. Go, Lucy, and let me hear the instrument again where it now stands. I doubt whether it will ever sound sweeter to me than it *has* done in this old parlor."

"Why, papa! you look at us quite reproachfully," exclaimed the pretty Lucy, jumping up to obey her father's requisition, and as she did so, putting her arms about his neck, and kissing him with coaxing fondness.

"You know, papa, you love music dearly, and this room is so low, and so unfavorable for our beautiful instrument; and Rosomond's voice will sound twice as well where there is space to throw it out, and even *Master Edmund* there . . . . . but he is quite conceited enough of himself and his flute, so I shall say nothing about him; I know mamma will be delighted, though she sits and says nothing."

"Don't take any notice of her flippant speeches, mother!" joined in the

'oung Oxonian, who had looked up rom his book, smiling at the attack of is lively sister. "She sets her own mpatience for change all to the score f Rosy's voice and my flute-playing, vhereas the *real* object is a fine field or the triumph of her own 'brilliant inger,'—wasn't that the epithet, Lucy, Sir Charles Meredith applied to it the ther evening?"

"Well! well!" said Mrs Faulkner, vith a slight shake of the head, as she vent on quietly with her everlasting arpet-work, "I shall be pleased, no loubt, when the new room is built and inished, and I hear my children's oices and our fine instrument to greater advantage than is now possi-ble; but I have no love for change, nd the noise and bustle of work-people; then—as your dear father ays," and she looked up for a mo-nent with glistening eyes into her husband's face—"we *have* been very happy in this poor old room."

"So we have, mamma!" half whis-pered the dove-eyed Rosomond, edg-ng closer to her mother as she sat be-side her, "very, very happy! and I am half sorry now . . . . How well the old oak wainscotting sets off grand-papa's picture there, in its beautiful carved frame!"

"Very fine, ladies! I shall have you presently petitioning that the old room may remain inviolate after all, and for *my* part——"

"Oh, no, no, papa," broke in his more volatile daughter; "that's only one of Rosy's sentimentalities, and love of the antique, and the pic-torial, and all that sort of thing—she'll be as glad of the alteration; as for Edmund——"

"Speak for yourself, Miss Lucy!" interrupted her brother. "The fact is, sir! Lucy is dying to give dances as well as musical evenings, and as that is out of the question in rooms of these dimensions——"

"Well! if I am, Mister Malapert! you will be quite ready to profit by my projects. Didn't you say only yester-day, when you whisked me round the room in that rude way—didn't you say . . . But now, dear, dear papa! as Edmund has hinted at the thing, suppose you were to promise we should open the new room with some-thing gay and agreeable;—let me see—it will not do this year I know; but by this time twelvemonth—ay, that's just the thing! My grave elder sister then will be twenty next 10th of April . . . . . ."

The merry girl made a sudden pause in the midst of her lighthearted rattle, struck by the altered expression of her father's face, and the look of sad meaning interchanged between him and her mother, who drew her eldest daughter fondly towards her, as she exclaimed, "Oh! no, no, God for-bid! we will plan no such birthday celebrations for *our* Rosomond." There was a general silence; but Edmund's spread hand was on his book, and Rosomond's pencil was laid down, and a shade of seriousness had stolen even over Lucy's laughing face, as the eyes of all three were fixed with enquiring earnestness on those of their parents.

"No, my dear children," said Mr. Faulkner, with affectionate serious-ness, after an interval of seemingly painful recollection, "we will lay down no such plans for the future. Short-lived, short-sighted creatures that we are, it befits not us to say—'This will we do a twelvemonth hence.' My children, come round me; draw your chairs near, and I will tell you how it came to pass that a striking and affecting occurrence in our own family pressed upon me, even in the heyday of my youth, the deeply so-lemn sense of the Preacher's words—'Count not on to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'

"You all remember my uncle—your great-uncle, Sir Edmund De Beauvoir (you know he had taken that name on his marriage with the heiress of the De Beauvoirs)—your godfather, Edmund. And, Rosy, you may remember to have heard that you were christened after his only daughter, his only child, who died before your birth—before my marriage with your mother—my dear cousin and playfellow, Rosomond de Beauvoir. You can all recollect stay-ing with your mother and me at his fine old place, Hawkwood Hall; and how you used to play at hide-and-seek in all the odd corners and ram-bling passages, and, licensed by the kind old man's indulgence, race through every room in the house, one excepted, the entrance of which was interdicted, not to you only, but to every other person, except at stated hours, when, leading you by the hand,

your mother and I followed our venerable uncle to the upper end of the noble, splendidly decorated saloon, where he took his station before the Bible and Prayer-book, laid ready for him by his white-haired butler, and read the prayers and chapters for morning and evening service with such impressive solemnity to his assembled household.

"My uncle and aunt, as I told you, had one only daughter, the sole heiress of immense estates—the idol of their heart, the object in whom centred its hopes and cares, its joys and projects. Alas! in that idolatry, in the absorbing and worldly nature of those cares and projects, lay too probably 'the root of their offending;' the cause of a dispensation which testified to the stricken and awakened heart that God will be content with no divided worship—no half-dedication.

"Sir Edmund had been twice married; and he was already far advanced in life, when, on the dissolution by death of his first childless union, he formed a second connection with the heiress of the De Beauvoirs, who became the mother of my sweet cousin, Rosomond, the child of his old age.

"Though the son of his father's younger brother, I was many years his senior, and having no sisters of my own, felt all a brother's fondness for the dear little girl, who returned my affection with the warmth of her frank and loving nature; and I was not less in favor with her parents, well disposed as they were toward the only son of an only and beloved brother, for being the friend and favorite of their darling Rosomond, a very romp at heart,—and, in spite of lectures and remonstrances from governessess, my lady, and my lady's maid, delighting far more in a race on the lawn with cousin Frank, ungloved and unbonneted, or a row on the lake, and a tug at the oar, or a scamper on her little wild Welsh pony, with him for her only squire, than in the acquirement of those ineffable graces, indispensable, in Mademoiselle Mignard's opinion, to the perfecting of 'une jeune personne parfaitement bien élevée.' But there was 'a grace beyond the reach of art' in the sweet, natural manners of her intractable pupil, and a feminine gentleness of mind, that now interposed to rein the gay spirit within the limits of womanly decorum, even in the wildest outbreak of exuberant gladness; and when she came bounding in like a young fawn, flushed with exercise, her fine luxuriance of rich brown hair beautifully dishevelled, her deep blue eye sparkling with joyous excitement, the pretty hands held up pleadingly, and the mock-prayer for pardon on her coral lips, neither Sir Edmund nor Lady de Beauvoir could ever hold fast their purpose of seriously rebuking the smiling culprit, and setting before her in awful array the long list of her offences. I hardly know why I dwell thus minutely on these childish passages in the life of my dear cousin, but that I love to recall every circumstance connected with its too short duration; and even now I see her as just described, standing in mock-penitence before the doating parents, whose premeditated words of grave remonstrance were changed in the utterance to epithets of endearment as she threw her arms about their necks, and half-smothered them with kisses.

"Such was Rosomond de Beauvoir in her beautiful childhood; such she still was in the first blush and bloom of her more beautiful girlhood, though gifted with intellectual powers, the rapid developement of which, and the womanly forwardness of her fine tall person, made more enchanting the contrasting simplicity, and almost childish backwardness of her tastes and feelings, and the innocent frankness of manner, yet unmodified even by the maidenly reserve so becoming in confirmed womanhood. 'Nature had made' of Rosomond 'a lady of her own;' but sadly wasted upon her was the elaborate training that would have metamorphosed her into a fashionable automaton; and dearly as her parents loved her, they had it more at heart, I fear, however unconsciously, to qualify her for the attainment of an earthly prize, than for the winning of that great after-stake, compared with which all the honors and distinctions of this world are as dust in the balance: not that her religious education, in the common formal sense of the phrase, had been unattended to, or that Sir Edmund and Lady de Beauvoir had been at any time of their lives irreligious per-

ns; but they were people of the orld, living in and *for* the world, nd, in the wisdom of the worldly spi-t, they trained up their daughter in e way she should go toward such erfectibility as would insure her brilliant advent in the world of ashion, when the day arrived for resentation' and 'coming-out.'

"During their periodical residence London, the poor girl was harrass-d, even to the detriment of her health, y teachers and masters of all sorts, or all sorts of acquirements—music-asters — singing-masters — drawing-asters — dancing-masters — posture-asters — language-masters —— Poor ear Rosomond! How pale and thin he always looked when first they ame down into the country, after a ourse of this tread-mill education. Her father would sometimes remark pon it, and express an anxious doubt whether the system were not pushed o an extreme injurious to his darling's aturally fine constitution. But Lady le Beauvoir smiled away his appre-ension, assuring him he should rather ejoice with her, that the fruits of her naternal solicitude were every day becoming more apparent, not only in he varied and numerous accomplish-nents of their beloved child, but in he gradual tempering down of her xuberant spirits to the calm level of onventional quietism. But Lady de Beauvoir's hopes, and Sir Edmund's ears, were sure to be wafted to the winds within a week or a fortnight after heir return to Hawkwood, where, in pite of the French and German go-vernesses, the homilies of her lady-nother, and the moral obligation of practising six hours a-day at the piles of music selected for the *villeggiatura* by her London masters, and the fright-ul risks, so solemnly set before her, of freckles and sunburn; so many and irresistible were the incentives to out-door liberty and enjoyment, that the schoolroom bounds were again repeat-edly broken, and the restraints of the boudoir and drawingroom as often evaded; and the result of such infrac-tions was soon manifest in the deep-ening rose of her cheek, the brighter sparkle of her laughing eyes, and in the total disappearance of that elegant listlessness which had excited such different feelings in Sir Edmund and Lady de Beauvoir.

"Never was truer fraternal affec-tion than that which subsisted between my uncle and father, though differing essentially in some characteristic points; and their lot in life had been so cast as to widen the moral variance, though no circumstances had power to draw their hearts asunder, or to cause between them the estrangement of a moment.

"'Brother, you know nothing of the world,' and 'dear brother, you know too much of it,' was the angriest colloquy that ever ended their frater-nal differences; and the courtly baro-net and the quiet country parson part-ed as affectionately as they had met, though the latter often returned to his peaceful rectory with a shade of deep-er seriousness on his benevolent coun-tenance, and a heart full of tender anxious thought, which sought and found its best relief in prayerful inter-cession for the objects of its solicitude. He, too, my good father, doated on his lovely niece, if that could be called a *doating* fondness which, fervently de-siring for her the best temporal bless-ings, yet preferred before them her eternal interests. and the dear Ro-somond repaid him with such grateful love, that it was doubtful which she most delighted in; *a tête-à-tête* walk with uncle Faulkner, his grave lec-tures, and sober companionship, or the very different consorting I have before spoken of, with 'Wildfire,' the Welsh pony, and her attendant squire and cousin.

"'My dear Sir Edmund!' Lady de Beauvoir would sometimes ex-claim, 'your brother will really make a Methodist of Rosomond; and though I have the greatest regard in the world for him, and he *is* an ex-cellent good creature and all that sort of thing, what *can* he know of the proper system of education for a young lady, born, like Rosomond, to the highest pretensions? Do, my dear Sir Edmund, expostulate with your brother. I actually heard her singing at church the other day, and making responses like the clerk; and when I spoke to her, pointing out the vulga-rity of the thing—just like the com-mon people—she said uncle Faulkner had told her it was as much her duty to join in vocal praise as in any other part of the service, and that "the re-sponses in our beautiful liturgy were to be softly and reverently made—not with the heart only, but with the lips

also." Do entreat Mr. Faulkner not to put such strange, absurd notions into the dear girl's head.'

"But Sir Edmund only laughed as he replied—'No, indeed, my dear! I cannot promise to interfere between the uncle and niece. I cannot find in my heart to disturb the good understanding which subsists between them; and to tell you the truth—though Harry and I differ occasionally on some particular points—I have sometimes more than my doubts which will prove right in the end. That good brother of mine—would I were as good—will do Rosomond no harm, depend upon it; and if she does imbibe a few of his obsolete notions—never fear—a London season will do wonders towards modifying them.'

"Lady de Beauvoir shook her head, but contented herself with privately lecturing her daughter; and as she really had an affectionate regard for my father, and too much respect for his intellectual superiority to enter the lists of argument with him, the family intercourse continued with undisturbed cordiality, and that especially between the uncle and niece flowed on in a quietly influential course, the result of which not in the slightest degree justified Lady de Beauvoir's apprehensions that her daughter would be unfitted for this world, though it may have been blessedly instrumental in training her for a better.

"I have observed that Rosomond, though in years and simplicity a child, was forward in person, and at fourteen, had shot up into such womanly stature, that a stranger might have supposed her twenty at first sight, though the mistake would have been rectified the moment she moved or spoke, by the still childlike graces of her every action, and the almost infantile sweetness of expression about her small dimpled mouth. In London she was of course secluded from general society, according to the strictest rules and regulations of the *un-come-out* noviciate; but in the country the system was not adhered to *à la rigeur*, and besides the undesired and unvalued honor of passing a formal hour with her governess in the drawingroom, on the evenings of dinner parties to country neighbors, or when a small circle of the *élite* was assembled at Hawkwood, she was indulged occasionally with her fill of dancing at a rural fête in the Park, or a Christmas ball, when half the country were brought together beneath Sir Edmund's hospitable roof. On the latter occasions, the handsome suite of old-fashioned reception rooms was exceedingly crowded, and that appropriated to dancing almost to inconvenience; a fact which became strikingly apparent to Lady de Beauvoir as she followed the fairy footsteps of her daughter with maternal interest, impatient of the narrow limits and serried rank of dancers, so unfavorable for a display of her darling's graceful movements. As for Rosomond, she 'thoughtless of *gracefulness*, was *grace* itself,' but delighting in the merry dance, she sometimes felt, while threading its involutions, that it would have been still more delightful, had there been freer space for his flying footsteps: and when Lady de Beauvoir appealed to her testimony in support of the representations she was making to my uncle, the gay artless girl exclaimed, 'O yes, indeed, papa, we were shockingly crowded last night. That awkward Mr. Sullivan almost pushed me down in the poussette; I'd rather by half dance on the lawn—Do, dear papa, build a nice long room—three times as long as this,' and away she skimmed, humming a favorite dance, the whole length of the drawingroom and back, concluding her *pas seul* by a pirouette round her father's chair, and a kiss upon his forehead before she settled herself again at the tambour frame, from which she had started up to perform this sudden evolution.

"'Well! I suppose it must be so,' said my uncle, smiling upon the dear thoughtless one with unutterable fondness—'Both in the conspiracy—mother and daughter. I have only to acquiesce, and submit to have the old house pulled about my ears, and all the horrors of brick and mortar. Let me see, Lady de Beauvoir! If we set this grand work in hand early in the ensuing summer—(this is April), the addition (as far as masonry goes) may be complete before winter—and then, allowing the requisite interval for drying before the walls are hung—and the decorative work begun—the new room will be habitable by the spring following. Then, if I recollect right, we have settled that that young lady's presentation shall take place a month before she attains the mature age of

seventeen—too soon—too soon—but what can one do with such a forward overgrown puss? We have been keeping her birthday very quietly among ourselves to-day—what say you to a splendid celebration of her seventeenth, this time two years—in the splendid saloon that is to be—to be opened for the first time on that occasion?'

"Lady de Beauvoir smilingly acquiesced, and Rosomond was again at her father's side—dancing with glad anticipation, as she clapt her hands, exclaiming, 'That will do! that will do, papa! (only it's so long to wait!)—and the room shall be three times as long as this—shall it not? and Frank and I will open the ball together, won't we, Frank?" And drawing me with gentle force from the book I was looking over, not reading, she would have made me the partner of her frolic movements, but that the stately drawing up of Lady de Beauvoir, and her well understood look of disapprobation, checked my ready compliance and her daughter's innocent exuberance of spirits.

"'If your cousin is returned from his foreign travels by that time,' she observed—(I was on the point of setting out for what was then called the grand tour)—of course he will be of our fête, and at some time in the course of the evening—but you are looking quite pale, love! and are exhausting yourself with those wild spirits of yours—after last night's fatigue, you ought to be in bed by this time.' And my uncle, seconding Lady de Beauvoir's motion, Mademoiselle Mignard lit the bed candles, and with a farewell kiss to her parents, and 'dear uncle Faulkner,' and a playful nip of my fingers, as she shook hands with me in passing, the sweet Rosomond left the room with her governess, and from that hour . . . Dear, dear Rosomond! Could I have thought that merry glance the last I should ever see of thee, when, turning to look at me through the half-closed door, thy playful fancy of the moment was to make me smile in despite of the grave looks of Lady de Beauvoir!

"The topic of the new room was by no means dropped on Rosomond's departure. In fact, Sir Edmund had had under consideration for some time past the expediency of making such an addition to his mansion, and having now decided upon it, and made the voluntary pledge, before-mentioned, to his darling girl, he entered with kindling interest into discussion of the several plans he had been silently revolving. Lady de Beauvoir of course took her share in the debate, and my father's opinion was called to counsel; till at last, having talked over the matter in all its details, my uncle and aunt fell insensibly into the one engrossing subject on which they were wont 'to dream by night and meditate by day,' their views and projects relative to Rosomond's introduction and future establishment; and by degrees, warmed like Alnaschar, the glass-merchant, by the visionary fruition of their ambitious hopes, they spoke as if the important birthday were at hand, and they were called on to decide what favored aspirant might be first honored with the hand of their heiress in the dance, in possible anticipation of retaining it for life.

"'Dear, dear brother!' mildly interrupted my father, with a smile more in sadness than in mirth, 'leave *a little* to Providence. Recollect our dear child—for in truth I love her as mine own—wants yet two years of the time on which you are building such airy fabrics with such undoubting confidence. How much may occur in that interval to change——'

"'Pray, pray, Mr. Faulkner! do not talk in that methodistical way (so very horrid!) you will make me quite nervous,' exclaimed Lady de Beauvoir, breaking in with less than her usual amenity on my father's gentle remonstrance. 'What should, what can happen——' She was going on in the same impatient strain when Sir Edmund interposed with 'Well, well, my dear! Harry's preaching is all in his vocation, you know, and if it cuts short our castle building for the time—perhaps we were getting on a little too fast, story upon story. But remember, Frank,' continued my dear uncle, laying his hand on my shoulder with a kindliness of manner and expression, in which the better feelings of his nature broke loose from the cold restraint of worldly calculation, 'let who will take her afterwards, I engage *you* for my Rose's first partner on that birthday gala; who so fit as her earliest playmate and friend (her friend for life I trust,) the dear

son of my dear brother? So come you home a finished gentleman from your travels—do you hear, young man?—and that reminds me—what day do you start from hence?'

"On the very next, I answered; but only for a week, to arrange some preparatory matters with the travelling friend who was to meet me in London for that purpose; I should return into the country for some days at least before my final departure.

"In expectation, therefore, of shortly seeing them again, I took no formal leave of my kind uncle and Lady de Beauvoir, and leaving only a light-hearted message for the dear Rosomond, set off the next morning, accompanied by my father, for London; where, on meeting with my friend, certain considerations connected with his business and convenience made it desirable that I should relinquish my intention of returning to Hawkwood, and start direct from London with as little delay as might be, on our foreign expedition.

"It added not a little to the pain of parting with my father (that parting for a length of time which seemed almost indefinite,) that only through him, and by a little affectionate note, of which I made him the bearer to Rosomond, I could bid adieu to my friends at Hawkwood: dear Hawkwood! in the direction of which I cast many a wistful look, 'long and lingering,' as we crossed the country in our rapid journey to the place of embarkation.

"But high in health and hope and youth's elastic spirit, the natural yearning soon gave way to buoyant gladness and sanguine anticipation, and I leapt for the first time on foreign soil exulting in the prospect of enjoyment and improvement opened before me by my father's liberal arrangements for my continental travels. You have read the journal I kept for that dear father's inspection, my children! and are well acquainted with every thing that befel me worth noting during my two years' absence from England; so I will only say on that head, that rich and varied as was the gratification I reaped from the wonders of nature and art which enriched the countries I visited, and highly as I relished the peculiar charms of many foreign circles, courtly and intellectual, my mind was never so engrossed by any of those things but that the arrival of letters from *home* (that word of magic power over English hearts!) made a red letter day in my calendar, and the packet was not least welcome which contained, as was often the case by permission of the higher powers, a long, close-lined, criss-crossed epistle from dear Rosomond. Some day you shall see those charming letters—*charming* I call them, for inartificial and even childish as to some persons they might appear, the more discerning would trace in many a passage, or I am much mistaken, indications of no common intellect, and throughout, of a mind and heart as pure and beautiful as ever retained in this fallen state a faint impress of the divine image in which it was created. Among the little home details she entered into, with such artless assurance of reciprocal interest on my part, the progress of the new building was not forgotten; and as the work proceeded and approached its conclusion, in the last momentous concerns of furnishing and decorating, all was so graphically described to me, that I felt as if, on entering the room for the first time, I should be able immediately to single out any particular object to which my attention had been previously directed. *One*, at least, even without the minute description which made all so familiar to my mind's eye, could not fail of immediately attracting me. A full length portrait of the dear Rosomond, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and hung, she told me, in a most splendid frame, at the upper end of the saloon, fronting the bow with its three long French windows, opening to the seaward terrace. 'As the time of your return draws near,' wrote my sweet cousin in the last letter I ever received from her, from Hawkwood, 'how often I shall look out at the sea from those windows, and fancy every approaching sail that of the ship bringing back my dear cousin Francis. I wish we were not going to London first—and for such an awful ceremony—my presentation. I would rather this "coming out," as they call it, were delayed till next year, or till after my birthday and our promised fête, which I shall enjoy ten times more than any thing in London. But, thank Heaven, we are to come down very soon after the *grand day*, and then for dear Hawkwood, and the beautiful new

room, and my long engaged partner —for remember papa's promise, dear Frank! and mind you come in time, or I will never forgive you.' I have read over her letters so often, I believe I have them all by heart as well as the passage I have just repeated. One more she wrote to me from St. James's Street, and that letter found me at Paris on my way home— 'It is over! it is over!' begun the irregular scrawl, so unlike her usually legible and fair autograph. 'Wish me joy—the dreaded day is over, and our succeeding London fortnight, with all its multiplicity of engagements, crowded into that short space. I never thought I could be so tired of pleasure;—but this has NOT been pleasure. All hurry and confusion, dress and bustle it has seemed to me. But perhaps that is because I am not quite well. I have so much headach—and Dr. —— says, a little nervous fever. But Hawkwood will soon cure me, and we go down to-morrow. Remember the 10th.'

"And I did remember it, and fully purposed being in England and at the hall at least a day or two before the long-talked-of anniversary; but various provoking casualties retarded my arrival at the place of embarkation, and I reached it at last, only to undergo the mortification of seeing the packet for England just disappearing on the verge of the horizon. To await her return and next departure would be to delay my arrival at Hawkwood till far too late to keep my pledge with Rosomond. This, if avoidable, was not to be thought of. My only chance was to freight a vessel for the passage; but the weather was most unfavorable, so threatening, indeed, that it required all the persuasive eloquence of high bribing to prevail with the owner and crew of a small fishing craft to venture with me. But love of lucre outweighs even love of life. '*Allons? puisque Monsieur le veut absolument,*' terminated the captain's deliberation, and 'Cæsar and his fortunes' embarked in 'La gentille Suzette,' a cockle-shell of fifteen tons, manned by two men and a boy, in a sea that ran *hills*, if not *mountains* high, with a squally sidewind, which gave little promise of blowing us to the port we made for. A wild passage we had of it in truth. So much so, that at one time I doubted whether I had not incurred too fearful a responsibility in perilling—not my own life only—but those of my servant and of the poor Frenchmen—(perhaps husbands and fathers)—and all to keep tryst with my pretty cousin at her birthday festival. In vain we tacked and tacked to make the wished-for haven; and at last the sailors, giving up the fruitless struggle, stood out a little from the land, in hopes of making a more successful run for a landing place farther down the coast. To which proposal I assented the more readily, on making out with some difficulty, from their foreign pronunciation, that the little harbor they had in view was that of the small fishing town of Averton, in some sort a dependency of Hawkwood, and not quite a mile from the old Hall. My Gallic crew proved themselves so well acquainted with the coast, and all its most *snug* and *convenient* creeks and inlets, that it was pretty evident such knowledge could not have been acquired in the course of their *lawful* and *ostensible* calling; but that was no business of mine, and I felt I might place full confidence in men who had often risked their lives (for whatever purpose) in making the shore we were nearing under somewhat perilous circumstances, rendered more so by the fast closing darkness of a starless, moonless night.

"My confidence was not misplaced. 'La gentille Suzette' proved herself a capital sea-boat, under most sailor-like management, and soon we were again standing in for shore, and my heart danced for gladness when, streaming through the now intense darkness, appeared the scattered lights of Averton, and far above, on the neighboring height, a more brilliant and conspicuous beacon, which proceeded I well knew, from Hawkwood, and doubtless from the long windows of the new building, where, thought I, 'Rose is dancing away at this moment, too surely blaming in her heart her cousin's faithlessness, little suspecting how much he has ventured to keep his engagement. But I shall still be in time for a dance at the close, if not the beginning of the evening, and how I shall surprise them all, making my sudden appearance at such an hour!'

"So blithely communing with my own thoughts, when the little vessel

ran in at last close to the snug *convenient* landing-place, I sprang upon the hard beach with a light and grateful heart, full of affectionate yearnings toward the dear kindred group with which I was so soon to mingle; and giving directions to my servant (an old *habitué* of the place) and one of the French sailors, to follow with the most indispensable part of my luggage, I ran on faster than my loaded attendants could follow up the straggling street, where, though the church clock struck ten only, as I leapt ashore, all was buried in profound repose, except that a loud hammering sound proceeded from the church, the great door of which stood open; from whence, and from the lancel windows on either side a flood of light streamed across the churchyard and street into the stable-yard of 'the Hawkwood arms,' where stood a black and huddled mass, which, as we passed close to it, was just distinguishable as a hearse and its attendant mourning coaches.

"Marvellous!—incomprehensible!—that not a single foreboding of evil shot through my heart at that lugubrious spectacle!—Not a thought—not a fear—not the slightest misgiving connecting the images of the dear ones I was hastening to with those ominous objects, and 'the dark house of kindred dead' appropriated to our family in the adjacent church. 'Who can it be for?' was my careless mental query, as, without slackening my pace, I strode across the lighted space, past those funeral preparations, and plunged into darkness that was *no darkness* to me in the well-known road to Hawkwood. Arrived at the great gate at no considerable distance from the house, I slackened my pace for a moment, while I gave directions to my servant to proceed onward by the back entrance—to make his way as quietly and secretly as might be to my old apartment (which was, I knew, in readiness to receive me), and prepare every thing for my toilet, without suffering the secret of the wanderer's return to transpire beyond the offices;—for I was boyishly set on surprising Rosomond with my sudden apparition. An abrupt turning in the drive brought me suddenly full in view of the seaward front toward which I had been directed to look for the recent additions—and there, sure enough, it blazed upon me in dazzling brightness.

"I stood still for a moment, and, as I gazed, a *something*—a strange nervous feeling crept over me—and made me withhold my breath, and then draw it hard and quick, as, with a forced laugh at my own folly, I was again starting forward. But something stronger than myself held me back, as it were, to gaze—to listen—to conjecture. How strange that all should be so still on such a night! So still one might have heard a leaf drop. No hum of voices, not a foot-fall, not a hoof-stamp, from stabling or office. No strain of music, no sounds of revelry from that lighted ball-room, where surely the birthday guests were assembled, else wherefore that brilliant illumination? But it was *only* there—only those three long windows. All on either side and above was shrouded in darkness, except that from a window on the second story, which I knew to be that of Lady de Beauvoir's bed-chamber, the pale sickly rays of a watchlight played on the side wall and the lawn below, in large flickering checkers.

"Then first—then first (I never shall forget that moment) crowded into my mind a confused multitude of fearful imaginings, all—all connected with those funeral preparations I had noted so carelessly in the engrossing selfishness of my own impatient gladness. My father! my dear father! My kind uncle, and Lady de Beauvoir!—(I never felt till then how well I loved her)—and Rosomond! sweet, dear Rosomond!—Oh! but to know they were all safe and well!—and if it were not so, why should that room be lit as for a festival? I shuddered at my thought's inward whisper; but, nerving myself to confront the truth, was again bounding onward, when my steps were impeded by some living creature that leapt against me with a low whine of recognition, and licked my face and hands with affectionate welcome, as stooping down, I felt the glossy head and long silken ears of Marco, Rosomond's pet spaniel. Taking it in my arms I would have proceeded, but the little creature struggled to get loose, and when I set it down, barked and whined, and intercepted my progress with such singular pertinacity as to make me sensible of its desire to lead me straight across the lawn to the illuminated windows, from which I

uessed it had issued on scenting my pproach by its wonderfully acute in-:inct. 'Be it so, Marco!' I mentally jaculated, 'lead me then at once. 'hese horrid doubts will be dispelled r confirmed by one glance through ıose lighted windows.' But as I ap-roached them, following the little spa-iel's eager lead, I perceived that the /hite blinds of all were lowered to the round, and though the middle one tood ajar, no sound proceeded thence —all within was still, was silent as he grave. The grave!—Oh God! hat thought struck to my heart. But here was no time to hesitate—to re-ollect—to man myself. Marco look-d round as if inviting me to follow, nd slipping through the half-closed vindow displaced the blind as he did o, and I caught a glimpse of ——— scarce knew what, but it froze my ıeart's blood, and yet nerved me to a trange rigidity of purpose.

"I caught the closing blind. The ıext moment I had crossed the thresh-ıld, and stood as if turned to marble n the full ghastly glare of a profusion of immense wax-lights, set round a ong and lofty apartment hung with ılack, at the upper end of which (the ınly unshrouded object) hung the ıplendidly framed portrait of a beauti-ful girl, and upon a bier immediately ıeneath that picture, stood a coffin ıalf covered with its flowing pall."

Mr. Faulkner paused for a moment, ıverpowered by vivid recollection. Not a word was uttered by either of ıis sympathizing hearers, but a half-ıuppressed sob heaved Rosomond's ıosom, and Lucy (stilled by profound feeling) pressed her lips softly to her father's hand, as she sat on the low ıttoman at his feet. Fondly return-ing his daughter's caress, Mr. Faulk-ıer resumed, "You now see, my dear children, and you especially, my vola-ile Lucy, by what an awful lesson your father was early and severely taught, that it becomes not mortal man to lay down plans for the future, with-ıut the submissive referential clause—this or that will I do, if it be God's pleasure."

"Beside that coffin my father stood with folded arms in profound contem-plation. My poor uncle leant on the ıpposite side, half embracing it with one arm, while his thin white locks silvered the pall, on which his face was buried. The slight noise I made on, entering startled the silent mourners. My father, with a broken exclamation, stepped toward me with outstretched hands; but my poor uncle, only lifting up his head for a moment, after a single look of recognition let it fall again upon that sad resting-place, uttering in a half smothered voice—'Here Frank! here lies my Rose.'

"Sacred be the remembrance of his sorrows. The light of his life was in-deed for ever quenched; but only that a heavenly day-spring might dawn upon the darkened horizon. The bereaved father bowed his head with-out a murmur to the Almighty will. 'I am a sinful man, O Lord!' was his first heart-wrung cry when the stroke fell that made him childless; and when the sharp agony had passed away, giving place to that calm abid-ing sorrow which hearkens childlike to 'the still small voice,' he roused himself to support his more feeble partner—the far more pitiable parent of their lost darling, for she, poor wo-man! wept on unceasingly, mourning 'as one who would not be comforted;' and, broken in heart and constitution, followed her daughter within the twelve months to the vault of the De Beauvoirs. There also, with those so dear to him in life, my good uncle has long rested; but he survived them many years, living to the utmost verge of man's 'fourscore years and ten;' living no useless life of unavailing sorrow or worldly forgetfulness, but so 'redeeming the time,' still added to his days; so enduring the 'chasten-ing of the Lord,' that, though his dying eyes were closed by no dear filial hand, the holy dew of orphans' tears, of the 'fatherless and the wi-dow,' fell upon his grave; and a few hours before his spirit departed, grasp-ing the hands of the beloved brother, the life-long friend, the faithful coun-sellor (faithful to the last) who had just administered to him 'the cup of salvation,' he breathed out his deeply grateful assurance, that it was 'good for him to *have been* afflicted,' that 'the desire of his eyes' had been re-moved from him in mercy, that

'God, to save the father, took the child.'"

OTHER PAROCHIALS, AND EXTRA PAROCHIALS.

IN A LETTER FROM A CURATE TO HIS FRIEND.

You tell me, my dear Eusebius, that my parochials amuse you, and in some degree relieve the weariness of mind which you attribute to your uncertain and broken views; but which I verily believe to have arisen from one of those utter failures that your overstrained energy so often experiences. Confess it.—You have been deluded by others, or by yourself. Your wit has either been inconvenient, or, in your gentlest sympathies, you have been too sanguine, or perhaps disgusted for a time, or at least disappointed. Your weariness is but temporary; it is a state in which you cannot long continue. "The sweet and bitter food of melancholy" will still turn to merriment in such a heart as yours, which, refreshed by whatever it receives, will take new life, and leap and bound in thankfulness for every good, and in ardent desire to remedy every evil.

Your letter, Eusebius, found me in "Araby the Blest," and thence have I hastened to answer it; but as that place is "extra parochial," I should tell you somewhat of its "whereabout," and how you may reach it.—It is far away in the "Land of Dreams;" the conveyance of the most simple invention, and most delightful in application. A soft-cushioned chair of Merlin, or any other enchanter, after the smallest taste of the divine "Nepenthes," with just turning the screw to the most delectable position, will take you there with a velocity and imperceptible motion unknown even to our modern locomotive engines. So was the Princess of China conveyed to Prince Camaralzaman with inconceivable swiftness. There was I cast upon a sweeter herbage than ever paid tithe or fatted bullocks, when the sudden announcement of your letter broke the spell and I was disenchanted. No longer the hero, I thought I somewhat resembled the translator of those beautiful tales, Mons. Galland, who after his work appeared, was constantly aroused from his sleep in the dead of night by bands of boys and girls under his window, crying, "Mons. Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those pretty stories." Your letter contains a similar request for my parish anecdotes. Now, I must be very cautious what I write, since you publish my letters—and yet how odious, my dear Eusebius, is the word "cautious!" Can I write to you and be cautious? Caution is a cold, hypocritical, designing knave—a malicious go-between, breaking friendships and hearts—a paltry huckster of words and deeds, weighing the human affections in his cheating scales, and turning them into "small-change." Then you tell me, that there are who charge me with levity. Oh they are of the doleful family, who speak evil of the sun when he edges his dark clouds with light. Bless their innocent hearts, they sit moaning in twilight, sad and watchful lest the corners of their mouths should relax into the sin of smiling. Levity indeed! and what then will become of my dear, kind-hearted Eusebius, if ever again should be established the inquisition of soberness? I tremble for every bone in your body that would have to pay the penalty of the laughter of your lips, and of the very mirth of your heart. Who abhors levity, that badge of the unfeeling and wicked, more than you or I do? They who paint from nature must not omit the lighter parts; the sunshine flickering upon the very verge, and often into the very depth of shade, makes that shade more awful—as the lighter and sweeter touches but deepen the tragedy. If I have put mockery upon sorrow, or broken in upon any sanctity with irreverence, I have indeed been guilty of levity, and my pen has belied every feeling within me. No—there is no levity where there is no evil. But suspicion ever looks through the spectacles of caution. Oh the narrow mind of this liberal world! I verily believe that there are whole assemblies, and solemn ones too, where wicked gravity, that shall have just come from deeds selfish and malignant, may be admitted with a salutation: and innocent mirth, that shall have come from acts of sympathy, and relief of the wrongs that wickedness hath done, may be rejected, and passed over to the beadle for a whipping.

Others again, you tell me, say that t is easy enough to pass off my inventions for parochial incidents which never happened. But, depend upon t, those who say this never tried to invent, or they would not find it so very easy. You know that the talent of invention is a gift to which I can say no claim. Few are they whom we have much reason to suspect of this power. It implies a thorough acquaintance with the world, with the secret workings of men's minds, and a tact to trace those workings through the intricacies of scarcely observable actions, and such as separately the observer may have little natural relish for noting; it implies a quick and ready judgment, a nice feeling, and what the poets call "a rich vein;" and where all these are found, the possessor is really gifted. Such, perhaps, was our good old country gentleman and neighbor D——, who told his anecdotes so inimitably, that, marvellous as some of them were, they were never doubted when told; and even now, we can but be said to waver between doubt and certainty of their truth. "Se non é vero é ben trovato" never could be better applied than to his delightful narration. When his stories were humorous, which they mostly were, every person present was either in laughter, or with difficulty restrained himself that he might listen and not lose a word, for the choice of his words was admirable; while he himself with his hands under the table, avoiding all action, seemed alone unmoved. His very seriousness and simplicity were consummate art. For, being a man of great elegance of manners, and one who had mixed in the best society in town, he would, in his narration, throw himself so into country manners and dialect, that had you first become acquainted with him while telling one of his stories, you would never have suspected him of being what he was, and therein was the charm; for there seemed to be nothing of himself in aught he related. As the old masters, by a strange and somewhat severe representation of external nature, throw back the mind of the spectator into the fabulous ages whose improbable tales they represent, so would he, by the simplicity of his manner of narration and language, throw your judgment into his own ideal, and cheat you out of your disposition to scrutiny. And what he told, ever so naturally arose from circumstances or conversation, that you never could entertain an idea of premeditation and preparation. The last time I saw the worthy, excellent old gentleman, he gave a specimen of his genius. I cannot do justice to his language, nor to his manner, but I recollect the story he told. It was at the house of a sick lady, a relative, who asked him, somewhat playfully, to tell her something to amuse her. He took up the newspaper, which was lying on the table, and carelessly running his eyes over it, he read the announcement of a subscription ball at the little town of T——. "Ah now," quoth he, "ball at T——; well now, balls, cousin, ain't at all like what they used to be. Now, I'm told, they keep'em up till three and four o'clock in the morning. There, I wonder the young people don't tire—but cousin Mary, I hear now they only walk through some vagary figures, with French names; but in my younger days they used to dance, and then you know, Mary, they couldn't keep it up as they do now—and then there were no chaperons, and mothers used to take their daughters and sit on the back seats, and there was much talk about good complexions and early hours in those days, so that it was a law that the ball should be over at eleven o'clock; and not a stroke of their fiddles would the musicians strike after that hour. Well, it's many years ago I was at a ball at this very town of T——, and there were the beautifulest couple that eyes ever beheld. They did'nt seem to know any thing of each other—but people couldn't help looking at one and then at the other; and every body seemed to say how they should like to see 'em dance together. So, seeing the general wish was so strong, somebody introduces them to each other, and up they stand together. Then, Mary, to be sure, all eyes were on them, and very bashful they looked, and both so beautiful—and just, you see, as they were going to dance down, the fiddles stopped. Then was general confusion—one pulls out his watch, and another pulls out his watch and takes it to the musicians, and tells them time isn't up. The musicians say 'tis —I want twenty minutes to it, says another, and then turning to the handsome young man—'And what are

you ?' upon which the beautiful young man, cousin Mary, drops down on his knees, and says, 'I'm the Barber of Bampton, and let me off this time, gentlemen, and I'll never do so no more."

I wish, Eusebius, you had both heard and seen the old gentleman when he told this story. He had a vast fund of them, and they were always appropriate. I remember, in my younger days, a ridiculous incident enough at a ball. It was when there were city balls at F——. A little gentleman, who stammered exceedingly, and was not quite as sober as he should have been, came tumbling and floundering into the midst of the ball-room, dragging with him by the collar a well-dressed, timid-looking gentleman, whose reluctance to appear was very evident.

"Si-si-sir," said the little gentleman, "yo-yo-you have tr-tr-trod up-up-on my t-t-t-toe, and you-you-you shall f-f-fight me, o-o-or m-make an ap-apo-lo-gy."

"I assure you, sir," said the other——

"I d-don't d-d-d-doubt y-your ass-assurance sir; but yo-you sh-shall f-fight me."

"But sir, I assure you," with a low voice and deprecating tone, "I'm, I'm—the waiter."

Upon this announcement the little gentleman, sensible of the contemptible figure he must cut, and in the utmost chagrin and contempt, gave his supposed antagonist a push and a kick, throwing himself back at the same time as if he had come in contact with an asp; and in so doing, he lost his balance, and could not rise again from the ground, and had the additional mortification of being picked up by the waiter.

You will think it time my dear Eusebius, to interpose, and say what has all this to do with parochials? Nothing, or everything. Let me chat with you as I please, and never mind the title. I will endeavor to keep myself at home; but if I do happen to stray out of my own parish, do not thrust me back too rudely, as the Quaker did the enemy who boarded the ship he was in. To be sure it was not lawful for him to fight; but he took a handspike, and, with a pretty home-thrust, cried,—". Friend, keep thee in thy own ship." So will I endeavor to keep in my own ship.

And here I am reminded of a little personal bluster, about himself and his ship, of a captain in the navy, who was my near neighbor. He had told the circumstance, I venture to say a hundred times. I had heard it more than once before I made the least suggestion upon it.

"When I was appointed," said he, "to his Majesty's ship the ——" (the only one to which he ever was appointed, by the by), "I called up the men, and said, Ho, you rascals, I hear a bad character of ye all. It's a custom in the navy to forgive the first offence; but I'll flog for the second as sure as you are alive, and now go about your business."

At length I did make a suggestion, by enquiring, "How many men, Captain P., had you in your ship?"

I forget the number he mentioned; but we will suppose it to be three hundred.

"What!" I added; "three hundred? Why three hundred first offences are enough to sink the finest ship in the navy."

"Egad,'' said he, "that's true; I never thought of that."

So, ever after, and, indeed, it was scarcely a week before, at his own table, and in my presence, he told the anecdote of himself with some alteration. It ran thus:—

"You rascals, I hear a bad character of ye all. Mind, I never forgive a first offence; for there are three hundred of you, and three hundred first offences are enough to sink the finest ship in the service."

How strange it is that there should have been a total forgetfulness of the termination of the original anecdote, and of the source from which it had acquired its improvement! It is the more strange, because those were present who had heard my suggestion; and certainly they did look very significantly at me and each other. The only person gifted with forgetfulness was the very one who should have remembered. It has often been said that people tell things that are not true, till they believe them; but here was an oblivion of what had for years and a hundred times been repeated, and an adoption from thenceforth of an entire new version. The fact is, it is self-love that makes those addict-

ed to it novelists of themselves. They scarcely know that they are telling untruths; the habit of magnifying their hero, and dressing him up with every conceivable virtue, as it makes them, as they verily believe, dupe others, so, in time, makes them dupe themselves. This gentleman, for a captain in the navy, was somewhat ignorant. His sayings, as well as doings, would have formed amusing momorabilia.

I recollect an after-dinner discussion, on the usual topics of the day, at which a neighboring squire was present, who fearlessly dashed at every thing in conversation, however ignorant he might be.

Squire. "What do you think, captain, of Captain Parry's expedition to the North Pole?"

Captain. "I don't know what to think of it."

"There's a new way to India found out, isn't there?" said one at the bottom of the table.

"They'd better go the old way," said the Squire.

"Which is the old-way?" said the voice again, from the bottom of the table.

Squire. "The old way? Why, the north-west passage, to be sure."

Captain. "For my part, I think there's a great deal yet to be found out; for I don't think the *Atalantic* has been half *exploded.*"

The Squire, in the course of the evening, told an abominable bouncer.

"I was riding my favorite chestnut horse," said he, "from ——, when I met the Bishop of ——. The Bishop and I were always good friends. So he stops the carriage, and looks out of the window, and says he, 'How d'ye do? By G——, Dick T., that's a d——d fine horse you're upon.'"

It is quite inconceivable that a man in these our civilized times should fasten such a speech upon a bishop. You will judge, from this specimen, that our society was not very refined.

The most fit men are not always the churchwardens. We had one who commanded the parish with an iron rule. He, for years, held his office, and took the vestry by storm. It was a great fault with him, that he could not bear an equal, and was ever jealous of the "parson" (such he always called him), because his situation and character in the parish naturally enough gave some authority and respect. His first object, on a new clergyman's taking possession, was to bring him down in general estimation a grade or two below his own level. I really think he would have maintained him in that position if quietly taken, and subordination to himself were both real and manifest. Often have I thought of you, my dear Eusebius. You would have driven him out of his senses, or he would have driven you. It would have been strange work between you; and sure I am you would sadly have suffered one way or another from his underplots. The first visit I made to the parish, before my commencing residence, would, had it happened to you, have made an instant breach. He received me with a degree of heartiness which promised well. On my return to the town of T——, he went part of the way in the chaise with me. I admired his complaisance, and was disposed to be very agreeable, till I discovered the motive of his accompanying me was to make an impression; and it did, but not, I think, the one he intended. When we reached a part of the road that was intersected by a parish lane, he pointed to a particular spot, and said, "It was just there that I shook this stick over your predecessor's shoulders." I fear, Eusebius, you, in your indiscretion, would have replied, "And it is just in this place that I will hold my cudgel over yours." But I do not think the peace would have been broken. One of the first vestry meetings I attended, he took the chair; and when I expressed an opinion on some subject or other at variance with his, he looked ineffable contempt, and told both me and the parishioners that I was *but* the curate. It cannot be supposed that the influence of such a person could be productive of any good in the parish. It is a remarkable fact, that during his sway nearly every voter polled radically; and, now that he is not there, why nearly all are Conservative. In this instance I was unfortunate. I believe the gentry generally are most willing to co-operate with the clergyman; and where this good feeling exists, as it should, and, for the most part, it does exist, it will be a very difficult thing for the Levellers to

eradicate the respect, both for gentry and clergy, which yet happily characterises our rural population. I think the young clergy, as well as yourself, my dear Eusebius, should know, before you take charge of parishes, that "all is not gold that glitters;" that you may come in contact with very disagreeable people in the persons of gentry overseers and churchwardens; and, too often, they are to be encountered without any probation, any experience. Neither classic literature, nor the logic of our universities, will do much to appease an angry churchwarden. I know, by the by, Eusebius, a parish where the coincidence of names of the parish officers would have pleased you infinitely. The two churchwardens were Homer and Milton. The most dignified churchwarden on record was, perhaps, good old George III. The old Greek would have made a thorough church-and-king man, and might have been trusted with the keys of the vestry. Milton would have required an eye upon him; but he was a fine old fellow, and had he lived in those days, would not have been for pulling down the Establishment.

As you insist upon my giving you another paper on parochials, Eusebius, I must refer to my journal; but as I have little time to look it over carefully and select, you must take what comes to hand. Here is a very strange liberty the first week of my being in the parish. I had attended a vestry meeting, and was nearly the last leaving the church, when a grave, nay, austere-looking man, of a very bilious aspect, dressed entirely in black, but rather shabby, thus addressed me:—

"Sir, you are, I believe, the clergyman?"

"I am."

"Then, sir, I have to tell you that you are a blind watchman, ignorant—a dumb dog, that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, given to slumber."

I found he had been a tradesman at the little town of T——, had been unfortunate, was unquestionably half-crazy, had taken to itinerant preaching, and considered himself a special messenger to the clergy. Poor fellow! I never saw him afterwards.

The following is an extract. My comment shall follow it.

"I am just come from visiting poor Peter D. (a laboring man). I have no doubt he has by this time breathed his last. It is extraordinary that, in all my visits, I have never seen his wife attending him. I desired her to be sent for if she would see him alive. She was at work at farmer M's. I met her just now in the lane. There certainly was something odd about her. She was hurrying on a little girl, her child, by her side, the one that we have often noticed as so pretty. I stopped the woman, as I suspected it was Peter's wife; but could not tell for certain, it is so dark, and the lantern she carried only showed the child's face. Her hurried manner struck me, for it was not that of anxiety; and as I did not detain her long, she went on hastening, with her head down, and mutteringly scolding the child, and in rather a harsh voice. There is something here that is not affection—she will find her husband no more." I was right in my conjecture; it is a melancholy and odious tale. That beautiful child was not her husband's. It seems they had been brought into the parish by Farmer M., who had purchased an estate and was supposed to be rich. Immediately after her husband's death, she went to live with Farmer M. nominally as his servant, but she soon began to assume more consequence, and was much better clad than became that situation, and she was not a young woman. Contrary to all expectation, Farmer M. got into difficulties and was arrested, when it turned out that he had made a deed of gift to that child, of something considerable, by which his creditors were the sufferers. Farmer M. went to prison, but the woman, without any known means, looked sleek, and her children well fed and clothed. After a time they all left the parish, and I had little wish to make further enquiry about them.

There must be constitutional happiness—we do new and then meet with a person,—

'In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.'

Such an one was poor old Farmer W. If misery and he had been bedfellows, he did not sleep the less soundly. I call him Farmer, poor fellow, though he rented but six or seven acres. He was the hardest-working man I ever met with, but somehow or

other was always behind hand. I always thought him honest, and believe he would not willingly have injured living creature in any way. He was old, infirm, had lost some two or three of his fingers, and lived in such a house! It let in the rain upon him in his bed; it was in danger of tumbling down upon him every high wind—indeed, part did fall in; he only retired to the other part, as would the bravest general to his innermost fortress, waiting with patient fortitude the elements and the enemy to turn him out. Alas! poor Farmer W.'s enemy was death. He was only ill about a week—the day before he died he knew his fate—it was the only time that any thing in the shape of lamentation ever escaped him. "I be indeed very sorry to die, for it's a pleasant world *surely*." A pleasant world! Had he lived a week he would have been in a prison—but that would have been scarcely worse than his own house. A pleasant world! Hear this, you that with "all appliances and means to boot," know not how to pass one happy hour, victims of abundance and unthankfulness. A pleasant world! The poor old man had never been married; and it was whimsical enough, but his happiness was absolutely envied by another. We had in our house an old woman, a cook: it was not more than ten days or a fortnight before his death that he came to me upon the subject; she had sent him a love-letter. I wish I had copied it, or kept the original, for, indeed, he was willing enough to transfer it; it was a real curiosity. This night have been the last trial of his patience; but he would, I verily believe, have borne that. She was an elderly virago, and soon after this gave us fair a specimen as Dido, though not by dying, of "*Furens quid fœmina possit.*" I suppose her passion had become known, and the servants had banter her upon the subject, as I saw her one day in the passage, with dishevelled hair and bare arms, fighting lustily with my man-servant. I thought I never saw a better Alecto without the necessity of dressing for the character. Poor Farmer W., had his evil fortune, out of spite for his imperturbable happiness, victimized him to her tender affections, it would have been like the sacrifice of the ancients, "A lamb to the Tempests." Excusing the gender, "*Tempestatibus agnam.*"

I fear, Eusebius, you would for the moment have forgotten your clerical gravity and peace-making; would have clapped your hands at the sport, forgetting that the man's face was undergoing no common mauling. I do not think the man would have objected to have seen the suffering transferred to yourself, Eusebius. For, not long afterwards, he was not unwilling to put me forward in the post of danger. I was returning one night from dining with a brother clergyman at some distance; we were going at a considerable pace, probably nine or ten miles the hour; we had lamps, and the man was sitting by my side. On turning from a by into the high road, the lamps threw a light into the hedge, which had a dry ditch, and in this were three or four stout-looking fellows, dressed as sailors, with horse pistols. I saw most distinctly two aimed at us; and I could not help saying to the man, "We shall have it directly," upon which he ducked down his head, that I might receive the whole charge. Perhaps he thought he had had enough in my service. I should rather think the men were smugglers, and that a cottage near the turn of the road was their depositary; and it is not improbable they took us for excisemen. But there certainly was a highway robbery that night not many miles from that place.

Here I see my journal records an occurrence that made me very merry, and a foolish man very angry. I was sitting one day alone in my study, when a genteel-looking young man, who had come on horseback, was ushered in. He had a good address, and presented me a paper, which he told me he wished to have explained—it was a prescription—and for me. He told me it had been scrutinized in every shop in the town of T——, but nobody could make any thing of it. That his master had desired him to hire a horse, and bring it to me. He added that he had served many years in London in a very extensive concern, but he really had never seen so unintelligible a prescription. I took it—looked at it—and thought I knew the writing, and went to look for a youth, a great wag, who then made one of my family. I shook my head, and gave it to him. He colored a little, then burst into a laugh, and confessed that he was the physician. It appeared that

the village huckster was desirous of extending his business, and having in his shop a smart youth, his nephew, thought he might, by a little study, acquire the art of dispensing medicines. For this purpose the youth of the shop told his prospects to the young scholar, and begged a broken Dictionary, and consulted him upon names to put upon his jars. And I doubt not such a wilful jumble was made of it as would have puzzled Hippocrates. Upon this slender stock of knowledge, or rather mass of purposely accumulated ignorance, at the instigation of the scholar wag and his Dictionary, the dispensing of medicines was formally announced in yellow gilt imitation letters, on a board, under the usual enumeration of a village huckster's dealings. The scholar now thought it time to put the acquired knowledge to the test. He, therefore, made out a pretended prescription, and very well it was done; and the more to disguise the matter, worded it as if from a Quaker physician. I need not say there were impossible ingredients, in words, in short, that looked very like something. Thus prepared with the prescription, he put on a very grave face, and proceeding to the huckster's, stated with some appearance of anxiety that I had been taken very ill, and *that* was to be made up immediately. The new Professor of Dispensing took it, and was puzzled, but dared not show his ignorance.

"How soon will it be ready?" quoth the scholar.

"Oh, sir," (with some hesitation,) "in about an hour."

"You are sure, then, you have the ingredients?"

"O yes, sir."

"All?"

"Yes, sir," reading.

"Have you got that?" said the scholar, catching up a word.

"Not exactly, sir," said the youth; "but something that will do as well."

"Make as much haste as you can," said the scholar; "and be sure you're correct, for it's a matter of life and death." Thus saying, he left the shop.

The professor of medicine makes the best of his way to the town of T——, to have the prescription made up, and great was his astonishment to find all the druggists as ignorant as himself. It was then upon a consultation of druggists that the confidential shopman was sent out to me for explanation.

On my return to the study, I told the whole affair, and could not help laughing as I told it. But it made the bustling huckster, haberdasher, and dispenser of medicines extremely wroth. He came to me with a face of great importance—"How should he treat the matter?"

"Laugh at it," said I, "and give over the dispensing of medicines." This was only adding fuel to fire.

"Sir," said he, "it is a serious offence—guilty of forgery, sir."

"Well, then," said I, "will you transport or hang? Go home, my good man, and learn to bear a joke, and to forgive youth for a little folly, though you may be the sufferer, and I think you may be very thankful that you are not a judge."

This was the very man who, as foreman to the inquest, brought in *felo de se* against the poor lad, who hanged himself in a fit of insanity.

This young scholar was a very great wag, a good tempered merry fellow, with superabundant spirits, and not an atom of real harm in him. You would have rejoiced, Eusebius, to have been his godfather. I have since learned that he used to provoke the farmers as they rode by, by running in a cantering fashion at their sides, and imitating the paces of their horses, crying as he stopped, "brown paper, brown paper, brown paper;" and when they drew up, and off again, changing the leg, so would he change his tune into "Potatoes, potatoes, potatoes." They say he so admirably adapted his tone, and his footing to the animal's paces, that it formed a very ludicrous exhibition.

Much of the condition of a parish may be learned from the state of the churchyards. When there is little respect for the burial-place of the dead, there is but little decency and less affection among the living. Sober, industrious habits make homes, and homes imply unity and a bond of love. Hence the beauty of the expression, and of the feeling it intimates, "To sleep with their fathers." Some poor families pay the sexton an annual fee to trim and keep separate the graves of their relatives. Some, before death, are very careful about the exact spot where they shall lie, and make requests to their survivors

oncerning the future condition of heir graves. The separation by death s bad enough, but the desolation and rief of it is much lessened by thus onnecting by a continual care, the iving and the dead. A parish of disrderly habits will show its character n the disregard of the dead. All is or the living, and for self. It augurs ery ill of the feelings of a population vhere you see bones uncovered, rank reeds, and too often a pig in the hurchyard. It shows that the alehouse is more frequented than the hurch. The neatness, and even beauy of the churchyards in many parts f Wales is very striking—flowers are ot only strewed over the graves, but hey are made to grow there, and chehished, and loved, and visited, as exibiting, and offering to the affections omething of life both pleasing and eautiful, springing from, and, as it vere, partaking of the bodies of the lead. A due care for the dead surely nanifests a due care for the living. Life itself is there most valued, where he care is continued to the departed. do not speak of a mere superstition of ites, nor even of places; ignorance nd pride may originate this, but of he connecting decencies of life and leath. In too many parts of Ireland ife is little enough valued, but no vhere is more superstition about bu-ial-places and the rites of depositing he dead; and this is kept up by the priests whose gain it is; but when he dead are deposited, little more is hought of their bodies and bones, and n many instances it is as much as you an say that they are deposited, for hey are barely covered. I remember, n the neighborhood of Cork, stepping over a stile into the coffin of a child. This could not happen with us. It is very shocking to observe the vast ceremony, the procession, and the howling, and the carrying the body superstitiously round certain places, and heaping up stones where they rest, and then to note the total unconcern about them afterwards. Their old burial-places are hideous to behold; here is no attempt to keep the bones n the earth—skulls indeed often fill the places of fallen stones in a wall; but there they seem placed as if they had never partaken of humanity. I once strongly felt disgust, in sketching among the mountains and lakes of Killarney. Mucruss Abbey, an old ruin, but still a burial-place, was bad enough. The rats running in and out, and all around me, were quite frightful. But I never can forget a scene at Aghadoe, a little ruined church in the mountains, commanding a superb view. The ground was strewed with bones and skulls. While I was drawing, a skull, but a few feet from me, moved about to and fro. I looked earnestly at the object, it had something living in it; I threw a stone, and a rat ran out from the socket of the skull; and here I saw a pig crunching human bones. I left the immediate burial-place, and seated myself on a little rising ground close by; and while there I saw two men, one on horseback, the other on foot, enter the burial-ground;—the man on horseback held something before him, hanging on each side of the horse, as we see a butcher carry a calf. I was surprised to find when he alighted that it was a human being. It was a man; he could not stand, and was lifted off and supported by the two others. They took him, half dragging, half lifting him, several times round the sacred precincts, stopping at several spots, and crossing themselves, and making him kneel. At one time, while so engaged, the poor sick man appeared to me to faint, and I thought he was dying. Upon this they shook him roughly, severely, and in spite of his want of animation, proceeded to certain rites. After this, they threw him across the horse, the man mounted again, and they departed. I suppose they believed that certain saints have been buried in these places, and visiting their graves, and performing rites, or offering prayers thereat, to be the best cure for diseases. Whatever reverence they may have entertained for these particular spots, it is very evident there was none whatever for the remains of the departed, which were lying about, shamefully exposed, even for swine to devour.

In our churchyard, Eusebius, are one or two very old tombs, with all trace of letters obliterated; not one person in the parish can tell whose they were, nor to what family they belonged. It is surprising that the actually legible inscriptions do not go very far back. Oh! pride, pride! the Pyramids themselves are but a monument of your marriage with oblivion! Tell me, Eusebius, at what

period the village stone-mason became the recorder-general of the virtues of our parishes? Happy would it be if their records told truth. If we might believe them, there never was profligate nor drunkard. When did they come in? I ask—there is evidently no antiquity about them. The style of ornament and the verse are all of one age, and we have now nothing but repetitions. At what period in our church ornaments did the vices yield to the angels? Tomb-stones and ceilings are now all angelic. Where formerly would have been the deformed and ugly visages of demons and the vices, suspended as it were like scalps or trophies hung in token of victory obtained over them, we have now but winged and smiling cherubim—smiling, I should say with the exception of tomb-stones, where they too often weep and wipe their eyes against their white wings, very like pocket-handkerchiefs. All these designs and all the verses seem from one head, I will not say brain. It is a pity they are so vile, for they offer perpetually temptation to the wit and mockery of the idle, and create a sort of profanation. When did the dynasty of the vices make room for that of child-angels? It is strange that, go where you will, you see but little variety in the compositions. One thing I have observed, that there are more handsome tomb-stones erected for children and young persons generally than for older persons—more for mothers than for fathers. This is curious. They are perhaps more objects of admiration to women than to men. They make them of more importance. The great and the learned publish memoirs of the dead, and the knowledge that they shall have such record is often a consolation, or at least a subject of congratulation to the distinguished dying. The poor have nothing but the tomb-stone, and the poetry of the stone-mason—poor honor, and worse comfort! Yet such as it may be, it was offered by a mother. —"Do n't be down-hearted, Jocky," said Betty Drew to her lingering boy, "do n't be down-hearted, thou shalt have the prettiest head-stone in all the yard, and I 'll get thee a vass or'n." What the verse was I will not make a mockery by quoting. But the best specimen of vulgar poetry I ever met with, and the best notion concerning it, was in a stage-coach some years ago. The manner of the parties would have delighted you, Eusebius. You would have travelled on with them many a mile beyond your place of destination, as Coleridge once did, who was travelling to the city of B—— to deliver lectures which had been announced, but meeting with an original character in the coach, he went through the city where his audience was assembled, and passed on far into Wales; so I think, Eusebius, your travels would have been extended. There was in the coach a very respectable-looking old man, plainly but neatly dressed, wearing a short brown wig. He was probably some retired small tradesman. He was a native of Salisbury, as he told us, and there had probably spent his years up to manhood. In the coach there happened to be a fellow-townsman, and much was the talk about old acquaintances and enquiries of births, deaths, marriages, incidents, and fortunes of the inhabitants. "And I wonder very much what 's become," said he "of Tom Groves?"

"Oh! I remember him well, a was a high fellow, and a was a very pretty poet; I never shall forget the night before a left Salisbury; we met together, it was a parting meeting like, and a sang a song of his own making, and paid the prettiest compliment to Salisbury in 't."

I was desirous to learn both the compliment and the poetry, and asked the old gentleman if he could favor us with the song.

"Ne," said he, "I can 't; I don't recollect more than the last verse, and that I shall never forget."

"Pray favor us," said I.

"Well, then," said he, putting himself bolt upright, and assuming an air of poetical and affectionate dignity, "it was this,—

"Farewell Salisbury, farewell,
Farewell Salisbury for ever,
You 've got a church and steeple too,
Like *any knife and fork.*"

Your risible muscles would have been in full activity, Eusebius.

Now if you bid me go back to my parish, you know I am on the coach, and how difficult it is, nay impossible, to get down as long as the steeds choose to go on, so you must even content yourself with such matters as a stage-coach affords. A friend was writing me the other day who tra-

velled not long ago an outside passenger with O'Connell. There was present a dull English farmer, who spoke not too respectfully of the Emerald Isle; and asked why the potatoes should be so much better there.

"I'll tell you," said O'Connell, making up his mouth, as the song says, "I'll tell you, and I'd just advise you to follow the plan; we plant boiled potatoes, and then you see they come up hot and ready for eating."

I am not certain, added my friend, that the farmer did not believe him. It is only last week, Eusebius, that in travelling outside a coach, I was much amused by a discussion between a Manchester spinner or weaver, or something of that kind, and a workman at a coach manufactory in the neighborhood. The latter was decidedly a sot, but then he was a member of the Temperance Society; the other was as sober as a sheep, and was a tee-totaller. The temperance man took little, but then it was often, for it was whenever he could, and certain whenever we stopped, and consequently was not long a match in argument for the tee-totaller. I, therefore, to provoke the contest, strongly recommended the temperance man to become a tee-totaller. This flattered the other who eyed me shrewdly, then in a dialect peculiar to Manchester I suppose, asked me if I was not myself a tee-totaller. I told him no—that I had no need. He argued with me not badly, for he was sensible; but as he showed a very narrow bigotry, and I thought it belonged more to a class than the man, it struck me the more. He descanted fluently on the intemperance of the age, and particularly among the higher orders, in their private houses. I have no doubt, whatever, that he thinks nearly every man of independent fortune is literally drunk every day. He spoke with horror of the hampers of wine which he saw daily carried to the houses of the rich. He seemed to think the higher orders and the wealthy were particularly marked out for Almighty vengeance for this their besetting sin. As he spoke of himself as belonging to a strict religious society, I reminded him that wine was not forbidden by the scriptures; that indeed it appeared to me rather of the nature of sin to deny any of God's bounties, because wicked persons did not know how to use without abusing them. And his answer showed me at once a difficulty that the tee-totallers fall into, and I could not but wonder at the deception and duplicity with which I found it overcome. He said that the wine mentioned in the Bible was not an intoxicating liquor, and that *a preacher at Manchester had invented a similar wine for the use of the sacrament.* I, however, much admired the resolution of the man, and his fortitude in bearing the banter of associates, and, travelling as he did many miles, the difficulty in his station of life of finding welcome quarters. I could not help thinking "ne quid nimis" would be as proper a caution to the tee-totallers as to the Temperance Society. A very sensible elderly gentleman, who, from his front seat on the coach, heard our conversation, when we descended to walk up a steep hill, put the plain sense of the matter to him eloquently, and much better than I did; and, as it puzzled him, I hope he learned therefrom a little charity. I once gave myself some credit for very quietly putting down a noisy turbulent young man whom I was travelling with—it was during the heats of the Reform question. There were three uneducated men, perhaps of some small business at the town of M———; two were good-tempered mirthful young men, but the other was the orator of the company. He swaggered very largely, and his gibberish was not very uncommon; but he spoke of matters of history, and put them together in such a jumble, defying chronology and all truth, that I could not help asking him if he had ever read *any* history. He hesitated; I showed him why I thought he never could have read any. He admitted he never had. His friends bantered him greatly, though they were of his way of thinking, and advised him by all means to maintain his principles and opinions, but never to tell about them, and never to argue again. The man, in a rage, bolted off the coach, and said he would rather walk the remaining eleven miles than sit with any of us, and so he did. An elderly man, who had sat next to him, and been silent, thanked me for defeating *the town orator*.

And now, my dear Eusebius, I really will draw nearer home, for the next hero of my tale, if he be not of

my own, shall be of the next parish. He was—but let me begin from the beginning. On mounting the stage-coach I found two very different looking characters. The one was a stunted, sickly, meagre, feverish complexioned man, about thirty years of age, a sample of the forced product of the manufacturing population; the other a robust, hale old man, past sixty. I should have judged him to be an honest industrious farmer, but he was in fact nothing more than a common laborer; but he was upon a journey of some importance, and had on his best. Their very clothes were in contrast, and bespoke their characters. The one wore black, but shabby, of an affectedly genteel cut, redolent of the town club and of the fumes of the beer shop. The dress of the old man was of the old rustic fashion, or rather of no fashion at all—plain and clean; none but Sabbath suns had shone upon it for years, and it bore the Sabbath air of truth and honesty, marking the outer character in the inner man. The mechanic, when I seated myself, resumed the talk, which I can readily believe he had had pretty much to himself. It was of liberty, of tyranny, the oppression of the poor by the rich, political economy, and march of intellect. I contented myself with asking him one simple question—if he was worse off than his father? He couldn't say he was. Upon this the old man remarked, that he didn't know much about what had been said of the people and the great oppressing them; but he supposed there always was and always would be rich and poor, and that an industrious man might still do very well, if he would; that he had been a laborer all his life, and had brought up a family upon his earnings; that his father was a laborer before him, and his father too, and he never heard that either father or grandfather, or those that were before them, were better off than himself. He thought what was said in the Psalms was very true, and that he was old enough to repeat it;—"I have been young and now I am old yet saw I never the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." I was delighted with the honest contented agriculturist laborer, and directed all my attention to him, and I am glad I did so; he greatly interested me. Eusebius would have been his sworn friend for life. I asked him why he was leaving his native village. He gave me the following account—the story surely justifies the old man's quotation:—"He had had an only brother, who, when young, was obliged to leave the parish for the usual cause for which, before the new poor laws threw the burden and disgrace solely on the mother, so many young and healthy laborers have left their homes. His brother went to B——, was engaged in various employments, till at length he kept a pot-house. He married, made money, and had little or no intercourse with his relations. He had no children. The man died suddenly, but as he had left every thing he had to his wife, the poor laborer had nothing but a pair of gloves for attending his brother's funeral, and for his walk of upwards of seventy miles, and back. One evening when he had returned from his labor, and was sitting with his wife at his door in the village of S——, he was surprised by a visit from his brother's widow, who had been put down near the village by the coach. She was very kind to them, and said she was come to spend a day or two with them. During which time she treated them handsomely, and going away, gave him a guinea, and a caution not to receive any papers that might be sent him. He thought this very odd, because, during his brother's life she had not taken any notice of them. Very soon after this she came again, and brought a man with her—it was her husband, she was married again, and pretended she came to introduce her new husband to her friends. But now she talked about busy people, and told the old man she would be a friend to him, but he must on no account receive any papers or letters; and if any people should come to him, he had better not talk to them. This he thought very strange, but the whole matter was soon out. There had been some delay in finding out where the old man lived, and the woman would not tell. The fact was this—it is true the widow had been left all the property, which at the time of bequeathing was in money, and I believe amounted to nearly six thousand pounds. Afterwards land had been bought therewith, and houses built on it, consequently, the property being now freehold, the will was ineffective, and the laborer

was the heir-at-law. Very soon after the man's death, the carpenter who built the houses, hearing that all was left to the widow, and not being skilled in law, or not aware of the actual state of the case, thought the widow, with some sixteen well-tenanted houses, and which he had himself built, would be no bad speculation; and finding her, for reasons best known to herself, nothing loath, he married her. We cannot lament that he had his reward. I will not detail, for I do not sufficiently remember, the many plots and contrivances the couple made to retain the property; but the honest lawyer who made the will found out the right owner, this poor honest laboring man. He had been to B—— once on the subject, and believed he was then going to take possession of the property, as the lawyer had sent for him for that purpose. I could not but greatly admire the man's modest temperate views. He told me simply, as I questioned him how he should live during his stay at B——, and it was with that prudent economy which had been his habit, nor did his new fortune set it aside. But what pleased me most in him was his intention to provide for a sister who was not very well off in the world. He spoke of her several times with affection—said he was glad, for her sake, that his sons could do without help, and may be would be better off than they had been as laborers; but if it pleased God to change his and their condition, it was not for him to dispute it; but his sister was in want, and it was a great thing to be enabled to help her. And though his brother's wife had endeavored to defraud him, he spoke of her not only with no asperity, but made excuses for her—her husband's real intentions, and her extraordinary temptation—and said he should like to do for her what was right. It is some years since this occurred. I think I can yet learn what became of the good worthy creature; and I am sure, Eusebius, will not let me rest till I do.

Now, you have seen above why the carpenter married, and in my former letter I showed you other motives; last week I met with one quite new. I went to visit a poor aged couple who were both in bed, and suffering from the influenza. I thought it would have gone hard with them both, but they recovered: and I found the old woman alone. I asked for her husband. He was better than herself, and uncommon cross.

"Oh, so much the better," said I; "it's a sign he's getting well; and you know," I added, "you married for *worse* as well as for ——"

"I married, to be sure I did," said she; "but I no more wanted a husband than you do; but you see I'd a little shop and was up in years, and Tom Young lodged here, and was in debt to the shop, and wouldn't pay rent, and wouldn't go out—so I thought a man could turn him out, and so I married to turn out Tom Young."

I fear I am in great disgrace with some very good ladies with whom the other day I walked through our village. While they were shocked to see some children, as they said lying about in idleness (they were, strictly speaking, infants, none exceeding six years of age,) and threatened the parish with an infant school, I was delighted with the natural education that was going on, and, as I doubted not, with the equal active growth of mind and body. I urged my companions to a little more observation. We took several turns, and noticed the children, without their observing us. We saw many, they were near their own homes, and employed as children generally are when we choose to call them idle; some were heaping up piles of dirt, some enclosing little circles of their own making with stones, some caressing dogs, some even fondling pigs; ducks, geese, donkeys, and children formed a social community in which there appeared a good understanding, and, barring that of invention, no very great dissimilarity of tastes. I said they were not far from their homes; it is true we did not see the tie, or we may say the tether (and by them happily it was not felt as such) that still bound them all to their mother's care.

They were within hearing, and who can doubt that the mother's watchfulness made that sense acute? the children were sensible of maternal protection, and were not both mothers and children the better for that? Parental solicitude, and infant reliance, are the great springs of affection. Thus that best feeling of our nature was not dormant but growing. They were in infantine play with all dumb creatures, and there was nature's lesson of humanity, to love all things. Ignorant

even of the very dust of the earth, they were enquiring into its properties, and learning to apply the very stones to use. Nature, again, was bringing up these incipient artisans, and teaching them the use of the best of tools, their own hands. Curiosity, our human instinct, was busy, but never overworked—they were neither pushed nor pinched to keep themselves awake, but just when it was required, fell into a growing sleep that nothing could disturb, when they were laid aside on a bit of grass under a wall. "But they are such dirty things," said one; "earth dirt, my good lady, may soil your silks, but will not hurt their skins; it is congenial, they and you were made of it, and will return to it, and will not be much the worse for a little acquaintance with it now. Flowers spring from it, good grows out of it, and for aught we know, the beasts that roll in it do it from a wise instinct." "Then they make such a noise." "Oh, that is their instinct too—look at their chests, how good it is for their lungs, and every breath they draw is the pure unconfined breath of heaven." "But they might be learning something." "They are learning every thing. We dignify systems only by the term education. Every thing that passes before a child is a part of education; whatever it sees, hears, feels, though there be neither master nor mistress present to mis-direct the tongue to mimicry, and the hands to antics; and then they are happy, that is a great gain, a certain gain for the present, and happiness keeps whole and sound both health and temper." "But I have seen quite little children, sir, taught so much, and made so clever." "Very true, my good lady, you have seen what they have learned, but you have not seen what they have unlearned for the acquirement. You may be sure that children may be made to learn many things, and to astonish by their progress, but it is always at the expense of some other power. They can but learn, and if, as I believe, they are always learning, you are but changing the objects; and are you quite sure, in so doing, that you furnish the best, and that no function of body or mind is left sluggish, and hereafter may become diseased? and I believe you will certainly destroy the power of self-education by substituting your own, and self-education has ever produced the greatest men. Besides, you may force the appetite and ruin the stomach, by constantly overloading it, and do you really think the brain a less delicate organ?

Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let colt and child
Go free and wild,
And both of them go bare, go bare,

"There is a time for taking up both; a kind mother and tender nature are the best teachers for all till six or seven years of age, and that is the earliest at which they can be brought to school with impunity, leaving the good out of the question. But you are apt to injure the parents too; you remove watchfulness from them, and reliance on them, from the children, and you make both selfish. *Strangers* relieve the mother from maternal care, and children are taught to look up to and to admire *strangers*, the very reverse in manner from their parents—and then may in vain be told from the surest authority, 'To honor their father and mother;' and I think the admirable reason may be added, 'that their days may be long in the land,' for of a truth, this forcing hot-bed system tends greatly to shorten life. Upon this subject, I have met with some very sensible remarks, in a little treatise by an American, Amariah Brigham, M.D. It furnishes some very curious facts, and is very well worth the attention of parents, and those engaged in the education of children.* "

Children, from their earliest age, are objects of great interest to me, for they move me to wonder and admire. It is the state of whose actual feelings there can be no record; for the grown man remembers them not.—None are more mistaken than those

* I have copied from this treatise a table, taken from a late work of M. Friedlander dedicated to M. Guizot. It must be remembered that education has much engaged the attention of the most learned and distinguished men. "From the highest antiquity we have this rule," says M. Friedlander; "that mental instruction ought not to commence before the seventh year." He gives the following table of hours of rest and labor:—

who consider children as little men and women. They are a mystery. Imitative creatures, they have a power of mimicry in common with parrots, and may be taught like them to give wise answers and yet be no wiser, to be as vain and conceited of their pet-goodness and acquirements. Many such have I seen who have grown up with that in their hearts that the parrot has but in his tongue, "pretty Poll, pretty Poll," wherever they went, or whatever they did. Once being at P—— for a little recreation and sea-air, always taking an interest in children, I could not resist the temptation that offered of walking into an infant school. I afterwards made some imperfect notes of the proceedings—they were more ridiculous than I can describe, for the manner cannot be well given in writing. The school was very full, the children very small. There was present then only one school-mistress and two or three visitors to see the sight. The children were on raised benches, one behind the other. It seemed to be thought necessary to teach them their own bodily existence first, for they had not a limb or joint which they were not called upon to name and put into antics, and all *to music*, without which hereafter they will scarcely be able to use their hands or feet. Wesley complained that Satan had the best tunes, and vowed to take them from him. The female teachers at infant schools make the same complaint against Love, and have no hesitation in robbing Love's secretary, Tom Moore; who certainly would not know himself among the new race of Cupids. The melody chosen on this occasion was, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," manufactured as follows for infant use. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the antics going on, suiting the action to the word, and exhibiting by twisting, slapping, turning every named and nameable part of their bodies, while they sang, the mistress leading off with a look of extraordinary endearment.

> "Come here, little boys, show your two little hands,
> And your two little feet [a great scuffle here], upon which baby stands,
> Two arms and two elbows, and [with a jerk] two little wrists;
> Come bend up your knuckles, and make little fists," &c. &c.

Here it went on to hips and other joints, but I do not recollect the lines, till

> "'Tis the gift of kind heaven for us to enjoy,
> So be thankful to heaven, my dear baby boy."

The universal action at the word heaven was very extraordinary, all their little hands were lifted up, and pointing to a corner of the room (where were their hats and bonnets), and great emphasis was laid on the word heaven, and a pause, that all might regularly "shoulder their arms," as the soldier, to show "how fields were won." The corner was the object of universal direction. Henceforth to put a child there must be an idle threat; so there is something "new under the sun." But what peculiar ideas of celestial happiness must the urchins have, when hereafter (if such naughty books should ever reach their hands), they read of the supreme bliss of Master John Horner, who, we are informed "sat in a *corner* eating his Christmas pie;" and it will be long before they separate their notion of *piety* from this transaction. Here it must be lamented that inexorable rhyme inculcated an exclusive creed, both of enjoyment and thankfulness. Poor

Age.	Hours of Sleep.	Hours of Exercise.	Hours of Occupation.	Hours of Repose.
7	9 to 10	10	1	4
8	9	9	2	4
9	9	8	3	4
10	8 to 9	8	4	4
11	8	7	5	4
12	8	6	6	4
13	8	5	7	4
14	7	5	8	4
15	7	4	9	4

"Tom Moore," the facetious, the ever juvenile, must be again sacrificed to the idol of infantism, for the next singing bout is from his "Fly not yet." The infant hopes begin to rise, and boys and girls are taught to aspire to mutual aid, co-operation, and assistance through life, as proper; "helps-meet" to each other. Here, I think the cautionary commencement of Moore's original would not have been amiss, though the advice is certainly extraordinary as coming from him, but being the only of the kind, should not have been omitted; "Fly not yet." It is true, winged Cupids fly early, but it is not just the hour; as yet their views of settlement are prospective; their mistress leading off as before, all, either mock-pounding, stamping, or washing.

"Years hence, perhaps, some of us may be
A mason good, of high degree," &c. &c.
Boys. "We build."
Girls. "We wash."
Together. "Then, since we both are useful made,
Let's try to give each other aid,
As we are taught to do."

After this compliment to the teacher, some of the little ones began to yawn; some would have been asleep in two moments, but the active teacher rushed forward to the most somnolent, and by a little pushing up, and poking, and crying "come, my little dears," hurried them into some new contortions of learning. But in spite of all exertions, some gave up the matter, and fell off into most palpable sleep. These, as fast as they fell, were tumbled into a large basket, where they looked so pretty that the teacher could not avoid, in a most pathetic manner, showing them to the vistors most doatingly, but rather after the manner adopted at minor theatres, exclaiming with clasped hands, "Poor little dear darlings;" and now there entered a tall and rather slender gentleman in black—with a very measured step he walked to the middle of the room, and there stood as in meditation. There was the most benignant expression possible in his countenance, particularly about the mouth; the chin was a trifle forward, and the face thrown back, so that the highest school form should have the fullest advantage of his encouraging smile. His eyes were not so visible, being nearly covered by their lids, as if he saw only through his eye-lashes. The Bible was under his right arm—his hands clasped, and just delicately touching his black kerseymeres on the right, the right leg being somewhat advanced. I should imagine he was studying the most affectionate and clear manner of address; for, after a short pause, he spoke very slowly, and in a most soft and bewitching tone, thus:—"Now, are there any very, very good little children who can tell me what was that pretty, pretty, pretty text of my sermon the last Sabbath?"

One squeaked out, "from Timothy," then all followed instantly in all the ascending scale of infantine voices, interrupted only by one or two from bigger lubberly boys out of their places. It might be noted thus, observe the squeak ascends as in the small pipes of the organ:—"From Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy."

Here the gentleman interposed—"Yes, my good little children, it was from Timothy, the 3d chapter, 2d epistle to Timothy, 'All scripture is given by inspiration,' &c. and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Now, it must be manifest, that there was not one infant present who could possibly understand any word whatever of that text; it was utterly thrown away upon them. So the gentleman proceeds with increased affability—"Now, who is there, my good children, who can tell me any thing about Timothy,—who is Timothy?"

Here the children squeaked as before, the *a* being very broad, "an angel, an angel, an angel, an angel, an angel, an angel, an angel."

Here the gentleman was somewhat puzzled himself, and said, with hesitation, "No—yes—not exactly, yet we hope all good boys and girls will be angels. Timothy was a very, very good boy, and now wouldn't you my dear little children, wish to be like

Timothy? Timothy was a very good boy, and when he died he went to Idea—; but tell me, where did he go?"

Then the children, as before, their hands thrust out towards the corner of the room—"Yeven, yeven, yeven, yeven, yeven, yeven, yeven:"

Gentleman, with great solemnity. "Yes to heaven. Then, whom must you obey, if you would go there too?"

Children, as before,—"Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy, Timothy."

Gentleman—"Oh, no, no, no, no; not Timothy, my dear children, we must obey this"—holding up the Book.

This is, indeed, wretched inanity; shall I go on? The poor little children could learn nothing here, but might have unlearnt much. Better indeed for them to have been with their mothers, or with the dog, the cat, the pig, or the donkey, or making mud pies in the road, or muddling in puddles—any thing better than thus dehumanizing human creatures. I have not the slightest doubt of the good intentions of these teachers, but I beseech people who encourage these things to examine for themselves, and turn folly out of the infant school-room, if they must have one.

After the departure of the gentleman, the female teacher resumed her official duties and terminated them in a very extraordinary manner. It is not usual to see infants in orders—but so it was.

Teacher—"Now which of these good little children *shall be rewarded* by reading prayers?"

"I, I, I, I, I," exclaimed several voices—a little girl about four years of age was chosen. She was lifted to kneel on a chair, in advance of the rest, with her hands properly placed together by the teacher. A little boy was made to stand at her side to enact the clerk, and say amen. What the prayer was I have no idea, for the child could barely speak—it sounded little better than a continued ta, ta, ta, ta,—but as the clerk knew when to put in his amen, and the children to follow him, I dare say it was intelligible to them. Now this is positively bad—prayer, which should be taught and exercised in humility, and to remedy defects of the heart, should never be made the reward of vanity or quickness of understanding; no, not even the *reward* of goodness. Prayer necessarily disclaims *all merit*, consequently all *reward*.

Now, my dear Eusebius, I have given you three Parochials, I can give you no more. If you are desirous of looking more nicely into these matters, come and spend a month with me, but remember, I cannot put you in authority, and above all things, be on your good behavior, for there are here many quite wise enough to make the silly boy's answer—you know the story—the stately Rector, riding through the village, with his servant behind him, met silly George in his new clothes, and jocularly asked him,

"Well, George, and who clothes you so finely to day?"

"The same as your honor," quoth George, "the parish!"

The servant could'nt help laughing.

"George is rather sharp upon your honor."

"Go," said the Rector, "and ask him if he will come and live with me; I want a fool."

John goes, but silly George is a match for him too. Looking him up in the face, he replies—"What! art thee going away?"

"No," said John.

"Then," replied poor George, "tell thy master the parish can't afford to keep *dree* of us."

Ah! Eusebius, Eusebius, we write papers, and make wise remarks, and set ourselves up as judges, and see the follies of others more readily than their virtues and good intentions, which, I doubt not, are many, and might perhaps weigh down our own, if we did not ourselves hold the scales. Here have I shown my foolishness to you, and you, out of your kindness, to the world. Never mind, we shall not want many to keep us in countenance. It is very true, that "if all fools wore white caps we should all look like a flock of geese;"

FAREWELL.

THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The national rejoicing at the defeat of the Westminster Radicals shows, to demonstration, what is in the national heart. Within our recollection no choice of a representative ever caused so anxious a suspense for the short time during which it was undecided; certainly no election ever brought out, more eagerly, bitterly, and scandalously, the whole virulence of the revolutionists; and as certainly none ever gave them a more signal overthrow. Radicalism had all the advantage of the ground; Conservatism was wholly taken by surprise. The faction had coolly prepared all their measures; and their demand of Sir Francis Burdett's resignation was merely the result of that preparative. His acquiescence was unexpected by the majority of his old Westminster friends. His principles, excepting in personal points of aversion to the vulgar insolence of the O'Connell tyranny, and his extreme disgust for the mendicant himself, were scarcely known. On the whole, his defiance of the faction whom he had so long led, was regarded as the sure precursor of his downfal.

We have no idea of panegyrizing Sir Francis Burdett. For many a year we have been compelled to resist the hasty and hazardous conceptions which he propagated through the people. Even in his present change, we have no more consideration for the individual than we should have for any other man, merely on the evidence that his eyes were opened at last, that he had abjured his early follies, and been made aware, in his mature understanding, of the public perils which he had laughed at in his youth. If the triumph now gained had been merely the triumph of Sir Francis Burdett we should not have thought it worth more congratulations than that of the accession of any other vigorous mind to the general muster-roll of the national cause.

But we now have Sir Francis Burdett advocating the permanency of the monarchy, the vigor of the laws, the subordination of the populace, and the integrity of the constitution! In his address to his supporters for Westminster he applauds them for their exertions in the cause of "our well-established and long-proved institutions, under which," he adds, we have enjoyed more real liberty, more general prosperity, accumulated more reverence in the world, and advanced further in the progress of civilization, than ever fell to the lot of any people in former times, or is, as he sincerely believes, the lot of any other nation in the present day!" He loftily pronounces that the grand object of his present struggle is,—"to maintain those advantages unimpaired, though not unimproved;" and concludes by protesting against its being considered in any degree "a personal question." No. "The name or interests of any candidate are of no importance compared with the great cause, which is neither more nor less than the preservation of the laws and the constitution of England."

It was this declaration which conquered for Sir Francis Burdett, and, let our words be marked, in this declaration any man will conquer whom his countrymen believe to have ability enough to fight their battle in Parliament, and sincerity enough to keep his faith to the end. We say that there is a fund of political virtue and political courage in the heart of England which has not been exhausted, however it may have been concealed; we say that there is scarcely a spot of England, however barren to the eye, in which there is not a mine of sterling patriotism underneath. We say that the man who casts a despairing eye upon the people of England sees not, because passion or petulance, timidity or laziness, raise a mist before his eye. The vigor is there, if he has but the sense to acknowledge it or the heart to glow with it. This is human nature, not merely in England, but in every nation and age of mankind. There never was an instance in history where a confidence in the popular virtue was not repaid by a sudden display of that virtue. In the periods of oppression by an invader, in the reign of despotisms, in the oppression of baronial tyrants, in every casualty of national annals, the moment the avenger exhibited himself, a kindred multitude started up around

him. No matter whether the impulse, like the injury, were religious or political, individual wrong or national insult, the power of the human heart expanded itself at once and rose before the eye; the nobility of nature vindicated its origin, the nakedness of the champion was armed by the sacredness of his cause; and thus, clothed in more than triple steel, he went forth to a contest in which principle was victory.

We have thought too little of this great and salutary truth of late years. When Radicalism raised its outcry, and the people were silent in surprise, we were too apt to think that they had lost the faculty of speech. When faction libelled every great establishment of the state, we seemed to think that the nation was incapable of being moved by the most imminent consciousness of danger, or that the Englishman had suddenly lost the common faculties of self-preservation, and had quietly made up his mind to see his Church, his laws, his loyalty, and his freedom trampled into the dust before his face; that he had suddenly become paralyzed in all his senses, and was prepared to see his property and his children's property at the mercy of revolution; that he had lost, among his other departed senses, the sense of ridicule, and could see without scorn the baboon tricks and clownish fopperies of a race of the most vulgar pretenders to public station, and most miserable swindlers of public faith, and the most rapacious, selfish, and indecent graspers at official emolument that ever made public life at once laughable and disgusting. Yet all those faculties and feelings were as much in existence as ever, and required only to be called forth for their national display. Our Parliamentary guides have thought too little of this; they have looked to Parliament, and have forgotten the people; half a dozen votes, more or less, have shot them up from despair to triumph, or plunged them down from triumph to despair. They were engrossed by the play and spurting of the little fountain within, while they forgot the quiet expanse and resistless flow of the great river which fed the fountain without. The meeting at Glasgow might have shown them what a response lay in the bosom of the neglected oracle. Was Sir Robert Peel prepared for the effect which his words instantaneously produced there? We say that there is not a province of England in which the same call would not have produced the same answer; we say that the whole circuit of the land is void, that the whole atmosphere is charged, and that the single sound of a patriot's eloquence would be echoed and re-echoed by answering thunders round the whole horizon.

In the immediate example, we regard Sir Francis Burdett's declarations as of the very first importance. He is the convert of necessity. He, indeed, gives his reasons "upon compulsion." And what pre-eminent reasons? The peril of all that we hold dear. On what compulsion? The perfect knowledge that nothing but unmasking the conspirators can save the country. And who is it that thus gives us the benefit of his knowledge? Perhaps the man who knows best the designs, habits, and principles of the conspirators. As an individual, he must have been incapable of descending to conspiracy. But it was utterly impossible for the leader of Radicalism for upwards of a quarter of a century to escape at least the occasional view of its physiognomy. Like the spectators of Catiline in the streets of Rome, he must have marked its ferocity of gesture, and its gloom of countenance, even though he were not admitted into the cavern of the conspiracy, and shared the pledge cemented with blood against the liberties of the land. The distinction between Radicalism as it was and as it is, amounts to this, that always wicked, it was once weaponless; it is now armed, armed by the common enemy of England, Popery—invigorated by the O'Connell faction with a strength not its own, and actually controlling an insulted country through the venality of a time-serving Cabinet. It is the consciousness of this sudden power which has roused the member for Westminster into sudden resistance, and, we trust, will rouse the country into resolution. His error from the beginning was that of disregarding consequences. With the Parliamentary men of his party he continually upheld the rash conception that when evil did not directly break forth it could not exist. With reasoners of this order precaution is a folly. The serpent's eggs are not to be trampled on, because they are not yet hatched; the

clothes of the plague-stricken are not to be burned because the whole population is not yet in the grave. But these holiday times are past, the feeble dynasty of the Greys has given way before the rougher sincerity of the Republican. If we had a Parliament peopled with such men as the Whalleys, Wakleys, and Leaders, we should have a revolution in a twelvemonth. If Sir Francis Burdett has found out his error at last that the country *is* in danger; that the democracy which he so long thought to be a mere lap-dog, is a tiger; and that the Jesuit faction, which he described as a mere gathering of obscure priests and ragged mendicants, *is* a daring, desperate, and blood-thirsty conspiracy; and if, upon this conviction, his tongue has been loosed, his faculties have been awakened, and he has made the first use of them to send out to the nation a warning voice against the treason, what shall we pronounce of the act and the doer, but that the one was as essential as the other was honorable.

We take the words of Sir George Sinclair on this subject. Sir George is one of the manliest and most uncompromising of the constitutional members of the House of Commons; a friend to the Church, the King, and the people. In his address, at the head of the Westminster deputation, to Sir Francis the day before the nomination of the candidates, he openly pronounced, and accounted for the Baronet's abandonment of all the wild partisanship which had once marked his career. "There was," said he, "a distinguished man in ancient times, to whom many of his countrymen had no other objection than that he was called 'The just,' and there are many persons, Sir Francis, who, on the present occasion, have no other objection to offer against you than that you have preferred the welfare of your country to every consideration of a personal nature. (Great cheering.) You have made sacrifices, of all others the most painful to a generous mind; I mean the sacrifice of at least running the risk of severing the ties of many ancient regards, cemented through a long course of years; because you know that it is *impossible* for you, consistently with the views you entertained respecting the welfare and happiness of your country, to support those individuals whom in former times you deemed it a duty to stand by." (Great cheering.)

Sir Francis Burdett, in his reply, after some general remarks on the election, observed, "Gentlemen, it must be obvious to you that, as far as I am personally concerned, nothing could be more inconvenient, nothing in fact could be more personally distressing, than to come forward on the present occasion. Why, gentlemen, I can have no personal object to induce me to fight this great constitutional battle. (Cheers.) My motives are solely those of a public nature. *The present is a crisis in England.* The true friends of the constitution are pushed on beyond the limits of rational liberty; they are pushed into a dangerous path by a power which they would, but *cannot control*, a power dangerous, most dangerous, even to themselves. (Cheers.) The matter which *is* at stake is the *constitution*. There are at the present moment many wild schemes to improve the constitution, a constitution of which we all know experimentally the value. Now, I do not approve of those schemes. Gentlemen, there is now behind the Government a party more powerful than the Government itself. Lord Chatham spoke of a power behind the throne that was greater than the throne. But surely we cannot help seeing that, however the fact may be denied by Ministers, there is a power *below them*—(vehement cheers)—a power which is greater than any they possess; a power which is pressing them on in a course that will lead them to consequences which they will abhor and detest. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I think that we are not only doing our duty in supporting the prerogatives of the King upon the throne, but in maintaining the just rights of the *privileged orders*; rights which were given for the general benefit, and which, if they are infringed in any degree, will be followed by the destruction of the very principle upon which our constitution is founded. We are doing what Ministers themselves ought to thank us for doing; that is, we are opposed most determinedly and resolutely to those persons who support Ministers from no regard that they have for them, nor for any respect for their principles or politics; on the contrary, who give them their support

because they know they can take advantage of their weakness, and make use of the Ministers as tools, who imagine they are using those men as tools."

Now in this man, we have the important instance of an individual forced by the strong reason of the thing into a total change of his public opinions. By this change he has nothing to gain but a great deal of obloquy, a great deal of trouble, and the certain *loss* of a popularity which he has sustained for thirty years. With him no objects of personal ambition can be in question. He declares himself against the Cabinet in the same breath in which he declares against the rabble; he has kicked down the ladder by which meaner minds are hourly ascending into popular fame and public emolument; and stands at his moment excluded from both by his voluntary deed. The reason is—that danger exists, and he sees the danger—that his place in society gives him the power of calling to the nation to be on its guard, and he has called accordingly. We now take the contrast. There is not a man among the present Ministers who has not in his time pronounced the opinions which Sir Francis Burdett is now villified for holding. But they have been made Ministers; and from this moment have totally changed their language. Have they changed their minds? No. The parrot that speaks as the old maid or the menial that teaches him, has changed his mind as much as any saint or sinner of the Cabinet, from the somnolent piety of Lord Glenelg to the rampant bacchanalianism of Lord Melbourne. The Premier was a Tory as long as he could get any official nest for the lazy repose of his principles. Lord John Russell was an abhorrer of popular innovation as long as his employers set their faces against national overthrow. The Lords Glenelg and Palmerston having never pretended to any principle beyond that of getting all they could, and keeping all they could get—standing in the market with the dignity of a hackney coach ready for every man's hire, and made by nature and art, like a negro, for drudgery in chains, deprive history of its sting. Of those we shall say nothing; for nothing can be said but that one of them has humbly served seven Cabinets, and the other eight, and would wear the liveries to receive the wages of as many more, without thinking of any thing deeper than the amount of their pay. In one of his Parliamentary speeches, we have Lord Melbourne thus giving his opinion on the kind of Government into which every hour of his official life is now plunging the empire. "In my view of the matter, Mr. Speaker, the Sultan of Constantinople, the Shah of Persia, and the Dey of Algiers are subject to a more efficient responsibility than the leaders of a *Democratic* Assembly." Again. "Sir, it is a great maxim in politics, sanctioned by antiquity, that forms of government are often destroyed and changed into those most opposite to them, by measures which wear the appearance of favoring, extending, and confirming the fundamental principles of such Governments. Oligarchies have been overthrown by the attempt to render them more oligarchical, and laws of the most democratical tendency have produced the ruin of democracies. This is an important principle at the *present* moment. It is founded on the great moral truth, that *excess always produces the very evil that it intends to shun.* My impression is, that the real consequence of adopting any measure such as is proposed, will be to impair the strength of the popular part of the constitution." So much for the Tory Lord Melbourne's notions on the necessity of a sweeping Reform, exactly the Reform which the Whig Minister Lord Melbourne supports, with all his might and main, every night of the Session.

Now let us hear another authority, Lord John Russell, while he was yet acting in the rear rank of the Whigs, and had no hope of being Minister of the Radicals. "I beg Sir," says the noble weathercock, "to say, that I do not agree with those who oppose all and every system of Reform. I agree in the propriety of *disfranchising such boroughs as are notoriously corrupt*, and I will give my consent to any measure which will restrict the duration of Parliament to three years. I cannot, however, pledge myself to support a measure that goes the length of proposing an inquiry into the general state of the representation; because such an inquiry is calculated to throw a slur upon the representation of the country, and to fill the minds of the public with vague and indefinite

alarms. The Hon. Baronet had complained that the Reformers were wild and visionary theorists, and had called on the House to state where those wild and visionary theorists were to be found. If the Hon. Baronet did not know where to find them, he would refer him to those persons who had advised him during the last Session to bring forward his celebrated motions for annual Parliaments and universal suffrage!"

Yet in the teeth of these declarations, we have the Cabinet supporting the wildest visions of those visionaries, and the Premier and Lord John dreaming away, in their revolutionary bed of roses, as heavily as any Barras or Hume of them all. We have before our eyes the Treasury battalion marched down, rank and file, to fight for the rankest and most boastful of the democrats themselves—Mr. Leader, the elected of Ministers, though the rejected of Westminster. We see Sir Rufane Donkin running down, with his ordnance pen behind his ear, to vote for Mr. Leader. Sir Henry Parnell, shutting up his paymaster books, to be just in time for Mr. Leader. The Majesty of Cabinet law, Mr. Attorney-General Campbell, locking his escrutoir upon his half-finished pamphlet of legal ignorance and official zeal, his second abortion on Church-rates, to give the weight of his plumper to Mr. Leader. The *introuvable* functionary, Lord Palmerston himself, precipitating his toilet, and coming full speed with his mustachios half incomplete, and his reputation as an Adonis hazarded for ever, to show how rigorously a Cabinet Minister can do his duty, and vote for the hero of annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, and universal democracy. Does any man believe, or can any man in his senses believe, that these personages cared a straw for Mr. Leader personally, or that it would have given them half the trouble to know that he was to be hanged? No! They were under orders, their mission was ministerial, they were as much on duty as if they had been rung up from their desks by the bell in Lord Melbourne's closet. The whole matter was one of Cabinet necessity, and, notwithstanding all this aggregate of clerks, the Cabinet was beaten. The triumph was England's. The defeat was not of the *late* member for Bridgewater; nor of the mere sans-culotte faction, the Canons of Westminster; it was the defeat of the O'Connell Administration, on their own ground too, with all their official forces mustered, with all their rabble auxiliaries let loose, the cautious Reformer, the headlong Reformer, the weathercock Reformer, and the rotten Reformer, all regimented for the occasion; with Joseph Hume and his gang, not hovering, as of old, on the skirts of the field, with the *prudence* of that truly selfish waiter on fortune, but for once pressing into the front, and only coming to swell the slaughter. Let the country mark this, and see what can be done by manly resistance. Let Englishmen be awakened by this, and acquire the knowledge that they have only to exert their natural force, and they are free. Let Sir Robert Peel and the other leaders of the national feeling be taught by this to understand at last that the nation are ready to second them, if they will but come forward; that the empire is demanding why they still hesitate; and that the first unfurling of the constitutional flag, with a determination to plant it on the ruins of the O'Connell Cabinet, would be hailed by every honest voice in the empire as the pledge of victory.

THE WESTMINSTER WARBLER, AND BRIDGEWATER BUDGET.

TO JOHN TEMPLE LEADER, ESQ.

SIR—The celebrity of "The Bridgewater Treatises" has induced me to collect, on a similar principle, and under the above title, a few of the songs which seem to have been most popular during the Bridgewater election, and the recent contest for Westminster. To no one surely could this collection be inscribed with greater propriety than to you. The munificence of the late Earl of Bridgewater, in promoting the spirit of research in the various departments of moral and physical science, has long commanded the gratitude of the philosophical world: nor is it fit that the expenditure of a considerable part of your ample fortune in the encouragement of electioneering, and its kindred art of song-writing, should be without its due reward. It may possibly be thought by some that a sufficiently direct acknowledgment of your well-timed liberality is nowhere to be found in any of these effusions. It is hoped, however, that there will at least be discovered throughout them all a commendable desire to do justice to those who, disregarding minor differences of opinion as to the maintenance or subversion of the Throne, the Church, and the Peerage, have so ably co-operated with you in the non-attainment of your main object. For the rest, I need merely add, with Horace,—

> ——————"Vivas in amore *jocisque;*
> Vive, vale:—si quid novisti rectius *istis*
> Candidus imperti; si non, HIS utere mecum."

Thus freely rendered by your own Laureate:—

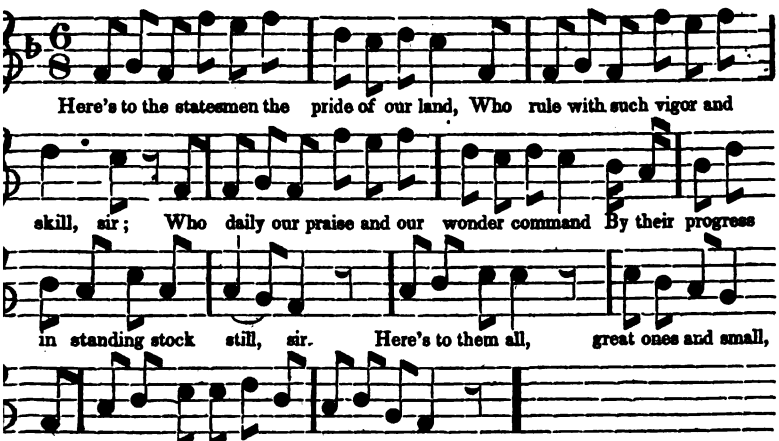
> "Long live, with love and friendship bless'd—
> Long live, as now, a pleasant jest.
> Adieu! If Hume or you have writ
> Aught for our common end more fit,
> Send it, and earn an old man's thanks—
> (You can't be at a loss for *franks*)—
> If you have *really* nothing new,
> Sing these with me. Once more, adieu!"

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

SOUTHSIDE, 20*th May* 1837.

HERE'S TO THE STATESMEN, THE PRIDE OF OUR LAND.

AIR—*Here's to Maiden of blushing fifteen.*



Here's to the statesmen, the pride of our land,
  Who rule with such vigor and skill, sir;
Who daily our praise and our wonder command,
  By their progress in standing stock-still, sir;
Here's to them all, great ones and small,
Who promise so much, and do nothing at all.

Here's to their chief, who still keeps up the show,
  Tho' often the show proves a sham, sir,
Who with lords is a bully, with ladies a beau,
  Yet is harmless to both as a Lamb, sir.
Here's to them all, great ones and small,
Who aim at so much, and do nothing at all.

Here's to the Watch o'er our colonies set,
  Who sleeps while the riot is roaring;
Though roused up a moment to utter a threat,
  Again honest Charlie is snoring!
Here's to them all, loud though they bawl,
When needed indeed, they do nothing at all.

Here's to Lord John! whose magnanimous air
  Should grace a more dignified form, sir;
Whose swelling harangues I can only compare
  To a tea-cup attempting a storm, sir.
Here's to them all, little or tall,
They try to look big, but are nothing at all.

Here's to Lord Protocol! Thanks to his care,
  Things now are on such a fine basis,
'Twould puzzle old Grotius himself to declare
  If we're under his *Belli* or *Pacis*.
Here's to them all, a pretty cabal,
Who meddle so much, yet do nothing all.

For whether he actively non-intervenes,
  Or passively plans mediation,
His proofs of success he may tell the *Marines*,
  Or show by the Cracow Legation.
Here's to them all, from Melbourne to Maule,
Their promises still end in nothing at all.

A snail and a tortoise are not very quick,
  A fly in a glue pot is slow, sir;
But of all the slow coaches e'er came to a stick,
  These Whigs are the slowest I know, sir.
Here's to them all, see how they crawl!
They promise full speed, but can scarce go at all.

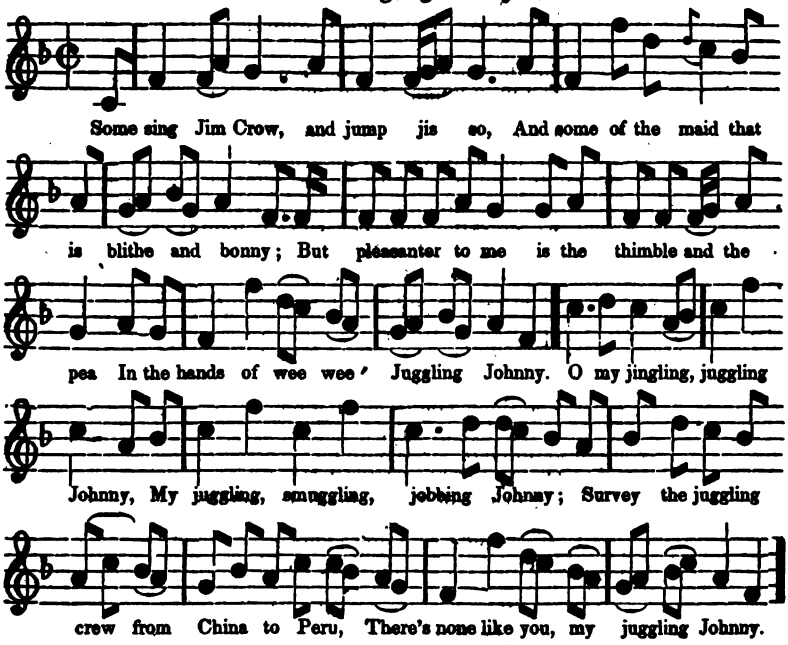
Their bills and placards have a flourishing style,
  They'll *book* for Land's-end, or elsewhere, sir;
But the passenger finds, ere he goes the first mile,
  All they mean is to pocket the fare, sir.
Here's to them all, how they drivel and drawl,
Their double quick time ends in nothing at all.

They're the dog in the manger, the drone in the hive,
  They're powerless for wrong or for right, sir;
They can't do the ill they would gladly contrive,
  And won't do the good that they might, sir.
Out with them all, black be their fall,
Who promise too much, and do nothing at all!

JUGGLING JOHNNY.

A NEW THIMBLE-RIG SONG.

Tune—"*Jingling Johnny.*"



Some sing Jim Crow,
And jump "jis so,"
And some of the maid that is blithe and bonny—
But pleasanter to me
Is "the thimble and the pea,"
In the hands of wee, wee JUGGLING JOHNNY.
Oh my jingling, juggling Johnny,
My juggling, smuggling, jobbing Johnny—
Survey the juggling crew,
"From China to Peru,"
There's none like you, my juggling Johnny.

This wee, wee man,
Of the conjuring clan,
In our reign of KING DAN is the pride and wonder;
His implements are small,
But yet they are his all—
And small as they are, not so the plunder.
Oh my jobbing, juggling Johnny,
My jinking, slinking, sly-boots Johnny,
For a wee, wee man
You're a great charlatan—
My jinking, jingling, juggling Johnny.

It's an edifying sight,
To see him night by night—
A sketch deserving H.B.'s pencil;
With all his tools of trade
Around him array'd,
And he himself the Whig UTENSIL.

Oh! my Whig utensil Johnny,
My nameless Whig utensil Johnny—
A handle not unfit
Even for a sort of wit,
Affords my Whig utensil Johnny.

But the thimbles and the peas—
You may laugh as you please—
It's clearly on these his fame is founded;
Beating Stepney-fair to sticks
For the sharpness of his tricks,
As the public pouch he picks "with applause unbounded."
Oh! my nimming, trimming Johnny,
My smirking, quirking, jerking Johnny—
Stepney or Bow
Has no such show,
As my jingling, jabbering, juggling Johnny.

First he takes a single pea,
And lets every body see
It fairly put beneath the thimble;
You think you're looking on,
When lo! the pea is gone—
You are so blind, or he so nimble.
Oh my nimble-fingered Johnny—
My prince of all the jugglers, Johnny;
The black Hindoo
Would look quite blue
Compared with you, my juggling Johnny.

Next he puts the thimble down,
And wages you a crown
That the self same pea will be found below it:
And there, quite secure,
He has it, as sure
As he's a witch, or as I'm a poet.
Oh! my cogging, cozening Johnny,
My shifting, shirking, shuffling Johnny—
If the Peers produce
Their great card De Roos,
We trump him with our Juggling Johnny.

Next he takes thimbles twain,
And shows the pea so plain
Beneath the one, that who can doubt it?
Yet you better had beware,
For its vanish'd into air,
Or gone to that which you saw without it.
Oh! my nibbling, quibbling, Johnny,
My slippery, slimy, sliddery Johnny,
You may hold an eel,
But you plainly feel
It's vain to think of holding Johnny.

Last, he takes thimbles three,
Putting under each a pea,
And you risk (it may be) some small speculation;
When neither pea nor bean,
Nor money's to be seen,
All merged in one Appropriation!
Oh! my all-absorbing Johnny,
My surplus-making-taking Johnny—

You may button up your fob
Against the swell-mob,
But not against a job of my juggling Johnny.

If for fair-play you should call,
He takes thimbles, peas, and all,
And opening his mouth with a huge hiatus,
He makes you his bow,
And, as conjurors know how,
Swallows the whole of his own apparatus.
Oh, my gulping, gaping Johnny,
My wriggling, sniggling Whigling Johnny—
Survey the juggling clan,
From St. Stephens to Japan,
And find me a man like my juggling Johnny!

A HEALTH TO OLD ENGLAND, AND WESTMINSTER'S PRIDE.

Air—"*Argyll is my name.*"

Ye friends of your country, still true to her cause,
Who honor her landmarks, who cherish her laws,
Again, at my bidding, a bumper you'll drain,
Again, as I lead ye, you'll join in the strain.
To Church and to King has the goblet been crowned—
To Peel and the Duke has the chorus gone round:
Now pour out the wine in a full flowing tide,
For a health to Old England and Westminster's pride!

A foe we had found him in days that are past,
But a foe with whom bitterness never could last:
No poisoned or treacherous weapons had he;
Frank, manly, sincere, independent, and free.
His honor unsullied, his courage still bright,
His head often wrong, but of heart always right;
The love e'en his liberty's likeness—his guide,
Such then and such ever was Westminster's pride.

When faction prevailed, and the hunger of place
Deemed nought that could aid it too vile or too base,
When restless encroachment, the more it had gained,
Still faster advanced to destroy what remained;
When the Altar, the Peerage, respected before
As the bulwarks of freedom, were sacred no more;
Then true to his aim, though by calumny tried,
We found a staunch comrade in Westminster's pride.

Then speed the good cause! and ere long may we view
Another fit champion the conflict renew!
On his brow see the oak and the olive entwined!
The soldier, the statesman, the scholar combined.
And as Murray still triumphed, where Evans was beat,
May the omen prove true when at home they shall meet;
With the friends of fair freedom all ranged on their side,
May Murray with Burdett be Westminster's pride!

A CHANT FOR MANY VOICES.

Tune—"*The Old English Gentleman.*"

Come, strike again the good old strain, and let the welkin ring
For Burdett bold, who fast doth hold by country and by king;

And when the paltry pismire tribe his gallant spirit sting,
For church and crown the gauntlet down right manfully doth fling,
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

A gallant English gentleman he evermore hath been,
And though some few vagaries we perchance from him have seen,
Yet when 'twas known, and fairly shown, what Whig-Reform might mean,
He spurned it from his threshold, as most hateful and unclean,
In the sight of English gentlemen,
All of the olden-time.

Full well he knew the traitrous crew, whom proudly he defied;
Full well he read the English hearts, on whom his heart relied;
For every true Conservative in that good contest vied,
While SINCLAIR bravely led the van, and "would not be denied,"
Like a gallant Scottish gentleman,
All of the olden time.

The fight is done—the field is won—the day is all our own:
The gabbling goose of Middlesex from Westminster hath flown;
The gosling whom he brought with him a standing jest hath grown,
For lo! a guest in his old nest, who *strikes the proper tone*
For fine old English gentlemen,
All of the olden time.

Long live the pride of Westminster—the hero of THE TOWER!
And may those crouching, creeping slaves—those minions of the hour,
Who league with goose or gosling thus to save their misus'd power,
Perceive at length they've lost their strength, like small-beer waxing sour,
Eschewed of English gentlemen,
All of the olden time.

Oh! pleasant 'tis throughout the land, to peasant and to Peer,
From merry England's noble heart glad tidings thus to hear;
And ere the shout that quails the foe hath died upon the ear,
May there be heard from Palace-yard just such another cheer,
For ANOTHER fine old gentlemen,
All of the olden time.

LITERARY CRITICISMS.

BY A LAWYER.

MR. NORTH,

Though you may have no great inclination for law, your love for literature may induce you to receive with indulgence the following humble attempt at establishing an alliance between two powers that have hitherto been on terms of open hostility.

Sir William Blackstone's Farewell to his Muse correctly expresses the general feeling among his profession, that those who enter into the holy state of matrimony with Themis, are expected to discontinue any *liaison* or even casual flirtation with the females of Parnassus. That venerable lady is a jealous spouse, and exceedingly apt to grow sulky if she suspects any intercourse even of the most Platonic kind with her more seducing rivals. It is no exception to this rule that some ardent and favored lovers of the Muses have worn a lawyer's gown upon their backs. Such gentlemen having never any serious intentions of adhering soberly and domestically to their proper calling, seem rather to resemble the French ladies of whom we read, who marry for the sole purpose of carrying

on their gallantries with a better semblance of decency. They bear their husband's name, indeed, but reserve all their tenderness for the *cavaliere serviente.* Just so the individuals we refer to assume the respectable appellation of barrister or advocate, and thus acquire an appearance of *status,* but they do so in truth with the single design of indulging with less scandal their irregular hankerings after poetry or philosophy.

No doubt there have been genuine exceptions from my general rule in the case of a few men who have succeeded in both departments. But such instances are rare and strange, and hitherto beyond hope of imitation. For myself, I have ever despaired of attaining, in the ordinary way, that ambidexter or amphibious state. The long and habitual use of one element has unfitted me for living in any other. The smell of dust and the sight of parchment are become indispensable to my vital functions. I see law in every thing. The commonest occurrences of life and society suggest to me nothing but points of jurisprudence or prospects of litigation. The announcement of Mrs. ——— being safely delivered of a son and heir, awakens reflections on the subject of primogeniture. The death of —— Esq., greatly lamented, leads to no idea but the terms of his father's deed of entail, or his own settlement. The mention of any particular individual reminds me merely that he is second cousin to one of the parties in the great cause A. *v.* B. When I converse with my next neighbor at dinner, I find I am insensibly subjecting him to a train of examination as a witness, and even among ladies at the tea-table my discourse turns chiefly on the various rules applicable to verbal slander, or the law of separate alimony.

An early fondness for literature, not yet extirpated, leads me occasionally to a perusal of the poets; but professional tendencies follow me here also. Some legal topic is always the chief attraction, and it is curious to see what food for meditation of this kind is often presented in unexpected quarters. The Latin poets, of course, abound with illustrations of Ulpian and the civil law, but the best of them are not confined in their application to any one system. Horace's Dialogue with Trebatius has afforded me some useful hints for a speech in a case of libel, and I have lately referred to the Georgics with much advantage, on a question as to a waygoing crop.

But chiefly in our own classics do I find a pleasing scope for contemplation or criticism. And I now address you partly in the hope of teaching my legal brethren the art of reconciling contradictions, and of extracting the honey of professional improvement from those poetical weeds that would otherwise be to us so "unprofitably gay." I have also another object for the benefit of literary gentlemen. All writers dabble occasionally in law, some with more, some with less correctness. The accuracy of these laymen is often wonderful, but their blunders are more frequently amusing. A poet or a novelist, I can easily demonstrate, ought to take lessons in law just as a painter should study anatomy. A false illustration from this source will spoil an entire poem, and when a story is founded on the construction of a will, the succession to an estate, a criminal trial, or some similar basis, a flaw in the foundation will undermine the fairest superstructure.

For avoiding mistakes of this kind, I propose, if I meet with due encouragement, to deliver a course of lectures on Poetical Jurisprudence. I have the advantage of having practised both in the English courts, and in Scotch appeals before the House of Lords, so that I consider myself "Doctus utriusque linguæ," and able to assist in any work of fiction, whether the *venue* be laid on one side of the Tweed or the other.

As a specimen of these lectures, I shall in this prospectus take at random, from some of our best writers, a few instances of legal incidents or illustrations, whether serving as models to follow, or beacons to avoid.

I begin with the master spirit of poetry, as in duty bound. Sir Henry Halford, I believe, has shown how correctly Shakspeare describes the phenomena of some diseases, and I make no doubt that had he applied himself equally to law, he would have made a great figure in it. Yet I own that I never peruse my chief favorite the Merchant of Venice, without a mixture of melancholy, to think that it has so many faults, and in particular that the distress turns chiefly upon

embarrassments, with which no lawyer can seriously sympathize. There are several striking flaws in this drama.

In the first place, Antonio's difficulties arise entirely from his gross oversight in not effecting an insurance upon his various argosies. He should have opened a set of policies at once upon the Rialto, where marine assurance was perfectly well understood, and where the brokers would have got him fifty names in a forenoon to any extent upon ship, freight, or cargo, lost or not lost. This prudential step would have given a totally different turn to the whole affair. When he wanted to help Bassanio with 3000 ducats for three months, he could have easily raised the money, at four per cent, on the security of an assignment of the policy. Shylock says of him, "Antonio is a good man: —yet his means are *in supposition*: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, land thieves, and water thieves; I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks." Now these are the very risks which the contract of insurance is intended to cover, as clearly explained in Marshall and our other writers, and as expressed in the following clause inserted in all policies. "Touching the adventures and perils which the said assurers are contented to bear, and do take upon them in this voyage, they are *of the seas*, men-of-war, fire, enemies, *pirates*, rovers, *thieves*, jettisons, &c., barratry of the master or mariners, and of all other perils, losses and misfortunes that have or shall come to the hurt, detriment, or damage of the said goods or merchandizes, and ship or vessel." With this precaution Antonio's means would have been no longer *in supposition*, but in certainty, and as good as hard cash, under deduction merely of the premium of insurance. Finally, when intelligence was received of Antonio's argosies being wrecked, it is plain that he might, in the circumstances, have at once abandoned to the underwriters, and claimed for a total loss.

It is painful to see so many amiable characters involved in griefs and difficulties, which this simple and natural expedient would have obviated. My feelings at this reflection are something akin to those of a very susceptible medical friend, who declares that he can never sit out Romeo and Juliet, from the thought that a judicious use of the stomach pump in the last scene would remove all the distress, and make two lovers happy!

But there are more spots in the sun. The debate in which Portia delivers her legal opinions, is not at all conducted on correct principles, some very important pleas in Antonio's behalf being quite overlooked. The stipulation in Shylock's bond is thus explained by him:—

"Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me."

It is obvious that this agreement is what lawyers sometimes call a *pactum legis commissoriæ*, which could not be foreclosed by the mere failure to repay on the day appointed. Portia should have pleaded that in equity Antonio was still entitled to be relieved, and that Shylock could not enforce his forfeiture, without some process like the declarator of irritancy which you have in Scotland. Even then Antonio, according to the phraseology of your law, would at any time before judgment, have been entitled to *purge at the bar*, in presence of the Duke and the rest of the company.

It is manifest also that Portia entirely overlooks the plea of illegal consideration, or *pactum illicitum*, which affected the validity of the whole transaction. I do not remember any decided case in point, but it seems at least a pleadable objection that it is *contra bonos mores* to allow one man to take a pound of flesh from the body of another. The question would be more difficult if it were intended for a beneficial purpose, as in the case of transplanting a feature from one man's rear to another's front, as in the Taliacotian operation. But where no such advantageous object was to be served, I rather think that

the law would refuse action for a pound of flesh. The contract between the Irish giant and the anatomists, even if it had been recognised in law, is also quite different, for there the body was sold for the scientific purpose of dissection, and, besides, the vendor reserved his own liferent.

While Portia thus omits to state several important and indeed conclusive pleas on behalf of the defendant, most of those she does state seem to be quite ill-founded. She lays it down that Shylock was not entitled to take either more or less than the pound of flesh. That he was not entitled to take more is true; but why was he not entitled to take less? It was his own affair if he chose to accept of less than full payment, and it was as lawful for him to do so as for a creditor in a thousand pound bond to restrict his claim to L.950. In like manner the objection to taking any blood is quite frivolous. If Shylock was entitled to his flesh and could not have it without blood, he was also entitled to the blood, according to the maxim, *Accessorium sequitur principale.* Had I been on the bench on this occasion, I should assuredly have overruled both of these pleas with costs.

The case of Shylock *v.* Antonio, therefore, seems, like many more modern decisions, to have been decided well, but upon bad grounds.

I am sorry also to observe that the whole affair of the caskets, in the same play, is founded on a wrong basis. The will of Portia's father was quite void, as contrary to liberty, and as a restraint upon marriage.

It may be said that after all, Shakspeare has made a very fine thing out of his false data; but I say, how much finer would it have been if it had been based upon a knowledge and observance of our institutional writers and termly reports!

Leaving the pages of Shakspeare, and passing down to later days, I find, as might be expected, considerable materials for legal criticism among the poets of the metaphysical school.

Dr. Donne, with the natural bent of his profession, seems to have inclined chiefly to questions of a testamentary or consistorial kind, falling under the jurisdiction of Doctors' Commons or the Prerogative Court. He is fond of wills and legacies; but it must be confessed that they are not always of a nature to be easily carried into effect. Take the following instance:—

"When last I died, and dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
* * * *
I can remember yet that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I *might be*
Mine own Executor and Legacy."

The idea of a man uniting in his own person the mutual relations of *testator, executor, and legacy,* is original. But I fear that such a settlement would with us be held to be extinguished *confusione,* as the civilians term it.

The doctor's verses on "Confined Love," involve the important general question as to the propriety of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* on the usual grounds. He doubts the justice of the principle, and asks—

"Are sun, moon, or stars, by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorced, or are they chidden,
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night?
Beasts do no jointure lose,
Though they new lovers choose;
But we are made worse than those."

Cowley, also, has some pleasant legal illustrations in his poetry, of which a fair specimen is to be found in his verses "For Hope." Thus—

"Hope! of all ills that men endure
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat! *thou sure-entailed estate,*
Which nought has power to alienate!"

Again in the same poem:—

"Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fast Estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great."

This is very beautiful. Nor can I imagine a finer subject for litigation than

the distribution and distinctions of the real and personal property thus respectively claimed by Faith and Hope. Yet I confess it is a little unintelligible how Hope, who is here mentioned as not the *heir*, but the *executer*, and entitled only to the moveables, should in the former verse have been connected with the entailed estate. This must have depended on some peculiarity in the settlements which Cowley has omitted to explain.

In Waller I find the following very delightful elucidation of a point in bankruptcy;—

"ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

"Tell me, lovely loving pair!
Why so kind and so severe?
Why so senseless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear?

"By this cunning change of hearts
You the power of love control;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

"For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled love does come,
Where he finds a foreign guest
Neither of your hearts at home.

"*Debtors thus with like design,*
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away."

The transaction thus elegantly exposed could, there is no doubt, have been reached by the law of England of that day, and would plainly have been reducible by your law of Scotland, under the first branch of the act 1621, which was passed while Waller was a very young man. Under that statute, I presume Sacharissa and Amoret would be held as *conjunct and confident persons*, and Waller a true and lawful creditor entitled to set aside such a collusive device to defeat his just claims. The puzzle is whether the mutuality of the conveyances would not have constituted a legal consideration, or given them an onerous character, and in this circumstance perhaps consists the great ingenuity of these fair or unfair bankrupts.

Thus, sir, would I review our greatest poets down to the present day, and in each, I think, I could find much to commend and much to improve.

In the modern drama and romance a wide field would be open to us. I shall merely touch on a few of the topics where professional knowledge may be best displayed and is most important.

1. *Marriage.* Our plays and novels are full of errors on this important point. It is not uncommon to huddle up matches between parties who mistake each other's identity, as in the case of Tattle and Mrs. Frail, in Congreve's Love for Love. Such contracts are plainly voidable from *error personæ*. Other outrages on law are exhibited in the modes of obtaining the signature of relatives by false representations as to the deed to be signed, as in a Bold Stroke for a Wife, where the transaction would equally be null on the ground of fraud and circumvention. Under this subject it would be interesting to point out the great revolution produced in dramatic incident by the 26th Geo. II. c. 33, commonly called the Marriage Act, by which, in the case of minors in England, the consent of parents and guardians became essential to marriage, and an end was thereby put to unions of a clandestine nature within the only age which an interesting heroine could possible acknowledge. Since that period a great damp has been thrown upon the love-affairs of the stage, as the unities do not admit of changing the scene to Gretna, and Scotland has not generally been a favorite locality for an entire comedy.

2. *Executions*, or, as you call them, *poindings*. The introduction of a process of this kind tends greatly to heighten the interest of a play or novel, but it ought, of course, for that purpose, to be conducted with all due formality. A theatrical bailiff of my acquaintance used to have great pleasure in reciting a passage in Venice Preserved, in which an execution is described:—

"I passed this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains.
The sons of public rapine were destroying:
They told me, by the sentence of the law
They had commission to seize all thy fortune.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate
Tumbled into a heap for public sale:
There was another making villainous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments:

Rich hangings intermixed and wrought
with gold:
The very bed which on thy wedding night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon vil-
lains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber."

"This, sir," my friend would say to me, "is very bad; a great contrast to our most approved practice now. I pique myself on the peculiar delicacy and courtesy with which I manage such matters, particularly where ladies or bed-rooms are concerned, and all my assistants are perfect gentlemen in their manners. In short, sir, I may say that in the hands of our firm of Chas'em, Charg'em, and Co., a *fieri facias* is a positive pleasure."

3. *Capiasses, captions*, or *arrests* are also useful incidents, if they be scientifically introduced and treated. Peregrine Pickle, and other novels of that class, would afford copious illustrations on this point.

4. The detection of crime, whether felony or petty larceny, is capable of being rendered extremely interesting. Of the former class examples are to be found in most of the blood and murder school of fiction; and of the latter, I think the best modern instances occur in the novels of Miss Edgeworth, who, among her other excellences, has obviously had a strong hankering after legal procedure. We are indebted, however, to my friend, Mr. Warren, in his admirable work on the Studies of a Lawyer, for an exposition of some of this authoress's legal inaccuracies; and, since I have mentioned her name, I shall quote his remarks, as affording a strong confirmation of the necessity, even to the best, of the course of instruction which I contemplate.

"It is amusing to see how confused a notion of the different branches of the profession is possessed by even those who have affected an intimate knowledge of them. No less popular a writer than Miss Edgeworth, in her interesting novel, Patronage, having evidently bestowed great pains on the delineation of the character and pursuits of Mr. Alfred Percy, a young barrister, vindicating in the preface her frequent adoption of professional technicalities, appears to be completely in the dark as to the proper province of a barrister—of the walk of life in which she has placed her hero. She has, accordingly, made him a very mongrel character, now an attorney, sent into the country to inquire into the management of an estate &c.; then a conveyancer, drawing marriage settlements; and finally, a pleading barrister, at one time eloquently haranguing judge and jury, at another drawing pleadings, in which latter capacity he is represented as drawing for the *same* party in the same suit, both 'replication' and 'rejoinder,' *i. e.* making his own client both plaintiff and defendant."

Among the works of longer standing in which Old Bailey practice is made subservient to literary amusement, the Beggar's Opera and Jonathan Wild occupy a conspicuous place, and would each afford room for instructive observation. It is to be lamented, however, that in these and many other compositions of a comic nature, the authors seem to have been animated by a most irreverent desire to hold up the legal profession to public ridicule, which nothing but a consciousness of pure and disinterested motives could enable us to bear.

In any imitation of the two standard works I have last referred to, it will be kept in view by the author, that no action lies as between thieves or highwaymen for any distribution of their common plunder, and that any claim of that kind must rest on the honor or honesty, for which such gentlemen are proverbial as among themselves. This was expressly ruled in the case of Everet *v.* Williams, which occurred in Exchequer in 1725, between two of the worthies who are shadowed out in some of Gay's respectable *dramatis personæ*. The bill in Exchequer avoided mentioning directly the true nature of the engagement between the parties, and bore to be founded on a supposed dealing as copartners in certain valuable articles; but showed sufficiently the state of the fact. It stated, "that the plaintiff was skilled in dealing in several commodities, such as plate, rings, watches, &c.; that the defendant applied to him to become a partner; that they entered into partnership, and it was agreed that they should equally provide all sorts of necessaries, such as horses, saddles, bridles, and equally bear all expenses on the roads, and at inns, taverns, or alehouses, or at markets or fairs.

And your orator and the said Joseph Williams proceeded jointly in the said business, with good success, *on Hounslow Heath, where they dealt with a gentleman for a gold watch;* and afterwards the said Joseph Williams told your orator that *Finchley*, in the county of Middlesex, *was a good and convenient place to deal in*, and that commodities were very plenty at Finchley aforesaid, and it would be almost all clear gain to them; that they went accordingly and *dealt with several gentlemen* for divers watches, rings, swords, canes, hats, cloaks, horses, bridles, saddles, and other things; that about a month afterwards the said Joseph Williams informed your orator that there was a gentleman at *Blackheath* who had a good horse, saddle, bridle, watch, sword, cane, and other things *to dispose of*, which, he believed, *might be had for little or no money;* that they accordingly went *and met with the said gentleman, and, after some small discourse, they dealt for the said horse*, &c.; that your orator and the said Joseph Williams continued their joint dealings together till Michaelmas, and dealt together in several places, viz.—at *Bagshot*, in Surrey, &c., to the amount of L.2000, and upwards." The rest of the bill was in the ordinary form for a partnership account. The result of the case was, that the bill was reported upon to be scandalous and impertinent, and that the solicitors were fined fifty pounds each; while it was ordered "that Jonathan Collins, Esq., the counsel who signed the bill, should pay the costs;" a very strong step, not, I should hope, to be drawn into a precedent. It is believed that both plaintiff and defendant were hanged a few years afterwards, the law probably having her eye more closely fixed upon their proceedings, in consequence of their irregular intrusion into her precincts as litigants.

I need not dwell upon various other legal topics that may be woven into fictitious composition, or insist upon the importance of their being treated in the most correct and technical manner.

I flatter myself that authors would, as to these matters, derive invaluable instruction from my proposed lectures. But it would perhaps be better, after all, if they submitted their works to be revised by counsel (accompanied, of course, with the usual stimulus,) either while the plot is in outline, or after its completion. Had I been consulted as to some late works, I think I could have been of service. I should have told Mr. Sheridan Knowles that the "Wrecker's Daughter" might not probably be so popular with the clerks of the Edinburgh pit, who do not understand how a child should be obliged to give evidence against her father's life; and I should have made Mr. Ward aware, had he submitted to me his story of St. Lawrence, that a Scotch writer or attorney was not likely to choose a woman as an instrumentary witness.

In undertaking the legal revision of poems, novels, and plays, I beg it to be understood that, unlike Apelles' cobbler, I should confine my observations entirely to the shoe, without trying to get above my profession by meddling with any of the more delicate parts of the piece.

In addition to the plans I have developed, I do not, sir, despair of effecting a further combination of law and literature, by founding or fostering a school of juridical poetry. In England we have some excellent and classical poems of this description, such as Langhorne's "Country Justice," and Anstey's "Pleader's Guide." But in Scotland, a few slender garlands, of no great freshness or variety, is all you can boast. I intend, if the public seem propitious, to issue proposals for a poetical edition of the late Mr. Gilbert Hutcheson's excellent treatise on the duties of Justices of the Peace and Commissioners of Supply, and also for a version of Mr. Bell's Commentaries, done into Pindaric verse, with an appendix of metrical Styles to aid the memory of students.

I trust you will excuse the long canter my hobbyhorse has taken, and believe me the sincere admirer of Maga and yourself,

LEGULEIUS LECTOR.

Inner Temple, London.
Parliament Square, Edinburgh.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

I HAD been ailing for some days; and no wonder, for it was the height of the influenza season. Every one knows the spleen, melancholy, and lassitude which this invidious malady engenders. It is vain to strive against it, for it will have its way; and the greater the resistance made to it, the more strenuous is its assault and battery. Of course I caught the epidemic—not wishing to appear particular—and the consequences may be imagined. I became nervous, fretful, hypochondriacal; and my naturally gloomy chambers in elements now looked ten times gloomier than ever.

This was a sad state of mind to be in, so I went and explained my case to a neighboring surgeon, who, seeing that nothing was to be done with me in the way of exuberant physicking, exhorted me to patience and a febrifuge, adding, for my express consolation, that the influenza, when it happened to get hold of a gentleman of irritable nerves, was very apt to act like an attorney towards a rich client—that is, to make the most of him. Cheering words these, and not less true than cheering, as the sequel proved; for, during one entire week, though I kept myself as quiet as possible, I could neither eat, drink, sleep, nor conjure up even the phantom of a smile. Finding this, I determined, as a last resource, to try the effects of change of scene; so forthwith despatched a hasty scrawl to an old college chum who had lately married a provincial heiress, stating that I was an invalid and required country air, and requesting to know whether he would receive me as his guest for a few weeks.

To this letter I received an answer by return of post, wherein my friend expressed his delight at my intention of beating up his quarters, adding, however, that he was just on the eve of setting out with his wife on a visit to her brother, who was an invalid like myself, but that he should return home within a fortnight; and in the mean while I might make free use of his house, for which he had left all suitable directions with his servants.

As the case was pressing and admitted of no ceremony, I no sooner found myself in a condition to travel than I set off by the night-coach, delighted to turn my back on those dull, old-fashioned chambers where I had so long been kept a close prisoner poring over drowsy law-books. After a tedious journey, during which I was harassed by the constant bickerings of two middle-aged gentlemen, one of whom insisted on having the window up, and the other on having it down, I reached my friend's house. It was a spacious mansion, of considerable antiquity, situated near the brow of a cliff that overhung the sea; below it, at the distance of about half a mile, stood a small compact town, which, from its sheltered and salubrious site, and the picturesque character of the surrounding scenery, attracted in the summer and autumn months many visitors. It was now, however, comparatively deserted, for the weather being as fickle as a French coquette, and the barometer in a perpetual state of perplexity, all rational people made a point of cultivating the organ of stay-at-home-ativeness.

The novelty of my situation enabled me to pass away a few days pleasantly enough. I strolled through my friend's grounds—lounged away hours in his library—visited the news-rooms, and other places of public resort in the town; and in the evening made myself as cosy as possible over a glass of unimpeachable claret. But at the end of the first week, the weather still continuing inclement, I began to experience a return of my old restlessness, and to feel myself—to use a genuine English phrase—"put out of my way." I had no one to converse with; no buoyant spirits to bear me gallantly up, such a depression had the influenza left behind it; and being confined for hours together to the house, went listlessly wandering through its many spacious apartments, till their very size appeared a presumption and an impertinence.

By way of diverting these feelings, I projected one morning a pedestrian excursion to some ruins a few miles off, which were the lions of the neighborhood; but before I could put my design into execution, down came one of those steady, perpendicular rains which you feel persuaded, will go driz-

zle-drizzle through the day. Most reluctantly, therefore, I abandoned my intention, and retreated to the library, where I took up an odd volume of Maga, and strove to amuse myself with the admirably told anecdote of the Dead Quaker under the brow of Helvellyn, whose tough broad-cloth so bewildered the beaks of the hungry ravens; but it would not do; I was in no humor for a joke; and was sadly bethinking me how I should wear away the day, and what was of more consequence, the long, solitary evening, when suddenly "glorious Apollo," breaking out from among the ragged, spongy clouds, came streaming full in at the window. Believe me, gentle reader, there is more virtue in an unexpected sun-burst than you may suppose. Often and often, while seated in my dingy den, nodding over Chitty's Law Reports, have I experienced its encouraging efficacy. The day, perhaps, just previously has been dark and cheerless, and my thoughts equally so, when lo! a sudden flash, and as the blessed radiance has smiled away the gloom from my apartments, away, too, has gone the frown from my brow, and I have turned again to my task—before, mere drudgery—with a freshness and vivacity of spirit called into the briskest action by that messenger of light and peace. So was it on the present occasion. My mind cleared up at once, I started from my seat, and in a few minutes was half-way down the cliff. But, alas! the cheering sun-burst was but evanescent. Before I could get as far as the town, the sky was again overcast, and a heavy fog rose up, like the Arabian genie, from the sea, accompanied by another indefatigable shower, just as if some spiteful fiend or other were wringing a huge wet blanket in the air above my head.

For the second time, therefore, I was compelled to put off my visit to the ruins, but not relishing the idea of returning home so soon, I waited in the news-room till the rain had partially subsided, and then took my way towards the harbor where some fishermen's boats were just coming in. What a comfortless prospect there met my gaze! It was low-water; the black, stinking sea-weed lay in masses on the muddy shore; one or two sailors, in red night-caps, and each with the dingy stump of a pipe in his mouth, were sitting in a small collier, on a coil of ropes; a dripping young Cockney, with his new silk umbrella turned inside out, and his hat secured by a bit of black ribband tied to the button-hole of his coat, was hurrying off the little wooden pier with a countenance the very title-page of tribulation; the bathing machines were all drawn up on the beach; and on the sands beyond them, outside the harbor, some two or three hatless urchins, with their hair matted close to their heads by the rain, and their trowsers tucked up to their knees, were turning up masses of chalk and rock for crabs and star-fish. In whatever direction I turned my eyes—whether to the ships in the offing which rose and fell with a heavy sickening regularity; to the solitary light-house; or to the long reach of barren cliffs which stretched away for miles on either side the harbor—all looked disconsolate. And this, said I, is the country, these the charms of a watering-place! Well, thank God, I am metropolitan in my tastes; and hurried home, thinking with more complacency of my chambers at Clement's Inn than I had ever done before.

Arrived there, early as was the hour—it was but three o'clock—I ordered dinner, and while it was getting ready, took a stroll through my friend's Picture Gallery, which I had as yet but cursorily inspected. The collection, though small, was select, many of the paintings being by the old masters; and those of the modern school among the choicest specimens of the art. Among the latter was one which, from its homely, rustic character, and the rough vigor of its coloring, I conjectured to be by Morland or Gainsborough. It represented a farmer's buxom dame jogging along to market on a donkey, with a basket of eggs on her arm. Her figure was well drawn, but it was the painting of the animal that most struck my fancy. Its meek, patient air, as of one who had long ceased to expostulate or war with destiny; its dull eye; slow, heavy gait; drooping ears, and rough dingy coat:—all this was as skilfully delineated as Paul Potter himself could have done. Strange, said I, pursuing the train of thought, which the sight of this humble, hopeless animal had suggested, how, despite the poetical, historical, and religious reminiscences with which he is connected, we all de-

ise, even more than we pity, the poor donkey. If the laws of association are to avail aught, we should hold him in the highest reverence. It was on an ass that the Savior of the world rode into Jerusalem; an ass, according to the Koran, is to sound the trumpet of the resurrection; the braying of an ass saved the throne of Laku, king of Siam; an ass is the hero of Peter Bell; the eulogized of Cervantes and Sterne; and the beloved of the fairy Queen, Titania. True, he kicked at the dying lion in one of Æsop's most touching fables; but how many Christians are hourly acting in the same spirit! Look at the great statesman about to fall. What an instant pricking up of long ears in St. Stephens! What a sonorous bray against him throughout the political world! Alas, there are animals that call themselves rational beings, far more worthy of contempt than the meanest quadruped that ever chewed the thistle!

The next pictures to which my attention was directed were three hung close together, and every way remarkable. I had cast a hasty glance at them before, but now that I came to examine them more closely, I was struck with the nature of the subjects, and the elaborate finish of the details. They had evidently been painted upwards of a century, and were still in excellent preservation. The first represented a wild, barren tract of moorland, whereon stood two figures, one, a well looking youth in the first bloom of manhood; and the other, a decrepid, witch-like old woman, the expression of whose features resembled those of Hecate in Fuseli's fine painting. This hag was in earnest conversation with the young man, who seemed listening to her with fear and wonder not unmingled with distrust.

The second picture showed the same youth standing unarmed on the deck of a ship, and surrounded by a rough set of sailors, one of whom was presenting a pistol at his head. The broad masses of light and shade in this painting; its variety of character; and the Rembrandt-like heads of one or two of its groupes, would have made the fortune of a modern artist.

The third picture represented the same young man, though with a more thoughtful and care-worn aspect, standing at midnight among some ruins on a waste like that of Dartmoor, while before him was a lovely female figure, on whom, strange to say, he was gazing with apprehension, as though she had been a spectre. This painting—at least so it seemed to me—was by far the finest of the three, and evinced a power of conception and depth of sentiment which I have rarely seen surpassed. The wan, imperfect moon; the fantastic cloud; the rare stars; the startled look of the youth; the motionless figure of his companion; and, above all, the forlorn, ghastly aspect of the monastic ruins;—the spirit displayed in the execution of these several details impressed me so forcibly, that I determined not to rest till I had made myself acquainted with the history, not merely of this, but of all the three pictures, for I felt persuaded that they were not the mere creations of fancy—else wherefore the presence of one and the same individual in all of them?—but had their origin in fact.

Accordingly, when my friend's *major domo* came in to announce dinner, I catechised him on the subject, for he was one of those staid, intelligent, respectable old family servants, who know all its ancestral traditions by heart, place implicit faith in them, and take a pride in explaining them to such wondering ignoramuses as myself. From this veteran gossip I received for answer, that the pictures in question were old family ones, highly prized by his mistress, to the fortunes of one of whose ancestors—she was of the Devonshire Trevanions—they had reference. On further pressing him, he entered into copious particulars of their history; and as these were sufficiently curious, and I happened to be grievously in want of occupation, the idea struck me that I would set to and embody them in one connected narrative. Hence the origin of "Trevanion," the composition of which enabled me to spend a few days agreeably enough. Gentle reader, should it have the rare good fortune to amuse you, too, I may possibly be tempted (after the fashion of our writers for annuals) to illustrate other portions of the "Picture Gallery."

TREVANION.

Chapter I.

Whoever has visited South Devon must often have found occasion to admire the picturesque beauty of its cottages. Some one or other of these must surely have given rise to that sentimental adage, "Love in a cottage," for it is impossible to see them, with their tidy thatched roof, jessamine covered walls, trim flower garden with its small sunny grass-plot, beehive, and wooden porch redolent of wild roses and honey-suckles, and within whose shelter an English Juliet may sit unobserved, and murmur melodious nothings in the ear of her Romeo, while a blackbird in a wicker cage sings with kindred sweetness above her head;—it is impossible, I say, to see peaceful picturesque snuggeries like these, without instantly associating them in idea with that blissful and unsophisticated period, the honeymoon. In the hamlet of South Zeal these cottages are celebrated for their unassuming beauty, and it was from one of the neatest and most attractive in the whole district—the dwelling evidently of one above the peasant class—that, early on a summer morning, a young girl issued with stealthy and trembling steps, as if she feared that "the very stones" would prate of her "whereabout."

On reaching the garden gate, she just halted an instant and looked timidly about her, and then made an abrupt dart down one of those famous Devonshire lanes which may vie in length with the longest story ever told by a club-proser, till she reached the moor, where she made a second halt, as though in momentary expectation of some one's arrival. But that "some one" came not. Far as the eye could reach, not a living thing was discernible—nothing but a bleak interminable expanse of desert, here swelling up into gradual hills, round whose heads the mists of night still clung; and there dotted with gloomy granite tors, or a few half-starved superannuated elms and oaks, which looked—to use the forcible expression of one of our ablest divines—as though they were set up there by Nature for "signals of distress."

There is something very impressive in the idea of standing, the only living being, on a vast desert like Dartmoor. To hear no sound or stir that can remind you of a cheerful animated creation, no bird singing, no cattle lowing, no sheep-bell tinkling; to see nothing but dead masses of granite, or the giant wrecks of oak that speak of life gone by, and carry the mind back into the solitudes of the past; this far more affects the imagination than standing alone in some huge sleeping city, for there, though it may be dormant, you have still humanity at your elbow; but on Dartmoor hours may elapse before you get sight of the human countenance; 'tis like being severed for a time from the social world, to which you, and I, and all of us, gentle reader, are but too apt to fancy we should have no objection, till we found ourselves really in solitude, when we feel, with Robinson Crusoe, that we are gregarious in our nature, and that it is not good for us to be alone.

These, however, are reflections that occur only to the mind when it is at leisure; a pre-occupied fancy has no taste for such abstract speculations, and our young village lass was evidently absorbed by thoughts of far more immediate interest, for she kept walking to and fro a prescribed distance, now looking before and now behind her, with a countenance expressive equally of fear and disappointment, till at length, as she was preparing with reluctance to quit the spot, a low subdued voice called her by name, and, turning round, she saw with a blush a young man hurrying towards her. In an instant he had reached her side, and they advanced together in silence on the moor, where for a brief season I will leave them, while I explain what were the imperative circumstances which thus compelled two young folks to leave their snug warm bed, and go billing and cooing on a desert, with a wind whistling about them, sharp and searching enough to set the goose-skin roughening beneath the bristles of a hedge-hog.

Chapter II.

John Trevanion—such was our he-
's name — was the younger of two
ons of a Devonshire baronet of old
escent, whose ancestral seat bordered
the village of South Zeal. His
other was also of "gentle blood;"
it, unlike, her husband, who was a
ugh, jolly, ignorant country gentle-
an of the Squire Booby class, possess-
l a mind of superior order, and a
sposition remarkable for its evenness
id good nature. To educate John
emed to be the sole business of this
dy's life; he was her favorite son,
id exhibited from early youth a quick-
ss of apprehension that well repaid
s mother's solicitude, whose highest
nbition it was to see him holding as
oud a station in the world as many
his ancestors had held before him.
ut her wishes were doomed to disap-
ointment, for she died ere he had
ompleted his eighteenth year; but
ot before she had formed his tastes;
hich exhibited a bias towards the ro-
antic and imaginative. No one, for
stance, placed more implicit faith in
l the legends and traditions of per-
aps the most superstitious district in
ngland—especially those bugbears of
e age and country, sorcery and
itchcraft. The well-known Dart-
oor witch, who about this time (the
iddle of the seventeenth century)
rrified the neighborhood with her
onjurations, was invested by John
ith higher supernatural attributes
an even the ignorant peasantry gave
er credit for; but this was less the re-
lt of weak credulity than of that wild
oetic temperament which in the early
ays of Greece peopled the banks of the
ark Acheron with appropriate ghosts
id fiends. But though fond of "lone
tting by the shores of old romance,"
oung Trevanion, unlike the generality
such dreamy enthusiasts, was of an
nergetic, enterprising character, and
ever cast a glance at the portraits of
is gallant ancestors without regretting
hat he had attained his twentieth
ear and had yet signalized himself by
o one act worthy to be held in re-
emembrance.

It was at this period of his life, when
anting to enter the world where he
lt assured he should achieve renown,
hat a circumstance occurred which
changed the whole current of his ideas. He fell in love, a malady to which youth is peculiarly liable. The object of his sudden idolatry was the only daughter of a Somersetshire gentleman, of retired habits and straitened means, who had lately come to take up his abode in one of those picturesque cottages in which, as I have before observed, this quarter of South Devon abounds. It was while wandering alone one evening by the ruins of an abbey which bordered on the moor, that John first encountered this lovely apparition. She was leaning on her father's arm at the time, and flushed with exercise, and radiant with health and youth, presented as attractive an image as lover's eye could desire to gaze on. From this moment John felt himself a changed man. Hitherto, he had been all for ambition; thenceforth he was all for sentiment. And this alteration was not gradual, but instantaneous. His passion was not the result of reflection, but of impulse. It was first-love in all its frenzy. Though he had seen her but once, yet his memory retained a vivid impression of the charms of the fair unknown—of her dark earnest eyes, her luxuriant tresses, the classic outline of her countenance, her swan-like neck, her graceful buoyant tread, and the perfect symmetry of her form, while his fancy, equally vivid, invested her mind with corresponding attractions.

For a whole week afterwards, Trevanion could think of nothing but who the unknown was, and when he should see her again. She was his reverie by day, his dream by night, and so worked upon his imagination that he did not rest until he had not only acquainted himself with her name and place of abode, but even established himself as a visitor at her father's cottage.

The rest follows as a matter of course. The young couple became deeply enamored of each other. From talking together they got to walking together, reading together, and, it might be, sighing together—for first-love is apt to be exceedingly hysterical, while Mr. Mordaunt, Mary's father, who was a widower, neither encouraged nor checked their intimacy, but let it take its course, unconscious ap-

parently—so incurious and unsuspicious was his nature—that it passed the bounds of ordinary acquaintance.

And so months rolled on, happy months which passed with the speed of thought. Seldom a day now elapsed but John was a visitor at the cottage; he had always some new book to lend or to borrow, or some new walk to propose to Mary and her father. Evening after evening found them loitering along the edge of the moor, or, in the gloom of twilight, when none were likely to discover them, through the leafy grove that skirted Trevanion Park, where they would wander for hours, weaving brilliant fancies to the diligent exclusion of all probability, till the hooting of the night-owl warned them that it was time to separate.

It has often been asserted that first-love is blind. I am inclined to doubt this aphorism, and to believe that it is particularly quick-sighted. In the present instance, at least, it was so to a surprising extent, for not one mental grace did John's imagination endow Mary with, but he found on becoming acquainted with her, she possessed. She was indeed not less attractive in intellect than in person, having been educated by Mr. Mordaunt, who doated on her, with a care by no means common in the seventeenth century. But it was not merely a refined, well-instructed mind that John recognised in Mary; he was, if possible, still more struck with her firmness and strength of character, and the depth of her devotion to her father. In fact, so completely did this young girl enthral his heart, that he became almost wholly estranged from his family, seldom joining the convivial parties at the hall, and when he did so for appearances' sake, or to avoid the coarse insinuations of his brother Edward that he felt himself too good for them, hurrying away from the table at the earliest possible opportunity.

The time, however, was at hand when John and Mary were destined to realize the adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth." During the early period of their acquaintance, Trevanion, well knowing his father's prejudices on the score of rank, and also how prone a country village is to scandal, was cautious of parading his intimacy with the Mordaunts, and usually contrived to meet them, as if by accident, on the moor, which was one of their favorite walks. By degrees, however, as he became more and more interested in Mary, he laid aside this caution, and even seemed to take a pride in displaying his attachments to her, resenting the jests of his brother—who, having frequently seen the parties together, half-suspected the state of their affections—with a bitterness that soon produced a coolness between the young men, the more marked on Edward's part, because he too had often cast an admiring glance at Mary, though not with hymeneal ideas. He regarded her merely as an humble village beauty; and being something of a libertine in his habits, without any of his brother's refinement of mind or feeling, thought it far from unlikely that he might be as successful with her as he had been in many of his other rustic amours—at least if John was removed from the scene of action, which accordingly he resolved to take the earliest opportunity of bringing about.

It was not, however, by his brother's means that John's hopes were blasted in the bud, and the full measure of his delinquency made known to the Baronet; for before he could mature his plans, a more subtle spirit had been at work, in the person of a lean, sour old maid, a distant connection of the family, who happening one evening to overhear a conversation between the lovers, of a decidedly matrimonial turn, hastened to acquaint the old man with the full particulars of her discovery—how his son had formed a clandestine attachment to a girl far beneath him in rank; how she returned it; and how, unless he promptly interfered, a nuptial catastrophe would take place, and the blood of the Trevanions be for ever dishonored.

Though rough and blustering in manner, the result of his long established authority over the district, the Baronet was any thing but irascible; but this was precisely one of those communications calculated to call up all the devil within him. If there was one thing beyond another of which he was proud—I except, of course, his hounds and horses—it was the antiquity of his family. An emblazoned genealogy hung up in his hall, and as he cast a hurried glance at this, on his way to the library, where his son, when at home, was usually to be found, his face crimsoned with passion, he reproached John in the bitterest terms for

'hat he called his ingratitude in pre-
uming to talk of marriage, without
rst asking his permission; contrasted
is conduct with that of his brother,
'ho would never have dreamed of
uch heresy; reminded him of his an-
estors, not one of whom but had mated
'ith their equals in rank; and con-
luded by insisting on his giving up
ll thoughts of the "insolent bag-
age," as he styled Mary.

"Never," said John, boldly, when
he Baronet had concluded the longest
peech he had ever been known to
nake: "if I owe respect to you, sir,
owe it also to myself, and I presume
o think that in this instance"——

"Think! What right have you to
hink, when you have got me to think
or you? But this comes of the book-
earning that your poor mother was
lways cramming your head with.
But I'll burn every book in the house;
uch rubbish is only fit for wadding.
There's your brother has never read
line in his life, I'll warrant; no more
ave I, for that matter; and your
reat ancestor, Sir Hugh, who died
n his stirrups at Bosworth Field, could
ot write his own name. And yet you,
orsooth, must presume to be wiser
han all of us! But I'll tell you what
t is, young sir—either give up this
rench, or give up me."

"At least allow me some time for
eflection, sir."

"Time!" shouted the indignant
Baronet; "not a day—not an hour—
'ou've had time, enough and to spare,
lready. Yes, yes, a pretty time you've
ad of it, I'll be bound, gadding about
vith that artful hussey, and making
'ourself the laughing-stock of the
eighborhood, when you should have
een fulfilling your duties as a son and
brother."

"I am not aware, sir, that I have
een remiss in either capacity."

"Oh, I dare say not. You never
hought yourself too good company for
ny friends; you never looked down
n your brother Edward, because he
ad not as much book-learning as
'ourself, though he shall ride, or hunt
r shoot with any man in Devon-
hire."

"Father, father," replied John,
vith deep feeling, you are unjust,
ngenerous; is it my fault that my
abits are not those of my neighbors,
nd that I cannot, strive as I may,
enter into their convivial enjoyments?
As respects Edward, it is he that looks
down on me; not I on him."

"And well he may, seeing the dis-
grace you were about to entail on your
family. However to cut this matter
short—either consent to give up all
thoughts of this girl, or prepare to leave
the hall within the week. I am lord
and master here, and no child of mine
shall dare to fly in the face of my
authority."

But John respectfully, though firm-
ly, persisted in his refusal to resign
Mary, upon which the Baronet, after
consulting with his eldest son, of
whose sagacity he had a high opinion,
applied to Mary's father, who was his
own tenant, and so worked upon his ap-
prehensions—for he was a quiet timid
man—that Mr Mordaunt, whose eyes
were now for the first time opened to
the nature of the intimacy between the
young couple, and who had no idea of
forcing himself into an alliance with
a family that despised him, that very
night exacted a promise from Mary,
whose pride was deeply wounded by
her father's communication, that she
would not see John again.

Trevanion mean time, having no no-
tion of the efforts made by Mr Mor-
daunt to keep his daughter from his
sight, wandered about the neighbor-
hood day and night, hoping to get a
glimpse of Mary: but finding this to
be impossible, and that whenever he
called at the cottage its inmates were
sure to be absent, he became quite
disheartened, attributing that to caprice
on Mary's part which was the result
of bitter necessity.

But perseverance does wonders, and
as a last recource the young man had
recourse to writing. With consider-
able difficulty he managed to get a
letter conveyed to Mary, wherein he
implored her to grant him one last
interview, stating that at daybreak,
near the Abbey, he should be anxious-
ly waiting her arrival, and that if she
failed to come the dissapointment
would be fatal to him. The letter
was penned in such a distracted style
that the poor girl was alarmed by it
into acquiescence. "It is the last time
I shall ever see him." she said—and
acccordingly, at the appointed hour,
made her appearance at the place of
rendezvouz, as I have already shown.

Chapter III.

"So you refuse to agree to my proposal, Mary?" said John, as they walked slowly across the moor. "Unkind girl, is this the affection you have so often professed for me?"

"Unkind, John? If I am so, 'tis for your welfare. God knows how willingly I would pass my whole life with you; but it must not be."

"Who shall prevent it, if we are resolved?"

"Our fathers, John. We are bound by every strong tie of duty, of affection, and of honor, to sacrifice our will to theirs. These were principles instilled into me from earliest infancy; and shall I now swerve from them, and bring a parent's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave? Never. But do not suppose that I have come to this determination without a struggle. Often and often have I prayed to be taught my line of duty, and strengthened in my purpose to fulfil it; and even now my rebellious heart"—— And she paused.

"Go on—go on, Mary," exclaimed John, eagerly. "Sweetest girl, I could listen to you for hours."

"Oh spare me, John; I must not—dare not—say more. I have said too much already."

"You have, indeed, Mary," replied her lover, gloomily; "too much, I fear, for your own happiness, and far too much for mine. Think better of it—pray, think better of it, my love. What though my father cast me off? Have I not hands? Have I not youth, strength, perseverance, and fixedness of purpose? And Oh, Mary, with you by my side, in some place far removed from this, to cheer and feed me with your smiles, what task is there that I could not succeed in?"

Affected by the energy with which he spoke, Mary made no reply. Trevanion pressed his advantage.

"Think, love, of the happiness that is in store for us, if we do but dare to obey the dictates of our heart. Every thought, every wish, every action of our lives show that we were born for each other. Our tastes are the same—the same, or nearly so our ages. Why then should we be divided?"

"Tempt me no more, John," exclaimed Mary, while the tears, streaming down her cheek, told far more emphatically than words the struggle that was preying at her heart; "I dare not act as you would wish. I cannot ally myself with a family that casts me off, or plant a dagger in my father's breast. No, John; I have pride and"——

"Heartless girl!" replied John, interrupting her impetuously.

"Heartless? Oh, John, I thought you knew me; but you do not, or you would respect the sacrifice I am making for your sake. Do you think I have not suffered as well as yourself? When my poor father knelt in tears before me, and besought a solemn promise that I would abandon for ever all thoughts of an alliance with your family,—when he adjured me, on pain of his lasting displeasure, to tear that hope from my breast, which I feel is become entwined with life itself,—even then I hesitated; but when he added that not only would my disobedience inflict a certain curse on him, but as certain ruin on you,—then, John, my mind was made up, and for your sake I consented to a sacrifice which I half denied to a father's entreaties; and yet you call me heartless! John, John, I can die for you, but I cannot, I will not, become the means of thrusting you from your home, and consigning you to remorse without hope, and poverty without end or limit. Ask me any thing but this. I will wear out my life single for your sake; but I will not bring down the curses of two parents on your head."

In a woman who truly loves—the remark is trite, but will bear repetition—there is a holiness, a purity, a disinterestedness—say rather a total, unhesitating abandonment of self—which a man can never reach, and not often appreciate. John was affected, but he was not convinced by Mary's generous devotion.

"Mary," he said, and not without sternness, "you told me but just now that your father had made you promise to hold no more clandestine meetings with me. Have you obeyed him?"

Mary hung down her head.

"I deserve this reproach," she said, 'but least of all from you. When you told me in your letter that you would not survive my refusal to see you, what could I do? I went to my father, acquainted him with your threats, and solicited his advice; and he, trusting to his daughter's honor, gave me permission to see you once more. John, I am here for the last time."

The air of deep heart-felt solemnity with which Mary said this convinced John he had nothing more to hope. He walked on with her a few minutes in gloomy silence, till at length his feelings could not be controlled; and he said, in a voice broken with grief,—

"So you give me up, Mary? Be it so; but remember that by so doing you have wrung a heart that beat for you, and you only. True, this is our last meeting. Within the week I quit home, perhaps for ever."

"For ever, John?" asked Mary, with a faltering voice. "Say not so;" you will return in a brief space. Your lot in life may be changed; your father may relent; mine may give me back my promise, and we may yet be happy together. Do not say for ever, John."

"For ever. Why should I stay lingering here, where every scene I look on reminds me of past happiness, and present suffering? No; I go to find in other climes—how vain the task!—the peace denied me here."

"Mary made no reply, for she was drowned in tears. Her bosom heaved; she trembled all over like an aspen leaf. Trevanion marked her emotion.

"Sweetest, sweetest girl," he said, folding her passionately in his arms, 'recall your rash determination, and bid me be happy. Let us fly this hated place. What are fathers to us?"

"John, John, have pity on me; my heart is breaking."

"Come, love, and let us hence. Oh, Mary, I love, I doat on you to distraction. All is light where you are—all gloom where you are not. Come, then, and shed sunshine on my path. Be my friend, my guide, my guardian angel. Feel, love, how my heart beats! Dear girl, it will soon cease to beat when you have cast me off."

They had by this time neared the Abbey ruins, and John, pointing towards them, said, "Mary, such as is that building, such shall I become the instant that you have discarded me. Away from you I cannot live. Once more, then, I ask, will you be mine? Think not you will less feel the pang of separation than myself—no, it will reach your heart too—for your father's sake, then, to whom your happiness is dearer than his own."——

"For my father's sake! Thanks, John, for these words, for they have recalled me to a sense of my duty. Yes, dear John, I can be firm now; and hastily quitting him, she rushed forward into the Abbey, and flinging herself on the damp, weedy floor, in front of what had once been an altar, she raised her eyes to Heaven, crossed her arms over her breast, and said, "Hear me, God of Heaven! while in thy sacred presence I solemnly swear that, till favoring circumstances permit, I will never become Trevanion's bride;" then rising from her knees, and turning to John with a smile, while tears flowed fast from her eyes, "Kiss me, brother," she continued—"we meet no more, and I may not part with you in anger. No, John, I could never have borne to be your wife—to see you writhing beneath the curse of two parents, and feel that my selfishness had brought you to this extremity; no, John, never—never. And now farewell—God bless you—God for ever bless you!—pray for me, as I shall for you, and be happy in the thought, that if not again in this world, we shall at least meet in another," and in an instant she had vanished from his sight.

For some minutes Trevanion remained quite stupified, gazing in the direction in which Mary had disappeared. Was she indeed gone? Had she given him up, and of her own accord too? What, his own Mary—the gentle, the compassionate! and as he thought of the many excellencies of her mind and temper, his heart overflowed with softness. Soon, however, a sterner feeling came over him. She had treated him with indifference—with ingratitude. She had no love for him—not an atom—or she would not have used him thus. How, then, should he act? He would dismiss her at once from his mind, and quit England for ever. He would be no wo-

man's slave; and as he said this, he brushed the tears indignantly from his eyes, and rushed across the moor with the reckless speed of one demented.

Just as he reached one of those huge granite tors which are scattered like land-marks about the moor, an old woman, wrinkled as a falcon's talon, lean, yellow, and nearly bent double, rose up from behind it, and stood right in his path. John shuddered, for though he had never seen her before, he knew that he looked upon the Dartmoor Witch!

"Away—away," he exclaimed, motioning her from his sight, "I came not here to seek you." "I know it," replied the hag, and was tottering off, when the young man gathering courage, said, "stay, woman, they say you are wise—are powerful; can your art then"——and John hesitated, struck with a sudden sense of horror at the idea of having recourse to the aid of such a being.

"You are troubled in mind," exclaimed the Witch, "and you would learn from me your destiny. Is it not so?"

"It is," replied Trevanion with faltering accents.

"Listen to me, then, for I know you better than you know me. John Trevanion, the period is close at hand when you shall curse the hour you were born. Your early fortunes shall be cast in storm and eclipse; but fear not—faint not; you have a stout heart, and shall conquer, not be conquered by, your fate. So speaks one whose words have never yet been spoken in vain," and thus muttering, the Witch hobbled off to her hut hard by, leaving John aghast with awe and astonishment.

That the mere random conjectures of an old woman, whom the terror with which she inspired others had half persuaded of her own supernatural attributes, should have exercised influence over Trevanion's imagination, will not appear surprising to those who are acquainted with the domestic history of the times. That was a period when the popular faith in witchcraft was unbounded. Even men like Bacon—Sir Thomas Brown—Fairfax—and Sir Matthew Hale—succumbed to the general belief, which was clung to with more tenacity in Devon than in any other quarter of the kingdom. There, witches were plentiful as mushrooms, and flew through the air like crows, in covies. They persecuted the peasant at all hours and in all places, and even the superior rank of the squire did not save him from their malice. Well, they are gone, the follies of those days, but have been succeeded by others hardly less preposterous. If Bishop Corbett lamented the fairies, why should I refuse a sigh to the memory of the witches? At least they were productive of thus much good—they supplied the peasantry with endless themes for gossip, when otherwise they might have been discussing mischievous politics at an ale-house. But granting that the superstition was absurd, and often led to cruel results, still it was far better to worry a witch, than to set fire to Bristol.

Chapter IV.

Maddened with the result of his last interview with Mary, John made one more appeal to his father; the Baronet, however, was inexorable; finding which, and aware also that to remain longer idle and solitary in Devonshire would only be to nurse melancholy, and shut him out from every chance of acquiring distinction and independence, by which means only he could win the hand of Mary, Trevanion summoned up all the man within him, and at once closed with his father's proposal, that he should leave England, and embark as a volunteer in one of those ships of discovery that were then fitting out for the Americas.

At the period to which this tale refers, there was a perfect mania for these maritime expeditions, and many a younger son of good family but of limited means, joined the intrepid Cookes, and Parrys, and Rosses of the seventeenth century, in the hope of returning home laden with wealth and honors. Previous to his departure, John made one more attempt to see Mary, but being defeated in all his efforts by the vigilant watch kept over her by Mr. Mordaunt, he just waited till the necessary preparations had

been made for his voyage, and then hurried off for London, whence, within the week, he set sail in an English vessel bound for the Bahamas, the commander of which was a distant connection of the Trevanions.

It was not without a pang that John again caught sight of the iron-bound coast of Devon, and, glooming on the horizon, of the inland heights of Dartmoor. He remained on deck till the last glimpse of his native country melted away from sight; and then dismissing, as he proudly imagined he could do, the happy past from his mind, turned his thoughts wholly to the future. Mary, he remembered, had promised to remain single for his sake, and this promise, which he knew her too well to suppose any inducement would tempt her to break, confirmed him in his resolute purpose to go on and prosper.

After a voyage of some weeks, the ship drew near the West India islands, but just as it came within sight of Hispaniola, one of those terrific hurricanes sprung up which are peculiar to the tropics at certain seasons of the year. For some time, by dint of incessant activity, the crew contrived to keep their vessel afloat and off the shore, but the storm increasing towards night, and the ship drifting fast to land, there seemed little or no chance of escape. The waves broke over the deck with a fury that swept all before it, straining the timbers till they groaned like a tortured martyr; the masts were splintered by the lightning; the sails torn to atoms by the whirlwind; many of the crew, among whom was the captain, were swept overboard by the rushing waters; and the few who remained, worn-out with fatigue, bewildered, and convinced that all was over, endeavored to lull their sense of horror by having recourse to the stimulus of intoxication.

John was almost the only one who preserved his senses at this crisis. Though death stared him in the face, he did not quail before his awful presence, the high and stern excitement of the hour overpowering all thoughts of apprehension. In vain, however, he endeavored to infuse a portion of his own moral courage into those about him; in vain he conjured them to strive their utmost to keep the ship afloat during the night, and held out confident hopes of assistance reaching them from the shore at day-break; neither his remonstrances nor the example he set of indomitable energy, had the slightest effect; the men were worn-out and could not work, moreover they were drunk, and would not if they could; the consequence of which was, that shortly after day-break, the ship struck upon a sunken rock, and barely had Trevanion time to lash himself to a fragment of a mast, when down she went; and he was the only one who escaped, having been hurled high on land by an enormous billow, in a state of utter insensibility.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying in a bed in a neatly furnished apartment, with all the apparatus of an invalid about him. Astonished at his situation, he started up and looked around him; not a soul was near, but in a short time a stranger of middle age and frank cordial aspect softly entered the room, and, finding Trevanion awake, held out his hand, and with a smile congratulated him on his improved condition. The young man would fain have put a hundred questions to his benefactor, but the latter forbade him to exert himself, and, telling him he would explain all at the fitting season, quitted the apartment as silently as he had entered it.

Late in the evening he returned, when, finding John considerably refreshed by a long and placid sleep, he assisted him to rise from his bed, led him into an adjoining room, and there, at his earnest entreaties, explained to him by what means he had become his guest. The vessel, he observed, had been descried by some fishermen who had chanced to be on the look-out at the moment when she struck, and the news having spread like wild-fire throughout the district, he himself, who was one of the first to hear it, had hurried off with some neighbors to see what assistance could be rendered to the crew; unfortunately, however, they were too late, for all had perished except John, whom accordingly he had ordered to be conveyed to his own house.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," exclaimed Trevanion, fervently grasping his benefactor's hand; "and where am I now?"

"At Santo Jago," replied the stranger, who was an Englishman, but of Spanish extraction, and had long been one of the most thriving goldsmiths of

that town, "where you are as safe as you could be, even in the governor's own house at St. Domingo."

"And have all perished, do you say, but me?"

"All."

"God help me! would that their lot had been mine!" and John sank back exhausted in his host's arms.

In the course of a few days he was completely restored to health, but his spirits remained sadly depressed, for his only chance of securing honorable distinction was gone; he had lost, too, the counsels of his friend the captain, who had treated him with uniform kindness during the voyage, and was reduced to a state of absolute dependence on the bounty of a stranger. True, that stranger was a countryman, and behaved towards him with scrupulous delicacy; still he did not feel his destitution the less acutely—and foreseeing that otherwise there would be no end to it, he resolved—painful and disheartening as was the alternative—to seize the first opportunity of returning to England.

When he announced this intention to his host, the good man tried hard to dissuade him from it, at least until the Spanish convoy should be on its return home from South America, when he promised to do his best to secure him a passage to some port in Spain, whence he might find his way to his native country; but at present, added his benefactor, the pirates, under the command of the well-known Davis, were cruising in all directions, and a single vessel, if such should happen by any unusual chance to touch at Hispaniola on its return from Panama or Porto Bello, would hardly, without a miracle, be able to reach Spain in safety. These arguments had their due weight with Trevanion, who remained upwards of a fortnight with his host, when his departure was expedited by the following circumstance:—

He was strolling one day with his host along the sea-shore, when a ship appeared in the offing making sail for Santo Jago. The goldsmith no sooner beheld it than his fears took the alarm, for the town, which was poorly fortified, and consisted of but a few hundred indifferent houses, had been pillaged only the year before, and he thought it far from improbable that the strange vessel was a free-trader come to pay Santo Jago a second visit.

"Heaven help us all!" said he, addressing Trevanion, "'tis most likely Davis's vessel; she was seen off St. Domingo a short time back."

"Not so," replied John eagerly, "for if my eyes do not deceive me at this distance, she hoists Spanish colors; yes, it is your flag that flies at her mast-head. She is in distress, too, for her rigging appears in wretched plight. I have no doubt that she has been worsted in an engagement with the pirates, and has come in here to refit."

In the course of the day the vessel came to an anchor about a quarter of a mile off the town, and a boat's crew, composed of English and Spanish sailors, put off for shore, from whose brief statement it appeared that the ship had been compelled to put in for the purpose of procuring fresh stores, and also, as Trevanion had surmised, of refitting, having been sorely damaged in a recent action with a pirate cruiser.

For upwards of ten days she remained at Santo Jago, when John, learning that she was about to set sail for Spain, stated to the goldsmith his intention of embarking in her; whereupon the other, finding him resolute, liberally supplied him with the means of defraying his passage, and John hastened to seek out the captain, whom he found busily superintending the embarkation of stores.

"So you want a passage home to Spain?" said the captain, a blunt English tar, in reply to John's application; "well, we can find room for you mayhap; you'll come down handsomely, of course?"

Trevanion made his offer, which the other readily closed with, observing, however, while he eyed the youth with marked attention, "you must be content to rough it with us, youngster, for our accommodations are but so so. A cabin to yourself, of course? well, I think we may promise that; and you'd like to mess alone? perhaps that may be managed too. But hearken, lad, you must not object to bear a hand in case of emergency;" then turning to a grim sallow Spaniard who stood beside him, the captain added, in an under tone, "a pretty fellow this, my Gomez. I like the cut of his jib; with a little management I think we may make something of him."

"Humph!" replied his companion; "you're always so taken with these trim-built fairweather sparks. There's no good in them that ever I could see."

"Belay your jaw, you fool, and let's hear what the youngster's got to say for himself."

"When you talk of my bearing a hand," said Trevanion, "of course you allude to the probability of an encounter with the pirates. I'm told Captain Davis's ship was seen off here a short while since."

"Like enough—but you need not fear him; for he and his crew are food for sharks by this. We drubbed them soundly the other day, as you may have seen by the state of our rigging. No, no, I will not ask you to fight against the free-traders—what I meant was, that as some of our men are disabled, and we are therefore short of hands, you will not mind taking turn and turn about now and then."

"Certainly not," replied John, "I grudge no labor, be it what it may; for though young, I have served, for my time, a tolerably strict apprenticeship to it."

"Bravo, well said, young gentleman," replied the Captain, enforcing his eulogium by a vigorous slap on John's back—"you're of the right sort, I'll be bound."

"And when do you sail?"

"The day after to-morrow; so get your thingembobs stowed away betimes." With which words the party separated.

When the hour of his departure arrived, John's hospitable host, who had insisted on accompanying him to the water's edge, took leave of him, not without tears. "Adieu, my young friend," he said, grasping him fervently by the hand—"if you would have been advised by me you would have remained at Santo Jago till the return of the Spanish convoy—however, you have made your election, and God send it be a fortunate one! It is not of storms that I am apprehensive, but of a far worse danger—of the free-traders, the curse of these seas, against whom neither skill, valor, nor experience, avail aught. May it be your lot to escape them, and reach your home in"——

"Halloo, bear a hand there, friend!" shouted a rough voice from a boat which lay alongside the quay—"we must weigh anchor immediately."

Another hurried adieu—another pressure of the hand, and Trevanion and his benefactor parted, and forever!

Chapter V.

Scarcely was John on board when the signal was made for sailing, and away went the ship bounding exultingly over the wide waste of waters. One sole thought now engrossed the mind of the home-bound adventurer—he was on his return to Mary! True, he returned with no fortune—no honors—and would be still as much a dependent on his father as ever; but what of that? he had acquired confidence and courage by experience, brief as that was; and felt within himself a buoyant, enthusiastic spirit which the unworldly habits of the recluse had hitherto kept under hatches. Before, he but suspected that he had the requisite energy for success; now, he was convinced of it, and let the present frown as it might, the future was his, and he would win its smiles or perish. Mary, he was sure, would not reject him a second time. No, she would have faith in his manhood and his resources, and hasten to share the *certain* fortunes which, without her, would be nothing worth. Another encouraging consideration was the witch's prophecy. She had warned him of approaching troubles which would be such as should task all his energies to overcome them, but she had told him also that he should surmount them; that he "should conquer, not to be conquered by his fate; and his heart assured him that her words were gospel-truths.

Thoughts like these served to wile away many an idle hour, and well it was that they were of so sunny a hue, for otherwise Trevanion's situation would have been cheerless enough, his fellow voyagers being a coarse, untutored squad—"rough diamonds," as the captain flatteringly called them—who had few or no sympathies in common with himself. The chief portion of his time was spent as a matter of necessity on deck, for the ship, not having been built for passengers, had hardly any accommodations; so by way of cabin, John was fain to put up

with a small, dirty, cupboard-like partition which joined the state mess-room, where he took his meals alone, attended by a mulatto boy; for he felt little disposition to join the revelries of the captain and his unpolished subordinates, whose conversations usually turned on subjects in which he felt not the slightest interest.

For the first one or two days nothing occurred to disturb the monotony of the scene. The breeze was fresh and regular; the crew reserved; and the captain continually occupied in watching every vessel that appeared on the horizon, and apparently only at his ease when the seas were clear, and his own ship crowding every inch of canvas. On the morning of the third day, however, as Trevanion was taking his solitary breakfast in his berth, he heard an unusual bustle upon deck; and hurrying up to ascertain the cause of the clamor, found the captain engaged in earnest conversation with some of his officers, and casting ever and anon uneasy glances towards three large Spanish men-of-war which appeared to be bearing down on them with all sails set. As the party were too intent in conversation to take any notice of John, he took up a position near them, where he could see and hear all that passed without being himself seen.

"I thought we should meet them hereabout," said one of the men; "I heard at Santo Jago that they were on their return."

"And well-laden, no doubt," replied the captain. "Well, they're the last we shall meet this cruise; that's some comfort any how. But how's this, Jack?" he added, addressing an English sailor who was squatted on a coil of rope, "the Spanish colors are hauled down; up with them all; we must show the Don we're of his own kidney, or he'll let fly a broadside, and we're not in a condition to give bark for bark. Quick, Jack, quick—we've not a moment to lose."

Scarcely was the order issued than the Spanish colors were flying at the mast-head, while the first speaker with a low fierce growl like a sharp-set bear, said, "sad job this, captain; one may as well sleep away one's life, as pass it in this fashion. I'm quite sick of having nothing to do, specially as"——

"Hold your jaw, you fool," replied his impatient commander, "you shall have work enough by and by; meantime go and look to the men, they must not keep crowding on deck, or the Don will be apt to take the alarm at the sight of so many handsome faces—your's particularly, Gomez, which is enough to scare the devil."

This conversation puzzled Trevanion exceedingly. He could not possibly conceive what could make the captain so apprehensive of coming in contact with vessels of a nation which was then at peace with his own. Surely, thought he, he cannot have mistaken them for pirates sailing under false colors! "Yet why not?" he added after a moment's reflection, "experience teaches distrust; and having been so lately engaged in action with Davis, nothing is more natural than that his head should be full of pirates! However, be this as it may, there can be no harm in endeavoring to ascertain how the case stands;" and so saying, the young man stepped forward and encountered the captain as he was in the act of descending into the cabin, having satisfied himself that he had nothing to dread from the Don, who, on seeing the Spanish colors, had changed his course, and was now some distance off.

"A word with you, captain," exclaimed Trevanion; "I overheard one of your officers just now, when alluding to yonder vessels, say"—

"Say what, sir?" replied the captain, impatiently interrupting him; "but no matter, I know what you're going to tell me, so will spare you the trouble of spinning a long yarn. From what you have overheard, you are disposed to doubt my faith. Nay, no reserves, man; I know you are, and what if I should tell you your suspicions are well founded?"

"Well founded!" exclaimed John, doubting whether he had heard aright.

"Why, how the lubber stares!" replied the Captain, laughing; "I should not wonder now if he thought he was on his voyage to Spain!"

"What, are we not bound for a Spanish port?"

"Yes, but not in the Old World. We're now making all sail for Porto Bello, where we shall join Morgan's squadron, which must be off the Spanish Main by this time. Mayhap

you have heard of Admiral Morgan? It is a name well known in these seas."

"Far too often," exclaimed John.

"And of Captain Davis, too, his second in command?"

"To be sure I have; you told me yourself that your last action was with him, and that you had vanquished him."

"Hah! hah! hah!" returned the Captain, "and so I did; you would not have had me run into Santo Jago with a disabled crew, a shattered vessel, and the black flag flying at the mast-head, and tell the lubberly Spaniards how I came to be in such a plight! Why, man, instead of being allowed to refit, I should have had all the guns in the fort rattling away at me. No, no, Captain Davis knows well what he's about; and if you've aught to say against him, speak out, *for he stands before you!*"

For a moment surprise deprived John of all power of movement; he soon recovered himself, however, and indignation at having been so egregiously duped, overmastering his prudence, he rushed on the pirate chief, and seized him with a frantic grasp by the throat. But he had an opponent to deal with who was more than twice his match. The ruffian shook himself free in an instant, and then drawing a pistol from his vest, coolly levelled it at Trevanion's head.

But the young man neither quailed nor drew back, but continued eyeing the freebooter with a look of stern despair that was evidently not without its effect on a nature which however inaccessible to the softer emotions, knew how to respect and sympathize with bravery. Returning the pistol to his belt, the Captain exclaimed with a tremendous oath, "bravo, lad, you've that in you which makes me like you, whether I would or not. From the first moment I clapped eyes on you, I told Gomez you would suit our purposes."

"Suit your purposes! How so?"

"Why, in the first place, your passage-money was a God-send to men like us, who have had a run of ill-luck for three months and upwards: and secondly, we were short of hands; that —— tuzzle with the Spanish frigate—which I led the dupes at Santo Jago to believe was a private cruiser—having picked off some of our prettiest fellows."

"And pray, Captain Davis," enquired John, who had now recovered from his first astonishment, "in what light am I to consider myself?—as your guest, or as your prisoner?"

"That will depend on yourself, youngster, but for the present I'll call you my guest."

John shuddered. but his evident disgust only served to increase the Pirate's merriment. "Come, come," said he, "I don't expect you all of a sudden to be enamored of our way of life; something must be allowed for prejudice, and something also for outlandish habits. I remember the day when I shrunk from this sort of thing quite as much as you can; but use, youngster, use, reconciles us to any thing, as the old lawyer said to the devil. No doubt, in time, you'll be one of us, and who knows but you may rise to be my lieutenant! There's a prospect for you! For the present, however, you may call yourself my guest; and provided you do not interfere with my men, I will take care they shan't interfere with you. But, harkee, brother, should you incline to join our mess—and you may do so whenever you please—take us as you find us, or it will be the worse for you. One word more. Do not think to escape alive from this vessel. Here you are, and here you shall remain. Either you must join us, or else"—— and the Pirate with a darkened brow pointed to the yard-arm—"expect to dangle from that good-looking gallows there. Think well on what I have said, and in a day or two I will speak to you again;" and with these words the Captain turned from his guest and descended into the cabin.

Chapter VI.

For some minutes after the Pirate had left him, John remained in a state little short of stupefaction. The hopes which, despite his reverses, had hitherto buoyed him up, were now all blighted, for he could not but feel that his last chance of revisiting England was gone. He looked around him;

the ship was alone on the waters; and not the faintest glimpse of land was to be described on any one quarter of the horizon. What should he do? How should he act? To gain time he felt was his only resource; and poor and inefficient as was that resource, he resolved to employ it; conceal his disgust and apprehensions when in company with the arbiter of his fate; and throw himself on the mercy of the Chapter of Accidents, as many a wiser man has done before him.

While revolving these ideas, his attention was called off by the voice of Captain Davis, who shouted to one of the men at the mast-head, "any sail on the horizon?"

"Never a one within fifty miles I'll be bound."

"The breeze freshens, too I think?"

"Yes."

"Shake out every stitch of canvass then—we should have been within sight of the squadron by this time—and do you, Mynheer," addressing a squab Dutchmen who was lounging on the forecastle, "tell the men that they may appear on deck as soon as they please. We need fear nothing more from the Don this cruise, I guess."

In an instant the major part of the crew, who had been kept below decks as a measure of precaution, in case the vessel should have been hailed by the Spanish convoy, came swarming up to the number possibly of a hundred. Never till this moment had John set eyes on such a set of callous desperadoes. They seemed ripe for the commission of any crime, and as if they would think no more of cutting a throat than of spitting a fowl. All were armed to the teeth, with pistol, dagger, and sabre, and as they passed and repassed Trevanion, they scowled on him with glances of mixed surprise, distrust, and contempt.

Heart-sick at the sight, John retreated to an unmolested quarter of the cabin, where he remained till long after nightfall, occupied with his own thoughts, and watching the progress of the vessel as the cloven billow flashed before her prow. 'Twas a lovely tropic night—the intense heat of the spent day was cooled by the brisk wind—the moon shone like a tempered sun—one by one the stars uplifted their shining eyelids from the horizon, and the hot, bloody glare flung by the dying orb upon the waters, had given place to a silvery radiance which, far and wide, was broken up into a thousand spangles. Above—around him—all spoke of serene and soothing repose, and as the magic influence of the hour overflowed the young man's mind, memory carried him back to the hills of Devon and the bright thoughts of his youth. "Alas!" said he, "what was I then—what am I now? Where is the shy, fanciful enthusiast of former years, with whom hope was a synonyme for certainty? Have I been dreaming all this while, and do I now for the first time wake to the stern truth of things? Yes, all has been a vision—a false, feverish creation, and nought remains of my former self but my love for Mary!"

He was roused from this sad reverie by the sound of voices in the state cabin, and the hatches being open, he could distinctly hear the conversation that was going on between the Captain and those of the crew who were holding revel with him.

"And pray, Captain," enquired a morose voice, which John recognised as that of a grim, old, one-eyed buccanier, who had honored him with many a special glance of contempt—"pray, who is this here young fellow you have got hold of? Can't say I like the trim of the vessel. In the good old times of"——

"And yet 'tis a tight, clean-built craft enough," interrupted Captain Davis—"hot as hell and as bold as a lion," in proof of which he detailed the circumstances of his last conversation with John, dwelling with particular animation on his gallant bearing when the pistol was levelled at his head. "Depend on it, Tom," he added, "we'll make something of him yet. He requires only a little management to become as choice a spirit as the best of us."

"May be so," rejoined the Cyclops, sulkily, "nevertheless I never knew any good come of this here sort of live lumber. In the old times of Olonois and De Grammont such jack-a-dandy scarecrows would have been made to walk the plank or run up at the yardarm. But all's changed now, and for the worse, I think."

"Avast there, Tom, avast — we're viser now than we were when you irst stepped 'twixt stem and stern."

"Wiser!" growled Tom, "why, ve havn't fingered a piastre for a nonth past. These sleepy times quite uins me. I arn't half the man I was. As Olonois used to say, 'I'd rather be utting a throat than doing nothing. t keeps one's hand in.'"

"Surely, Tom," said Captain Da-is, "you won't compare your Olonois vith our Morgan! Mounseer, brave s he was, did but half understand his luties. Where was the use in flay-ng his prisoners alive when he might ave obtained a handsome ransom for hem? I hate such a mode of doing usiness—there's nothing to be got by t that I can see."

"Ay, that flaying alive was a oolish affair, and so I told Olonois. t's a shame, said I, to waste the time f the ship's crew in that manner. Howsomever, the best of us have our veak side, and take him for all in all, he Frenchman was as stout a heart s ever broke biscuit. Ah," con-inued Tom, with a sentimental sigh, we shall never see his like again, l—n my eyes."

"Your eye you mean," retorted the Captain, with a prodigious chuckle at his own wit.

Tom it will be observed from this brief dialogue, was a croaker—an dolater of the good old times, as is usually the case with those whose opportunities of distinguishing them-elves either for good or evil, are well-nigh past. His commander, on the contrary, whose greatest triumphs were to be yet achieved, was an advo-cate for the times present. The one, n short, was a Tory, the other a Whig; but despite this difference, both held equally the fundamental article of the political creed—that is to say, were staunch advocates for the propri-ety of taxing the community for the benefit of their own party.

The evening after this conversation, as John stood on deck, looking down on the unwrinkled waters which, the breeze having gone down, now lay in perfect calm, Captain Davis came up to him and said, "what, still sulk-ing, youngster! I should have thought you would have been in high glee. Come, cheer up, man, cheer up; in a few days we shall join Morgan off Porto Bello, capture the place, and fill our pockets with piastres!"

"Captain Davis," replied Trevanion, laying his hand on the pirate's arm, "have you a heart?"

"Heart?" exclaimed the buccanier, "ay, I should think so, and a pretty soft one too, or you would not be standing here to ask the question. Havn't I done every thing for you that one man can do for another? treated you just as if you were one of us; given you a berth to yourself, and as much grog as you can stow away?"

"I have every thing, captain, but that which man most loves—liberty."

"Liberty! nonsense, if liberty is not to be found here, where is it to be found? In England where they keep you poor, and punish you for being so; send you across seas for taking a fancy to a stray hare or partridge; and clap you in the bilboes for looking like a man in the face of a great lord?" —he spoke thus with ineffable bitter-ness—"No, no, this is your only liberty, the liberty of the winds and waves; the liberty of seeing your ship go bounding, eagle-winged, over the waters; the liberty of hearing your cannon shiver the timbers of a rich galleon, and your sword ring upon the helmet of some proud Don; the liberty of helping yourself from your enemy's stores, of playing the fool with his women, firing his towns, and hanging him to the yard arm if he objects;—this is your only true liberty, youngster, and you shall find that it is so when once we have captured Porto Bello. D——ee, act but like a man, and I'll be the making of you, let my fellows say what they will."

John made no reply to this definition of enlightened liberty, but heaved a sigh so deep that it attracted the Cap-tain's notice, who resumed with a con-temptuous sneer, "what's the fool sni-velling about? Egad, I believe, after all, I've been mistaken in you, though I thought myself a tolerable judge of character; and if so, you know the consequences."

"I fear not your threats, sir," said Trevanion, looking the pirate steadily in the face; "but when you spoke of liberty just now, memory carried me back for a moment to my native Devon."

"What," enquired the captain with surprise, "are you from Devonshire? so am I."

"Yes," replied John, "my poor father still lives there, and little knows'—

"Father! father!" interrupted the

pirate in a softer tone than was usual with him, "I too had a father once," and then turned away his head, as if afraid to trust himself with further speech.

"In that case," replied the young man, astonished and delighted at this show of sensibility—"you may imagine what I must feel."

"D—n, sir!" exclaimed the Captain, suddenly changing his manner, and endeavoring to lash himself into a rage—"I can imagine nothing—I can feel nothing—but that I have been wronged, and that I have been revenged! Yes, youngster, I too had once a father—but he was poor—evil times fell on him, and he sank beneath the oppressor's grasp."

"How so?"

"Why, his health failed him, and he got into arrears with his landlord, who, despite the old man's grey hairs, thrust him into a dungeon, where he died a raving madman. I was young then, but when I found myself alone in the world — alone, I say, for her husband's griefs had broken my mother's heart—a change came over me, the thoughtless levity of youth fled for ever, and I swore an oath that I would have a bloody vengeance. And the hour came. I prayed for it—plotted for it—tarried for it—and it came. Alone, at nightfall, on Exmoor I met the ruffian. He screamed—he wept—he crouched at my feet for pity; grant him but his life, he said, and he would give me back all. Wretch, I replied, thrice-accursed wretch, for avarice, not want, impelled you to this, give me back my parents; bid the grave restore its dead; and make me deaf to their nightly cry for vengeance. Monster, you cannot;—and I stabbed him to the heart! You would have laughed to hear his dying groans, and see the hideous glare of his eye as it slowly fixed in death. Hah! hah! hah! 'Twas a rare luxury," and the pirate clutched his dagger, as if he were about to repeat the act.

"Horrible!" exclaimed John, unconscious that he was overheard; "and was there no law in England to punish such a deed?"

"Law! what should law have to do with such as me? Talk of law to those who have petty wrongs to redress; I had a murdered father to revenge, and revenge consults not law nor gospel either. But enough of this, youngster; you have caused me to say that which I never yet said to human being, so let us drop this subject, and come back to business. Will you join us—ay or no?"

Trevanion hesitated, but the Captain insisting on a reply, he resolved, as his only resource, to temporize; so observed, "a decision like this involving the fate of my whole after life, cannot be come to in an instant; it is but a short while since you proposed it to me; surely, therefore, you will allow me time to reflect on it."

"Ho! ho! lad, you're wavering; well, that's a good sign; I thought it would come to this. It is not every one who can withstand the temptation of such prizes as Porto Bello holds out to us."

"You agree then to my request for some little delay?"

"Why, as to that"—said the Captain, hesitating.

"Surely you cannot object! It is not much I ask."

"Well, well, be it so; you are a countryman of mine, and on that account I will grant you—say a week, not an hour longer. This d—d calm, I fear, will last long, and while it lasts, we shall have no need of your services. But if at the end of a week you have not made up your mind, I swear"—and here he scowled like a tiger on John—"you shall be strung up to the yard arm, and afterwards cut piece-meal and flung to the sharks."

"And to this delay you solemnly pledge yourself?"

"When did ever a free-trader break his word? Mine is past; let that suffice.* And now come down with me below deck, for this calm gives us but too much leisure for merry-making."

With a heavy heart, yet not without a lingering hope that something might yet occur to befriend him, Trevanion accompanied the captain into the state cabin, where the elite of the crew were assembled at one of their orgies.

"These barbarians were not without their redeeming points. They never broke a promise that they had once made, even though the individual to whom they made it were a prisoner and in their power. As soon as they had given their word, they considered themselves irrevocably bound by it."—Von Archenholtz's *History of the pirates.*

A SPEECH WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN SPOKEN IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS UPON THE IRISH MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BILL, HAD NOT CIRCUMSTANCES PREVENTED.*

My Lords,

As I have no political weight or influence in this House, being only personally and privately known to some of your Lordships, I must depend upon your proverbial courtesy for an indulgent hearing while expressing my opinions upon the grave question, whether we are now to give to Ireland the municipal corporations proposed by the the bill before us. My Lords, a candid, an anxious, and a laborious investigation of the principles, details, and bearings of this measure, has produced results in my mind which will not admit of my giving a silent vote, but on the contrary, impel me to set forth the reasons on which it will be founded; so that, if wrong in any of my views, I may be at once set right by those of greater experience and ability than myself; and if right, afford an opportunity to others of reconsidering or adhering to their present opinions.

Weighed down with a sense of my own weakness, and of the vast importance and difficulty of the subject upon which I have ventured thus to speak, I shall endeavor to express myself calmly and pertinently. I shall abstain from the use of all extraneous irritating matters—from exhibiting that virulent personal feeling which has too frequently disturbed and disfigured the discussion of all Irish questions. I lament that such has been, and is likely yet to be the case. It is certainly difficult, my Lords, for political men to preserve their calmness and temper—*in patience to possess their souls*—when engaged in struggles of a nature so peculiarly exciting as the present; when the stake is so tremendous; when the national safety is in issue; when those old and implacable antagonists, the Protestant and Roman Catholic religions—when the Movement and Conservative parties are all in the field, in fierce and desperate conflict. Believe me, my Lords, we cannot afford now to entertain personal considerations. It is with such that the enemies of peace and order, and of this House, are eager to engage and entangle us. I shall waste no vituperation upon that member of the other House who generally contrives to figure so prominently in their discussions—who is permitted, alas! to "wield at will the fierce democracy" of unhappy Ireland. My feelings towards that individual I dare not trust myself with expressing—nor is it necessary; for these vere, but dignified rebuke, inflicted upon him last session by one of the most gifted of your Lordships, has smitten him down from the little elevation he had reached in this country. I shall therefore endeavor to forget, or at least to disregard, the odious language, the vile and bitter personality with which he has contrived at once to disguise and defile these important topics—*disdaining*, with one of old, *to enter into that contest where victory is more disgraceful than defeat.*

I say, my Lords, that not only does the peace of Ireland depend upon the vote we may come to this evening, but the welfare of the whole kingdom; and that, as well on account of the direct and collateral effects of this bill as of the recognition or repudiation of certain general principles on which its advocacy has been founded—principles which having been long secretly acknowledged and acted upon by those who urged this bill upon the Government, are now openly avowed by them, in the presence, and with the countenance of his Majesty's Ministers.

My Lords, the bill which I hold in my hand, I—as well probably as all your Lordships—have most carefully read over and considered. We must, indeed, be familiar with it, since it is nearly identical, not with the bill which we last year returned to the other House, with certain alterations which were the result of long and deep consideration—not with the bill

* This speech is transmitted to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, in the hope that if it be suitable for insertion, he will neither ask nor answer any questions about it. London, May, 1837.

originally brought up to us, rendered, however, still more obnoxious by the introduction of enactments palpably—shall I say, designedly?—at variance with the declared opinions of a very great majority of your Lordships, as evidenced by the discussions and decision of last year. How is this, my Lords? How can it be reconciled with the professions by Ministers of their anxiety to promote a good understanding between the two Houses? If they are really desirous of obtaining our consent that the bill before us pass into a law, I am at a loss to account not only for the re-introduction into it of that which they know we are pledged upon principle again to expunge, but for the insertion of new clauses even still more objectionable. Again I ask, my Lords, how is this? Is it that the noble Viscount opposite has persuaded himself, or been overpersuaded by others, that he can now prevail upon us to go with him even farther than he himself proposed to us to go last year? Does he think that the course of events, the expression of opinions, the developement of designs which we have witnessed since last session, have been such as to warrant him in entertaining such a notion? Are there any of your Lordships that think so? I do not believe there are. In spite of the bold and imperative tone, the air of easy and gay defiance, sometimes assumed by the noble Viscount when addressing his opponents in this House, I sincerely believe he has too much respect for them, and has had too much acquaintance with public life, to admit of his believing any of your Lordships capable of exhibiting such a pusillanimous acquiescence—such utter blindness and incompetency! We can mark, I trust we have marked, the signs of the times with as much vigilance and accuracy as he; and, in short, I take leave to tell the noble Viscount that I look upon this move of his suspiciously—that I fancy I can discern some purposes of his—of secret concert with others—which are scarcely consistent with the character and duties of the First Minister of the Crown. I pass on, however, to point out what appears to me to be the precise nature of our present position with reference to this bill.

The noble Viscount, in introducing it to your Lordships last year, after pointedly reminding us, with an exulting air, that it had "come up from the other House recommended by a very large majority," (he has this year preserved a discreet silence, covering the sudden fall of the thermometer to 55!) proceeded to allude, in very temperate terms, to the unanimous opinion expressed by the other House, that the old corporations of Ireland ought to be abolished; inasmuch as, whatever might have been the reasons and purposes of their original institution, their continuance could no longer be justified on constitutional principles; the exigencies of the times were altered; the principle of exclusion on which they had been based was an unjust and mischievous one; and, above all, most of these bodies had long grossly misconducted themselves, as well by misappropriation of their corporate funds, as by the election of improper members. On referring to the evidence adduced in support of these charges, a great majority of your Lordships acknowledged their justice, and instantly assented to the total abolition of all these peccant bodies. Could any thing have been more frank and reasonable? The noble Viscount proceeded to remark upon the consequences of Roman Catholic emancipation; and stated that the passing of that measure had rendered it incumbent upon the Legislature to give Roman Catholics their due share in the exercise of municipal government, and that upon this principle the bill he then introduced had been framed. He stated, in effect, that it reserved all the inviolate rights of freemen, preserved the same boundaries and limits of the boroughs, gave them a mayor, magistrates, and town-council, to preserve the same courts, the same power of imposing local rates, the same control over the public property, and the same power with regard to advowsons in the gift of the corporations, and proposed to confer on the Crown the same power of granting charters to corporations. Thus far the bill resembled, said the noble Viscount, the measure for England and Wales. As to the points of difference—the first was that which referred to the amount of qualification. A ten pounds rental was fixed upon in the seven largest towns, a five pounds rental in the smaller towns. The whole of the aldermen were to be

appointed by the burgesses; but the right of nominating sheriffs—unlike the bill now upon the table—was vested in the Crown.

Having thus sketched the outline of the measure, the noble Viscount concluded by stating, that he knew of no sufficient reason why England and Scotland should be allowed municipal institutions, while Ireland should be denied them; that no such differences existed between the character and circumstances of the two countries, as warranted such a distinction; and therefore he confidently recommended the measure to your Lordships.

Alas! exclaimed a great majority in this House—backed, as I believe, by a vast majority of the intelligence and respectability of the country—is such your *remedy* for the acknowledged evils and miseries of Ireland? It is worse—far worse than the disease—indeed, a fearful aggravation of it! Ireland asks you for bread, and you give her a stone; for fish, and you cast her hissing, writhing, deadly serpents in all her borders! In a word, your Lordships—not in anger, but in sorrow—charged Ministers with legislating for Ireland either in grievous ignorance of her real condition, and of the right principles of legislation; or, which God forbid! with being actuated by sinister motives, and adopting a perfidious policy. My Lords, permit me to say, that I yield to no one present in feelings of affectionate attachment to our Irish fellow-subjects; and this it is which whets my zeal and invigorates my efforts to understand the true state of the sister country, and *then* apply to it safe and sound principles of legislation. What, then, is the real state of Ireland? The powerful and sagacious intellect of Mr. Pitt directed its best energies to this point. "I say," he observed, in the course of one of his most luminous speeches when bringing forward the Union,* "we cannot but deplore the evils to which Ireland is at this moment exposed, and the still greater evils to which it may be hereafter exposed, if the wisdom of the Legislature do not prevent it. I say that Ireland is subject to great and deplorable evils, which have a deep root; for they lie in the nature of the country itself, in the present character, manners, and habits of its inhabitants, in their want of intelligence, or, in other words, in their ignorance, in the unavoidable separation of certain classes, in the state of property, in its religious distinctions, in the rancour which bigotry engenders, and superstition rears and cherishes." Were that great statesman, my Lords, now to rise from his tomb and contemplate Ireland, with what pain would he find it still answering to the melancholy description he gave of it thirty-eight years ago, with this unhappy alteration only, that the elements of evil he then detected and laid bare are now in more active and malignant operation than ever! One of your Lordships, who ought to know Ireland well, last year thus described its present condition:†—"I admit there is a certain difference in the temperament and feelings of the people of Ireland and England, in the degree of civilization which each has attained—that there is unfortunately a difference with respect to a greater propensity in Ireland to combination and to violent outrage, and there is that great and unfortunate difference in the vast disproportion between the numbers of those who belong to the Established Church and those who do not." The noble Viscount, I perceive, recognises his expressions—"which we may view, some in one light and some in another, but which, I trust, some will allow to influence their decision on the present question!" It is upon the last portion of these striking admissions of the noble Viscount that I shall first offer a few observations to your Lordships, in order to justify myself in stating, that so far from feeling inclined to take the advice of the noble Viscount—so far from my not suffering such a consideration as the preservation of the Established Church in Ireland—for of course that it is which is shadowed out in the significant expressions of the noble Viscount—to influence *my* decision, as one of the humblest of your Lordships, upon the present question—it is that which chiefly influences me in resisting this measure as it is now presented to us. I think I see clearly, and

* January 23, 1799.

† April 18, 1836.

therefore I take leave to say distinctly, that the present measure will place the Established Church in Ireland in most imminent danger, and therefore there must be very great alteration in the Bill before us, or I for one shall again say *not content* to it.

None of us, my Lords, can have failed to observe the restless petulance exhibited by Ministers, and those who have forced them to undertake this measure, whenever allusion is made to the topic of the Established Church in Ireland in connection with it. They cannot bear it, and use all their arts to deter us from insisting upon it. They charge us, at one time, with a perverse and obstinate bigotry, at another with a total ignorance of the character and tendency of this bill, as well as of the real interests of the Church. Some, with fatal frankness, avow that they seek the destruction of that Church, and look to this bill as a means of getting rid of it as "*the greatest enormity in Europe*"—an expression of one member of the other House which was loudly cheered on the Ministerial benches—as "*an object of unmingled horror*," according to another member, and "*a positive monstrosity*," in the opinion of a third. The more discreet and subtle advocates of the bill, however, cautiously evade the plain question, "Will not this bill endanger the Established Church in Ireland?" or express themselves with an ominous reserve, a Jesuitical vagueness and equivocation. It is then asked why we persist in introducing this topic into the discussion of the measure before us, and permit it to influence our decision? My Lords, I will answer the question by reading the fifth article of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland; It enacts,

"That it be the fifth article of Union, that the Churches of England and Ireland, as now by law established, be united into ONE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, to be called 'The United Church of England and Ireland,' and that the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church, shall be, and shall remain, in full force for ever, as the same are now by law established for the Church of England, AND THAT THE CONTINUANCE AND PRESERVATION OF THE SAID UNITED CHURCH, AS THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND, SHALL BE DEEMED AND TAKEN TO BE AN ESSENTIAL AND FUNDAMENTAL PART OF THE UNION; and that in like manner, the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the Church of Scotland, shall remain and be preserved as the same are now established by law, and by the acts for the union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland."

I rejoice to observe the grave air with which the noble Viscount listened to these the most stringent and solemn expressions of this national contract. Possibly he is startled with a sudden suspicion that his conduct in sanctioning this bill is inconsistent with his duty to observe the stipulations of the Union. Does he then recognise the sacred obligation of these articles? Is he willing to admit that they are the terms of a great national contract, by which we are bound to abide, not "keeping the word of promise to the ear, breaking it to the sense," but in a spirit of hearty and *honest* assent and obedience? Is he determined to uphold these articles in all their integrity? Is he really opposed to a repeal of the Union, whether total or partial? Then his course is plain and straightforward. He is bound, imperatively, bound, keeping his eye upon the fifth article of the Union, first to consider what will be the effect of any such great constitutional measure as the present, demanded as it is chiefly by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, upon that institution—the United Protestant Church of England and Ireland—the continuance and preservation of which has been thus declared an essential and fundamental part of the Union. He ought to *court* the consideration of such a topic, not to scout it from his notice, or censure or sneer at those who bring it under his notice.

My Lords, I imagine I hear the noble Viscount whispering to the noble Marquis and the noble Viscount beside him. What! is a piece of parchment to stand in the way of good government? By no means, I answer. If the articles of the Union, or any of them, are found to obstruct the course of good government, it is perfectly competent of course to Parliament to annul them. But let us not profess to observe them while we are practically and most effectually counteracting them. If the noble Lord

who proposed this measure to the other House thinks that the fifth article of the Union ought to be struck out, as impeding his system of legislation, let him come forward with a bill proposing the excision of it—let him, I say, do this at once openly before the people of England, so that their attention may be called directly to his movements. Let them be told, that whereas it hath become inexpedient to continue any longer the Irish branch of the Established Church of England and Ireland, be it enacted that so much of the fifth article of the Union as relates thereto be repealed. My Lords, there is no danger of this. We know, the noble Viscount knows, that he and his colleagues would be instantly consumed in the blaze of indignation which such a proposal would kindle in the kingdom—therefore they dare not profess to repeal the Union or any of its clauses—therefore they proclaim their determination to uphold it—and yet, when they propose such a vast constitutional alteration of the civil state of Ireland as the present, they hesitate, they refuse, they rebuke us for attempting to consider whether it will have any, and what will be its effect, upon that which constitutes an essential and fundamental part of that Union. This is the reason, in my humble view of the case, why we insist upon directing our earliest, our most anxious attention to the probable or possible effects of this measure upon the Established Church of England and Ireland; and I venture farther to tell the noble Viscount, that it lies rather upon *him* to show, in the first instance, that he can propose this measure in the present state of Ireland consistently with the articles of the Union, than upon us to show that he cannot. That however, I will now undertake to do.

My Lords, I believe we are all agreed that it is our paramount duty—the duty of every real British patriot—to secure Protestant ascendency in these realms so long as the advantages of such an ascendency are acknowledged. If we are a Protestant people—if upon that assumption is founded much, if not most, of our political system, there can be no difference upon this point among those who are the real friends of the British constitution. If this be so, what signifies it, my Lords, that in one noisy, restless dissatisfied section—one morbid member—of the kingdom of Great Britain, there happens to be collected together a numerical local majority professing, and strenuously endeavoring, to restore the ascendency of that form of religion from the dominion of which we Protestants have escaped so blessedly, and which we profess so vehemently to dread and to discourage? Is our ear to drink in their interested clamor, and be closed to the indignant remonstrances of the all but universal Protestantism of these realms? My Lords, we must legislate for Great Britain, not for the Roman Catholic majority of Ireland alone; and upon the same liberal, but safe and cautious principles, which lead us to tolerate Dissenters—though we refuse to exempt them from the burden of contributing to support the established religion—do we tolerate the Roman Catholics. We have emancipated them from the thraldom of which they complained so pertinaciously and vehemently. We have done more, we have conferred upon them very great privileges, but nevertheless we require them, for divers cogent considerations of state policy, to recognise and permit the existence in Ireland of the Established Church as a means of maintaining and propagating, in that most important section of the empire, the Protestant religion, the religion of the vast majority of the inhabitants of these realms—the religion for which they, man, woman, child, churchman and layman, peer and peasant, have nobly poured forth their blood, and been consumed at the stake, and in defence of which they are, as I know, and as your Lordships know, prepared to go again through the same bloody and fiery ordeal. Oh, my Lords, do not underrate the Protestant feeling residing in these realms—do not trifle with it, do not attempt to abate or discourage it. My Lords, we cannot, we will not permit the Irish branch of the Established Church to be cut off. We will not permit that wing of the glorious fabric of Protestantism to be consumed or destroyed — to be "razed, razed utterly." *If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.* The more that we see the flames bickering and blazing around the sacred structure, the more determined are we, at all hazards to extinguish them. Recollect,

my Lords, your duty to the British nation; you cannot so weakly or wickedly violate an essential and fundamental part of the Union; you cannot, I am sure you cannot—you will not basely withdraw your countenance from and forsake our loyal Protestant brethren in Ireland; those who have borne the heat and burthen of the day, in fighting the battle of the reformed religion established in these realms, who are united with us in holy communion in one church in Christ,—and who now, as one man, protest and exclaim against the bill now before your Lordships, as calculated for their destruction—their speedy extirpation.

For these, among other principal reasons, I say we are bound to look first at the safety of the Established Church in Ireland, before coming to a conclusion upon this bill. There are, however, other cogent reasons for doing so, to one of the foremost of which I now beg leave to direct the most serious attention of your Lordships.

Even admitting it to be difficult to point out precisely—as we are often challenged to do—the direct manner in which this bill will operate to the disparagement of the Protestant religion in Ireland, I say we are bound to look, not so much at the general character and conduct, as at the avowed views and determinations of those who now so impetuously demand the measure before us. Who are they? Those who at length venture to fling aside all disguise—who declare their deadly dislike of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, and their determination to overthrow it. Permit me, my Lords, to direct your special attention to one very striking sign of the times—the manner in which this bill is proposed, the arguments by which its adoption is insisted upon. What was the most convincing argument with most of your Lordships who took a part in the discussion and decision of Roman Catholic Emancipation,—adopted by the petitioners for that measure, and relied upon by those Protestants who joined in its advocacy? What was it that at length silenced our scruples, and soothed our alarms? Was it not the solemn and repeated assurance, that that "great healing measure" once granted, all agitation would cease—peace and order be at length communicated to unhappy Ireland, and that demagogues would find "their occupation gone"—that there would be no longer any fuel to feed the flame of popular fury and discontent? That the Irish Church would then—as one noble and learned Lord* now present most emphatically and repeatedly declared, when in the other house—be safe,—stronger, even, than it had hitherto been;—placed in a position where it would no longer disgust and exasperate the minds of the Roman Catholics of Ireland? If those who with such a fatally successful pertinacity urged on those claims, had really any ulterior and sinister designs, were they not most seduloously disguised and concealed? Were not analogous professions and predictions to be heard, in the case of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the passing of the Reform Bill? If on any one of these occasions we had heard of the doctrine of "*instalments*"—that, those measures conceded, we should soon be driven to concede more—that, Roman Catholic Emancipation granted, they would soon be able to use their new-born privileges to batter down the Established Church in Ireland; that, the Test and Corporation Acts repealed, the Dissenters would soon be enabled to overthrow the Established Church in England and secure the triumph of the Voluntary system; that the Reform Bill was desirable only as a means of enabling them who were enfranchised by it to upset the old institutions of the country,—to establish a Republic: had such been the language openly used by those who sought the relief and privileges conferred by these bills, would any one of them have been ever passed? Would not the mouths of Burke, Fox, Wyndham, Canning—of many noble Lords now present—indeed, of all the public men who successfully influenced public opinion—on these occasions, have been closed? And yet,—mark, my Lords, the disastrous change—Ireland became again, as was said in 1826, "a gigantic supplicant thundering at the gates of the constitution,"—proclaims the Established

* Lord Plunket.

Church there to be a loathsome eyesore, a plague-spot, an intolerable injury and insult—a nest of heretics; that agitation must never cease till this shall have been got rid of—and that unless it be got rid of, the Union is—mere waste paper! Now, my Lords, I do not wonder at it, or presume to censure those who entertain and openly avow such opinions as these; they may be just, they may be conscientious—at all events, they are candid and frank: but what must one think of his Majesty's Ministers—Protestants to boot—who, with all these things before their eyes—ringing in their ears—professing an ardent attachment to the Protestant institutions of the country, a determination to uphold the Established Church in Ireland—even to better its positions—still step forward to grant all that the fierce and bitter Roman Catholic party demand, even avowedly to "inflict a heavy blow and grievous discouragement upon the Protestant religion"—to adopt the extraordinary and memorable words of the noble Viscount—shutting their ears to the express declarations, the fearfully explicit avowals made by those who demand these corporations for Ireland! "But," says the noble Marquis, the President of the Council, "there is no danger to be apprehended to the Established Church in Ireland from the passing, but rather from the refusing to pass this measure," No, danger, my Lords! Why, what will the noble Marquis accept as indications of danger? He may, if he like, shut his eyes, and put his finger into his ears—that so, like the deaf adder, he *will* not hear; but unless he does this, he *must* listen to the furious and unceasing denunciations of the Established Church in Ireland by those who seek this bill in order to carry their purposes into effect, and who plainly before-hand assure him, *eo concesso, cadit ecclesia!* Good heavens, my Lords, what infatuation is this! We see an inflamed, a determined, an organized numerical majority of the Roman Catholics of Ireland devoting our Church there to destruction, and demanding this bill as the means of effecting their object, and we are told that there is nothing in all this, and the bill ought to pass! Why does the noble Marquis shake his head! Am I then misrepresenting the state of Ireland? When before were tithes so fearlessly denounced as a blood-stained impost, and that nothing short of their total and immediate abolition would satisfy the Roman Catholics of Ireland? That they desired to see the Ministers of our church there in penury and want? My Lords, you do take the life of the Irish Church, when you do take the means whereby it lives; and by this bill you are strengthening the hands and completing the machinery of those who are engaged in the destruction of that Church. Is it not perfectly intolerable that Ministers, when so distinctly, so solemnly, so repeatedly told by Mr. O'Connell and his supporters of their real objects in demanding these corporations—when it is so easy to see the dreadful power they have already of carrying their views into effect—will, nevertheless, concede all that is demanded, under the belief that, somehow or another, it will benefit the Established Church in Ireland, and strengthen the Union between the two countries? What is the noble Viscount about? *Quæ te dementia cepit?* What infatuation, or hypocrisy, is this! The noble Viscount still gives signs of dissent. Will he tell me, then, to what purposes the "General Association," and the "Justice Rent," are devoted? The General Association, of which, as it is boasted, "the venerable Catholic Hierarchy are members," look at its complete organization, its extending ramifications, the air of intended permanency about all its machinery and arrangements, which Ministers are anxious to complete, by granting these corporations. What is even its present avowed object? "To secure the passing of this bill—*and also the final abolition of tithes.*" What says one of its members—a prominent, a powerful, and at length a plain-speaking agitator,—Dr. M'Hale?

"I hope there is no clergyman in this diocese who will not contribute to the fund of the Association. I trust, too, that there is not an individual in Ireland, however humble, who will not shortly give his offering into the national treasury, and his name to the petitions for justice that will be poured in from all quarters of Ireland.—The triumph that crowned the Catholic ought to be a lesson to guide the General Association. *The tithes shall be extinguished for ever.* It is from the creation of that establishment that

the poor of Ireland may date the epoch of their being outlawed from the common privileges of humanity; *they can never hope to be effectually restored until the legislature issues the decree of its fiscal annihilation—after which, little will be heard of polemical acrimony.*" Little, indeed, my Lords! Father Burke, is still more explicit. He was proved to have said, from the altar—

"I will tell you what it is, boys; the tottering fabrics of the heretics are falling about their ears, while the Catholic religion is rising in glory every day. Ireland was once Catholic Ireland, boys; it will, and it shall be Catholic Ireland again!" Thus much for the subordinate agents of the Roman Catholic party. Mr. O'Connell, in a letter addressed to his constituents on the 28th of September last, made use of the following expressions, to which I would strenuously call the attention of your Lordships.

"You are well aware that the governing rule of my political conduct has been to obtain for Ireland as much as I possibly could—to get entire justice for her, if I can; but if not, to realize as much as possible. In other words, there is a debt of national justice due to Ireland,—I look for the payment of the whole, and will never be satisfied till that whole be discharged in full; but in the mean time, I will take any instalment, however small, at any time, when to get more is out of my power—and then go on for the balance. This is precisely the principle I have acted upon with reference to the tithe-system in Ireland. My opinion is that tithes ought to be totally abolished, and that ultimately nothing less will, or ought to satisfy the Irish people. I may be mistaken—but these are my deliberate and fixed opinions. I heartily supported the Ministry of Lord Melbourne in their measure of tithe relief,—not as giving all I wanted, but as giving us a part, and establishing an appropriation principle which would necessarily produce much more. I supported the Government plan of Irish Municipal Reform throughout—not that I approved of it in all its details, but only —AS AN INSTALMENT."

My Lords, this man—the mouthpiece of the Roman Catholic priests—speaks truly when he says that such are his deliberate and fixed opinions. I lately went through what I cannot but call the disgusting drudgery of marking his progress of agitation, as indicated in the public journals and his acknowledged organs for the last five years—and I discerned a perfect consistency and fixedness of purpose in all he said, and wrote, and did—that the objects he never lost sight of for a moment were the destruction of the Irish Church, and the repeal of the Union. In 1832, he says—

"It is my solemn, conscientious, unaltered, and unalterable opinion, that Ireland cannot prosper without a repeal of the Legislative Union. I never did, I never will, I never can abandon my anxious desire for a repeal of the Union. This is a subject on which I have pledged myself; and I solemnly and deliberately repeat the pledge to the people of Ireland."

Again, in 1833—

"I never submitted to the Union; because, even when agitating for emancipation, I said I only used it as a means to an end—and that end was, a repeal of the Union." In 1835—"I am convinced of the utter impossibility of obtaining justice for Ireland, from any other than an Irish Parliament."

But in 1836 occurs a most marvellous passage!

"To obtain Corporation Reform will be an excellent instalment. There is a fable, that a man having received some boon from some great enemy of mankind, made a bargain with him that he would undertake to do any thing that might be required of him; and Satan then directed him to do one of three things—that he should either injure his mother, kill his father, or get drunk; and the man, having chosen the last alternative, got drunk, and then committed the other two offences. Thus it is that I propose to postpone the consideration of the question of the total abolition of tithes; BUT—GIVE ME CORPORATION REFORM, AND I SHALL SOON GET THE OTHER!" *Now*, my Lords, will the noble Viscount and the noble Marquis admit that the passing of this measure may directly endanger the stability, the existence, of the Established Church in Ireland, and of the Union? I await, perhaps in common with most of your Lordships, with the deepest anxiety, an explanation from some noble lord opposite, of the grounds on which we

may disregard these intimations of Mr. O'Connell and his party, and safely make the required concessions in spite of them. I beg leave to ask the first Minister of the Crown, whether, when he reflects upon the open declaration of war against the Established Church in Ireland, by Mr. O'Connell; the powerful organization by means of which his opinions are disseminated and his designs carried into effect—I mean by the zealous and indefatigable Romish priesthood; by the General Association—its emissaries and corresponding members—with its branch associations in the most distant parts of Ireland; the shameful, for I must speak my mind—I say the shameful and perfidious countenance given to these proceedings by Government, who have positively selected from amongst its most active and violent members some of their confidential advisers;—when he sees the appalling condition to which the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland are reduced, and the miserable prospects in store for them—one of Mr. O'Connell's chief agents declaring openly "that in twelve months they will break the necks of the parsons;"—whether, all these things being brought to his notice, he can still conplacently propose this measure, not merely with safety to the Established Church of Ireland, but as a means of strengthening and improving its condition! In the name of the offended common sense of the country, I demand of Ministers how they can persist, under such circumstances, in pressing this bill forward! I am loath to entertain the suspicion that they *mean* ill towards the Protestant institutions of this country, in thus granting the desires, or rather yielding to the demands which have produced the measure now before us. They know not what they do; they cannot look steadily at the results of such a concession as this; and hereafter, when all the evils now predicted shall have happened, I can fancy I see the noble Viscount and the noble Marquis contemplating the mischief they shall have precipitated, in mournful but foolish wonder that they could have disregarded so many symptoms of its approach,—exclaiming to one another, in language akin to that of the simple shepherds—

Sæpe malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,
De cœlo tactas memini prædicere quercus,
Sæpi sinistra cava prædixit ab alice cornix.

But, my Lords, what are the grounds of general state policy, of constitutional principle, on which this measure is alleged to be based? Mr. O'Connell has stated them to be "*justice*," "*peace to Ireland*," and Ministers meekly echo him.—Justice to Ireland means, he says, equal laws for the two countries, which signifies—at least *pro hac vice*—an equal right of the municipal towns of Ireland to self-government, with those of England and Scotland. Need I remind your Lordships, that whatever freak Mr. O'Connell takes into his head, whatever scheme he sets his mind upon, he veils under these fine and sounding expressions? That they are the bait with which, while fishing in the troubled waters, he catches the weak and the ignorant? This same "*justice to Ireland*" is, as was excellently said by a noble friend of mine in the other House, a phantom that always eludes the grasp—the phase of the rainbow perpetually changing its shape, and defying all the attempts of the peasant, whose ignorance hurries him on to pursue it, to arrest and secure its beautiful but transitory hues—which to-day assumes the shape of municipal reform; which the next day assumes the shape of universal suffrage; which then changes into the shape of vote by ballot;—but which, under every shape, at all times, and under every disguise, means the subversion of the Irish church, and the blood-stained impost of tithes!

My Lords, I have always strongly suspected those advocates of great political changes, who, in proposing and supporting them, rely largely upon vague theoretical topics—*ad captandum vulgus*—avoiding every thing specific, definite, and practical; when encountered by facts, by demonstrations of inevitable inconvenience and danger, falling back upon and vehemently asserting general principles of legislation, which no one ever dreamt of disputing. Is not this evidently the conduct of the advocates of this bill, both in and out of Parliament? My lords, I for one have read and listened to most of what has been written and spoken upon this ques-

tion, and have been remarkably struck with the use made of such topics by those who urge forward this bill, in unfavorable contrast with the practical, searching, argumentative character of the address delivered by its opponents. Whether it be the glittering and fervid rhetoric of Mr. Shiel, the cold plausibilities of Lord John Russel, the boisterous and violent diatribes of Mr. O'Connell, the cunning sophistics of Mr. Woulfe, or the myriad disquisitions of the little philosophic statesmen who follow in their wake—(insects that have been generated in great numbers by the Reform bill)—all, all are pervaded by the characteristics I have mentioned! *Justice to Ireland!* Who in his senses, my Lords, ever said that Ireland ought not to have justice? That she is not entitled to the privileges and protection of the British constitution, equally with England and Scotland? That she is not entitled to equal laws and rights? Who is there that denies the abstract excellence of municipal institutions, properly constituted, and adopted in a state of society fitted to receive them? No one that I know of! I protest that never, since I have had a seat in this House—a short period it may be—have I heard the negative of such propositions absurdly attempted to be contended for; and yet, scarce a speech is delivered any where in favor of this bill, in which such charges are not reiterated against its opponents. Is *this* justice? But those who resort to such means, find their ends best answered by obstinately echoing these cuckoo notes of Mr. O'Connell; and consequently the Irish people are incessantly reminded that they are "slaves"—"hereditary bondsmen"—"weighed down with centuries of misrule;" that they are "outlaws from the British constitution;" that they are insulted by being deemed unworthy to participate in the rights and privileges of their more fortunate fellow-countrymen on the other side of the Channel; that after all, "*they are seven millions*," and therefore they must—they shall have whatever Mr. O'Connell thinks they ought to have—municipal corporations! a repeal of the Union! that we have conceded so much, that we cannot help conceding more, and unless we yield to this, and God knows what other demands, we may depend upon renewed and aggravated agitation, and the severing of the connexion between the two countries!

We smile, my Lords, at this recapitulation—this catalogue of the stock in trade of an Irish agitator, and are reminded of the dirty cups and balls, knives and mysterious *et ceteras* of a conjuror; but we grow serious when we reflect upon the ignorant and inflammable people before whom they are used, and upon whom they produce the desired results! That which in England would be absurd, is potent and fearful in Ireland; but, that his Majesty's Ministers can be brought to join in such practices upon credulity and ignorance, is lamentable indeed! Still, my Lords, let us not undervalue the weapons which the enemies of good government—of peace and loyalty—use against us. We, who address ourselves to the reason, most frequently find ourselves defeated by those who appeal to the passions; we, who seek to support a reasonable control over the natural liberties of mankind, to discharge the more ungracious, but by far the most useful duties resulting from the compact of civil society, must make up our minds with being almost always in a numerical minority, and obnoxious to popular distrust. Permit me, my Lords, to read you a passage from the writings of the great and good Hooker, the very first with which he commences his famous "Ecclesiastical Polity"—"He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favorable hearers, because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regimen is subject; but the secret lets and difficulties which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not, ordinarily, the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all and for men that carry singular freedom of mind, under this fair and plausible color, whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech, is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas, on the other side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a num-

ber of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favor of the present state, because thereby we either hold or seek preferment; but also to bear such exceptions as minds, so averted beforehand, usually take against that which they are loath should be poured into them."

But, my Lords, passing away from these considerations, I ask, in what really consists justice to Ireland? In patiently and accurately enquiring into her real condition, in removing acknowledged evils, applying fit remedies, conferring those institutions which are safe, adapted to the circumstances of Ireland, and calculated to secure permanently her best interests. Who, then, is the true, the real friend of Ireland? *He who acts from disinterested motives;* who keeps their object steadily in view, equally unmoved by flattery or menace;—and such your Lordships, in my conscience, I believe, have ever proved yourselves, and the country expect and believe you ever will. And what does a calm and independent observer behold in contemplating Ireland? On the one hand, a powerful Protestant minority—in point of numbers—stern, inflexible, enthusiastic, lion-hearted, in the assertion of their principles; possessed, moreover, of a very great proportion of the wealth of Ireland, and consequently most deeply interested in her well-being. On the other hand, we behold a Roman Catholic numerical majority, consisting chiefly of the lower orders, a race of people peculiarly inflammable, and liable to evil influences; perfectly passive in the hands of designing demagogues and priests, bound hand and foot in the manacles of superstition. The noble Viscount informed us last year, that there existed in Ireland "a propensity to combination, and to violent outrage"—which is proved, alas! by the present fearful condition of Ireland, notwithstanding the anxious and interested efforts of Mr. O'Connell, and his masters, the priests, to make the contrary appear—crying, *Peace! Peace! when there is no peace.* My Lords, does any one doubt that Mr. O'Connell could, at any moment that pleased those whose instrument he is, light up in Ireland universal uproar and riot—if not even rebellion? Has he not at present at his command the elements of confusion and anarchy? Is there not, to go no farther, the rancour of religious hostility—the bitter and hopeless hostility that must ever exist between exasperated Protestants and Papists, when not mitigated by education, subdued by loyalty, or checked and controlled by the full energy of the laws? All this is admitted—it would be idle to deny it. Let us then turn to England—

"Look on this picture, and on this."

We are struck at once with a distinction between the populations of the two countries. That of England is chiefly a manufacturing one, inhabiting large and wealthy towns, possessing all the peculiar wants and habits incident to such a situation. In Ireland, on the contrary, the population is principally an agricultural one, scattered at considerable intervals over the country—and what can *they* want with the expensive mechanism and pageantries of municipal establishments! In England, my Lords, we see, happily, the laws in full supremacy—no single instance of that open, combined, armed opposition to them which the noble Viscount deplored to observe in Ireland; the rights of property regarded; tolerant majorities and minorities—an immense preponderance of those professing the Protestant religion. Such being the general character of England, the noble Viscount and Mr. O'Connell see it entrusted with municipal institutions—guarded, however, by most anxiously-contrived checks and limitations as to the qualifications of voters, and the powers, privileges, and duties of the officers and members of the corporations; there is a tolerably fair balance of parties in them; there are important functions to exercise, and no other equally efficient mode of providing for their performance. All this having been observed and considered—give us, says Mr. O'Connell, the like institutions in Ireland! We demand them, in the sacred name of Justice—by all the terrors of the Justice-Rent, and of the General Association! We claim equal rights! With us, good government is self-government—for we are well fitted to exercise it! Charles, calm and sobor, there, is intrusted with a razor;

therefore put one into the hands of Daniel here—drunk, or delirious, or mad! In short, my Lords, the advocates of this bill shut their eyes to the real situation of the people for whom it is designed, and ignorantly clamor for an identity of institutions, when the circumstances and qualifications of two countries are so widely dissimilar. My Lords, the sober and moderate English burgess must qualify himself to exercise the municipal franchise, by renting a ten-pound house; the wild and ignorant Irishman—the miserable creature of wicked priests and cunning demagogues, is to be qualified by renting a five-pound tenement—a mere slip of potato-ground. In England—tranquil, law-observing England—so anxious are we to secure for municipal constituencies persons permanently interested in the well-being of particular municipalities, and for a reasonable period known in the neighborhood, that we require a three years' residence in a ten-pound house, and payment of poor's rates and taxes during that period; in phlegmatic Scotland, also, the qualification is occupation of a ten-pound house and a six months' residence. But the lovers of equal institutions have ordered that it should be otherwise with Ireland, for there both these qualifications are to be dispensed with! In England, with, thank God! an overwhelming majority of Protestants and friends of the Established Church, we have thought it necessary to insert in our Municipal Corporation Act effective safeguards and protections for the Established Church. In Ireland, with an ambitious, an exasperated Roman Catholic majority, fiercely opposed to the Protestant religion, and openly avowing their determination to subvert it, we must dispense with them!

My Lords, I might point out many other equally gross instances of discrepancy between the municipal institutions recently conferred upon England and Scotland and those now proposed for Ireland, and cite many other instances of the increasing difficulty of applying that identity of legislation which is declared by Ministers to be—justice to Ireland. But I forbear. I declare, my Lords, that I am deeply pained at being obliged thus to dwell upon the present incapacity of our Irish fellow-subjects to undertake the task of self-government, at least that species of it which is proposed in the measure now before us. But have I any choice? Is it not forced upon me? Here, then, I take my stand—I say that the present condition of Ireland will not admit of our giving them the corporations now demanded—that we cannot do so with safety to the interests of our Protestant establishments, nor with safety or advantage to those whom, it is erroneously alleged, they will so greatly benefit. My Lords, it was observed by the late Lord Mansfield, "there is no magic in words"—let us think of this when "Justice to Ireland," and "Peace to Ireland," and "equal laws," are dinned into our ears—let them not "fright us from our propriety," but, considering from what interested and polluted lips they chiefly proceed, let us disregard them, however we may thereby "*spoil the trade*," alas, too lucrative! of those who are loudest and most insolent in demanding our assent to this bill.

But, my Lords, it was said by the noble Viscount and the noble Marquis opposite, that not only are we guilty of offering a gross insult to the people of Ireland in thinking them unfit for the corporations proposed in this bill, but of grievous injustice in withholding those institutions essential for the good of Ireland. How, then, I ask, are these corporations essential?—Surely it is incumbent on those noble Lords, and all who think with them, to point out distinctly the necessity of these corporations. Where, then, are the corporate exigencies that demand them? First, with regard to the lighting, paving, watching, and cleansing of the towns of Ireland, have not these matters been long most efficiently and satisfactorily provided for in all the principal towns of Ireland, or wherever the inhabitants have felt the necessity—by means of the Act 9 Geo. IV. c. 82, entitled, as your Lordships are of course aware, "An Act to make provision for the lighting, cleansing, and watching of cities, towns corporate, and market towns in Ireland, in certain cases?" By this Act, it is provided, that, as soon as twenty-one householders of any town in Ireland agree in thinking it necessary and desirable to set that Act in operation, they may convene a meeting, at which all inhabitants rated at

£5—mark that, my Lords—at £5 only, in the city, or within a mile of it, may vote. If they shall decide upon adopting the Act, they are to proceed to elect commissioners to carry it into effect, who are to be elected from residents rated at £20 a-year. Here was a popular constituency — here were responsible officers — here were important practical duties to perform! This Act has excellently delineated the powers and duties of these commissioners, and the manner in which they were to be attended to, in order to secure to any town adopting the Act the full advantage of it. My Lords, was that—is it—an objectionable mode of providing for the real wants of such towns? Why? How? What is the reason why all this admirable and most effective machinery is to be suddenly stopped and set aside—for committing the duties of these commissioners to the new corporations? Has the Act been found to work ill? Have the commissioners abused their powers, or been found inadequate to perform their duties? Was there any imperfection in the mode of electing or conducting them? Without, however, entering more minutely into that part of the bill before us which concerns these municipal exigencies, I would direct your Lordship's attention to the part of the clause by which the transfer of these duties from the commissioners and trustees at present exercising them, to the new corporations, is effected. Will the noble Viscount be so good as to inform your Lordships how he came to except Dublin from the operation of the Act? Dublin — the capital of Ireland, with three times the corporate property, and a population greatly exceeding that of thirty-six out of the forty-seven towns which this bill proposes to incorporate? Was it, as Ministers were asked in the other house by the honorable and learned member the recorder of Dublin, who did not, however, obtain an answer—was it that they were distrustful of their own measure; that feeling conscious of its total inapplicability to Ireland, they dared not apply it to Dublin? Will any of the noble Lords opposite give a distinct answer to this question? If I have drawn the wrong inference from this peculiar proviso, I shall hope to be set right—at all events, I demand an explanation of it.

But to proceed. It may be said, my Lords, that there are so many important duties to be discharged by these new corporations, as not only to warrant their immediate formation, but to forbid their being delayed any longer; and that then the watching, paving, and lighting, may be also committed to them. Is this, however, so? No, my Lords—these proposed corporations are invested with no useful functions whatever! They are to be stripped, as the noble and learned Lord near me stated, in one of his cogent and unanswerable addresses last year, of the administration of justice; with neither civil nor criminal justice will they have any thing to do—both are vested in the crown; with the police they are to have nothing to do —for that is under the control of the Lord-Lieutenant; the sheriffs — but here there has been some alteration— in truth, however, a most paltry compromise! The charitable trusts are to be free from their interference; and, with reference to the sea-port towns, the Chambers of Commerce are to be exempted from their control! If, my Lords, this be so; if, besides, the property of the corporation is so miserably inadequate—if the only duties these new corporations will have to perform are those already so unexceptionally provided for, why is all this cumbrous and expensive machinery to be erected; why are the people to be grievously taxed for the support of a body over which they will have no efficient control, the mayor and aldermen being elected by the council? What will they have to do? Since the noble Viscount cannot, or will not, or dare not tell us, let us go to his Mentor—his

"guide, philosopher, and friend,"

Mr. O'Connell; who, with irrepressible exultation, with extraordinary candor, thus answers the question which posed his servants:—"England has received an instalment of corporate reform, and well she has availed herself of it already. The sword is fastened in your vitals, and you feel it festering there. You regret the triumphs the reformers have gained in the municipal councils! YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS NOT ONE OF THESE COUNCILS THAT WILL NOT BE CONVERTED INO A NORMAL SCHOOL FOR TRACHING THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL AGITATION!"

Ah, my Lords, here the murder is out—and the folly or duplicity of Ministers apparent! Do they pretend to disregard this avowal of Mr. O'Connell? On what ground? Let them come forward and tell us! Can they convert Mr. O'Connell into a peaceful and honorable citizen? "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook; or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications to thee? Will he speak soft words unto thee? Will he make a covenant with thee? Wilt thou take him for a servant forever? Behold the hope of him is in vain!" Do they seriously think this man's power in Ireland would decline on the passing of this bill? Are they soothing themselves with the belief that his Association will be dissolved on the establishment of these corporations?—What! the central engine be destroyed just when all its remoter parts and machinery have been completed? When the declared object of its formation is the total abolition of tithes, and, the "unaltered, unalienable determination" of its contriver, the Repeal of the Union? Where shall I find words to describe such unparalleled obstinacy, credulity, or duplicity? Ministers declare their desire to give peace to distracted Ireland; they deprecate agitation, and yet by passing this bill they exclaim "Agitate! agitate! agitate!" They create centres radiating agitation in every corner of Ireland, and, having thus completed all the arrangements for a simultaneous and irresistible attack from all sides upon the Established Church in Ireland, and the Union—they come and implore your Lordships to pass this bill, if you are real friends to the Church, and resolved to resist the repeal of the Union!

But, my Lords, Ministers, in their despair for arguments, may at length exclaim, that in refusing to pass this bill, we are wantonly defeating the just expectations and eager wishes of the people of Ireland; that they have set their hearts upon this measure, and the refusal of it will exasperate them to frenzy—and "they dare not venture to predict the results." My Lords, Mr. O'Connell wishes, of course, that we should be induced to believe that this bill was the darling object of his countrymen's hopes and wishes—he *said* he would make it so. Last year he spoke in such a tremendous tone about his intended doings in Ireland during the vacation—about summoning simultaneous meetings of his "*seven millions*" all over Ireland to petition for this bill, that I expected to hear at the beginning of this session of all the steamboats being crammed with the parchment results of these meetings and that we might expect an irruption of the "finest peasantry under the sun" to back their petitions—had not their *friend* taken care to deprive them of the means of paying their passage. But how stands the fact? Exertion has not been wanting—but what is the produce of it? Up to the beginning of the present May, I find there have been 225 petitions for this bill from Ireland, with 117,353 signatures only out of the "seven-millions!" But what is the prayer of most if not all of these petitions? Your Lordships are not to suppose it confined to the bill now before us; it is sufficient for me to state that they are the result of this mandate of Mr. O'Connell—"Petitions for THE TOTAL ABOLITION OF TITHES, a speedy reform of the Irish Corporations, and vote by ballot, according to the directions contained in the printed petitions!" And, by the way, while speaking about petitions, let me inform your Lordships of the alarming excitement prevailing in England, Scotland, and Wales upon this subject; which have sent no fewer than TEN petitions in favor of this bill! Let me publicly enumerate the places which have acquired so much honor!

Brentford, and its vicinity.

The corporation of Hull.

The mayor, aldermen, burgesses, and inhabitants of Richmond (Yorkshire).

Inhabitants of the borough of Warrington.

Inhabitants of the parish of ditto.

The Vestrymen of St. Pancras.

Provost, bailies, &c., of Paisley.

Inhabitants of Galashiels!!

Inhabitants of Westpool.

The mayor, aldermen, and burgesses, of Carmarthen!

The gross amount of signatures to these petitions—I tremble to say—is, 4001!! Four thousand people and one in England, Scotland, and Wales have persuaded themselves that we ought to pass this bill!

My Lords, I deeply regret the length at which I have been induced to address you, and trespass upon your indulgence, but the magnitude of the question will, I hope, plead in my favor, and secure your attention to a few concluding observations.

It appears to me, my Lords—to sum up in a word what I have been saying—that we cannot settle this question without an anxious reference to its probable effects upon the Established Church in Ireland, and, through it, upon the general interests of Protestantism in this country; that the probable operation of this bill has been shown to be fraught with danger to that Church, and those interests; that those who have proposed, and demand this bill, avow themselves to be actuated, in doing so, with deadly animosity to that Church, and a desire for its extirpation, and also for the severance of the connexion between the two countries; I have endeavored to show the fallacy and absurdity of the grounds on which it is alleged that justice to Ireland, and "equal laws," demand the passing of this bill;—the great practical disparities existing between the people of the two countries, as evidenced even by the corresponding variations in the provisions of the two bills; that this measure is designedly capable of being instantly converted into an engine for the subversion of the Church, and the Repeal of the Union, and for other iniquitous purposes; that it is, finally, really not called for, either by the municipal necessities of Ireland, or the voice of the Irish people. These are the points I have endeavored to make out to the satisfaction of your Lordships, in order to show that the course you adopted last year was the wisest you could adopt, and that you are bound to adopt it now. Finding, last year, that the old corporations were indefensible, we agreed to abolish them; and, considering that it was not in human nature for one set of fierce political partisans to submit calmly to a sudden transference of their powers and privileges to the hands of their implacable opponents; that such a sudden transfer would certainly generate a state of discord and exasperation, utterly inconsistent with the exercise of good municipal government, and fatal to the peace and welfare of Ireland;—that Ministers, professing to discard the exclusive principle of the old corporations, could reconstruct them on the same objectionable basis;—investing a vast numerical majority of Roman Catholics with the powers plucked from their Protestant rivals;—your Lordships determined, last year, to avoid this dangerous dilemma, to do away with what was an acknowledged evil, and to allow a reasonable interval to elapse (making the while due provisions for the welfare of that country) before recasting the corporations. In that interval, how much might have been done solidly and practically useful to Ireland, how might the asperities of party have been mitigated, how effectually might our Protestant institutions have been secured,—had but Ministers been honest and hearty in seconding the efforts of your Lordships. *Sed aliter Diis visum est*—it is not the fault of a majority of your Lordships that we are now, after a year's interval, not even so far advanced towards a settlement of this question as we were last session! Parliament has been called upon by his Majesty to take into consideration the state of Ireland, to provide for a just settlement of the affairs of the Church, and for the better regulation of the municipal corporations. Why, my Lords, are we to be called upon to settle first the question of municipal corporations before knowing the measures that will be proposed regarding the Church? Suppose we pass this bill as Ministers propose it to us, and that having thrown such a prodigious increase of power into the hands of the popular —the Roman Catholic party—in Ireland, Ministers should see fit to dissolve the Parliament, having *unfortunately* postponed their promised measure concerning the Church? Or suppose, having passed this bill, they should then propose a measure concerning the Church,—containing, for instance, an appropriation clause—and being of a character far more *liberal*, and to the Church party objectionable, than any hitherto proposed; that on this being, as it certainly would be, rejected by your Lordships—they should *then* determine upon dissolving the Parliament, and *with this fresh grievance in their hands*, count with confidence on their power being strengthened by the Irish electors? If they have views of this na-

ture, they may rely upon it that their designs will be defeated!

My Lords, are we then to stand as we stood last year, or to retrace our steps? Has any thing happened since that period from which we may gather an intimation of the course we should now pursue? Undoubtedly—and thus those indicatives are full of consolation and encouragement to your Lordships to persevere in the course upon which you have entered. The country is beginning to be aware of the vast debt of gratitude it owes to this House for the stand it has made on behalf of the constitution, whose designing, insolent, and persevering enemies it has so frequently and signally discomfited. What has become of the cry raised in the desperation of his disappointment by Mr. O'Connell, for a reform of this House? How is it that the bill now before us has come up from the other House "shorn of its beams"—of its majority of eighty-six? How is it that the majorities of Ministers in the other House are melting away on the occasion of every great division? What has driven them with hidden fright into the arms of their Radical supporters? I wonder that the noble Viscount can keep his seat when I whisper to him—WESTMINSTER! A word pregnant with shameful considerations to the Government, as it is with honor and triumph to their opponents. My Lords,

"A dreary night hath passed, and dawns the day."

The spell has been broken—the imprisoned spirit of true British liberty set free. We stand in brightening sunshine.—The monarchy is safe; our Protestant Church is—I confidently hope and believe—out of danger. We can now look with fond solicitude, but without our late sickening apprehensions, upon that glorious but persecuted section of the Church which Providence has placed in Ireland, never to be recovered. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Let Mr. O'Connell proceed if he dare, like unhappy, presumptuous Dagon, to lay his unhallowed hand upon our ark—a like fate awaits him! Bear with me, my Lords, in thus freely expressing my excited feelings—forgive me for having trespassed so long upon the attention of the House, and I shall sit down imploring your Lordships, in the name of Ireland, in the name of our Protestant Establishments, in the name of all that is dear, and venerable, and glorious in British history, and in the hallowed associations and recollections connected with this House, to adhere to the resolution you adopted last year!

[In our TWO VASES we asked who would dare to give a version of the Greater Hymn to Venus; and Price and Blew have done the feat—nobly. One at a time.]

HYMN CONCERNING VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

BY FITZJAMES T. PRICE OF HEREFORD.

I.

Sing, O my muse, of golden Aphrodité,
Sovran of Cyprus, and her doings, how
To soft desire she moved the hearts almighty
Of gods above; and how she made to bow
Beneath her sway the tribes of men below,
And all the race of birds that float in air,
And brutes; both those that dwell 'mid ocean's flow,
And those that earth's nutritious produce share,
Since all for Venus works and each must have a care.

II.

But three she cannot gain by wit nor sleight,
The Ægis-bearer's blue-eyed maid, whom wars,
Not golden Venus' tender strifes delight,
But conflicts, battles, all the deeds of Mars.
'Twas she who first taught men to build the cars,
Whence striving warriors hurl their deadly darts,
And chariots gleaming bright with brazen bars;
Moreover, she taught tender maids the arts
That grace sweet woman's home, and fill young virgin hearts.

III.

Nor will the golden-quivered Huntress Queen
Bow down before the laughter-loving dame;
She loves the bow, and on the mountains seen
'Tis her delight to fell the flying game.
The harp and dance, loud shouts of glad acclaim,
The shady groves, the states where just men reign,
She loves. Then Venus' power the virgin shame
Of Vesta shuns, first-born of Saturn's train,
Whom mighty Neptune wooed, and Phœbus—but in vain.

IV.

For she would not; but "nay" right stoutly said;
And swore a mighty oath, unbroken now—
Touching the Lord o' the Ægis's royal head—
She'ld live for aye a maid—great Jove, I trow,
Illustrious honor for the marriage-vow
Forsworn bestowed—i' the midst of heaven's high hall
She sits supreme, and whereso mortals bow,
Before the gods, before her first they fall,
And Queen of all the Queens of Heaven upon her call.

V.

Minerva, Dian, Vesta, these alone
Can Venus neither win by wit nor sleight;
But of the rest, or gods or men, not one
Hath 'scaped her wiles; she'll put Jove's wits to flight,
Jove's! to whom hurling thunder's a delight,
Ay, his who reigns in all the realms above,
Supreme in honor, as supreme in might,
Him, when she will, doth she beset, and move
To seek the pleasant things of mortal woman's love.

VI.

But right especial care she takes to hide
Her part in this, and keep it all unseen,
Unknown by Juno, royal sister-bride,
Who far surpasseth in her glorious mien
Each other goddess; her heaven's ancient queen
To Saturn wise of council Rhea bare,
To glory destined from her birth I ween,
For Jove beheld and loved his sister fair,
Made her his wife, and gave her heaven's high throne to share.

VII.

Now once the laughter-lover's heart, great Jove,
With longing sore for mortal wedlock dosed,
That she alone might not escape man's love,
And with her smile of mischief some day roast
The assembled powers of heavan, and make her boast
How, one and all, the immortals she had given
To mortal woman's arms, and how a host
Of earthly sons, of sires divine, had thriven,
And how in man's embrace she'd locked the queens of heaven.

VIII.

He filled her soul with visions of delight,
And showed Anchises' form in all her dreams,
That herdsman stout, who, on the mountain height
Of Ida, mother of the many streams,
Tended his herds, and woolly flocks, and teams,
Himself a very god in form and mould.
Him, when the dame, whose smile eternal beams,
Beheld, desire upon her heart laid hold,
And through her soul the flames of passion quenchless rolled.

IX.

To Cyprus Isle, to her own Paphian seat,
Where balmiest odors fill the air, she hied,
Closing the gorgeous gates of her retreat—
And there, o'er every limb the glittering tide
Attendant graces poured, and deftly plied
The ambrosial oil, that none but gods employ—
Then all arrayed in robes of dainty pride,
Gleaming with gold, the goddess-queen of joy,
Winning her rapid way through æther made for Troy.

X.

On Ida landed, sped she down the steep,
Straight to the fold; companions of her way
Wagging their tails, with many a merry leap,
Went tawny lions, bears, grim wolves and grey,
And supple panthers, lusting yet for prey
Of tender fawn's flesh, greedily desired;
Well pleased she saw the brutes' unwonted play,
And with soft passion all their breasts inspired—
So to the shady nooks in couples they retired.

XI.

But she sped onward, and beneath his roof
She found Anchises;—how divinely shone
The hero's manly grace, as (far aloof
From all his comrades, who with the herds had gone
To pasture) to and fro he paced alone,
And struck his clear-toned harp. The Cyprian Queen.
Before him stood—in 'semblance not her own—
But like some virgin pure in size and mien,
Lest awe should strike him down, were all her glories seen.

XII.

Her mien, her stature, and her rich attire,
Anchises viewed awhile with wondering gaze;
The robe she wore all gleaming bright as fire,
Her winding armlets, all her jewels' blaze,
Fixed him in dumb and motionless amaze—
Bright beamed the gorgeous necklace on her slight
Soft neck—and like the moon's most delicate rays,
Around her bosom shone a tender light;
And love possessed his soul—at length thus spake the wight:

XIII.

"Hail queen! whichever of the powers above
Now deigns to stand beneath my roof-tree's shade;
Latona, Dian, or the Queen of Love,
Or well-born Themis, or the blue-eyed Maid—
One of that triad haply stands displayed,
The Graces, who in constant friendship dwell
With all the gods, nor die themselves, nor fade;
Or comest thou some nymph from grassy dell,
Or pleasant river's fount, or garden cultured well?

XIV.

"On some fair eminence I'll bid arise
A stately fane, in some conspicuous place,
Whence hour by hour shall incense seek the skies
To do thee honor—but, with heart of grace
O give me thou the goodly gift to trace
Before the sons of Troy bright honor's ways;
Make thou to flourish my succeeding race,
Grant me long life to see good store of days,
And happy sink to rest, crowned with my country's praise."

XV.

He ceased. The Aphroditè made reply:—
"Anchises, noblest of the sons of fame,
You call me goddess—no such like am I,
But mortal daughter of a mortal dame;
My sire is Otreus, if you know the name.
He's king of Phrygia—but I speak your tongue
Just as my own—for thus it chanced, she came
From Troy, who nursed me while I yet was young,
And from my tenderest years upon her neck I hung.

XVI.

"But now the golden-wanded Argicide
Snatched me from huntress Dian's choir to-day,
Where many a longing maid, and many a bride
We danced; and circling crowds enclosed our play;
Thence did he snatch me—then away, away,
O'er many a land, where man had fired his hearth
We flew; anon, o'er wilds, where beasts of prey
Rushed, mad for bloodshed, o'er the scene of dearth—
Yet never seemed my feet to feel the touch of earth.

XVII.

"That I was destined for Anchises' bed,
To rear up store of noble sons to thee,
Said the bold Argicide—anon, he fled—
Off to the gods' eternal homes sped he,
But I came hither, forced by destiny.
Then O! by heaven, by all thy filial pride,
Let now thy father, mother, brothers, see,
And judge if I, a virgin, yet untried
In wedlock's bands, be fit or not to be thy bride.

XVIII.

"And let thy swiftest messenger depart
To where the wind-foot Phrygian coursers stray,
To tell my sire, and ease my mother's heart;
And gold enough, and woven raiment they
Will send—take thou the treasure—nor delay
Thenceforth the merry marriage-feast to make,
Which men and gods observe." She'd said her say,
But o'er his soul the flood of passion brake,
And in his inmost heart was love—and thus he spake:

XIX.

"If you be daughter of a mortal dame,
And Otreus be your sire, as you declare,
And if, by Hermes hither brought, you came
My destined bride—nor God nor man shall dare
To let me—here, and now, at once I'll share
Thy love; Apollo from his silver bow
Would shoot in vain his deadliest arrows,—rare
And heav'nly woman! to the shades below,
Thy bed of bliss once mine, contented would I go."

XX.

He spoke, and seized her hand—the Queen of Smiles,
As one that would hang back, with downcast eye,
Went with him tow'rds the well-spread couch, with piles
Of soft delicious covering heaped up high,
Whereon the chief himself was wont to lie;
On it the skin of many a bear was spread,
And many a deep-toned lion, to supply
His shaggy spoils for stout Anchises' bed,
In mountain fastness high by his right hand had bled.

XXI.

But when at length the well-wrought couch they gained,
The costly gauds wherewith her figure shone,
Anchises first removed, until remained,
Of buckles, winding armlets, jewels, none,
Nor necklaces. Unbound he next her zone,
And of her gorgeous raiment stripped her bare,
Spreading it o'er a silver-studded throne;
Then, so the immortals willed, this mortal there,
Lay with the Queen of Love, himself all unaware.

XXII.

But near the time when herdsmen to the fold
Drive from the flowery pasture ox and sheep,
She donned her raiment lovely to behold,
And o'er Anchises' senses poured a deep
Sweet slumber, bathing all his soul in sleep.
Then by his bed the Goddess stood, confessed—
Forth from her cheeks in flashes seemed to leap
That heav'nly beauty never yet possessed
By other—Him from sleep she roused and thus addressed:

XXIII.

"Up, Trojan! What! in wakeless slumber tied!
Up, man! and tell me if as fair of mien
I now appear as when you first descried
My presence?"—Quick arose he then, I ween.
But when he viewed the softness and the sheen
Of Venus' neck and eyes—he turned away
His dazzled pupils—strove he then to screen
His face among the coverings where he lay—
Anon, in suppliant guise he thus began to pray:—

XXIV.

"Goddess! in that first hour when eye of mine
Beheld thy form, incontinent I knew
Thou wert a scion of a race divine;
But thou didst weave me cunning words nor true—
Now by the Lord of the Ægis, then, I sue,
Implore thee—let me not in fragile state
Here among men eke out my days, and rue
My lot—few years and life of shortest date
Are his who with the Queens of Heav'n is doomed to mat."

XXV.

Him then in answer Venus thus addressed:—
"Take heart of grace—cheer thee, Anchises, cheer—
Of mortal men thou noblest far and best—
Nay, never yield thy manly soul to fear—
Perish the thought that harm awaits thee here—
Dread not that thou shall suffer evil thing
From me or any god—all hold thee dear—
But thou shalt have a son, who shall be king
O'er Troy, from whom direct shall mighty nations spring.

XXVI.

"But men of godlike form did aye proceed
Beyond all others from thy glorious line:
Jove, for his beauty, ravished Ganymede,
That he might dwell among the pow'rs divine,
And bear the cup and pour the sparkling wine
In Jove's own palace—wondrous to behold
Is he in sooth! And all the gods combine
To heap him up with honors all untold,
As with the ruddy juice he brims their cups of gold.

XXVII.

"Yet Tros, when up the whirlwind snatched his child,
Gave all his soul to grief—incessant sighed
And wept—till Jove, to pitying mood beguiled,
Gave him in ransom for his ravished pride
A team o' the gods' high-stepping steeds—beside,
This news he ordered Hermes to impart—
That neither death nor age should him betide.
Tros heard, and pleasure banished all his smart—
Those words, and light-foot steeds had cured his broken heart.

XXVIII.

"Then, when Aurora, Queen of the Golden Rays,
Thy kinsman Titan ravish'd, the heavenly sire
She so besought to give him endless days,
That Jove assenting, granted her desire;
But, silly heart! she thought not to require
The gift of youth, from age for ever free.
Yet while remained its vigor and its fire,
Beloved of Dawn's bright daughter sojourn'd he
With her at Earth's extreme, where Ocean's waters be.

XXIX.

"But when his brow and beard display'd their first
Grey hairs, no more Aurora to her bed
Invited him, but in her palace nursed
And clothed him, and with cates ambrosial fed;
And when before all-hateful age had fled
The power to move his limbs, she thought it best
In chamber lone to lay his drooping head;
Incessant there he drivels, dispossest
Of all the strength wherewith his lithe limbs once were blest.

XXX.

"Ne'er could I choose that, thus afflicted, thou
Should'st bear the ban of immortality;
But if in mien and stature, just as now,
Thou mightst endure my tender spouse to be,
Then would my soul indeed from care be free.
But now too soon will even-handed fate
Lay the sore curse of pitiless age on thee,
Which ever comes embittering man's estate
With pain and wasting wo, which ev'n immortals hate.

XXXI.

"But sad disgrace among the pow'rs divine
For sake of thee, henceforth must I endure;—
They dreaded once those wheedling schemes of mine,
Whereby in woman's arms I would secure
Their godheads; all alike would take the lure;
But now no more this vaunt shall be mine own,
Since I have err'd beyond all hope of cure.
Ah! vile unheard-of wrong, in madness done,
For love of man to bear this babe beneath my zone.

XXXII.

"Yet him, when first he sees the light of day,
Shall the deep-bosom'd nymphs of Ida fear:
Nor mortal born, nor yet immortal, they
Live long, and feed them with ambrosial cheer,
And 'mid the choirs immortal aye appear.
Them the Sileni love—for amorous mirth
In secret caves to them is Hermes dear;
And lofty pine, or oak, at every birth,
All rich and blooming springs spontaneous out of earth.

XXXIII.

"Hallowed by men, as sacred groves they stand
Sublime; no woodman dare his axe apply;
But when the fate of death is near at hand,
First fix'd in earth the noble trunk grows dry,
Next shrinks the bark—the branches fall and die,
And then some soul departs. These nymphs shall rear
My child; and when his youthful bloom is high,
Thou shalt behold him; and i' the fifth full year
To give thee up thy son will I myself appear.

XXXIV.

"Thy heart, I ween, shall overflow with joy
When thou shalt see his bloom, so rich and rare
(For gods shall yield in beauty to thy boy,)
And thou thy charge incontinent shalt bear
To lofty Troy—and mark! if any there
Ask thee what mother bare yon pledge of love,
As I command thee, thus shalt thou declare—
'Twas one of those fair nymphs that dwell above
Upon this mountain's height, embower'd in leafy grove.

XXXV.

"But if insensate boast of thine make known
How with fair Venus thou didst share thy bed,
Then shall the kindled wrath of Jove hurl down
His murky bolts on thy devoted head.
Now know'st thou all—let salutary dread
Of Heaven's revenge thy mortal will restrain."
The Goddess ceased to speak, and heavenward sped.
Farewell, great Queen of Cyprus' fair domain!
With thee commencing, pass we now to another strain.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Fair wert thou when thy mother's eye
Looked on thy smiling infancy,
And fondly looking tried to see
Thy father's image stamped on thee—
Sweet task! that for the widow's grief
Found in the mother's hope relief.

Fair wert thou as a little child,
When that beloved mother mild
Began to mingle smiles with tears
And garner hopes for future years,
Till won by thee to thoughts of gladness
Her spirit was unyoked from sadness.

And fair thy childhood ever grew,
Brightening with graces ever new,
When growth of person was combined
With growing graces of the mind,
Till all the good and wise approved thee,
And all, who ever knew thee, loved thee.

And fair is thy sweet opening youth,
Signed with the seal of holy Truth:
Thine is a bosom without guile;
Faith claims thy unsuspicious smile;
And Virtue calls that heart her own,
Which beats beneath thy virgin zone.

Still fairer, Princess wise and good,
Shall be thy bloom of womanhood;
For thou has chosen Mary's part,
And from the right thou wilt not start;
To thee thy mind thy kingdom is—
What other sway can equal this?

Fear not what evil men may do,
But still thy even way pursue;
For a Divinity doth fence
The whereabout of Innocence,
And Royalty's most certain shield
Virtue and Truth to Courage yield.

Gloom enters e'en a royal bower,
And Ease not often dwells with Power;
And pains as well as gems beset
The circle of the coronet;
But Earth has joys, and Heaven has smiles
For the sweet Lady of the Isles.

Our England's second hope! our theme!
Areté of the poet's dream!
Our pleasant thought! our rose of state,
On whom our loyal wishes wait!
Elizabeth, with brighter bloom,
Our Charlotte, with a happier doom!

Fair darling of the Nation! we
Turn ever anxious eyes to thee,
And on our hearts is set a seal,
E'en to the death to guard thy weal;
Oh never may distrustful cloud
Thy presence from thy people shroud!

With glowing hopes our bosoms burn,
Our hearts with eager fondness yearn;
Millions in thee an interest claim,
Thine is become a household name—
Shine out, and make thy light be seen,
Our hope, our joy, our future Queen!

THE MINISTRY AND THE PEOPLE, THE WORKHOUSE SYSTEM, THE FACTORY SYSTEM, AND THE TEN HOURS' BILL.

So far back as January, 1836, in an article on the *Zoll Verein*, or Prusso-Germanic customs league,* we took occasion to call the serious attention of the Ministry, the legislature, and the country, to the commercial storm which, amidst the lurid glare of a deceitful sunshine, was darkly gathering on the horizon. On six several occasions, subsequently, our warnings were repeated, and the signs and tokens abroad pointed out. The second-sighted seer of the north stood alone in his denunciations of the wrath to come; the false prophets, daily, monthly, and quarterly, were paid and arrayed against him. Their salaams were still as ever to their patrons—oh! Whigs and Radicals utilitarian live for ever; the sun of your glory is but in its earliest dawn—the land fructifies a hundredfold under its cheering beams—the nations of the earth are bewildered with the effulgence of its splendor. In the Commons House, and out of the Peers House ministerial minstrels tuned their harps to the same grateful theme. Parker touched the chord of Whig-Radical prosperity in strains so glowing, from notes furnished by Treasury and Trade-board repositories, and withal so gratefully laudatory of his Whig-inspirers as the givers of all good things to the nation, as to be recompensed instanter for the munificent apotheosis of Whiggery with a seat at the Admiralty Board, and the profits and appurtenances thereunto appertaining. There sits the briefless barrister, who has brought Sheffield to market, blundering between Admiral Blackwood and Judge Blacksone, and in his dealings with the gallant sailor tribe, confounding cannon with the canon law. The pious Lord Glenelg, too, on occasion of the dinner at Inverness, previous to the opening of the Session, claimed, with due and solemn deference to an Almighty power as the first great cause, the secondary agency in boundless national prosperity for the Whigs, senile and juvenile. "It is proved (said he) that the resources of this country have been developed; that commercial enterprise has been called forth to new enterprise and exertions: that science, and intelligence, and reason, and all the efforts of the mind have been called forth to their utmost expansion, in order to meet the growing demands of a mighty people call-

* The iniquity of the principles, the malignity of purpose, and the falsehood of pretext on which this league was founded, had been ably exposed before, more especially by our respected contemporaries of the *Foreign Quarterly* and the *Times;* but the facts, figures, and comparisons were wanting by which the subject could be simplified and rendered intelligible; for the logic of words alone must ever be unsatisfactory when not illusive, in the absence of practical data, where such are attainable and ought to be applied. We furnished those facts and figures, to this hour uncontradicted; translated as they have been in France and Germany, and largely circulated. The Prussian Government can deal with works astutely enough, and against them can be free of its arithmetic; it *would have replied* to our *exposure* of pretence and practice had the task been possible, but on reference to *commercial authorities* the undertaking was abandoned. It has lately attempted to do it by a side wind through Dr. M'Culloch, whose utter ignorance and unfairness, not deliberate we hope, we shall perhaps have occasion to expose. It may be well to notice, that the Right Hon. Mr. Herries, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, was, it is reported, so impressed with the force of the practical evidence adduced, that he intended to have moved for a Committee of Enquiry on the subject, but on announcing his views with the courtesy usual in other times to Mr. P. Thompson, that gentleman, we have heard, begged his forbearance, on the ground that negotiations were then on foot with the Cabinet of Berlin, the successful issue of which might by such a motion be prejudiced. With a patriotic statesman such an appeal was of course irresistible—the motion was not made. Eighteen months have since elasped, but of the negotiations, if any there really were, which may be doubted, not one word has transpired or one effect been visible. As a man of business statesman, there is not a more able and far-seeing man than Mr. Herries, and it may be hoped that he will not lose sight of the subject during the present Session.

ing forth every vigorous energy of the mind in the career of power and substantial greatness—(Immense cheering of his auditors). This cannot be denied * * * *. But is it true that human agency has had no part in these transactions and in these blessings, and which, eminent as they are, we no doubt must ascribe to that great Providence which dictates the fate of nations? But then we know that there are *secondary agents*, and instruments to carry into effect those doings, and to *these is to be ascribed the existing state of things*." This was the language of that saintly and softly reposing personage, upon which in our February number the challenge so openly given was fairly accepted. Our words were, "the *secondary agents* then have inflated the great balloon of national prosperity—be it so. * * * The *secondary agents* who boast of a national prosperity as their exclusive creation——false and hollow as that prosperity appears — are bound, now and hereafter, to accept all the responsibility of national reverses and national degradation." To the same purport, but in commonplace not worth the repetition, were previous preachings of Lord John Russell at Stroud and Bristol, of that same Lord John who, in the very last month of May, when questioned about the disastrous aspect of public *prosperity*, pertly rejoined, that "the Government had nothing to do with it"—or words to that effect, for we quote from memory, as the precise sayings or doings of such a person are scarcely worth the trouble of more special reference.

The Whigs and Radicals Utilitarian are fixed therefore out of their own mouths with the balance of the prosperity and adversity accounts, whatever that may be, which we shall perhaps have occasion to advert to. In Maga of April we opened to their astonished eyes, for the first time, for the only time the revolting truth has been exhibited, the full measure of their unpopularity then, and since on the increase to almost universal execration. The triumphant re-election of Sir Francis Burdett since and so lately by the most popularly constituted electoral body of the empire is even but a faint glossary of the text—is but a shadowy illustration of more signal disgraces to come. We warned them that the next great meeting of 100,000 men would not be the gathering of a political union in Warwickshire, but a more northern and fearful muster to anathemize the horrors of the anti-Poor Law bill. Twice 100,000 have already on Harthead Moor verified our prediction. We opened to their gaze the abyss threatening to engulf them from the abuses of the factory system, the exterminatory operations of the workhouse system, and from the ballot proposed, by which the people were to be cheated of the only privilege left them by the Reform bill. To judge of the consternation of their patrons by the outcries and recriminations of the Ministerial press, of the *Morning Chronicle*, more especially, their leading champion, the discovery must have been equally surprising, although not quite so grateful as that of *terra firma* to the rebellious crew of Columbus. Conservative testimonies in behalf of the workhouse system were ostentatiously invoked; the authority of the great Duke, and the more guarded acquiescence of Sir Robert Peel, were triumphantly appealed to against us, though on all other subjects vociferously repudiated by the same appellants. We knew it all, and with the reverence due to such names we had duly weighed all in the balance and found it wanting. The Lords and the Commons were led by the natural leaders, and to them surrendered their judgment. But we were without the pale of that influence; of the people ourselves, we judged for the people, as we have ever done, with independence, perfect, unshackled, and disinterested. However our affections may incline, no man who has read us aright can accuse us of fawning with our ready homage upon the Conservative body in the legislature; few will deny how little tender we have been of the errors or wanderings of those to whom with fidelity unshaken we have adhered in times of evil and ill-merited report, and around whom we have rallied and concentrated the elements of public opinion, which had been led astray and chained to the car of mercenary ministers and unscrupulous factions. But we have and can have no community of feeling with the "red herring" philosophy of the workhouse system. Sir Robert, whose assent to the new Poor Law bill was in the first instance qualified, has already seen cause to think that it has

been executed "too harshly," and that some of its enactments want revision and "amendment." The only wholesome "amendment" that we know of would be to repeal it altogether, to send the trio of Commissioners adrift to seek a more honest means of livelihood, and despatch the secretary penny-a-liner to superintend the felonry of New South Wales, where, among faces familiar to him of old in Bow-Street or the old Bailey, he may more worthily apply the Bastile system, to which, through a confusion of ideas and associations incident perhaps to habits and practice, he has subjected guiltless paupers at home. Of the atrocious spirit which presides in the administration of the new law, volumes of evidence have already been published, whilst, as if evidence were wanting, a Committee of the House of Commons is still sitting day by day accumulating more, and piling Pelion upon Ossa. Sickening as is that evidence, and irrefragably conclusive upon all matters of detail, we will not stake, we have never asked the merits of the case even on that issue. We have protested *in limine* against that abominable provision of the workhouse system, by which a bargain is driven with destitution, and a jail made the inexorable alternative for the scanty rations of gruel pottage. And we protest against it with greater solemnity and more entire conviction, as being the inevitable precursor, the stepping-stone, to the fell and final abolition of all poor relief laws whatever—to a formal declaration by legislative enactment against the right, whether in or outside a prison—to the abrogation, by Act of Parliament, of the first clause in the great bond of social union, of the most sacred obligation of nature, consecrated from the beginning by the word of God, and centuries ago inaugurated as the law of the land. That such is the ulterior object, the *arrière pensée*, will not be questioned by those who have been in the habit of perusing the writings of the economists, the one-sided reports of the Commissioners, or the insidious anti-poor law sophisms of Senior. But in truth the trouble of reference to them has been spared us, as their organ, as the mouthpiece of the Whig Ministry and the Poor Law Commission, Lord Brougham, then Lord High Chancellor of England, and the fountain-head of law if not of Justice, did, with all the imposing gravity of the highest office, and of the highest judgment-seat in the realm, pronounce first the non expediency of poor laws and the advantages to be derived by sweeping away every vestage of them hereafter from the statute-book; and next the keeper of his Majesty's conscience, did not only doubt, but resolutely deny the existence of any rights of the able bodied poor to relief. Whatever may be thought of the discretion of those judicial decisions, their honesty and boldness unhesitating have nothing to be desired.

The mischievous errors and the ill-considered declarations into which Conservative Lords and Commoners have been betrayed, are deeply to be deplored, for they forcibly tend to the severance of social relations, and of the kindly dependences which bind man to man. Moreover, they widen the already invidious line of demarcation between classes, and lay the foundation of a storm of odium against castes. Lord Ellenborough vindicates the workhouse system, upon the plea that private benevolence is stimulated in the inverse ratio that poor law charity becomes less compulsory, and decreases in amount. This is the O'Connell doctrine imported into the House of Lords; it is some consolation to find it patronised by no more weighty authority. In the individual case of his lordship, it is pleasing to believe that such an effect can have flowed from a cause so contradictory. The reverse, it is notorious, occurs in Ireland, and it will require something more substantial than his eloquence and example to inoculate Irish paupers with his own convictions. In Lyons and its suburbs 50,000 operatives out of work are now encumbering the streets by day, or perishing of cold and hunger on the *pavés* by night. There is no compulsory provision for the poor, and therefore "ample scope and verge enough" for the display of private charity the most unbounded. It is not the less true however, that they die like dogs for want of food and shelter—by scores daily—surrounded with 20,000 bayonets, and all the "pride and pomp" of military array, to repress the sudden mutiny, and drown the groans of the dying. If, indeed the voluntary principle through private charity is likely to work such wonders, in the relaxation or the ab-

sence of poor laws, the sooner they are nullified at once and for ever, the better for the poor. There must be more philosophy, after all, in Joe Miller than we dreamt of, who thus immortalizes a paradoxical extravaganza of two wags, one of whom gave commencing vent to his amorous furor in the following line :—

My wound is great because it is so small.

which the other appropriately concluded thus :—

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!

Just so would private benevolence, doubtless, expand as compulsory descended to zero.

The Conservative press, for the most part, has, with zeal and talent unrivalled, taken more large, and liberal, and philanthropic views of the Poor Law Question. Let them not be discouraged by discrepancies of opinion between themselves and those to whom they have been accustomed, perhaps sometimes too implicitly, to differ. Theirs is the noble mission of upholding the good old principles of law, order, and the Constitution. The rights of the poor constitute the very outpost and rampart of all property; when the one is forced the other will quickly be undermined. The ability consummate with which that press is now conducted,* and the commanding influence in public opinion to which it has attained over contemporary representatives of opposing factions, fully entitle it to take the lead, and must ultimately compel those to follow who now do not disdain to owe to it, although not to own, their happiest inspirations. The pauper *mittimus* act of general incarceration is even now almost a dead letter. Lord Brougham warned the Lords, when moving it, that if not passed, their estates, in the course of years, would be swallowed up in poors' rates. As a rider to his lordship's startling discovery, we will add a forewarning more startling still. Let the workhouse system be attempted now in the manufacturing districts, and then neither their lordships' estates nor Lord Brougham's pension will be found bargains too marketable at twelve month's purchase. We need say nothing upon the other false assurances of the same learned person upon matters of fact, under the impression of which the Bastile bill was passed; assurances as false as those of Lord John Russell about the number of assistant commissioners, and the extent of trial operation to which the new bill was to be limited—as false as his pledge that all Irish police appointments should be at the disposal of Col. Shaw Kennedy, as absolutely as in reality they are at that of Mr. Dan. O'Connell. Although tolerant of Lord Brougham's senseless exaggerations, for they were chastised by no rebuke, let us not be unmindful that every essential mitigation in the interest of humanity in the original of the new poor law bill, and several such there were, was effected by the Peers. They might, and they would have done more assuredly, but there was the people's house robed in all the despotism of popularity, and the people out of doors, reform drunk, to whom change of any sort, even for the worse, was alone welcome, and they willed it otherwise.

Against the workhouse system our stand is determined, and not the less so against the abuses of the factory system, and in behalf of the infant laborers. Our zealous, however humble exertions in that sacred cause, will testify for us how sincere our convictions, how entirely enlisted our feelings. But upon the proposed "ten hours' bill" we are compelled to pause. Deep and painful reflection has led us to doubt its practicability, and to question its expediency. For it is not sufficient to enact a law in order to its execution, if that law, as in the case of the pauper prison discipline, alias the jail and gruel system, be opposed to the moral fitness of things on the material concerns of the common weal. Whether considered in the sense of the interests of the operative exclusively (if such a thing were possible as the losing sight of mutual dependencies) or in the more rational light of the combined and inseparable interests of employers and men, whether, in fine, viewed nationally, or sectionally with reference to a class, we must regard

* The provincial press, perhaps, more especially, in which, during the last few years, a developement of talent is apparent truly extraordinary.

it as an experiment which ought not to be hazarded, because failing, as fail it must, it will have jeopardized without remedy or recal, every substantial element of the industry and prosperity of the land. We who have been the unflinching friends of the working orders, in all times and circumstances, in many an uphill fight, as still we truly are, and whether politically they were favorable or hostile to our opinions—we tell them this in most sober and anxious earnestness—let them weigh well the gravity of the reasons we shall adduce in the course of that general review of the question we propose to undertake. First, however, we have to deal with certain calumnious imputations against the friends of infant factory children, and the supporters of the Ten Hours' Bill, widely circulated in Whig and Utilitarian publications, but for our purpose more conveniently condensed, although with more commendable moderation stated, in a bulky pamphlet, recently from the pen of Mr. Robert Hyde Greg, a wealthy, and no less intelligent, manufacturer, of Bury (we believe), near Manchester, and purporting to be a reply to an article on the "Factory Question," in the *Quarterly Review* of last December. We have not seen the article alluded to, nor if we had, should we have volunteered a defence which, if needed, cannot be in more able hands. It is not unlikely, however, that we may be found to differ in opinion with the writer, as from the tenor of Mr. Greg's remarks we are induced to suspect; our strictures, however, will be construed as bearing upon the general case and the general accusations of Mr. Greg alone.

This gentleman commences by attempting to fasten a charge upon those whom he calls Tories, of having taken up the factory question and the Ten Hours' Bill as a "party" and "political" question, in order to "strengthen themselves and weaken Ministers, by adopting what they consider the popular side." No more irrefragable testimony need be adduced to show the groundlessness of the charge than what may be found in his own subsequent statements. The first man who, in 1802, brought forward and carried through a measure for the protection of cotton factory children was the late Sir Robert Peel. Did he, a Tory, propose it "from party" motives, and with a view to "weaken" the Tory administration of that day? In 1816 another bill was passed, extending the shield of law to the protection of *all* children, factory workers in cotton mills, which, by the former bill, was confined to children apprentices only. The most indefatigable agent in this transaction, no less wise than humane, was the late Mr. Nathaniel Gould of Manchester, also a Tory, a name honorably renowned in the annals of benevolence; he was ably assisted by several conscientious individuals, as well as by the late Sir Robert Peel. Did Mr. Gould make the question a stalking horse of factious opposition against the Tory Ministers of that day? We well remember, as Mr. Greg may also, the bitter revilings, the insolent reproaches, the storm of slander with which that good man and his supporters were assailed by the merciless and intolerant among the mill-owners, more notably those of the Unitarian clique, of which Mr. George Phillips (now Sir George) was then the worthy representative in the Commons House. And lastly, was Sir John Hobhouse animated by the spirit of "party" and factious dislike against his Whig-Radical friends, the then, as now, Ministers, when, in 1831, he brought forward and got passed another bill, by which the principle of infant protection was still further carried out, and which placed under the same legal safeguard as in cotton mills all children, workers in woollen, worsted, flax, and silk mills? The Tories of that day were not so intolerant as to brand the praiseworthy exertions of Sir John with the stigma of partisanship or an undue craving after popularity. Why, with less provocation, should Mr. Greg hazard accusations so utterly falsified by antecedent as well as contemporary evidence? None better than he himself knows, or should know, or not knowing be more chary of abuse, that the Conservatives as a party were divided in sentiment upon the infant factory question, not certainly as to the principle, but the measure of its application. Upon the Ten Hours' Bill he must be aware they are still more divided, and that individuals among them of unquestionable philanthropy, whose character and station would lend authority to any cause, entertain opinions the most opposite respecting it.

In the same tone of misrepresentation Mr Greg asserts that the mill-owners were denied a Parliamentary Committee for the reception of testimony on their side replicatory to that given before Mr Sadler's Committee. The fact is, however, that had the mill-owners pressed the claim in earnest, the Ministry, which had early declared for them would not have refused; but a *modus operandi* was proposed, much more to their satisfaction. The "Parliamentary Commission," as he fancifully styles it, being in truth no other than a Whig commission under the Great Seal, was so far from being "with difficulty obtained," as he asserts, that it is sufficiently well known the expedient was joyfully hailed by the mill-owners as a desirable means of avoiding the Parliamentary inquisition, by the Governmemt as a plausible source of jobbery and patronage. After, however, stating that the Commission was conceded on the *demand* of the masters, our consistent author, with a querulousness amusing enough, complains that by the "advocates" of the ten Hours' Bill, it was pretended the Commission was the *master's commission.* Whose then was it? Not that of the Ten Hours' Bill people, for they protested against it *ab orgine* as an ex parte tribunal, constituted not to inquire into the merits of the case impartially, but to get rid by a side wind of a case established in open court. To the report of the Commission thus suspiciously inaugurated, Mr. Greg appeals as to the court of *dernier resort*, and insists that the "facts collected by it * * * *form an official and authenticated mass of evidence to which all must bow;*" and this *dictum*, to render it more absolute, is posted in italics. In this self-satisfied conclusion he fortifies himself by calling in aid certain extracts from an article on the factory question, in the *London and Westminster Review!* Of course the Bury manufacturer is innocently unconscious of the current rumor that the article in question, so laudably encomiastic of the Report and the Commission, was the fruit of the learned leisure of one the members of the identical commission!! We doubt whether advocacy from such a quarter, and in such taste, will pass for authority any where out of the narrow circle in which the work is ever heard of; we more than doubt whether nine-tenths of the masters themselves may not be visited with conscientious qualms about the righteousness of their cause, when they shall learn that its leading champions are to be sought in the clique of Unitarians, Infidels, and Destructives, who are understood to be the presiding genii over the publication, cited as Sir Oracle. We entirely demur to the competency of the tribunal, we repudiate the summary jurisdiction of Mr. Greg and the golden calf he has set up for worship. We assert, and could fill this whole number with damning proof of the fact, that the report of the Commission is not an "authenticated mass of evidence to which all must bow," but that, on the reverse, it too often betrays the latent leaning in favor of one of the parties to a suit, not unaccountable in fee'd agents. Some of the fee'd agents, the Commissioners, as at Leeds, refused binding themselves to record all the evidence tendered or given in favor of the factory children, thus reserving to themselves a discretion to omit and to garble it at pleasure. These "petty tyrants," moreover, decided to sit with closed doors, and that publicity and daylight might not, by any possibility, dawn upon their acts, no party was permitted to attend for the purpose of taking notes of the proceedings. As if this exposure of the real purport of their errand was not patent enough, these disinterested officials are next heard of feasting at the sumptuous board of the richest mill-owner of the district, having at the very moment depositions on oath in their pockets undenied, undeniable, of the common practice in the mill of which he was the proprietor of the most flagrant barbarities upon the helpless children in his employ—we feel bound, however, to express our conviction without his cognizance. And yet the report of these persons is to pass for an *authenticated mass of evidence!* When we are told that the "names and characters of the Commissioners place them beyond suspicion," we are justified in pleading "non-content," and in appealing from the sack to the sample. But did Mr. Greg, or any body else, ever hear, or read, before the Gazette told the tale, aught of the "names and characters" of the majority of the tribe, migratory or stationary? They were notoriously selected, as nearly as possible of

one political complexion, and as saturated with the dye of the same anti-social tendencies. The milk of human nature was fortunately not dried up or soured in all of them; several honorable exceptions there were to whom thrilling contact with infant woes and human suffering left no longing for the gastronomic dainties of the rich master's table. In them the generous sympathies of kind were aroused, and they did the duty least expected and most unwelcome—they boldly bore testimony to the truth. It may be as well to enlighten Mr. Greg, however, as to some of the "names and characters" he refers to so confidently as the *del credere* of the report. We can spare little room, and will therefore take in the order in which they stand the Central or Stationary Board consisting of three members. The first is Mr Thomas Tooke, a gentleman deeply imbued with the economical heresies of the day, well-read in the doctrine of redundant population, but, withal, a man of some science and ability. We next arrive at Mr Edwin Chadwick, *Barrister*, late penny-a-liner! The life of this gentleman, a brief space excepted, was passed, and his education accomplished, in the London police courts—in the Old Bailey, and other places of trial for criminals, and occasionally in assisting at hanging exhibitions, or the gallows, in the humble but useful capacity of a police reporter for the daily press of the metropolis. Paid for his services by the line, his utmost ingenuity was laudably taxed to the extent of his powers in spinning out a story, accumulating expletives, and amassing verbiage. The organ of destructiveness, in such a vocation, became somewhat largely distended, and naturally inclined him so far as he could understand it, to the Benthamite philosophy, which teaches, that as for the reduction of surplus population, hanging and burking upon a large scale is impracticable, and therefore a means inadequate to the end, so the object can only be safely, silently, and more *mercifully* attained by the more slow but wholesale process of workhouse incarceration and starvation diet for adults; for those of tender years the strap, the billy-roller, and factory labor—for mercy, as the play-actors say, is a point to be made. Our Factory Commissioner was thus seasoned with a spice of the "killing no murder" philosophy, and enriched his vocabulary with a few of its slang phrases, such as "fund for subsistence to be reproduced"—that is, masses must die before their time to fatten the soil and "reproduce" for the survivors; "moral effects which *I am deploring*," which is greatly like Jack Ketch "deploring" the exit of a wretch by whose dying he is living; "increased fund for the payment of wages by the diminution of rates;" that is, surplus labor pressing upon the market and upon the parish, wages can only be enhanced and rates diminished by putting to rest with the spade the superabundant mouths; "the combination of workhouses, and substituting a rigid administration," signifies merely a Central Board and well paid secretaryship. Thus finished he started as an economist, and became qualified for a Factory and Poor Law Commissioner. With submission to Mr. Greg, we must doubt whether the school in which this man was bred was favorable to the development of sound moral feeling and humanity. Of human nature, he had been conversant only with the blackest and most disgusting side. His calling had placed him in contact only, as it were, with murderers, felons, prostitutes, pickpockets, and pauper impostors—with executioners, turnkeys, thief-catchers, and police-officers, —with crime, vice, depravity, misery, in their most hideous and demoralizing phases. He who touches pitch, we are told, shall not escape defilement. Can such pursuits fit best for the office of humanity, of charity, of equity? Must they not inevitably tend to encourage and produce callosity of heart, and deaden the nobler impulses of nature? Do they not lead to a base and degrading estimate of the human species—to confound virtue with vice—innocence with guilt—to range all mankind under one category of condemnation—to place them under one ban of social excommunication? Such would be inferences, not overstrained or too far-fetched, from the premises specified. The central Commissioner may, we will not deny, have escaped intact from contagion; he may be, and doubtless is, an exception from the rule; but, we ask Mr. Greg, is he of the class, or of the antecedents, or of the repute

from which a paternal government would have chosen a guardian for helpless infancy, or for poverty, honest and not less helpless? Of Dr Southwood Smith, the last of the trio of the Central Board, little is known, beyond the fact, that he also is a thorough-going Benthamite ready and reckless in carrying out theories whose substratum is pure and naked destructiveness. Such were the trio who mixed up the ingredients of the Factory Report and seasoned the contents of the cauldron to Whig palates. In the description of the central worthy of the three we have been the more special, in order to display those peculiar qualifications for the performance of all sorts of work, which, in the Poor Law Commission, so fitly earned for him all the eulogistic notoriety which the flash and froth of Lord Brougham's eloquence could bestow, and because also Mr Greg has challenged to the invidious task, and left no option, by his ostentatious parade of the "names and characters" constituting the unimpeachable "guarantee" of his great authority. We shall here quit the subject, and throw the Report on which the last factory law was founded overboard for ever, as no better than an imposture, disgraceful to the parties by whom it was perpetrated; and this on their own showing. "The Report of the Factory (Central) Commissioners" (writes Mr Stuart to them, one of the district Commissioners himself, whose report was entirely suppressed), "is no more the report of the twelve persons appointed to see things with their own eyes, and to report their observations on them, than of any twelve gentlemen whom one may by chance meet in St Paul's Churchyard. It is the Report of three gentlemen residing in London, who, for aught that appears in the Report, never visited a cotton factory nor a flax factory in their lives." With the value of that body of evidence collected by the district Commissioners and quoted by Mr Greg as "*unimpeachable*, and we believe, *unimpeached*," the three judges were so awfully impressed, that they cast it to the winds, or, to use their own more emphatic language, they state, that our "opinions and recommendations are *not* founded on that evidence;" having, as a climax of shuffling chicanery, previously published in the *Spectator* newspaper, which, with other journals, they were in the habit of, priming, *anonymously*, but not unavowedly, that their "Report contained a clear and faithful analysis of the evidence, and a perfectly intelligible statement of the opinions and recommendations of the Central Board, *founded on that evidence*." The central penny-a-liner has not rubbed against and among thieves and thieves' attorneys at the Old Bailey for nothing; but surely a respectable man like Mr Greg should be sure of his man before he volunteers a certificate of "character." *

We need offer no excuse for declining to rip up the question of the comparative health and mortality of the factory and non-factory population. The common sense of the public has long passed sentence, and it is equally bad taste and wrong judgment in Mr Greg to disturb the verdict, in which, after all, the utmost industry can only encounter failure. Statistical tables, constructed upon partial or limited data, collected and applied to confined districts, influenced by local and other circumstances, such as the greater or less influx or change of adults, can be no safe criterion for decision. According to the animus of the calculator, they may almost be made to assume any shape by agents appointed and paid for the object. The late good and highly-gifted Sadler blew the bubble creations of the paid commissioners into airy nothing, and overwhelmed the puny whipsters of arithmeticians with well-merited ridicule, as Messrs Drinkwater, Baker, and Baines can testify. Mr Greg like all one-sided observers, omits any reference to antagonist authorities, such as the tabular demonstrations of Mr Sadler, indisputably the most profound political economist, as well as the most ready and practically scientific mathematician of his day, nor does he once allude to the late most able and complete pub-

* The same petty larceny spirit of falsification, as if indeed in the same handwriting, is seen in the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners; witness the Petworth and the Cholesbury cases.

lication and researches upon the question which has yet appeared, of Mr. Charles Wing, surgeon to the Royal Metropolitan Hospital for Children, &c. a gentleman certainly of higher public repute than one-half of the Factory Commissioners, and as deservedly esteemed as the first in standing amongst them. The balance of credit, conceding the quality of evidence to be equal, would doubtless incline with all unbiassed people in favor of the unpaid *unbought* advocates of the factory children and the factory operatives, over the paid, and with respect to certain of them, *subornsd* opponents. We cheerfully admit, however, to their honor, that several of the Factory Commisioners rose superior to the odious nature of the service upon which they were sent, and arbitrated well and wisely between the Ministry and the poor.

The proofs most incontestible of the effects of the factory system upon health and longevity must be sought in the population tables of Mr. Rickman, whose results present the comparison of totals instead of fractional parts, of counties instead of towns and sections of districts. It is not denied, however the question of comparative healthiness be disputed, that the term of life is shortened by it, and that the spinner dies of premature decay. Nor is this unhappy consequence peculiar to the factory system of this country alone. Mulhausen reciprocates the fatality of Manchester. The researches of M. A. Penot, in 1828, establish the fact that the mean duration of life at Mulhausen was one-fourth less than in the rest of France. Nor can this enormous difference be attributed to the unhealthiness of the climate, for the air of that town, as that of Alsace in general, is represented as clear, bracing, and generous, and it contains little more than 20,000 inhabitants. The mean term of life notwithstanding is stated at twenty-five years only, whilst for the rest of France it is about thirty-three. Mulhausen, like Manchester, is a city of cotton factories and power-looms. This precocious mortality is more particularly observable in children below ten years of age. M. L. Levrault ascribes it to the Factory System still. He says, "C' est encore au regime des fabriques qu' il faut l' attribuer. Les femmes enceintes continuent à se rendre aux ateliers jusqu'au dernier ou à l'avant-dernier jour des couches; elles y retournent le plutôt posible, car ce n'est pas tout de donner la vie à l'enfant, il faut vivre, et à Mulhouse l'on ne peut vivre un jour qu'en travaillant tout le jour. Les malades ont tort aux yeux de l' industrie, elle ne donne ou plutôt ne vend à vivre qu'aux bienportans. . . . . Pais, à peine dressés sur leurs débiles jambes, ces malheureux enfans ne sont que trop souvent entrainés par leurs parens à respirér près d' eux l' air malsain des ateliers." The same writer observes, that one "need not be astonished at the great number of *ghastly* faces, pitiful, stunted, deformed beings (êtres chétifs, rabougris, defaits), which are met wandering like spectres," &c. in the town. How strikingly does the picture correspond with that drawn by Dr. Hawkins, one of the Factory Commissioners! "I believe that most travellers are struck by the lowness of stature, the leanness, and the paleness, which present themselves so commonly to the eye at Manchester, and, above all, among the factory classes. I have never been in any town in Great Britain, nor in Europe, in which degeneracy of form and color from the national standard has been so obvious." The morality of manufactures is not worth the pains of discussion. We could easily show Mr. Greg that it is pretty nearly on a par in most countries, in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium, as in England. The case of the rising manufacturing town of Lowell, in Massachusetts, United States, is one apart. It is an exception arising out of a state of things of transitory duration not difficult to account for, which serves only to confirm the rule. Comparative returns of illegitimacy is the mode least conclusive of the superiority of manufacturing over agricultural habits, for physical causes may be adduced to reconcile the smallest proportion of births with the greatest possible existence of female depravity. The population (say 25,000) of Merthyr Tidvil, the capital of the great mining districts of South Wales, is equal to about one-eighth that of Manchester and Salford. It is probable (we have not the data at hand) that the bastardy ratio may be higher in the former than the latter place; but, from information and observation in both towns, we are satisfied that the

pro rata of prostitution, almost indiscriminate in Manchester, is perhaps not less than fifty to one over Merthyr. On such points statistics, even if vice were officially recognised and registered, as in Paris, can teach us little, compared with the every-day exercise of the organs of sight and hearing. Nor ought much stress to be laid on the less weighty pressure upon poor's rates and the workhouse. In concentrated communities, such as the manufacturing, benefit societies can be arranged, and do exist upon a large scale; add the allowances and expenditure of these to the poors' tax of Manchester, or any other considerable town, and the balance of saving and pauperism will diminish, or nearly disappear. Such mutual guarantee societies can rarely be established in thinly peopled agricultural districts, where therefore every man must stand by his own resources, or appeal to the common stock of the parish. With every advantage of concentration, even nothing but the higher rate of manufacturing wages could support benefit clubs; the hand-loom weavers have long been struck with the same paralysis of incapacity to that end as their rustic brethren.

We have, however, been led astray from our main intent much farther than it will have been seen, was contemplated, by the unjust aspersions and unfounded assumptions of Mr. Greg, the champion of his order, and of the millowners; aspersions upon the supporters of the Ten Hours' bill, and of the factory children, unjust because undeserved, and betraying a lamentable lack of good feeling and forbearance; assumptions unfounded, because reposing on no more solid substratum than culled portions from so much of the reports of the *Master's* Factory Commission, as would suffice to eke out a case. We are willing to admit, as on former occasions we have admitted, that although cotton factory labor is, from the nature of the raw material, somewhat more injurious to health than woollen or flax spinning, yet there is no question that the infant cotton operatives have been subjected to no such appalling barbarities as were proved before the committee of Mr. Saddler, and not less irrefutably before the master's commission afterwards, to be of very common occurrence in the woollen and flax mills. These, in justice be it said, were not chargeable upon the masters, but the overlookers or adult operatives. The superiority of cotton factory regulations, however, in every respect was solely attributable to acts of Parliament, humanely, not less than judiciously framed for their government, in the benefits of which, until the act of 1831, the infant operatives in wool and flax were not admitted to participate. Having thus discharged our conscience, let us proceed to a brief review of the state and prospects of trade, with reference to the practicability of a Ten Hours' bill for labor; we shall take the cotton trade only, as being by far the most extensive of our manufactures, as well as the most sensitive, because most dependent upon the accidents of foreign demand and foreign competition, and also because we have no more than a fragment of space to dispose of.

The importance of the subject with which we have to deal, in a national point of view, will be duly estimated by the following returns:—

Total Exports of the Produce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom.

1835,	Declared value,	£47,372,270
1836,	Do.	46,796,937

Of which the export in cotton manufacture was

1835,		£22,128,304
1836,		25,019,619

So that something more than one-half the foreign traffic in our indigenous productions is made up of cottons alone. Furthermore, it appears that more than one-half* of the raw cotton imported and worked up in this country is consumed, not at home, but abroad. Thus:—

* Mr. Greg says, "three-fourths, or probably four-fifths in quantity; perhaps two-thirds to three-fourths in value, would be near the truth." These calculations appear to be overcharged, if the official accounts and "Burn's Commercial Glance" are to be trusted. The

Total weight of Cotton imported for consumption, that is working up.

		Lbs.
1836,		367,713,868
Of which exported in the shape of		
Manufactured or piece goods,	111,644,210	198,860,910
Yarn,	85,195,702	
Thread,	2,020,988	
Left for home consumption only,		168,853,053 lbs.

It is not necessary to encumber the account with the fractional items of waste, which would not affect the result either way.

Assuming, which would not, perhaps, be much wide of the truth, that the cottons consumed in Great Britain were of equal value with the real or declared value of those exported, it would seem that the annual movement of the trade reached to the enormous money quantity of *fifty millions sterling!* The last, and the one preceding, have been years of extraordinary excitement, and an extravagant rise in prices, must be regarded as furnishing rather an exaggerated view. Allowing, however, an abatement of one-fifth, or 20 per cent, on the amount, which will reduce the appreciation more nearly to that of ordinary times, the prodigious sum total must still excite astonishment.

Cottons exported,	£20,000,000
Consumed at home,	20,000,000
Forming an extraordinary circulation of values annually in this magnificent manufacture of	£40,000,000
The manufacture gives bread to operatives and families consisting of not fewer persons than	1,500,000
Amongst whom are distributed in wages yearly not less than	£20,000,000*

Now, it must be admitted that this is an interest of importance so vast, that, compared with it, all others, save agriculture, seem to fade into insignificance. It is one, therefore, which should awaken all our solicitudes rather to surround it with every guarantee for its future progress, than to run the slightest risk of impairing its permanence by undue interference with those conditions of existence under which it has advanced to its pinnacle of present greatness. For it is not an industry of which, like iron, or coal, or hardware, or earthenware, or woollens, we hold the keys in our own possession, but one artificially created, dependent, and therefore at the mercy of other continents for the very first necessary of its being. Nor, prodigious as in its dimensions it appears, and resembling more the gigantic product of the energies of a world than of an islet, is it a monopoly which we can claim and control as our own. Its very grandeur will be the primary cause of its fall, whenever the hour of its fall arrives. It provoked the wrath and the unprofitable covetousness of Napoleon, and gave birth to the continental system; followed by the prohibitory tariffs of the Bourbons, by which alone the mighty rivalship of France was called into action. It awakened the cupidity, at the same time that it opened

quantities speak for themselves. Taking into account the more expensive quality of the goods fabricated and retained for home consumption, and coupling it with the fact of the vast proportion which yarn bears to the whole export, which may be considered an article in the first stage of manufacture only, and therefore of low comparative value, we are satisfied that the value of the home consumption of cotton equals, if it do not transcend that of the export trade.

* See Blackwood for March, 1836, article "Cotton Manufacture," since which the quantities consumed and values circulated have increased probably as above noted.

to the people of Massachusetts and America a way by which they might mortally harm Great Britain, with which they were then at war, and profit themselves. The people of New England, says Mr. Cheozlier, after deep reflection, said to themselves, "the best war against the English is that which will attack their prosperity; what is the principal source of the riches of Great Britain? Her manufactures.—Among these, which are the most productive? The manufacture of cottons.

Then we also will build factories and establish manufactures; this shall be our war against England." So also judged Prussia, when we refused to take her corn and timber, to abandon our own colonies, and ruin our agriculturists, in order to enrich a land which made us no return; and hence the German customs league. It may be well cursorily to glance at the degree of progression of our competitors in the race. The raw cotton wrought in the manufactories of France amounted only in

	1812 to	6,343,230 Kilogrammes,
or less than	. . . . .	14,000,000 lbs.
	In 1833, it had risen to . .	35,609,819 Kils.
	1835, ...	38,759,819

These are the quantities, as stated in the *Tableau General* of commerce, the official record, and are the latest official returns published. From Mr. Greg's pamphlet, however, we learn that the consumption of

1836 was	353,005 bags.
Against in 1835, ...	308,736

The two corresponding years for Great Britain give,

1836, ...	1,031,904 bags.
1835, ...	937,616

The increase therefore in France was more than one-seventh, whilst that of Britain was less than one-ninth. The total export of manufactured piece-goods from France was,

1833, to the amount of	56,663,351 francs.
It had risen in 1835 to	61,608,731

Not having the French official reports before us for 1834, we shall pursue the comparison of the same two years for this country. Declared value of British cottons exported,

1833, ...	£18,486,401
1835, ...	22,128,304

France, therefore, exported more, relatively, that is, nearly five millions additional against an advance here of less than three and three quarter millions. The French exports meet ours in the same markets, more especially Spain, Belgium, the United States, Sardinia, &c., about one-seventh of the whole of her exports only being to her own colonies. Upon the whole, therefore, it will be seen that the career of this industry in France is more accelerated than here, which can be satisfactorily accounted for, only, we think, by the daily greater equality of skill, combined with superior economy of production.

The manufactures of America absorbed no more than 10,000 bales in 1810. In

1830 they converted into cloth . .	126,512 bags.
1832	173,800
1834	197,000
1836	237,000

So that in seven years the consumption was not far away from being doubled. Within the same period the British speed was,

1830, ...	805,250 bags.
1836, ...	1,031,904

Increase at the rate of about 28 per cent only. The export of piece-goods reached,

1831, to the value of	1,126,313 dollars.
1835, ...	2,856,681

That is, it had much more than doubled in five years. Two of the chief articles were,

1831, Printed and colored piece-goods,	96,931 dollars.
White and grey ditto, . .	947,932
1835, Printed, &c., . . .	397,412
White, &c., . . .	2,355,202

Our own movement was,

1831, declared value of cotton exports,	£17,257,204
1835, ...	22,128,304

Immense as this advance must be justly deemed, it is only one-fourth part of the speed at which our Transatlantic brethren have raced. They little comprehend the indomitable and untiring energies of the Yankee character, who shall opine that once embarked in the contest they will ever be found lagging behind. Men who grudge the indispensable half-hour of meal time as a deduction of so much per cent from the day's profits, and who glory in calling and in thinking themselves the "first nation in the world" —the "State Empire"—will cease not, shrink not, from toil and trial until they have achieved, are first at, the goal. They have skill, ingenuity, the raw products, capital—English capital—all in their favor. Speculation is a necessity of their nature; the reverses of to-day disturb not their imperturbable phlegm; their cry to-morrow is still—Go a-head!* And go a-head they will if the spirit of the mother-land be caught slumbering in fancied security. During all the late fury of land-jobbing schemes in the west, of building extravagances in the east, of bancomania every where, which have involved all other, the commerce, agriculture, and industry of the Union in bankruptcy, the cotton manufacture alone remains unscathed, luxuriating on profits, and tempting the cupidity of fresh adventurers. The late ruinous results of all other descriptions of enterprise will serve to draw the attention and whet the appetite of the industrial community and of capitalists. The assurance of better wages will tempt labor from less beneficial employment in agricultural and other pursuits, in a country where families emigrate a thousand miles any way with less scruple than here a change of ten would be resolved on. Iron and coal are abundant, and the progress of mining has kept pace with that of the cotton manufacture. The latest return at hand of the iron production comes down unfortunately only to 1830.† There were in that year in action in the State say

1830. Furnaces, ...	202
	Tons of 28 cwts.
Producing, converted into the shape of bar-iron,	96,621
And of casting from the blast furnaces, .	28,273
Importation of foreign iron, . . .	33,966

* In the late session of the legislature of Massachusetts several bills were passed incorporating more companies, with large subscribed capitals, for establishing cotton-spinning and manufacturing concerns on the largest scale.

† This article was suggested to us, while on our tour in the manufacturing district of Lancashire, in the middle of last month, by the perusal of Mr. Greg's pamphlet, which about that time made its appearance, and by the great meeting on Heartshead Moor of the operatives, against the Workhouse system. We intended to have taken up the subject at a more distant day, and with that view had not been neglectful of observation and notes. The circumstances stated, decided us to execute our resolve off hand, and rather to risk being incomplete than out of season. Of course our means of reference were often beyond reach.

Thus, the importation entered into the consumption for rather more than one-fifth only. Besides the coal mines of Virginia, the discovery in 1814 of the mines of Anthracite, in Pennsylvania, has opened new and inexhaustible sources of supply of a mineral now made available for all purposes. The quantities extracted and brought to market stand thus:—

	Tons.
1820,	365
1825,	33,699
1830,	173,734
1835,	557,000

The whole product of France in 1834 was but 2,500,000 tons; and that of Belgium, the richest mineral country in Europe after Great Britain, no more than 3,200,000.

There rre no precise data for estimating the progress of the cotton manufacture in Prussia and Germany, but we are already enabled to judge of the effect of the German customs league upon our own industry. We intimated on a former occasion that the operation of that confederacy against us would not probably be felt materially during a season of high prices, or until the continental spinneries could supply the increased and increasing demands of the weaver. For the tax being laid upon weight and in variable, as prices rose or continued high its per centage pressure was less, as they diminished, it gradually advanced to a prohibition. Even upon high prices its influence has exceeded our anticipations. The following table, extracted from Burn's Commercial Glance for this year, exhibits the march of the Prussian system.

EXPORTS TO GERMANY AND THROUGH THE HANS TOWNS AND HOLLAND, INCLUSIVE.

	1833.	1834.	1835.	1836.
Dimities	107,484	42,343	45,963	26,419
Calicoes, printed	38,926,442	31,194,439	34,766,587	32,690,029
Ditto, plain	20,954,809	17,449,192	20,618,448	21,685,113
Cambrics and Muslins	5,598,143	5,129,242	3,223,106	2,347,774
Ginghams and Checks	354,830	119,771	20,639	152,944
Nankeens	17,448,609	243,116	2,022,951	1,592,139
Velveteens, Velvets, Cords, and Jeans	6,022,286	5,510,640	4,724,442	3,553,744
Yards,	79,412,603	59,688,743	65,422,136	62,048,062

Showing a decrease in four years of more than seventeen millions of yards, or above one-fifth. The decrease would doubtless be in reality much more marked if it were possible to deduct from the total amount the separate imports of Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburgh, Holstein, and Oldenburgh, which have not, we believe, joined the league, and whose united population amounts to about three millions. As it is, the trade is in course of rapid annihilation; whilst judging from the multiplying demand for yarns from hence, over and above what is furnished by the numerous factories latterly constructed (and others more numerous in course of construction) in Rhenane Prussia, Saxony, Baden, and elsewhere, the condition of the manufacturers of fabrics must be highly flourishing. The despatch of cotton yarns to Prussia and Germany through the Hans Towns and Holland had ascended as follows:

1833,	34,871,589 lbs.
1834, (adding more than 5,000,000 lbs. sent through Belgium that year, from some temporary cause,)	38,000,000
1835,	43,912,058
1836,	45,928,153

Thus, the excess of supply taken off within four years by looms in Germany amounts to nearly one-third. The Prussian Tariff is based upon the

fraudulent pretext of a ten per cent *ad valorem* tax, which, by some hocus pocus more fraudulent still, is juggled to mean a poundage duty of 1s. 6d. per pound upon all foreign cotton cloths. The difference may be thus explained:—The average price of cotton prints exported for the last year is stated at 14s. per piece; add agency charges and freight, and say:—

1 piece of print, length 28 yards, weight 4 lb., value .	L.0 15 0
10 per cent, *ad valorem*, would be . . .	0 1 6
Poundage at 1s. 6d., on 4 lb., is . . .	0 6 0

or 40 per cent. Plain white calicoes are a case still stronger in point:—

1 piece calico, length 24 yards, weight 5 lb. 8 oz., value .	L.0 10 0
10 per cent, *ad valorem*	0 1 0
Poundage at 1s. 6d.	0 8 2

or 82 1-2 per cent. Dr. M'Culloch, who appears to have been entrusted by the Prussian Government to make out a vindication for it, has imagined a case of fine cotton prints at 2s. 6d. per yard, upon which he operates accordingly, and brings out the poundage at no more than 8 3-4 per cent. The answer is easy—there are not perhaps twenty thousand pounds worth of that costly article exported to Prussia and Germany in any one year. The right way, after all, is to decide upon the point by the gross quantity, and not by isolated instances. Take the whole exports, calculate the weight, and the value, according to ascertained rates—those of Mr. Burn, for example—and the real result may be arrived at. This we have done heretofore* in ample detail, and need not repeat it here. The result is, that the actual duty levied, or with which the commodities are struck, by the poundage system amounted, on the whole actual export, to about 45 per cent. Prices have already considerably receded below those of last year. Printing cloth which then sold currently at 16s. 6d. per piece, ranges now about 6s. 6d. or 7s. only, so that the poundage duty will equal, if not exceed, the cost price.

It will be perceived, therefore, that some of our former most extensive customers are not only rapidly supplying their own consumption, but partially meeting us in other markets. Assuming the first cost of manufacture to be equal in Germany, France,† the United States, and Great Britain, it is clear that all the difference of the tariffed amount, say thirty, forty, or fifty per cent of protecting duties, goes into the pockets of our manufacturing rivals, creates the capital wanted, and is and will be laid out in mills and machinery. But the first cost is not generally equal. The following shows at one view the mean rate of wages in one of the largest establishments of Mulhausen or the neighborhood. M. Ed. Collomb, by whom it has lately been published, does not name the firm, but he answers for the exactitude of the figures.

STATISTICS OF A LARGE MANUFACTORY ON THE HAUT RHIN.

	Men and Boys.	Women and Girls.	Total Workpeople.	Mean Wages per day and per head.
Spinning, .	93	327	420	1 franc 11 cents.
Weaving, .	836	930	1766	0 94
Printing, .	564	99	663	1 69
Mechanics, Machine Men, &c.	262	——	262	1 67
	1755	1356	3111	1 franc 35 cents.

The mean average per head of 1832 was 1 franc 16 cents only, so that wages had advanced.

* See Blackwood, January, 1836.

† The Tariff of France, honest towards us, if not neighborly, is—prohibition.

The mean wages, 1 franc 35 cents, are equal to 13 1-2d. per day per head, or per week, 6s. 9d. The wages of spinners at Lille, where the finer yarns are spun, are 3 francs per day, or 15s. per week. At Mulhausen, 2 francs 34 cents, or nearly 12s per week. The scale of wages for the following places we take from Mr. Greg and the Report of the Commissioners.

In the Tyrol (Germany), the spinner earns	9s. weekly.
Vienna, ...	12s.
Baden, adults . . .	8s. 4d.
Bonn (Prussia), . . .	5s. 6d.
Switzerland, ...	10s.

The last is, we think, understated. M. A. Kœchlin, the very intelligent French manufacturer, and member of the Chamber of Deputies, rated them rather higher, if our memory do not deceive us, for we have not the authority at hand. But to understand these rates, quantities produced and qualities are necessary.

The operatives at Lowell, in the State of Massachusetts, are paid probably higher than in any part of the United States. The following, according to an authentic source, are the mean rates:—

Operatives.	
Preparations, carding, &c. .	12s. 11d. per week.
Spinning, . . .	13s. 4d.
Weaving, . . .	13s. 11d.
Dressing, &c. . .	15s. 7d.

These were the rates paid in May, 1834, as furnished by the Merrimack Corporation Manufacturing Company to M. Chevalier, who is certainly an unexceptionable authority. We have always been inclined to distrust the evidence of Mr. James Kempson, the American cotton manufacturer, as taken before the Commons' Committee on Manufactures. He proved too much.*

The average rate of Factory earnings in England for all classes of operatives are estimated at 10s. 6d. per week, so that in America the difference so far is in our favor. But other advantages, even taking the disadvantages of a higher rate of interest and greater cost of machinery into account, help to kick the beam against us. For instance, the superior cheapness of water power, which is an immense saving, and the economy of the raw material, nearly at their door, untaxed. The average wages of two principal classes in Manchester and the neighborhood are stated in the Factory Report thus:—

Spinners, ...	25s. per week.
Power-loom weavers, male and female adults, male and female non-adults, but chiefly females,	10s, 10d.

The fine spinners of course earn considerably more in proportion to the higher numbers and the quality. The average wages in calico printing, men and boys included, have been calculated at 10s. per week.

The daily duration of labor appears to be—

In France, . .	13 hours.
In the Tyrol, rather more than	12
In Vienna, more than .	14 1-4
In Switzerland, . .	13
In the United States, .	12
In England, . .	12
For Children, . .	8

We shall frankly own that the rapidly comparative view of the state of the cotton manufacture at home and abroad, as here sketched, does not salute us as over cheering. If to the lower rate of wages, and many other

* Witness his statement about rates of living. "I have paid (in America) 8s. per week for board, lodgings, and washing, and lived as well as I could live in equal lodgings in a village in England for £2 a-week." The assertion is a gross absurdity.

essentials of superiority now existing against us abroad, we add an additional bonus in a ten-hours' bill, by which the manufacturer will be expected to pay the same amount of wages as now for the labor of twelve hours, our case will not be improved. Supposing that the demand remain steady it must add one-sixth to wages already double those of some, and one-third more than those of other neighboring states. Moreover, to produce the same quantities the number of mills, print-works, &c. as well as of hands, must be increased by one sixth. But mills cannot be created in one day, nor could such an augmentation be possible for years. On the Continent they can build nearly as fast, and in America equally so perhaps, as we can here. In the mean time higher prices would check consumption at home and abroad. But the additional number of mills would not be built here, because capital would seek the places which promised the most profitable returns. The rates of profit are low here—they are exorbitant elsewhere, through protecting tariffs and low wages. Let us not deceive ourselves. Capital is not so locomotive as in America; but when once the stream sets, and set it has, the tributary streamlets are inevitably attracted to the same course. We fear not Switzerland, nor Belgium, a mightier rival still, backed by the ponderous capitals of its manufacturers, merchants, and the *société générale*. The incipient tornado does not take its rise in those quarters, but in France, Austria, the Germanic Customs Confederation, and the United States. In these there are all the elements of manufacturing prosperity; large populations, cheap living, low wages, immense internal consumption alone. We leave Russia out of the question at present, because, largely as she imports of our yarns, sixty millions of people are not so soon supplied with fabrics at home.

If there be progress here, the progress elsewhere is still of a more formidable character. It betokens the possession of capital, the certainty of its increase, the security of employing it, the immense returns for investing it. For the Continent of Europe this is a new feature, where, so long ravaged by wars, the people hoarded, and dared not lay out their gains for accumulation. Every post now brings intelligence of new and gigantic enterprises. From Baden we are informed that "many manufactories, spinneries, &c., have been established in the vicinity of Carlsruhe, and the Brisgau * * which may be attributed to the abundance of capital, the low rate of labor, and perhaps to the favorable climate." Of manufacturing companies, and enterprises established and projected, we have information that would fill more space than we have to spare. Not only is commercial attention directed to cotton manufactures, but to other speculations. Independent of the great railroad, undertakings from Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne, and in divers parts of Austria, to facilitate, accelerate, and cheapen the means of transport and outlet (without particularizing the steam navigation from the Danube to the Black Sea), it will not be amiss to give our readers an outline of some of the vast exterprises in train of execution, and projected by Saxony alone—comparatively a small state—to say nothing of Prussia Rhenane:—

A Railroad from Dresden to Leipsic. All the shares taken and paid up.

The Railroad of the Erzebirge. From the Elbe, traversing the Moldau, through Chemnitz to Zwickau, with a tunnel of several hundred yards. Thirty thousand shares, of 100 rixdollars each, subscribed in a few days.

Steam Navigation Company, from Dresden to Hamburg. Capital, One hundred and fifty million rixdollars.

Coal Mining Company of Pottschappel. It is calculated that these mines cannot be exhausted for three centuries. Capital three hundred thousand rixdollars.

Brewing Company at Dresden, to relieve Saxony from the importation of foreign beer. Capital, four hundred thousand rixdollars.

Iron-Works and Machine-making Company of Uebingen, near Dresden. Capital, five hundred thousand rixdollars.

Machine-making Company. Capital, one million rixdollars; for the manufacture of cotton and wool-spinning, and weaving machinery.

No more need be cited, we apprehend, to show the extraordinary accumulation of capitals, and the boundless spirit of enterprise now pervading Ger-

many, so lately and so long impoverished and needy. These capitals have been accumulated chiefly by the golden profits accruing out of the cotton manufacture, through the combined operation of high protecting tariffs, against competition from abroad, and low wages with cheap rates of living at home.

With all respect to Mr. Greg, for of all respect as a worthy master and friend of his operative laborers, he is worthy, and with all deference to his superiority in practical knowledge, and well-known intelligence besides, we have made use, in these pages, of no more of the information he has published, than what has been acknowledged—valuable as we confess that information appears to us. Unknown to him as we are, he will, we trust, consider it no mark of disrespect that we have preferred to rely upon our own resources rather than be influenced by his authority, weighty as that doubtless is. It has served to incline our minds very seriously to the consideration of the subject in hand. Last year only we gave a guarded adhesion to the Ten Hours' Bill, influenced by the sanguine expectations of various practical men of well-known humanity, and tenderness for the operative classes, that the state of trade and of profits could well support the sacrifice, as then doubtless they could. We are entirely satisfied now of the reverse. The evil that hereafter we have to pray against is, *the reduction of wages*, without any reduction of time-working. We entertain little doubt that before the end of this year 100,000 operatives will be out of employ within a radius of 20 miles round Manchester inclusive. The question is not, therefore, cannot be, working shorter time for the same wages, but retaining the same wages for the same quantity of work and of hours. In a manufacture depending so largely, one-half, upon export, and one-half the annual value of which is paid in wages alone among the workers, those wages hereafter may chance to become the sole barometer for determining its high or low condition. Our skill and ingenuity may discover new and improve old processes for economizing labor, but we no longer enjoy a monopoly of skill and ingenuity. Step by step other nations accompany us in our progress. At the last year's public exhibition of products and manufactures at Mulhausen, not to speak of splendid machines, embracing all the most recent improvements for spinning yarns, making paper, grinding corn, &c. &c., which were shown, the display of samples of fine yarns, and embroidered and printed muslins, is said to have been extraordinary for execution and splendid for taste. Samples of the highest range of numbers of fine yarns, up to No. 300 French count (340 or 350 British, we believe,) were to be seen from the spinneries of Mulhausen, Thann, Guebwiller, Cernay, and Kaizerberg. The No. 300 of M. A. Herzog, of Logelbach, was said to be a specimen of most perfect fabrication. It is asserted, and believed among our neighbors of those parts, that although they cannot yet produce sufficient of these fine yarns for the wants of the manufacturer, still that the qualities are superior to the corresponding counts produced here. The Austrian printed cottons, sent to the same exposition by M. Spærlin, of Vienna, are reported to rival those of Manchester, and to be executed in the same sort of styles.

The present Factory Act we believe to be impracticable, and to have been designedly so contrived by the Ministry, in order to render abortive the zeal of the friends of the factory children, and disgust the operatives themselves. The plan of eight hours' labor, with relays, will end, can end, only in the adults being eventually condemned to sixteen hours daily toil, instead of twelve. Two alternatives alone seem to present themselves—either to prohibit the employment of children under twelve years of age altogether, and repeal the eight hours clause for all above it—that is, under thirteen—or to render the system of relays practicable and reconcilable with the twelve hours daily labor of the adult, enact a six hours bill for children.* If practicable, the last plan would, we think, be most advantageous, as well as satisfactory for all parties. But the obstacles appear to

* We first heard the plan suggested by Mr. Robert Stuart, a respectable and intelligent master spinner of Manchester.

be almost insuperable. In towns there would perhaps be little difficulty in procuring a supply of the requisite number of infant hands for the system of relays; but in country districts, and about isolated spinneries, it would scarcely be possible. One or the other proposition, however, must, we think, be entertained, for, maugre the opinion of Mr. Greg, the present absurd piece of Whig legislation cannot work without eventual detriment to the adult operative.*

To conclude, for we have already trespassed beyond our limits, we take leave to add our strenuous recommendation of Mr. Greg's advice to the master spinners, of the "*propriety of cultivating a better understanding with their people.*" There has been too much of distance, of neglect, shall we add of disdain almost, exhibited towards them. These are not times for the manifestation, for the perpetuation, of unfriendly dispositions, even in the wordly sense; the Christian obligation is imperative in all times and under all circumstances. Let the bonds of good understanding, of amity, of confidence, be drawn closer, and cultivated more and more. The welfare of the operatives may be promoted by a kindly interest and superintendence, as much as by the payment of weekly wages. Let the masters, imitating the meritorious examples of Messrs. Ashton, Greg, and many other meritorious manufacturers, attend to the comforts and the education of the infant laborers, so that they may early be trained in the path of religion and morality as well as of industry.

In the mean time, we counsel the Legislature to lose no time in repealing and consigning to the tomb of eternal ignominy the execrable workhouse system,† forged for the oppression of the working classes of England, and as if to chastise them for their protest against the crying abuses of the Factory System,‡ and their invocation in behalf of the helpless progeny which seemed born only to inherit and perpetuate bondage, disease, and misery. Until the advent of that day, which sooner or later will arrive, we trust that Mr. Oastler, the devoted friend of the operative orders, will not relax in his determined but peaceful agitation, and that the Member for Berks, honorably—how can a man be more honorably—distinguished in his own county as "the poor's man magistrate," will not be discouraged in the same noble cause, by the host of foes by whom he is now thwarted at every step, and maligned on every occasion. We exhort the property classes, more especially the middle orders, to advance boldly to the rescue. Now is the time to promote union, and cement harmony among and between all denominations of society; strike down the monster Poor Law Abolition Act—it will be accepted as a peace offering—the security of home and property will be fortified—the "flood of mutiny" will be dammed up and dried at its source—contentment and concord will revisit the land. If not, worse may betide—we are yet only in the beginning of the end.

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* Mr. Greg unjustly charges the friends of the operatives with agitating for the purpose of undoing their own work. In the first place, the Factory Bill was not their work, but passed under protest from them. In the second, the masters, or Mr. P. Thomson, their representative, commenced the agitation by moving the repeal of the clause relating to the 13th year of age, before even it had been tried.

† The old law was sufficiently stringent. The mere substitution of *paid* for gratuitous and interested overseers, to be appointed by the Magistrates in Quarter Sessions, or by any other local independent authority, would have been efficient for the correction of all abuses. But there would have been no Whig jobs!

‡ Before concluding, let us not omit the confession of our obligations for much ready information and easy reference to "Wheeler's History of Manchester"—a work as full of facts almost as of words, and a complete compendium of every thing relating to that important town and its various branches of industry unparalleled.

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